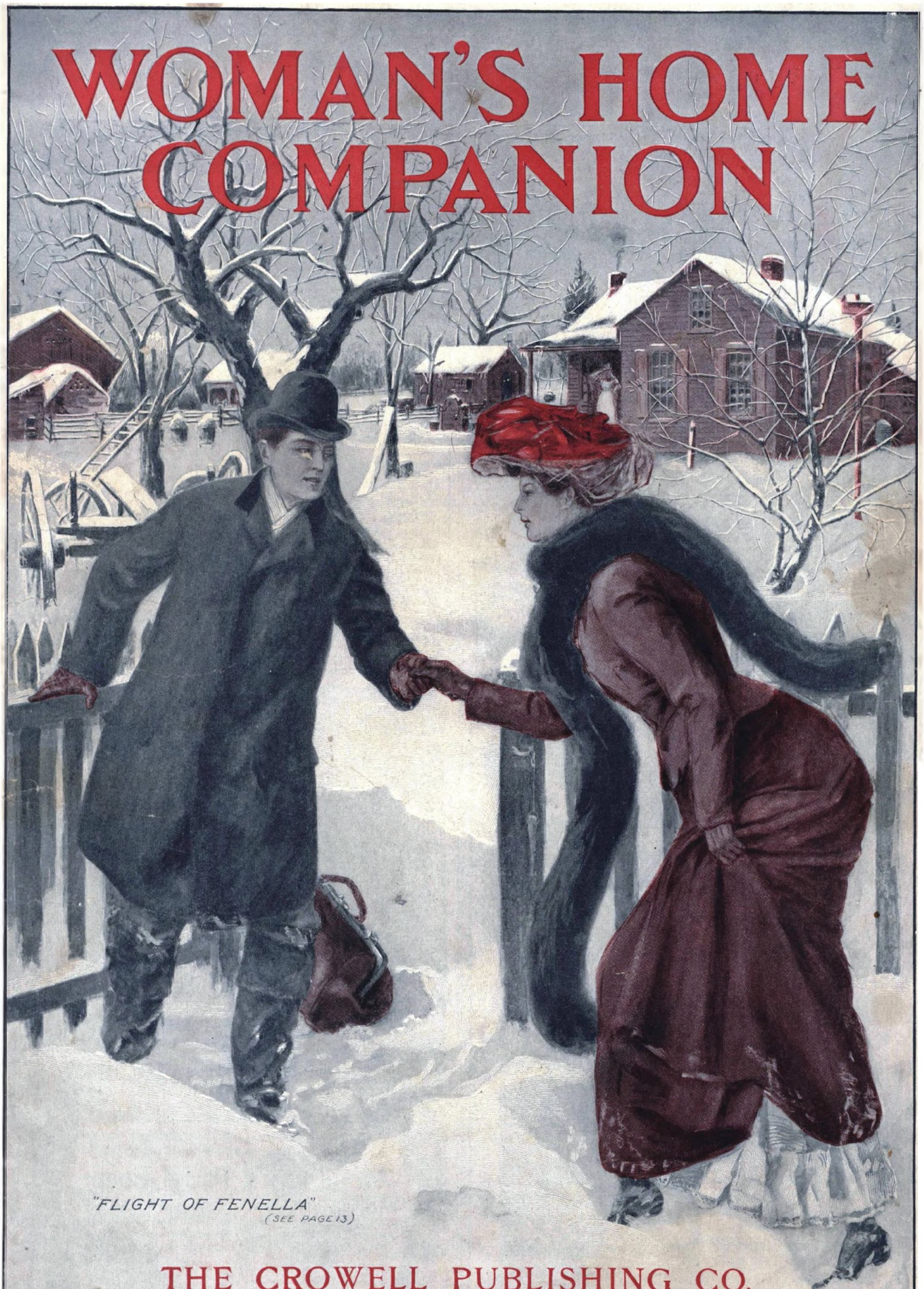
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



"FLIGHT OF FENELLA"
(SEE PAGE 13)

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A Mere Hint of Part of the Year's Programme is Given Below

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Critical Days in Great Careers
The Fall of Richmond

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FICTION. EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has secured for the coming year stories by some of the brightest, most original writers of the present day, prominent among whom are the following: MARY E. WILKINS, HOLMAN F. DAY, JUSTUS MILES FORMAN, WILLIAM BULFIN, SYDNEY PORTER, W. H. LIGHTON, and many other old favorites, as well as many new writers who are rapidly forging to the front in the field of literature. Among the stories that will appear during the year are: "The Way of the Wind," by the author of "A Modern Amazon;" "Vashti," by O. M. Barter; "An Unconvicted Convict," by E. C. DeCanto; "The Rapier of Ferrara," by Atherton Brownell; "The Face of Dragons," by Ella W. Peattie; "The Captain," by Maximilian Foster; "The Wheel of the Potter," by Herman Whitaker, and "The Needle of the Damned," by Justus Miles Forman.

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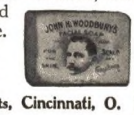

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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1903

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"Have you struck?" shouted the British captain.
"I have not yet begun to fight!" was Paul Jones' immortal reply.

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THERE are three distinct series of articles embodied in the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION for the coming year which more than attract—they demand the attention of every American family.

An Art Feature Extraordinary is a series of paintings depicting the TWELVE MOST PICTURESQUE EVENTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY (a reduced facsimile of one of which we reproduce on this page) by twelve of the best-known artists, presenting in a very graphic way the most strenuous and thrilling happenings in the history of our land. It is a series that will instruct everybody, and inspire patriotism and love of country in both young and old.

These pictures will be reproduced in the finest possible style of the engravers' art, full-page size, printed on coated paper well adapted for future preservation. They can be obtained only through the pages of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

Great Movements Which Are Making the World Better

Here is a series of articles (the first of which, on "THE GREAT WORK OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF AMERICA," is published elsewhere in this issue) which not only claims our attention from the point of unusual interest, but will encourage us, one and all, to do good and help others do good in the world. These articles, with many curious illustrations from many lands, tell of deeds, not creeds, describing what the great churches and secular organizations, such as the Y. M. C. A., Red Cross and Young People's Societies, are doing to make the world better. The articles will be written by an authority in each organization, making all in all a most notable and deserving contribution to magazine literature.

It is the first time a popular magazine has ever devoted so large a proportion of its space to religious movements, and the innovation is worthy the support of every earnest-minded man and woman.

The article in the February number will be by Mr. H. A. Bridgman, editor of *The Congregationalist*, on "What the Congregationalists are Doing for the Good of Mankind." It will be beautifully illustrated from photographs.

JANUARY **CONTENTS** 1903

EDITED BY ARTHUR T. VANCE

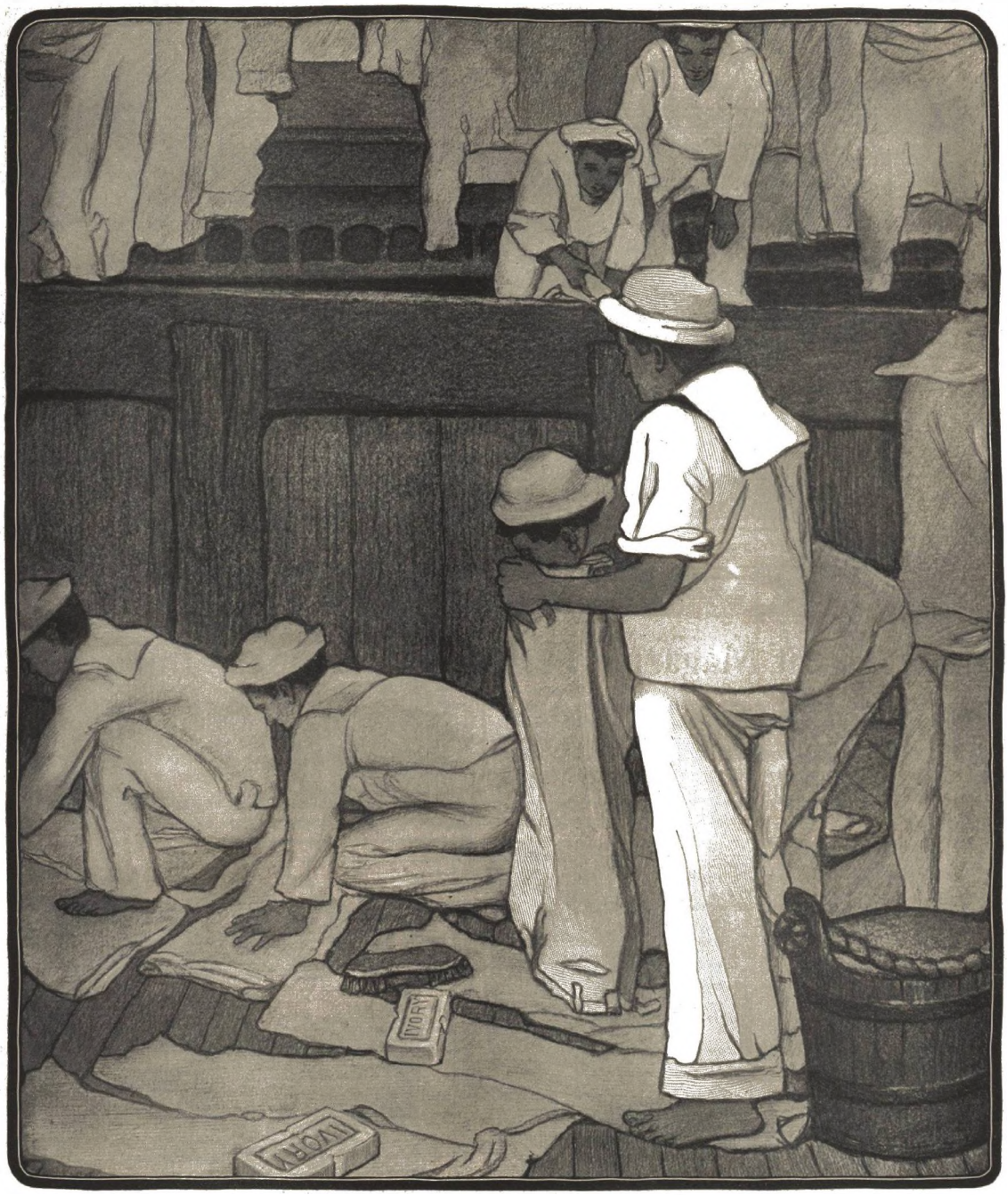
Entered at the post-office at Springfield, Ohio, as second-class mail matter

Romances of Famous Americans

The tendency of the age is to humanize our heroes rather than to deify them. We prefer to know them as real flesh-and-blood men and women; we love them all the more for their human characteristics. This series of articles has been prepared, after a great deal of research, by Miss Myrtle Reed, author of the "Love Letters of a Musician," and gives us an intimate view of some of our country's greatest men, telling us of the delights and disappointments in their love-affairs—a disappointment in Washington's case, which helped to make him the great patriot general he afterward became; a double disappointment in Lincoln's earlier life, that tried his strength and gave him courage to stand the stress and strife in the greatest and most perilous period in America's history. Jefferson, John Randolph, Buchanan, Jackson, Aaron Burr and others of our country's favorite sons were similarly experienced. These stories are full of real human interest, and will be eagerly welcomed by every member of the family who yearns to know the intimate life of the men who have made our country's history. These articles bring to light an amazing fund of material that has been overlooked by the ordinary biographer. They will be illustrated with reproductions of rare old prints and portraits.

The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION is more than a woman's magazine—it stands for the whole family. One Dollar a Year.

SEE ADDITIONAL ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 49; ALSO DOUBLE-PAGE ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.



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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

JANUARY, 1903. VOL. XXX. NO. 1 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION ONE DOLLAR

NEW YORK SPRINGFIELD, OHIO CHICAGO

LONDON OFFICE, 34 NORFOLK ST., STRAND, W.C.

A JANUARY ELOPEMENT

BY JAMES WESLEY MACNEILL

How "Job Campbell's Widder" Managed Her Love-Affair to Suit Herself Despite Her Grown-Up Son

I.

MRS. LUCINDA CAMPBELL was sixty years young, and admitted it. She did not "grow old gracefully;" she simply refused to grow old at all. Beneath the soft lace cap the wavy brown hair was only slightly touched with gray. The broad forehead was free from wrinkles; the wide, gray eyes had the alert, direct, inquiring gaze of a young girl.

Mrs. Campbell was descended from a line of English cavaliers, famed not so much for wealth as for the ability to give and take hard knocks with rare good-humor at an age when most men were in their dotage—and Mrs. Campbell inherited it. Long decades of toil on a sterile New England farm had not quenched her spirit.

With a white kerchief crossed on the bosom of her print gown, no spectacles hiding the handsome eyes, and her plump, firm hands working rapidly at her knitting, one freely admitted the justice of Harrisville comment: "Job Campbell's widder is a reemarkably well-presarved woman."

Therefore, Harrisville was not surprised when William Hoffman, a bachelor neighbor, went courting to the cozy Campbell home. The fact that Fred Campbell, the widow's grown-up son, disapproved of the calls added to the spice of the gossip.

"Ter think," said Sy Haskins, as they talked it over around the stove one winter afternoon, "o' old Bill Hoffman, con-firmed old bach, a-succumbin' at this day an' haour. He's sixty-five at the least figgers!"

"Well," said Jim Hicks, who had spent a year in the city, "I dunno's I blame him. She's a mighty fine woman, an' he's a durn good-lookin' man, even ef they air more'n twenty. Put a stand-up collar 'stid o' a flannel shirt on Bill, broadcloth 'stid o' overalls, an' patent-leathers fer felts an' rubbers, an' dinged ef he wouldn't look like a bank president!"

The discussion was abruptly closed as Fred Campbell came in. He made a trifling purchase, and answered absently the somewhat embarrassed greetings of the loungers. The young fellow had his mother's wide, white forehead and direct gray eyes. There was usually a smile on the open countenance, but to-day he was frowning. He slammed the door when he went out.

II.

WHILE the corner-grocery *habitués* were discussing his affairs, Hoffman was carefully knocking the snow off his boots at Mrs. Campbell's door. Their farms adjoined on the outskirts of the village. An electric line to Hartshorn, the county-seat, three miles away, passed their doors.

Hoffman was well set up, gray-mustached, square-jawed, broad-shouldered. Eb Brown and wife were tenants on his farm, and lived with him in his house. Hoffman was honest, straightforward and well liked. Every one spoke well of him. There was no early love-affair to account for his celibacy; he simply had not been, in the village idiom, "a marryin' man." But the gossips were sure he was in love now.

Placid Mrs. Campbell's cheeks took on a delicate tint as she opened the door at his knock. "Pleasant afternoon, William," she observed, cheerfully.

"Dunno as I ought ter come in," he replied. "Jest met Fred out here near my place, an' he ferbid me comin' near here."

Mrs. Campbell stared in astonishment. "Land sakes!" she ejaculated, "what's gittin' inter the boy?"

"He said my comin' ter see you was all did-rotted silliness. Said folks was laughin' at us up-town fer two blamed old fools. He even hinted I wanted ter git yer farm." Hoffman spoke stolidly, as he seated himself in a comfortable rocker.

"Ferbid you the house, did he?" Mrs. Campbell's gray eyes snapped. "You'd think we were children! I own this place, an' I'll entertain who I please." The cavalier blood was coming to the surface. "I did think, William, that it'd be foolishness ter see two old people like us marryin'; but land sakes! I ain't app'inted a son o' mine guardeen! I guess we could git married ef we wanted ter."

Mr. Hoffman was a tactful person. He knew enough to strike when the iron was hot; he also knew how to heat the iron.

"Said you were devoted ter Campbell's memory," he went on, apparently not heeding the interruption. "I thought that kinder funny, seein's Job's been dead twenty year. Not but what it's all right, though. Said you weren't thinkin' o' this world any more. You'd got along at the age where people thought o' death an' a hereafter."

Mrs. Campbell bounced out of her chair with a vigor which gave the lie to her son's peaceful picture of old age. "William Hoffman!" she said, impressively, "that settles it! I always put you off before when you talked marryin'. Now I mean ter show Fred I'm not a poor, helpless critter, with one leg in the grave. We'll be married this summer!"

The iron was hot; the crafty William proceeded to strike. "Lucindy," he whispered, excitedly, "let's not put it off till next summer; let's git married terday. We can elope over ter Hartshorn on the car."

"Oh, William!" She drew back, her hands clasped in an ecstasy of joy, fear and excitement. An elopement! The touch of romance appealed to her woman's nature, as it has appealed to every woman in every age since time began. She was no longer sixty—she was sixteen, and the ghosts of long-dead dreams arose and became realities. How often in the long ago had she dreamed them! And she was to be at sixty the heroine of an elopement! Wasn't it wonderful! "Will I have time ter put on my black silk dress, William?" she inquired, breathlessly.

"No; git yer bonnet, fer the car's almost due now, an' Fred may be back," he said, rapidly. "He'd stop us ef he had ter git a constable. It's lucky I got the license yistiddy. We'll go ter Elder Arthur's, an' prob'ly be back here by supper-time. Thunder! There's the car now! Hurry!" Mrs. Campbell was tying her bonnet as he seized her by the arm, and rushed her out to the car-track.

Mrs. Campbell glanced fearfully over her shoulder at the house and barn. The gong clanged; the car slowed up, and stopped. Then her courage failed her. "William," she whispered, as the conductor stood with his hand on the bell-cord, "I fergot ter lock the door! An' I do believe there's Fred comin' down the road!" This last was a fiction. There was no one in sight. "Hurry, madam, if you're goin' with us," said the conductor, civilly. With an audible sigh she stepped aboard.

The ride was fraught with dangers, in Mrs. Campbell's eyes at least. Every time the car stopped she glanced fearfully around, expecting to see Fred and an officer of the law. It was with the feeling of keenest relief that they arrived, unmolested, at Hartshorn.

III.

THE ceremony was soon performed at Elder Arthur's humble home. Hoffman carried himself as erect as a grenadier as they took their departure. The bride's eyes were softly bright, the blushes on her cheek like the tint of the morning.

"John," said the minister's wife, who was watching from behind the curtain, "there's the handsomest couple you ever married! They're two old dears!"

They had the car all to themselves going back. Hoffman helped his wife on board with an air of proud proprietorship that made the conductor, who shrewdly suspected what had been going on, chuckle softly. That official was twenty-five and care-worn, but he had once been young himself. He joined the motorman in the vestibule, and pointed at the loving old couple engrossed in each other.

"Say, Tom," he said, seriously, "ain't it a shame ter see two kids a-spoonin'? Reminds me o' the days when Molly an' me were courtin'. But them kids'd ought ter waited till they grew up!"

The newly married were a bit uneasy as they entered the Campbell home. Fred was not there, but he soon came whistling from the barn.

"Why, mother," he said, "where you been?" Then he caught sight of the bridegroom. "What you doin' here? Thought I told you ter stay away!"

"I ain't after yer farm, Fred," replied Hoffman, sturdily. "I got a good one o' my own. I make a fair livin', an' that's all I want. You needn't be scared." He hesitated, and stammered, twisting his cap in his nervous hands. "But I, you see I—yer mother an' I—Oh, dang it!" Then he said, with flushed desperation, "We eloped ter Hartshorn this afternoon, an' got married!"

The anger in Fred's face died out in fatuous amazement. He turned dumbly to his mother, who nodded with tremulous pride. The young man's jaws fell apart, and his eyes fairly bulged. He sank, weak-kneed, into a near-by chair. "Well—I'm—darned!" he ejaculated.

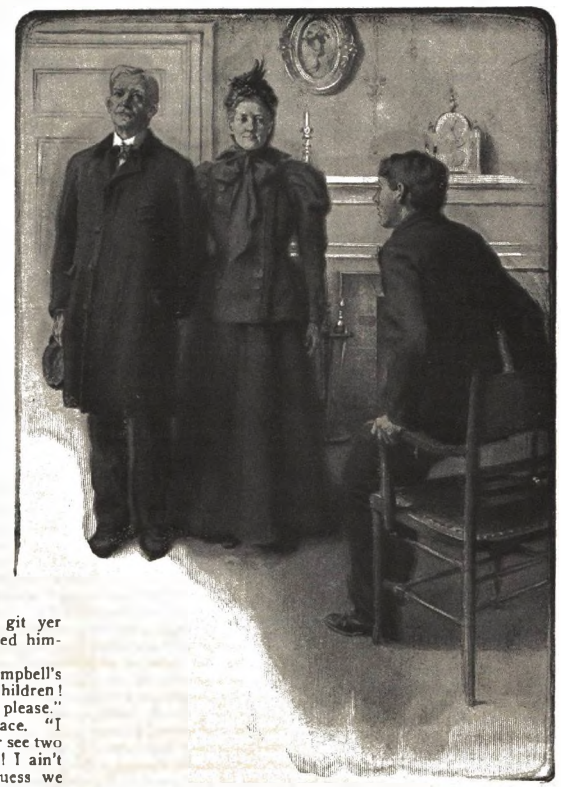
The two old people stood like convicted criminals awaiting their verdict. Mrs. Hoffman blushed under his awe-struck stare. Her husband backed a step or two, looked at the ceiling, and cleared his throat. Cautiously he put his hand behind him. When it found his wife's, their fingers intertwined, and both countenances brightened at once.

The kaleidoscope changes on Fred's features continued. When the storm broke it was a hurricane of laughter.

"Eloped! Oh, ho, ho, ho!" he roared. "You two plottin' infants! Eloped, an' never asked the consent o' parent er guardeen! Oh, you'll be the death o' me!" He wiped away the tears, to look again at the bridal pair, who, relieved but sheepish, were still holding hands. Then he went off into another burst of merriment. They joined in, but doubtfully.

"Ef it's a case o' 'laugh an' grow fat,' I'll weigh a ton over this! Well, you outwitted me, an' I s'pose I'll have ter play the fergivin' father, like they do in all the elopements! Now, don't look at me that way er I'll bust a suspender!" He extended his hands solemnly over their heads. "Bless you, my children! An' now, mother, you mend the fire. I'll go down ter the store fer some oysters, an' we'll have a regular weddin'-feast!"

"Guess I'll go over ter my place an' change my clo'es," said Hoffman, "er it won't seem like bein' married at all."

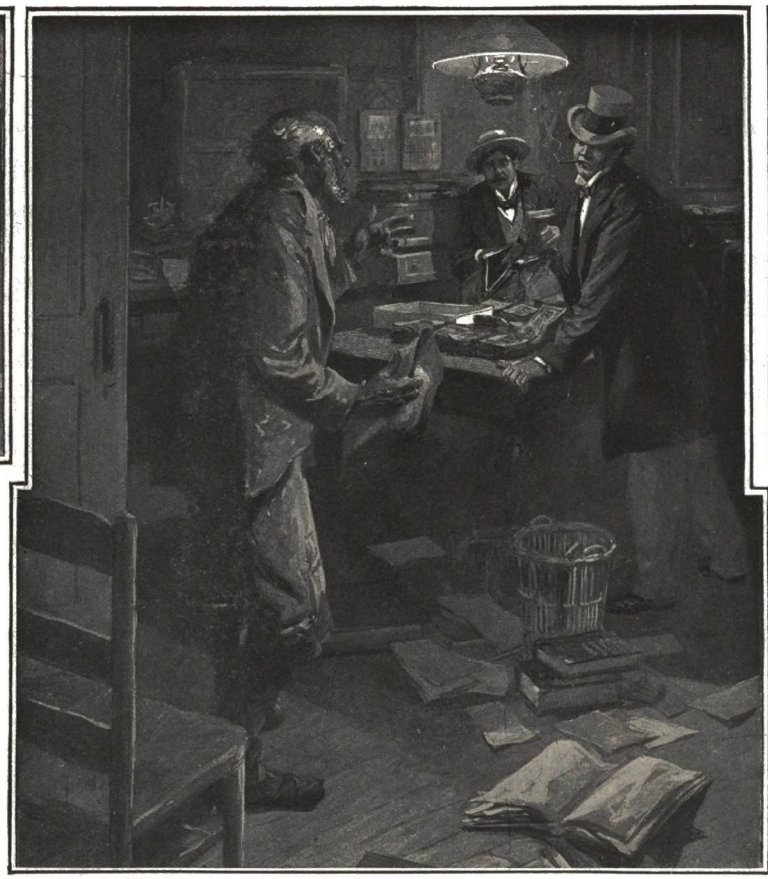


"We eloped ter Hartshorn this afternoon, an' got married!"

Uncle Toby's Inheritance

How Uncle Toby Kept the President of Spokersville Safety Savings-Bank from "Absquatulating" with the Funds

BY THOMAS C. HARBAUGH



"Dis am a cl'ar case ob gran' larcumcy, an' Uncle Tobe am a livin' witness fo' de state"

EVERY afternoon from one till six the unemployed of Spokersville—and they numbered the major portion of the community—could be found on the backless benches in front of the post-office.

There they discussed a variety of subjects—the latest horse-trade, the new parson, the great war lately ended, and every phase of reconstruction. The war had left Spokersville in a worse condition, if such a thing could be, than it had ever known in all its history. It had furnished a good many men to the Confederate army, and nearly all had come back to join in the daily discussion before the only "government building" the town was ever likely to have. The mail made semi-weekly trips from Stacey C. H., and its arrival was always sure to add to the interest of the "board of trade" in front of the post-office, for then the newspapers came from the outside world, and these were sure to be handed over to Jel Perkins, the mayor of the town, for the delectation of the crowd.

Perkins was "the wisest man within ten miles of Spokersville," and what he didn't know was not sought for by the most curious citizen. Besides looking after the public interests of his constituents, Perkins had a rising son, Jel, Jr., who was cashier of the recently established bank. To see young Jel seat himself on one of the aforesaid benches after banking-hours, with a "long nine" between his teeth, always scrupulously white, and his hands embedded in the arm-holes of his lavender waistcoat, was to see the rising Vanderbilt of the South.

The bank was a private one. It had been established by a fellow from Indiana, named Morrow, a man who packed his carpet-bag soon after the war, and journeyed South, seeking new fields of labor and somebody whom he could fleece. Of course, Morrow as the president of the concern, which had been dubbed the Spokersville Safety Savings-Bank, was the magnate of the district. He was a man of forty, keen in every way, but sauve and businesslike. He dressed in keeping with the exalted position he occupied in the financial world, and whenever, after business hours, he drove his span of coal-blacks through the village he engrossed universal attention, though some of the colored population nicknamed him "Sollerman de Second;" for, said they, "like Sollerman ob old, he toils not, needer do he spin."

The success of the bank was assured from the moment young Jel Perkins became cashier, for he added dignity to the institution, and the people looked upon his appointment as an indorsement from his father, the mayor. And whatever Mayor Perkins said, went in Spokersville.

The community was not so poverty-stricken that it could not find funds for deposit in the bank. Every person who had saved up ever so little came to the institution with their all, and placed it in the company's keeping. They received three per cent on their deposits, a fact which young Jel paraded before the public at all times, always adding that the institution was as safe as the United States Treasury.

But there came a time when carpet-bag rule in the South fell into the sear and yellow leaf. The mercenary ingrates who had preyed upon the prostrate commonwealths, whose wounds of war had scarcely begun to heal, found an indignant public on their track, and already many of them were thinking seriously of making tracks for their homes. They saw that the gathering clouds portended a storm which would leave nothing of them and their schemes.

One day Spokersville learned that Morrow had shipped his fine horses North; then young Jel Perkins hinted that he believed he would take a spin to Europe before long, and putting this and that together some of the depositors concluded that some day the Spokersville Safety Savings-Bank would be a thing of the past.

"Hit's jes' dis-erway," said Uncle Toby Blossom, after he had hitched his dilapidated gray mule to the only hitching-post back of the post-office. "De signs ob de times indercate dat dar's gwine to be a absquatulation frum dat dar bank afo' long. Jim Morrow hab shipped his hosses Norf, an' las' night I seed 'im an' Kunnel Colman, one ob de d'rectors, habin' a confab at de cross-roads."

"Well, what are you going to do about it, Uncle Toby?" asked a young fellow who had listened to the old man's exordium.

"Jes' you wait till de cloud git a leetle blackah," was the reply. "Doan' you know, Tom Speelman, dat w'en ole 'Ligah see dat black cloud hit warn't bigger'n yo' hand. Ob cose 'Ligah's s'piciones sumfin' frum de fust, an' sure nuff his s'picions tu'ned out to be kurrect. Jes' you wait!"

"Till Jim Morrow pulls out with all that's in the bank?"

"Who sayed he war gwine to tak' anythin'? See heah! W'en Marse Chan died, 'im w'at fit in de wah—I mean 'ole Marse Chan'—he say, 'Tobe, you war faithf'l ober a few things; I'll mak' you ruler ober many. I hab a leetle lef' w'at de Yankees didn't tak', 'mong dem my honah,' dat's jes' w'at he say, an' w'en he die an' go to glory—dat's jes' whar he gone—he gib Unc'l Tobe one thousand dollahs. Tobe he keep hit hid in de pine woods back ob de cabin—nobody knows jes' whar but Aunt Dinah—an' when Jim Morrow cum frum de Norf an' start de bank Tobe goes to Jel Perkins, 'old Jel,' an' ax advice. An' Jel he say, 'Hit's as safe as 'Nited States Treasurem. Put hit dar, Unc'l Tobe,' an' dat's w'at I does. Now!" and the old man leaned against the side of his mule, and mopped his forehead a moment.

"Well, isn't your money there yet, and can't you get it whenever you make a demand for the same?"

"Mebbe I kin, an' mebbe I cain't."

"You haven't tried yet, have you?"

"No, an'—"

"Why don't you? The way to find out some things is to—find out," and Tom Speelman shifted his cheroot and looked wise.

"Blame me, hif I doan' go an' try right now!" and the old darky stuck his gad under the mule's saddle, and turned toward the bank.

He entered the little, well-kept room with an air of innocence, and walked up to the teller's window.

"Well, Uncle Toby, what is it?"

"I b'lieve, Mistah Perkins, I'll tak' my money out ob de bank."

Jel Perkins executed a swift stroke of his mustache, and leaned forward.

"What are you going to invest in, Toby?" he asked.

"Oh, I doan' know jes' w'at yit, but I thought I'd ruther hab de tin a little handier to me dan Spokahsville."

Not a vestige of surprise passed over the young man's countenance.

"When would you like to have it, Uncle Toby?"

Just then Jim Morrow, who had been reading a newspaper a few feet away, came to the window, and exclaimed, "What's that, Uncle? Don't you know that this institution is just as safe as the United States Treasury?"

"Dat's w'at I heah," was the reply. "In fac', hit's 'bout all I do heah jes' now."

"You know that your money is safer here than where you kept it before you brought it to the bank."

"De bank may be all right, but Ise concluded dat I'll tak' charge ob my 'heritance awhile."

"Very well; bring your book in to-morrow, Uncle Toby, and we'll be glad to adjust matters on business principles. This bank is doing a safe and legitimate business. Why, if you want to take a trip to Europe we'll—"

"W'en youse gwine to start fo' dar, Mistah Jel? I done heah youse gwine 'cross de pond in de near futah."

Young Perkins colored a little, and shifted a book uneasily, but at the same time he glanced at Morrow, who nodded slightly.

"Perhaps you'd like for us to settle with you now, Uncle Toby," said the cashier.

"I didn't cum prepa'ed fo' dat to-day. But hif hit mak's no diff'rence I'll fetch my book to-morrer, an' we'll indulge in a leetle financial bizness den."

"Suit yourself about that," smiled Morrow, as he turned away. "It's all the same to the Safety Savings. Good-day, Uncle Toby."

The old man returned the parting salutation, and stalked out of the bank. He knew that Tom Speelman was waiting for him where he had hitched the gray mule; but, looking across the street, and catching sight of Tom in the post-office, he stole a march on the young man, and quietly unhitching the animal, mounted and rode away.

"Mebbe dey t'ink Uncle Tobe am as thick-headed as de moral law de way dey practis' hit down heer," he said to himself. "Cain't I see dat de cloud am jes'

risin' ober de horizon? Dar's gwine to be an absquatulation frum dat dar bank fo' long."

The old darky did not draw rein until he was once more at the door of the little house which he had reared with his own strong hands when he became a "free nigger." Long into the night he and Dinah, his old wife, sat up and talked over the matter nearest their hearts—the safety of their money.

Dinah had never liked Morrow from the start. She always said that he was "no good;" that he was "a Philistine frum de Norf," a man who was too cowardly to enter the army, but who had been among the very first to turn his eyes Southward after the war, for the purpose of making money easy.

"W'at's Marfy Hubbard got in dat bank?" asked Aunt Dinah.

"All she's got in de world," said Uncle Toby.

"An' w'at would little Sary, her crippled gal, hab hif she lost hit?"

"Not a cent," growled the old darky. "Now, Marfy's tuk in washin' fo' w'at she put into de bank, an' hif my conclusions am kurrect she'll be as po' as Lazzras in fo'ty-eight hours."

"Dat would kill bofe mothah an' chile," sighed Aunt Dinah. "But fo' de good Lo'd, Tobe Blossom, whar youse gwine?"

The old man had risen from his chair, and was putting on his coat.

"Ise gwine to sabe dat 'heritance!"

"But youse cain't git in de 'stitution to-night."

"I kin git to dat man Morrow!' cried Uncle Toby. "I know whar he libes!"

"But dey doan' do bizness atter hours. Youse ain't dumb, Tobe."

"Doan' you know dat Marse Chan, as good a fianceer as Jim Morrow, transacted dat las' bizness wid me atter dark? I cain't sit heer an' t'ink ob little Sary's money all a-lyin' in dat man's keepin'! He's got to disgo'ge dis night er—"

"Youse won't lay yo'self liable to de law, Tobe?"

"I won't promise nuffin', I won't," growled the old man, as he picked up his hat. "But I will say, Dinah, dat I will sabe de po' people ob Spokahsville frum de talons ob de vultures. Doan' say nuffin' to de chillun w'en dey cum home. Jes' scuse my absence in sum way. Ise got dealin' wif a money-changer, jes' as de Savior had in his day."

Five minutes later the old gray mule might have been seen pursuing his way over the tortuous country road that led to Spokersville. He did not need the guidance of Uncle Toby's hand, for he seemed to guess his master's destination, and at the end of an hour the faithful animal was hitched on the outskirts of the village, in a little clump of pines.

Uncle Toby had brought along no weapon. He had never carried one, with the exception of a long-barreled deer-rifle before and during the war, and since then he had had little need for a firearm. He was strong and agile despite his one and eighty years, and when he glided toward the village he walked like a youth of twenty.

Morrow lived with a family in the heart of the village, and the old darky fully expected to find the banker there; but when he came in sight of the bank itself he thought he detected a glimmer of light beyond its windows.

"Mebbe Jel Perkins am packin' his carpet-bag for 'Rope now," said Uncle Toby to himself, as he paused, and for five minutes looked at the arrow of light. "If he am hit's time fo' yo' Uncle Tobe to 'pear on de scene."

He crept toward the building, and made his way to the rear of it, where he knew there was a shuttered window and a door.

"W'at I tell Dinah?" ejaculated the old ex-slave, as he rounded the rear end of the bank-building, and caught sight of a horse and spring-wagon at the rack there. "Dat's Kunnel Colman's rig, an' no mistak'. W'at dat doin' heer to-night hif dis bank am safe?"

Uncle Toby slipped forward, and discovered a crack in the shutter, to which he applied a keen eye. For a moment he saw nothing, and then by degrees the interior of the banking-room became visible, and at the same time the figures of two persons—Morrow, the president, and Jel Perkins, Jr. A fair-sized valise was open on a table, and the old man saw Jel Perkins take what appeared to be a lot of notes done up in packages and thrust them into the receptacle.

"Gittin' ready fo' de absquatulation," said Uncle Toby to himself.

He saw Jel Perkins take a curious object from a little box on the cashier's desk, which unwrapped proved to be a square disk, from which protruded a little something which reminded the old darky of the fuses of some shells he had seen during the war. This thing Jel proceeded to place in a waste-basket, and then he turned to Morrow with a grin of supreme satisfaction.

"Bles' me! hif dey ain't gwine to bu'n de bank up," thought Uncle Toby, half audibly. "But dey'll absquatulate afo' dey go dat far."

Uncle Toby now transferred himself to the door near the window, and to his surprise found it unlocked when he pressed down the latch quietly.

"Now, ahmed wif de sword ob de Lo'd an' ob Gideon, Ise gwine to interfere!" he exclaimed, and the next moment he pushed the door open.

There was a little darkness between him and the light ahead, but with a leonine stride he carried himself further forward, and halted.

"I'll tak' my 'heritance right erway, Mistah Morrow, an' you kin jes' 'add little Sary Hubbard's money into de barg'in, fo' her mothah put hit heer in de chile's name!"

Long before Uncle Toby had finished the two men had straightened up, and were staring at him as though he had risen from the dead. The face of each man was the hue of chalk.

"Jes' count out de funds," continued Uncle Toby. "An' you, Jel Perkins, seal up Sary's pile to hitself, so's I won't git 'em mixed."

"Who told you to interrupt us while adjusting the business of the day?" flashed Morrow, as he looked daggers at the darky.

"Do de bizness ob de day require dat you put all de money ob de bank in a carpet-sack, an' den drop a'to'pedo into de waste-basket?" grinned Uncle Toby.

"You don't think that we are trying to rob the bank?"

"No; only prepa'in' to absquatulate wif hits funds, dat's all. See heer, Mistah Perkins, jes' you stan' back! I'll tak' charge ob dis 'stitution myse'f."

"You?" cried both men in a breath.

"Hit's jes' w'at I sayed. You jes' walk out'n dat do' yondah. You will find de hoss out dar, an' de sooner you leabe Spokahsville de better fo' yo' constitutions, 'kase dis am a cl'ar case ob gran' larcumcy, an' Unc'l Tobe am a livin' witness fo' de state."

The old man stepped a little to one side, and laid his hand on a heavy chair, which was as a feather in his grip; and looking into his stern face, the two conspirators stole past him and out into the night.

Left alone in the bank, the darky did not [illegible] until he had heard the noise of a moving wagon, [illegible] he stole back and bolted the rear door. He wondered what Aunt Dinah would think of his prolonged absence, but he dared not stir from the room. All alone he kept guard over the contents of the bank until morning came, and then he resolved to make a move.

He quitted his self-imposed task, and appeared on the street just as Tolliver Hobbs, the postmaster, was opening his office.

"What's the matter, Uncle Toby?" cried the young man. "In the name of goodness, where did you spring from this early in the morning?"

"Ise had de wealth ob de Indys in my keepin', dat's w'at Ise had!" explained Uncle Toby. "W'at did I tell Tom Speelman visterday? De cloud came up might sudden, Mistah Hobbs, but hit war big 'nuff to carry Jel Perkins an' Jim Morrow—de two Vanderbilts of Spokahsville—to pahts unknown."

And so it proved. It was the end of the Safety Savings-Bank of Spokersville, Georgia, and when Uncle Toby went home he threw something into Aunt Dinah's lap; and then, holding up another package, he exclaimed, "An' little Sary's got hers, too! De absquatulation went off, but de absquatulators didn't fly erway on golden wings!"

A NEW LEAF

BY FREDERICK M. SMITH

EW-YEAR'S eve, an open fire in the library, and the kettle singing old songs to Betty and me as we sat watching the old year out together. At least that was what we were supposed to be watching; in reality I was more taken up with looking at Betty. She had on a gown all of black, low at the throat, and with wide lace sleeves which fell back and showed the roundings of her arms.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked, suddenly looking around at me.

"That 'the Graces are four and the Venuses two,' as our friend Mr. Dobson has gracefully put it," I answered.

Betty made a *moue*.

"Whatever induced you to put on that frock?" I asked.

"To honor the New-year, of course," said Betty. "I'm sorry you don't appreciate it."

"But I do," said I.

"You take my dressing for you too much as a matter of course."

"How's the newest gown coming on?" said I.

"It won't be ready till next week."

"You'll wear it to the Hawes dinner?"

"I'll save it for the Assembly—I expect to go to the Hawes dinner with John Graham," she submitted after a little pause.

I lifted my eyebrows.

"It's better," said Betty.

"Terrible punishment," said I. "But what's the crime?"

"Nothing in particular," said Betty, "only I think I've been seeing too much of a certain man. I'm going to turn over a new leaf. When the clock strikes twelve I shall begin."

"I hope the next page will not be devoid of illustration," said I.

She ignored my sarcasm. "I shall be—"

"Nicer?" said I.

"Less accessible," said Betty. "People are talking."

"I thought they had been talking so long they had nearly finished," said I.

"And I really think I ought to see less of him."

"Why do you talk nonsense?" said I.

"I think he ought not to take me to more than one dance a month."

"Make it none," said I.

"Nor send me orchids and violets every week."

"Better bar roses, too," said I.

"You're going to make it hard for me to turn the leaf," said Betty.

"There's a way out," I suggested.

"What?" she asked.

"I've told you often enough."

"I thought we weren't going to talk of that for a long time," said Betty.

"Very well," said I. "Of course you will have your own way. You'll go to the dinner with Graham, and to the next play with Curtin, and let Lee take you sleighing. It will not be a new leaf, but the old one. After all, what do I have?—tea occasionally, a walk at intervals, and a dance rarely."

"Is that all?" said Betty.

"Quite all," said I, and I picked up the poker and fell to prodding the coals.

Betty moved her chair a little nearer the grate, and then leaning over and resting her chin in her hands she watched my movements.

"I put on purple and fine linen for him, and begin the year with him," she mused, "but I don't believe he appreciates it. Yes, I must really turn over a new leaf."

I didn't answer. Click-click-click went the mantel clock. Then cling-cling-cling it began to measure off the hour of twelve. Outside, bells could be heard caroling, and from somewhere out in the winter night came the sound of a gun.

I put up the poker, sat back in my chair and looked at Betty. The fire-gleams were hiding in the waves of her hair, the coral of her cheeks was rosered in the flame-light, and her blue eyes were grave and steady.

"It's a new year," she announced, solemnly. "I wonder where we'll be in another twelve months?"

"Let's hope here," said I.

"Wherever you are you will look back, and say, 'Last year at this minute I was with Betty Mallard—and I was not in as good a humor as I should have been,'" she finished, darting a glance at me over her shoulder.

The clock went on.

"I want it to be a good year to you, George," said Betty suddenly, and she put out her hand to mine.

I nodded over to her. Click-click-click went the clock. Unconsciously I began counting the minutes. Then I lost count, and only looked at the coals.

"Tea occasionally, a walk at intervals, and a dance rarely; is that all?" mused Betty.

"Not quite all," said I, turning my hand a little so that my fingers clasped hers tighter.

"Cling" went the clock for the half-hour.

"It's awfully late," said Betty.

"Must I go?"

"On New-Year's one must make exceptions," said Betty.

The clock was the only sound again. How the minutes do run on when one sits in front of a fire on a winter night with a woman one cares for. There were so many things wanting to be said, but I couldn't frame any of them.

"Cling" went the clock again, this time for the hour.

"I suppose I must go," said I, getting up.

"I suppose you must," said Betty, coming to stand by me in front of the fire.

"You're going to the Hawes dinner with Graham?"

"Remember the new leaf," she said.

"I am constantly reminded of it," said I.

"But I shall wear an old gown," said Betty.

"This gown, of course," I bristled; "the gown you wore on New-Year's eve!"

"Well, I have to wear something," submitted Betty, "but—"

"But what?"

"I've a stunning new wrap."

"Worse and worse," said I, gloomily.

"But if I dress early you could come up at seven for a minute, then you'd be the first to see it—"

"Good old Betty!" said I.

"I'm a goose," said Betty. "Your collar's turned up. Let me straighten it."

She fumbled with my coat for a minute. "Tea and the others," she said, looking squarely into my eyes, "is that all?"

"It isn't half," said I.

"Do you think the new leaf's so very dull?" said Betty.

"It's a nice new leaf," said I, as I lifted her fingers.

"No," said Betty.

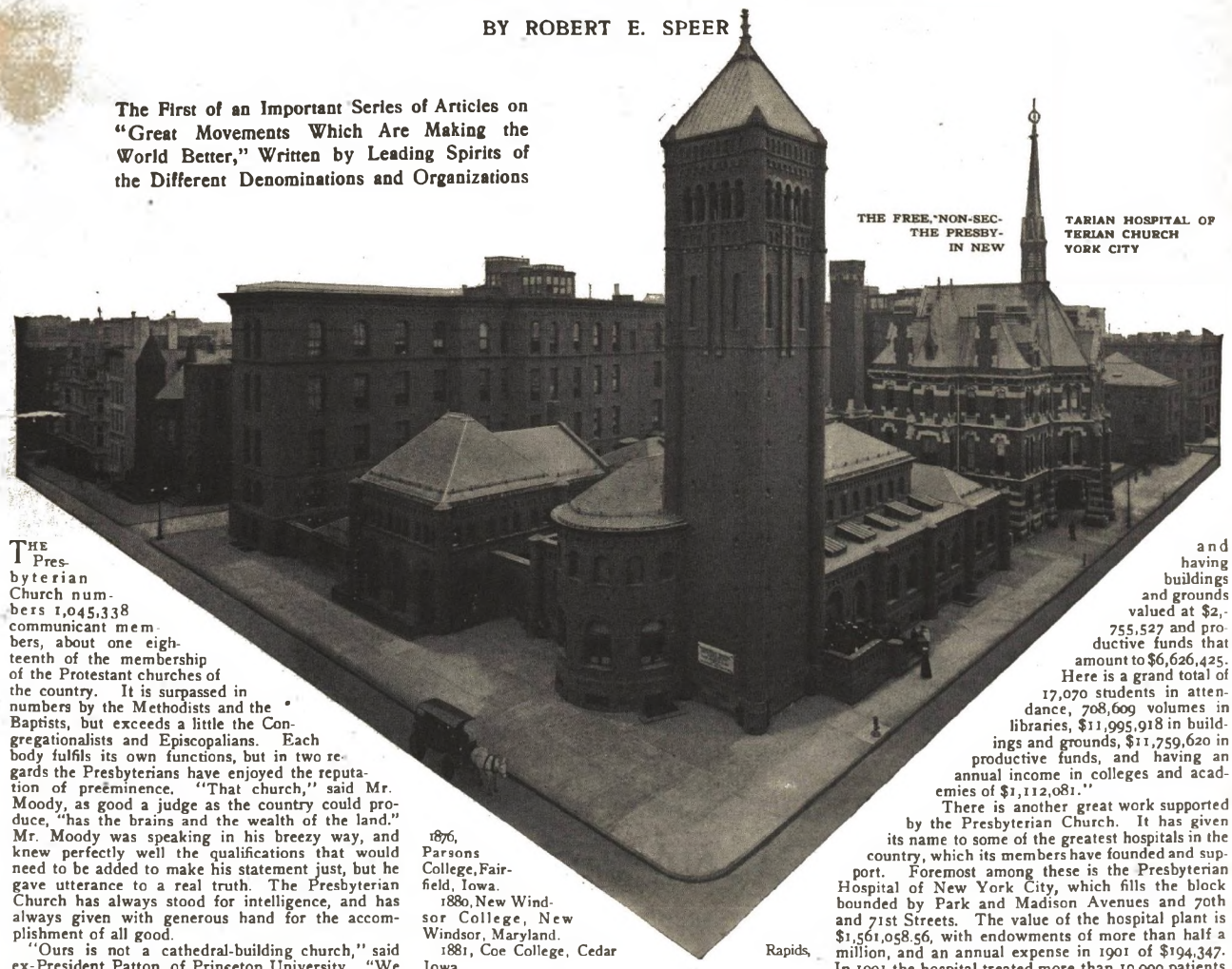
"Just there," said I, touching the palms of her hands with my lips.

"On New-Year's one must make exceptions," said Betty.

THE GREAT WORK OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF AMERICA

BY ROBERT E. SPEER

The First of an Important Series of Articles on "Great Movements Which Are Making the World Better," Written by Leading Spirits of the Different Denominations and Organizations



THE FREE, NON-SECTARIAN HOSPITAL OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN NEW YORK CITY

THE Presbyterian Church numbers 1,045,338 communicant members, about one eighteenth of the membership of the Protestant churches of the country. It is surpassed in numbers by the Methodists and the Baptists, but exceeds a little the Congregationalists and Episcopalians. Each body fulfils its own functions, but in two regards the Presbyterians have enjoyed the reputation of preëminence. "That church," said Mr. Moody, as good a judge as the country could produce, "has the brains and the wealth of the land." Mr. Moody was speaking in his breezy way, and knew perfectly well the qualifications that would need to be added to make his statement just, but he gave utterance to a real truth. The Presbyterian Church has always stood for intelligence, and has always given with generous hand for the accomplishment of all good.

"Ours is not a cathedral-building church," said ex-President Patton, of Princeton University. "We never built a cathedral. I hope we never will. Our church is a college-planting church." This has been the genius of the church from the beginning. "Knox, in Scotland, through the kirk," as General Eaton, formerly United States Commissioner of Education, said at the Presbyterian Celebration of the Two-Hundred-and-Fiftieth Anniversary of the Westminster Assembly, "organized a system of education which has kept Scotland in the front to this day. In the Netherlands all the people were reading the Bible in the vernacular six years before Luther's translation was completed; Calvin, in addition to working out his great system of doctrines, was a teacher, and organized education in Geneva." And in America, from the days of William Tennent and the Log College, begun in 1726, the Presbyterian Church has been one of the great educational forces of the land. The prejudice against the possibility of ecclesiastical tyranny has perhaps led to needless antipathy to colleges organized under the direct sovereignty of the church, but the following institutions have been founded by the church, and are managed by its members, even where there has been, and is, no formal ecclesiastical control:

1746, Princeton University, Princeton, New Jersey.
1794, Greenville and Tusculum College, Tusculum, Tennessee.
1795, Washington College, Washington, Tennessee.
1802, Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pennsylvania.
1812, Hamilton College, Clinton, New York.
1819, Centre College, Danville, Kentucky.
1819, Maryville College, Maryville, Tennessee.
1832, Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania.
1833, Hanover College, Hanover, Indiana.
1833, Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana.
1854, Lincoln University, Oxford, Pennsylvania.
1855, Elmira College, Elmira, New York.
1857, Lake Forest University, Lake Forest, Illinois.
1857, Highland University, Highland, Kansas.
1866, Albany College, Albany, Oregon.
1867, Biddle University, Charlotte, North Carolina.
1867, Blackburn University, Carlinville, Illinois.
1868, Wells College, Aurora, New York.
1870, University of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio.
1870, Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.
1875, Park College, Parkville, Missouri.
1876, Parsons College, Fairfield, Iowa.
1880, New Windsor College, New Windsor, Maryland.
1881, Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
1882, Hastings College, Hastings, Nebraska.
1883, Bellevue College, Bellevue, Nebraska.
1883, Emporia College, Emporia, Kansas.
1884, Albert Lea College, Albert Lea, Minnesota.
1884, Lenox College, Hopkinton, Iowa.
1884, Presbyterian College of Southwest, Del Norte, California.
1884, Whitworth College, Tacoma, Washington.
1885, Macalester College, St. Paul, Minnesota.
1886, Oswego College, Oswego, Kansas.
1887, Alma College, Alma, Michigan.
1889, Occidental College, Los Angeles, California.
1891, Buena Vista College, Storm Lake, Iowa.
1891, College of Idaho, Caldwell, Idaho.
1898, Huron College, Huron, South Dakota.

The report of the Commissioner of Education for 1899-1900 enumerates 1,978 private schools, of which 945 are controlled by religious denominations. In these denominational schools are 5,074 instructors and 53,624 students, as against 5,043 instructors and 57,173 students in the non-denominational schools. Of these denominational schools 93 are Presbyterian. The Commissioner, Dr. W. T. Harris, reports now "sustained by Presbyterian churches, including the Cumberland and the Northern and Southern Divisions, 102 academies attended by 4,922 students, or 2,523 males and 2,399 females, with 60,206 volumes in their libraries, and grounds and buildings valued at $1,864,500, with an annual income of $305,110, with 54 colleges for men, or for men and women, with an attendance in the preparatory departments of 3,815, in their college classes, 4,145; or a total in these institutions enjoying preparatory and college instruction of 7,960, of whom 5,615 are men and 2,345 women, with 312,481 volumes in their libraries, grounds and buildings valued at $5,779,816, and controlling funds to the amount of $5,133,295, and having an annual income of $469,766. Of colleges for women alone there are 25, with an attendance of 300 in the elementary departments, 846 in the preparatory, and 1,618 in the college classes; or a total attendance of 3,047, with 42,184 volumes in their libraries, and grounds and buildings valued at $1,596,075, with an annual income of $337,210. These three divisions of the Presbyterian Church maintain 20 theological seminaries, with 1,341 young men in attendance. 293,738 volumes in their libraries, and having buildings and grounds valued at $2,755,527 and productive funds that amount to $6,626,425. Here is a grand total of 17,070 students in attendance, 708,609 volumes in libraries, $11,995,918 in buildings and grounds, $11,759,620 in productive funds, and having an annual income in colleges and academies of $1,112,081."

There is another great work supported by the Presbyterian Church. It has given its name to some of the greatest hospitals in the country, which its members have founded and support. Foremost among these is the Presbyterian Hospital of New York City, which fills the block bounded by Park and Madison Avenues and 70th and 71st Streets. The value of the hospital plant is $1,561,058.56, with endowments of more than half a million, and an annual expense in 1901 of $194,347. In 1901 the hospital treated more than 10,000 patients in its wards, including the emergency-ward, answered 2,000 ambulance-calls, and received 70,636 visits from 25,016 out-patients. The Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia, with its two country homes at Devon, cost for maintenance in 1901 $140,617.95, and treated in the wards 5,133 patients, and in the out-patient department 7,238 patients, who made 25,043 visits. Although these hospitals are created and supported by Presbyterians, they are all conducted on the principle embodied in the inscription on the walls of the Presbyterian Hospital in New York:

Presbyterian Hospital
For the Poor of New York,
Without Regard to
Race, Creed or Color.
Supported by Voluntary Contributions.

Of the 2,024 patients in the surgical and medical wards of the Presbyterian Hospital of Philadelphia last year, 28.50 per cent were Roman Catholics, 14.43 per cent Methodists, 11.80 per cent Episcopalians, and 24.75 per cent Presbyterians. Both of these hospitals have useful nurses' training-schools.

There are Presbyterian hospitals in other cities also—Chicago, Cincinnati, Allegheny and elsewhere—but for the most part Presbyterians sink their denominational distinctness in the support of institutions which bear no peculiar name. To a request for specific information as to Presbyterian charities in some cities I have received replies like the following from Pittsburg: "It is very difficult for us to get statistics in this city, because the very strength of the Presbyterian Church has prevented it from organizing institutions of its own, and made it responsible for the welfare of all the agencies established for doing good in the community." From Warren, Pennsylvania, the statement is made, "Of the $36,000 subscribed to the hospital (for building), the Presbyterians gave $24,500." And from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, "Out of the $7,600 contributed last year for current expenses of our institution by individuals and churches, $4,640 were contributed by those identified with the Presbyterian churches of our city." The withdrawal of Presbyterians from the support of the general hospitals and charities of the country, and the separate devotion of their

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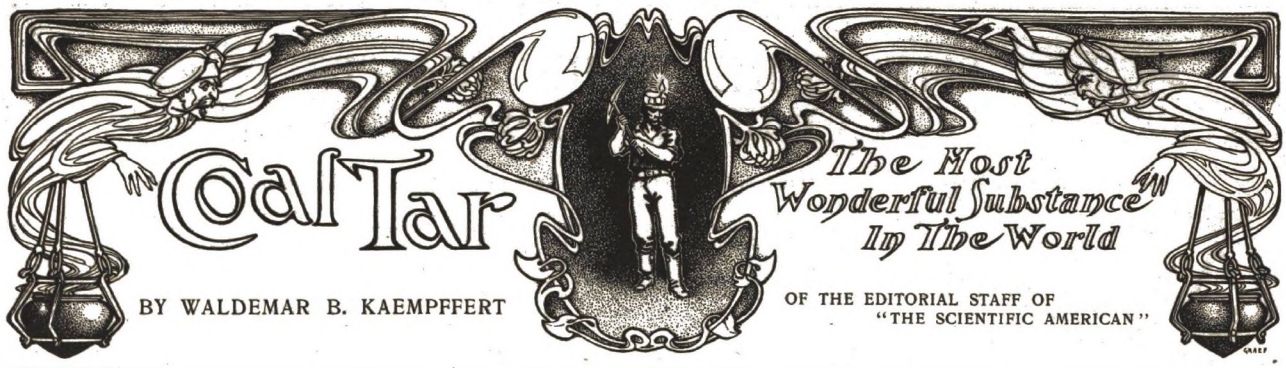


BY WALDEMAR B. KAEMPFFERT

OF THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF "THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN"

BLACK, sticky coal-tar, for decades a waste product in the manufacture of illuminating gas, has become the Aladdin's Lamp of the modern scientist. This noxious substance, which for years trickled away from manufactories to soil pure water and impede vegetation, holds latent in its ill-smelling, unsightly bulk the greatest treasures of modern warfare and modern chemistry. It receives the salute of the soldier and the blessing of the housewife. It distributes havoc, for it is the basis of the most deadly modern high explosives; it dispenses peace, for, as a prolific fountain of carbolic acid, it is the foundation of modern antiseptic surgery. It is the source of the sweetest and the bitterest substances known to the modern palate. Saccharin, which is two hundred and twenty times sweeter than sugar, is found in large quantities in coal-tar; while antipyrin, which is so largely used now as a substitute for quinine, and probably the bitterest known drug, is also a coal-tar product.

Hidden in its dull-black ugliness is a rainbow of brilliant hues, for it is in coal-tar that aniline, the basis of the most marvelous chemical color scheme in the world, was discovered. Lost in the vileness of its evil odor is a bouquet of exquisite perfumes. A pound bottle of artificial violets produced from coal-tar was recently appraised at the Baltimore Custom-House at six hundred and forty-five dollars.

From an essence that delights a dainty maid to a bomb that destroys a war-ship is the long reach of usefulness of a substance discarded for years as the most worthless, most noxious in the history of chemical evolution.

It is worth while to know how this wonderful substance is made and what it means to the world. In making gas, coal is heated in clay retorts until it disintegrates; many vapors arise from it and pass through a system of pipes and through water, in order to free them from impurities. These impurities condense and separate into two portions—a watery liquid, and a thick, tarry mass. The first is our chief source of ammonia and ammonia salts; the second is a syrup-like, blackish, noisome ooze, which is known as coal-tar.

Although it is one of the most foul-smelling products ever obtained by a chemical process, coal-tar contains a palette of gorgeous colors, a medicine-chest of potent remedies for human ills, a laboratory of rare drugs, a storehouse of new foods and delicate tastes, an arsenal of the most deadly explosives known to modern warfare and a whole treasure-house of compounds so numerous and so varied in their properties that a list of them would seem well-nigh interminable. With the result of a hundred years of laborious investigation in the field of organic chemistry at his command, the modern scientist transforms the black, viscid coal-tar from the gas-retorts into some thousands of dyes, flavors and perfumes—an achievement never imagined even by the fertile brain of the medical alchemist. For example, from the one hundred and forty pounds of coal-tar distilled from a ton of coal, science to-day makes dyes numbering over two thousand distinct shades; makes them, moreover, so cheaply that vegetable dyes are rarely employed. Nor are the possibilities of this wonderfully complex by-product yet fully revealed. Apparently it is an inexhaustible source of valuable drugs and dyes, for each year it yields new substances to indefatigable claimants.

Of the many products of coal-tar, one of the most valuable is benzin, a water-clear liquid, which the famous English physicist, Faraday, discovered in 1825. Benzin is the source from which aniline is obtained, and aniline in turn supplies us with a series of brilliant hues of inestimable value. The first aniline color was discovered by mere accident. In 1856 Mr. Wm. H. Perkin, a young man about eighteen years old, was engaged in a series of experiments, the purpose of which was to produce artificial quinine from aniline. He failed in reaching the goal for which he was striving, but he did something else that was, perhaps, of greater importance commercially—he made the great discovery of the first aniline color, mauve. With that discovery a new industry was born. Soon after, magenta, or aniline red, one of the most splendid artificial dyes, was discovered. Greens, violets, blues, yellows and a host of rainbow colors rapidly followed. Their variety is now bewildering, and their names still more so. But benzin yields something more than the aniline colors. It furnishes us with a powerful perfume known as artificial oil of bitter almonds, or essence of mirbane, which is very extensively used by the soap-maker for scenting his products. Since benzin has the property of dissolving fats and resins, every housewife naturally keeps a supply of the liquid in her closet, for she finds it useful in cleansing fabrics. Benzin is also appreciated at its true value by the cyclist and foot-ball player—both know that the india-rubber solutions that they so frequently have occasion to use are made by dissolving rubber in benzin.

In 1820 a chemist named Garden discovered that coal-tar contained an ingredient peculiar in more than one respect. Chemists call Garden's substance "naphthalene," and from it they obtain many beautiful colors, ranging from reds, scarlets and pinks of various shades to green and buttercup-yellow. The butterfly-hunter and the entomologist perhaps know little of naphthalene as a source of colors, but they do know that it is the best preservative for cases of butterflies, moths, insects, and delicate specimens in general.

In 1832 a substance which was christened "anthracene" was discovered in coal-tar. At first its value was not recognized, but now it is of immense importance, for it is the base of the familiar color, Turkey-red. For a long time the chief source of the color had been the root of the madder-plant. In certain parts of France no other plant could be grown. In order to give a livelihood to the peasants in the madder-growing districts, the French War Department generously decreed that Turkey-red trousers should be worn by French soldiers. In 1868 two German chemists, Graebe and Libermann, found that artificial Turkey-red—alizarin—could be made from anthracene. That discovery almost completely wiped out the madder-root industry. When Graebe and Libermann told what they had succeeded in doing, the dyers of Europe and America perceived that a new stage had been reached in their industry. Anthracene, once considered a useless by-product fairly good for greasing wagon-axles, leaped in price from a mere trifle to several hundred dollars a ton.

The most brilliant success of the chemistry of coal-tar is the industrial synthesis of indigo. The indigo problem is one of the oldest of chemistry. Scientists found that, so far as indigo was concerned, the synthesis of a natural product proved by no means identical with the industrial product. Industrial methods can enter into competition with Nature only if they are more economical. In the case of indigo there seemed to be little hope of fulfilling this requirement. The most optimistic investigators could not help seeing that all the scientific evidence in their hands disproved the probability of the practical synthesis of indigo. Even assuming that indigo could be prepared regularly and with good yields from coal-tar derivatives, there still remained a difficulty that all the toluene which is produced in the world, and from which alone artificial indigo could be made, would not meet the world's demand.

If then chemists persisted in working at the indigo problem, they did so more for the scientific interest of the thing than in the hope of being able to compete with the indigo-growers of the East. But the final result of this long research has shown that all the calculations of the experts were wrong. Artificial indigo can now be made cheaply and in quantities sufficiently large to compete with the natural product. The solution of the problem is due to a German chemist named Baeyer, who showed what methods should be employed for the artificial production of indigo.

But this triumph is due not wholly to chemical science. Science showed the way to succeed, but was quite unable to clear away the difficulties springing out of practical and economical considerations. Here the proprietors of great industries had to work independently along paths for which theoretical knowledge could not serve them as a guide. Unlimited admiration is certainly due them for the courage with which they staked millions on the realization of one great idea. And yet we cannot help feeling some regret for the indigo-planters in the Far East. Rudely awakened from easy prosperity, they now see the day before them when the indigo-plantations will disappear, just as did the madder-fields of Avignon.

Indigo as we received it from India and Java was a manufactured article, the best qualities of which contained fifty-nine to seventy per cent of pure dye-stuff, besides impurities which have always been considered perfectly harmless. Hence, the artificial product did not seem to have much scope for improvement in the way of quality. Here chemists made another mistake. They know now that the impurities are not harmless, and that the blues dyed with artificial indigo are quite as superior in brightness and purity of shade to those obtained with natural indigo, as alizarin reds were to madder reds. This has, however, not always proved to be an advantage for the manufacturers of artificial indigo. The world does not ask for bright indigo shades, and in that respect many prejudices had to be overcome before artificial indigo was admitted as a substitute for a natural product in some of its most important applications.

Shortly after the discovery of anthracene a chemist named Mitscherlich announced that coal-tar contained still another valuable substance. By chemists Mitscherlich's compound is termed "phenol;" physicians and people who never heard of phenol call it carbolic acid. Of all the coal-tar products, carbolic acid is perhaps the most widely known. Its wonderful antiseptic properties, first applied to modern surgery by Lord Lister, whose name will ever be linked with it, are familiar to every one. Carbolic acid, however, is not only serviceable to surgeons; it is also an important agent in many an industry. Like other coal-tar products, it furnishes us with numerous radiant hues, which, in the present instance, vary from yellow and orange to brown and red. The yellow-coloring principle obtained from phenol is picric acid, which is the chief active ingredient in some of the most terrible explosives ever invented.

Although Perkin failed to obtain an artificial quinine, as we have already pointed out, a certain Doctor Knorr, of Erlangen, Germany, was more successful. In 1883 he discovered antipyrin, said to be even a better assuager of fevers than quinine, and having the additional merit of being cheaper. Phenacetin, also a coal-tar product, has similar properties. Still another coal-tar drug is thallium, which has the beneficent power of allaying the yellow fever, so dreaded by every habitant of tropical, marshy regions. The hypnotic drug, sulphonal, must also be mentioned in passing.

To give a complete list of all coal-tar drugs would at best be but a tiresome and idle task. In addition to those already referred to we have but to mention antifebrin, asporal, diuretin, dulcin, euphorin, exalgine, hypnol, malarin, salol, trional and hylene, which are only a few of the many antiseptic, hypnotic and fever-allaying drugs, to show how long is the list and with what appalling names the numerous coal-tar progeny are christened. One substance, however, must be particularly referred to—the peculiar compound, saccharin. About two hundred and twenty times sweeter than the sweetest cane-sugar, saccharin is particularly useful for preserves, jams and jellies. In sweetness it is surpassed only by its companion, saccharin-amide. Saccharin is cheap, and, what is more, it will not mold and ferment, as sugar will in time. By reason of its non-nourishing and non-fattening properties, it is often prescribed by physicians for sweetening tea and coffee.

Cordilleras and Mauritus once grew the vanilla-bean in large quantities. Now the plant has lost much of its commercial importance, for vanilin, obtained from coal-tar, so closely resembles the natural essence in taste that only by chemical tests can the difference be detected. Modern cooks unwittingly flavor their pudding-sauces with coal-tar vanilin, and not with the extract of the vanilla-bean. Coal-tar flavors exactly similar in taste to those of the extracts of currants, raspberries, pepper and a host of other plants are also provided besides vanilin. If the chemists persist in discovering new and cheap products of coal-tar for culinary use it will soon be difficult to buy genuine plant-extracts. Curiously enough, by combining vanilin with the previously mentioned coal-tar perfume, essence of mirbane, the exquisite perfume deceitfully called white heliotrope is obtained.

Besides perfumes, colors, flavors, drugs and explosives, coal-tar yields a number of powerful photograph-developers, among the best known of which are eikonogen, hydroquinone, metol, amidol and glycin—names probably familiar to almost every amateur photographer. Some of the minor products must likewise be referred to. Among these are paraffin, creosote, pitch, artificial paving-material, lubricating-oil, a substance for tinting photographers' lenses, varnish and resin.

THE GIRL WHO WANTS TO COME TO NEW YORK

A Straightforward Talk to Ambitious Girls by One of the Best-Known Newspaper Women in the Metropolis

AMBITIOUS, inexperienced and unrealizing girls from one end of the country to the other, will you troop into my den to-night? I have selected that particular room because its lights are dim. I do not want to see the disappointment on your faces as we chat, nor to have you see the lines on mine. I can thank New York for those lines, and it is of New York that we are going to talk.

Many of you are fresh from college; some have had a brief experience in the business world, and a few—I hope a *very* few—having lost family and fortune at one fell blow, find a business career thrust upon you. And is it not true that each one of you is thinking what miracles you could work if you were only in New York? Be honest with yourself and me! Have you not thought many times, and with a sigh, that your home town or city has its limitations, and that you have not sufficient scope for your talents? And are you not equally certain that if you were in New York, this wonderful city of mighty incomes and positions in plenty, you would flourish like the proverbial bay-tree?

A blatant Sunday press is largely responsible for the false ideas concerning opportunities in the metropolis. Quite frequently you read of some woman who, to all intents, has suddenly sprung into prominence as a self-made success. Perhaps she has established some unique line of business; perhaps she has written a brilliant novel; perhaps she has astonished the world of art by a striking canvas. Whatever her accomplishment, rest assured that she is pictured as having stolen a record-breaking march into the lime-light of public notice. She came from some inland city, she saw, she conquered. And nine hundred and ninety-nine readers out of a thousand, having never heard of her before, believe this tale of meteoric success.

They know nothing of the terrible odds against which she fought, or of the knock-out blows received. The papers tell nothing of this, nor of the years of preparation for invading New York, of stern apprenticeship served in her native city. In reading accounts of phenomenally successful women just bear in mind that the metropolitan press takes no note of mediocrity. You must score either a brilliant success or a hopeless failure—the failure which leads to suicide.

To begin with, have you laid down any definite plan of action? Have you been trained for any particular line of work? No? Then perhaps you sing a little—for your friends; paint cunning dinner-cards and favors—for your friends; know how to make over your own gowns and hats—for your friends to admire; write nonsense verse—for the amusement of your friends; in fact, you have always been told by these same friends, who mean so well and work so illy, that you are an all-round clever girl. And *you* are the girl above all others who ought never to come to New York. The metropolis wants people who do one thing well, so well that it comes near perfection.

Have you any money saved with which to tide over the period of waiting? New York is an expensive abiding-place, and landladies will not cash the most brilliant of prospects. After you have lived here long enough to learn the ropes—and no one can teach you save Dame Experience—you will get the art of living down to a reasonable basis. In the meantime you will pay out more for board and carfare than you earn. New York is a city of maddening distances.

Have you plenty of good clothes? Your prospective employer will look at your frock first, your references afterward.

And if you have nothing else in view, do you think that you could write up the funny things you will see day after day on the streets, or the life-stories of people you know, and sell them to the first editor whose office-boy lets you pass through his gate? Have you tried this work at home, and failed, only to think that a prophet is not without honor save in her own country?

Ah, I knew it! My dear, there are hundreds of girls just like yourself knocking at editorial doors day in and day out. Yet writing has become as much a trade as paper-hanging or dressmaking, and to a *clientèle* much more exacting and whimsical.

When in doubt—write! That is the motto of ninety per cent of the women who come to New York. They hear of the artistic apartment this newspaper woman has, or the trips abroad made by that magazine-writer, and immediately they see cozy corners and steamship-tickets floating above their unsophisticated heads.

Said a clever woman whose signature is seen daily in one of New York's leading papers: "When I came to this city I did general housework in journalism. That is why I am a housekeeper-in-chief to-day. You've got to scrub floors before you can become superintendent of scrubbers. In plain English, I slaved to gain my present position. I posed models for illustrations, and if the models failed I posed myself. When any one disappointed the editor, I was behind the door, ready to pop out and step into the breach. When people talk of my weekly salary in three figures, as if it were a gift of the gods, I long to tell them of the days when a ten-dollar assignment meant my earnings for two weeks."

At a recent gathering of women who held editorial positions it was found that nearly every one in the room had started at a salary of ten dollars or less a week. One had been obliged to work a month for nothing just to convince the editor that a woman reporter recognized a news item as quickly as a man.

A woman who is now manuscript-reader for a publishing firm drank indeed of the waters of Marah when she first started upon her career. Fresh from college, she expected New York to accept her diploma as an earnest of good faith and works. New York had seen diplomas before. Busy editors did not want essays, but news and stories brimming with human interest—the affairs of the hour. The young woman was proud. She could not understand the editorial point of view, yet she would not write home for help. One day she stumbled blindly into the office of a woman editor noted for her interest in young girls. The keen eyes of the city woman peered under the brim of her caller's hat—which, by the way, bore a London trade-mark. She read starvation under a forty-dollar tailor suit. After she had given the girl some wholesome meals and had rescued her belongings from various pawn-shops she taught her how to fit her pen-products to the editorial market.

And what is true of writing is also true of art. If you cannot find a market for your drawings in your home papers, do not expect their faults to be overlooked by metropolitan art editors. You will find fairly clever women doing fashion-plates for publications here at two dollars and fifty cents a column. Measure off the fashion illustrations in your Sunday paper, and see what you must do for seven dollars and fifty cents. If you have no strikingly original ideas to offer, stay away from New York. Art students are doing all the mediocre work the city will pay for.

There are several sorts of girls who should not come to New York. One is the sweetly dependent girl—the girl for whom the folks at home, and particularly an adoring circle of young men, have always fetched and carried. An overworked editor recently laid aside important matters to receive such a one—the daughter of an old-time friend, for whom he would have made sacrifice gladly.

She had a good education, a peach-blow complexion, an adorable smile—and her way to make. Was there nothing she could do thoroughly and well? She shook her head, and lowered effective lashes to hide tears that would come. But she wrote such clever letters! All her friends said she ought to go into literature. And wouldn't he please help her? She knew she could succeed if only some one would help her.

The editor looked over his glasses into her pleading face—it was a very pretty face—then leaned over, and took her by the hand.

"My dear little girl," he said, "for the sake of your dead father, I beg of you to go back to your old home, and marry that nice young man—I don't know who he is, but I am sure he exists—who did not want you to come to New York. I am glad you came to me first. There are only too many people in this town who would be glad to help you, but at what cost to yourself! New York is no place for you."

Decidedly there is no room in New York business circles for the dependent girl. Metropolitan employers do not conduct commercial kindergartens.

Two months ago I received a letter from a girl in my native city. I had never seen her, and she knew me only by reputation. She had been teaching school; but, wearying of the humdrum work, she had written a few children's stories for a local paper, and had decided to go into journalism. They always call it "journalism" until they have tried it in New York. But to continue: She felt nervous about taking the plunge, so would I mind engaging a room for her in my boarding-house—as near mine as possible?

In reply I wrote a kindly letter, advising her to think seriously before making the change. I also informed her that, because my work often demanded privacy, I was keeping house, and my knowledge of boarding-houses was limited. However, if she decided to come, she should write the Margaret Louise Home, managed by the Young Women's Christian Association, and quarters would be arranged for her there.

One day when I was at home, driving type-writer and brain at full speed, who should enter but the young woman—in tears. She was deeply grieved at having to interrupt me. They had told her at my office that I was working at home in order to be free from interruption, but she was in such distress. She had neglected to write to the Margaret Louise Home, and found on arrival that every room was taken. She had not dreamed that such a place would be crowded, and the hotel recommended to her by the matron at the Home was so very large. Why, she had cried herself to sleep the night before, in sheer loneliness. And hadn't I received the postal announcing the hour of her arrival? She had so hoped I might meet her. Oh, it was dreadful to come to this big city all alone—and she was so glad she knew me!

During the next few weeks I sacrificed valuable time trying to make the girl understand what not to do when calling on editors, and what not to write. She called to see me at the most unreasonable hours, freely using my telephone, which costs eight cents a message, my type-writer and my paper. She took a furnished room near by, and dropped in upon me at meal-times, ostensibly for the purpose of talking over her stories and getting what she designated as invaluable advice. After six weeks, during which she displayed a hopeless inaptitude for the work, failing to place a single line of copy, she returned to her inland home and the school-room. I have heard that she freely criticized my attitude toward her, stating that with all my influence I might have sold her stories had I chosen to do so. She did not stop to think that I cannot sell my own unless the editors like them.

Further she said it was with me, as with all who succeed in New York—we are too selfish to extend a helping hand to the new-comer. Setting aside the injustice and the untruth of her assertions, I would like to inquire by what right she appointed herself *protégée* to any busy woman? I owed her absolutely nothing but ordinary courtesy, for in my first letter I warned her of the uncertainties and obstacles that would beset her inexperienced feet.

A California woman brought letters of introduction from a mutual friend. She had held a good position in San Francisco, but thought she would like New York for a change. She seemed to understand the work, and I introduced her in turn to men whom it is not easy to meet—men whose word is law in certain newspaper-offices. And that was the last I heard of her for some time. The stories she had suggested to editors never materialized, but I learned that she used my name to secure favors from theatrical managers whose attractions she wished to see. Then there came a night when, returning to town at a late hour—two o'clock, in fact—I stopped with my traveling-companions for lunch in a Broadway hotel. Passing through the café, I saw the California girl at a table, the gayest of a gay party of so-called Bohemians. I have on my desk the following note from our mutual friend in San Francisco:

> Miss S— is home, working for *The Blazer*. I hoped you would be able to help her to something better in New York, for she is a clever girl, and ought to make her mark. She tells me there is nothing to be had in New York unless one has a name.

If you are intensely sentimental or supersensitive, do not come to New York. The men who have positions to offer want the best service obtainable. They will not ask why you are earning your living. It *is* noble of you to support your mother. They will find that out in time, and respect you the more for it, but the question uppermost in their minds just now is this: "Can she do the work better than her predecessor?" You must show actual results—in dollars and cents. At first you will be a mere machine. Your personality they may study later on. People do not "neighbor" in New York. It is no place for the girl who is satisfied to call *once*. It respects dogged persistency.

And now you ask, "Who should go to New York? Is there room for any one?"

Indeed there is—room for the girl who knows her business, is self-reliant, brave-hearted and earnest. If you are a good milliner, with deft fingers and an artistic eye, New York needs you badly. There is a dearth of good milliners. Every retailer and wholesaler will bear me out in the statement. If you are an expert stenographer, who does not rewrite and rewrite letters, and can keep the affairs of your employers locked in your breast, there are financial institutions that will receive you with open arms, and the only introduction you will need is to register at some type-writing-machine headquarters. If you are a writer who can suggest new ideas to overworked editors, they want you.

In fact, if you really have any trade at your fingertips; if you realize that in your home town you can rise no higher; if your employers have advanced you as far as their trade will permit, and you are fitted to conquer new worlds far afield; if you have faith in yourself as a *worker*—COME! You will *make* opportunities.

"MORNING"

Holiday Festivities in Cosmopolitan Washington

Midwinter Merrymaking of Uncle Sam's Official Family—Curious Customs Transplanted From Foreign Lands—The Children of the Various Embassies

BY ABBEY G. BAKER

OUR national capital is without doubt the most cosmopolitan city of the Union, and at no time is this more self-evident than during the holiday season. It is then especially that all nations brush elbows on its thoroughfares. A dashing automobile comes swiftly down F Street, and stops at a fashionable jewelry-establishment. An obsequious footman springs to the ground, and assists the wife of the Chinese minister to alight. Her tiny feet, in satin-embroidered slippers, not three inches long, come into view, as she cautiously steps to the pavement. Her short, scant skirt and her long, straight overgown, with its broad sleeves, could stand alone in their heavy satin brocade, while their bright colors glimmer and glisten in the winter sunlight. Her only head-gear—a wide band of black velvet encircling her shining, dark hair—is caught together with a buckle of priceless jewels. She places her hand on the arm of her interpreter to steady herself as she hobbles into the shop. At the counter she may meet the Turkish minister, also intent on holiday shopping. His red fez identifies him at once, but without it his umbery, Oriental cast of features would proclaim him a son of Islam.

Two almond-eyed Japanese, arrayed in European dress faultlessly *à la mode*, are coming down the street. They step to the edge of the pavement, and with courtly obeisance lift their shining tiles as an American lady of their acquaintance passes. A group of South American diplomats, accompanied by their wives, come laughing and chatting out of Woodward's. The handsome gowns of the ladies are accentuated by gay colors, and their lively conversation, in the soft tongue of the language below the Equator, easily betrays their nationality. Within the great department-store the tall Persian envoy, wearing the red cap of his rank, stands talking with a brother plenipotentiary, the short, swarthy Assamese minister.

But it is not only the members of the diplomatic corps which give the streets of Washington their peculiarly cosmopolitan air at this gay season. Every section of our own country is as plainly represented on its thronged pavements.

Into the homes of all these heterogeneous people, with their habits and customs as divergent as the ends of the earth, the Christmas-tide comes with its universal joys and festivities. The President of the United States and his wife are always the recipients of many presents at this season of the year. The big transfer-wagons of the Washington express companies make frequent trips to the White House during Christmas week with boxes, bundles and packages of all sizes and descriptions. Some of these presents are from their personal friends, but the majority of them come from people throughout the country who have never seen the President, but who are pleased with the policy he is pursuing, and wish to send him some token of their good-will. While these are not often of great value, they are sometimes both unique and funny, as in the case when three farmers' wives in as many different states sent the First Lady of the Land jars of their home-made pickles, and one of the President's Western admirers expressed to him an agile Rocky Mountain baby tiger!

Under the Roosevelt administration Christmas at the White House is, as it should be in any home full of children, the red-letter day of the year. The President and his wife are ideal parents, and everything that interests their bairns has their warmest sympathy. In consequence, Christmas has always been a much-anticipated event in their household. It is their practice to give each child a stated amount, with which he does his own purchasing of presents, and for days after these purchases are made the air is full of mysterious secrets. For some unknown reason Christmas trees are not held in favor by these vivacious little people of the White House. They love the tradition of Santa Claus and the stuffed stocking. So on last Christmas morning a row of such stockings hung from the mantel in the nursery sitting-room, the red bedroom on the south side of the house upstairs, and of course these stockings were filled with presents galore.

On the evening before the President had presented to the employees of the White House, with a personal greeting of the season, a turkey if the recipient was married, or a pair of gloves if he was single, and the family servants were remembered by every member of the household. Christmas forenoon the children spent the happy hours enjoying their gifts, and in the afternoon they went over on N Street to their Aunt Anna's—the President's sister, Mrs. Cowles—where they shared a Christmas tree with their cousin. But the best time of all was in the evening. At seven o'clock there was a small dinner-party of a few intimate friends, at which all the children, even down to baby Quentin, were present. At dinner—according to Horace Voce, who sends one each year to the White House—"the biggest and best turkey that Rhode Island could raise" was served, with many other kinds of Christmas goodies. Afterward they went to the East Room, where the President and the rest of the big people engaged in playing blindman's-buff, tag and kindred old-fashioned games with the children. Then they sang songs, told stories, and finally wound up the evening with the stately old dance Sir Roger de Coverley, the President himself leading through the intricate figures.

The various members of the Cabinet celebrate Christmas according to the

VELANTENA, DAUGHTER OF THE ARGENTINA MINISTER

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR HITCHCOCK AND HIS LITTLE GRANDCHILD

FERNANDO, YOUNGEST REPRESENTATIVE OF BOLIVIA AT WASHINGTON

SIX IMPORTANT MEMBERS OF THE COSTA RICAN DELEGATION

WE YE, SON OF THE FORMER COREAN MINISTER

THE BABY DAUGHTER OF THE COSTA RICAN MINISTER

SON OF THE CHINESE MINISTER IN NATIVE DRESS

COUNTESS MARGUERITE DE CASSINI, GRANDNIECE OF THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR

good American customs. In every household, especially where there are children, one finds merriment and good cheer.

But it is in the diplomatic corps, after all, where the greatest interest centers in the holiday festivities of the official circle at our national capital, for it is in these homes that we see portrayed the customs and practices of our cousins across the seas. There are thirty-six diplomatic missions in the corps at Washington—seven of them of ambassadorial rank, twenty-seven of ministerial, and two which at present are under *chargés d'affaires*

The corps has undergone many changes during the past six months. Lord Pauncefote, who died in the early part of the summer, had been its dean for nearly ten years, and in consequence the British embassy had held the leading rôle, both official and social, during that entire time. His successor, Mr. Michael Herbert, who was named last August, does not succeed him in this honor, but according to diplomatic precedent, which decrees that an envoy ranks in conformity to his length of service, will have to take his place near the foot of the line. Monsieur Jean-Adrien-Antoine-Jules Jusserand, the new French ambassador, having presented his credentials to President Roosevelt earlier than Mr. Herbert, will outrank him. Baron Hengelmüller, the Austro-Hungarian plenipotentiary, who has been that government's minister at Washington since 1894, but who was raised to the ambassadorship in November, and therefore the last to present his vouchers, will stand at the foot of the row.

Mr. Grip, the gallant bachelor of the Swedish-Norway post, is the ranking minister of the twenty-seven, having been at the head of this legation since 1889. Among the new faces to be seen in the corps this winter are the new minister from Switzerland, who succeeds Mr. Pioda; Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, who has recently replaced the diplomatic Wu Ting-Fang at the head of the Chinese legation; Señor Don Joaquin Walker-Martinez, the courteous Chilian, who has been sent to fill the place made vacant by the death of the lamented Señor Vicuna; Visconde de Alte, the new Portuguese envoy; Señor Don Gonzalo de Quesada, "Cuba Libre's" first plenipotentiary at our seat of government, and Señor Don Emilio de Ojeda, the Spanish minister, who arrived in the fall, and who is the latest addition to the body.

These changes will bring to Herr von Hollenben the coveted honor of the deanery, and will confer upon the German embassy important social distinctions. Herr von Hollenben is a bachelor, but he has never allowed that unfortunate circumstance to interfere in the least with his duties as host of the great house. Christmas within its walls partakes of the spirit and customs of *der Vaterland*, despite the lack of children.

Count von Quadt, the first secretary of the embassy, has a bright little daughter of four years, and at their house Christmas closely follows the quaint customs of the homeland. Little Fraulein Quadt knows perfectly the story of the Christ Child who goes into every German home on Christmas eve and leaves a loaded tree in token of his love, and how it displeases him greatly if little girls and boys try to peek through the keyhole to see it before it is ready! A Bethlehem star crowns her tree in Washington just as it would in Berlin, and a wax piece, representing the Savior in the manger, stands under its spreading branches. Ambassador von Hollenben gives a dinner to his official family on Christmas or New-Year's eve, at which, in deference to the old German superstition, an odd number is never allowed to be seated, nor a shadow to be cast upon the wall. Just before the stroke of twelve, at the close of the dinner, the guests rise, and hold their glasses in silence; then, as the last chime of the clock dies away, the glasses are emptied, and good-wishes for the coming year are exchanged.

The French embassy has been in a state of transition for the past six months. During the summer it was moved to its present location on Rhode Island Avenue. A magnificent new embassy building is being erected at the head of Connecticut Avenue, but will not be ready for occupancy before next fall. In September Monsieur Cambon, who has served with such distinction as French ambassador since 1898, was recalled, and Monsier Jusserand has recently taken his place.

The Russian-church calendar brings the Christmas season a little later in the year than we celebrate it, or rather earlier, for it occurs in the first part of January. The Countess Cassini, the Russian ambassador's adopted daughter, is in this, as she is in many other things, rather more fortunate than most ordinary mortals, for she thus celebrates two Christmases a year! The ambassador is a widower, and young as the Countess is—for she is barely twenty—the duties of hostess of the ambassadorial household devolve upon her. On their

ELDEST SON OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, IN COURT DRESS WORN AS PAGE AT THE CORONATION OF EDWARD VII.

Christmas eve Ambassador Cassini entertains the embassy staff at a dinner, which is thoroughly Russian in its menu and appointments. A week later, on their New-Year's Day, the beautiful rooms of the embassy are thrown open, and a large reception is given to their friends in general.

Like all the other governments represented there by plenipotentiaries of ambassadorial rank, Mexico owns its mission property at Washington, the imposing brick residence at 1413 I Street. The present envoy, Señor de Azpiroz, has held the post since 1899, when he succeeded the late Minister Romero as the first ambassador from the Mexican capital. Although the latest among the embassies, this soon became notable for its entertainments and cordial hospitality. Some very quaint customs come from our neighbors over the western border, and nothing could create more fun at a Christmas party than the Mexican manner of distributing the gifts. A wide, open-mouthed jar, in which are placed the presents and bonbons in well-tied and addressed packages, is hung from the ceiling. The children and grown people of the party are armed with long, slender canes. In turn they make a dash for the swinging jar, striking it as they pass. Of course, it is only a matter of a few moments until it is broken into fragments, and the packages fall to the floor, to be seized by their owners.

The Italian ambassador is Signor Edmondo Mayor des Planches. Signora Mayor des Planches is the daughter of a distinguished French statesman, and through her father she has come into possession of a quantity of the first Napoleon's plate, some priceless pieces of faience of that period, besides a number of exquisite tapestries and paintings. These have made the embassy one of the most interesting in the city. Signor Mayor has but one son, a young man of twenty, who did not accompany his parents to America, so this, their first holiday at Washington, will not be celebrated with a tree, as is the popular custom in Italian families where there are children. They give a large dinner on Christmas eve.

The present British plenipotentiary, the Honorable Michael Henry Herbert, is the fourth son of the late Sidney, Lord Herbert of Lea, and a younger brother of the Earl of Pembroke. He was married to Miss Leila Wilson, of New York, in the late eighties while he was *chargé d'affaires* of the British legation at Washington. They have two sons—Sidney and Michael George, boys of ten and thirteen—and for them the Connecticut Avenue embassy will ring with holiday merriment.

A yule-log will be put on the great open fireplace in the dining-room, around which they will sing Christmas carols as heartily as their English cousins will across the water. Following a custom which is universal in Washington, and probably is in all Christendom, the walls of the embassy will be hung with wreaths, and other designs in holly and ivy and mistletoe will be suspended from the chandeliers and window-frames. The Christmas tree is the feature of Christmas eve, and on Christmas night the ambassador gathers the members of his staff with him around his hospitable board.

For two or three years Baroness von Hengelmüller, the wife of the latest addition to the ambassadorial list, has made a practice of having a large tree for her little daughter on Christmas eve in the palatial drawing-rooms of the Austro-Hungarian embassy. To these merry parties she invites her more intimate friends among the corps. The Baroness is a social leader of acknowledged prominence, and her Christmas entertainments are social events of note even in this city, which is famous for its brilliant functions.

The tree is placed in the front drawing-room, its wide branches filling the entire space opening out from the bay-window, and is loaded down with costly presents. Sometimes His Excellency Baron von Hengelmüller personates the grizzled Kris Kringle, and sometimes it falls to the lot of one of his distinguished guests; but whoever fills the rôle, official dignity is thrown to the winds, and hilarity and fun have free rein while the tree is being unloaded. A dinner follows, and often a dance, before the party disbands, and "Merry Christmas" is exchanged by the separating guests as the light of Christmas Day itself steals over the eastern skies.

Almost all the ministers from the South American and Central American republics have large families of children, and in these homes the quaint and fantastic Christmas customs of their native lands are followed as closely as their Washington environments will admit. The Guatemalan minister has six boys and girls, ranging in age from five to fourteen years; the Ecuadorian has the same number; the Haitian has two bright boys, and the Brazilian minister has two pretty little girls and a baby son. Señor Calvo, the Costa Rican envoy, has seven vivacious boys and girls, while the Chilian minister, Señor Calderon, has a houseful of ten young people,

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 61]

"THE DARLING" OF THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN EMBASSY

THE CHILDREN OF THE EMBASSIES

THE TWO CHILDREN OF OUR BRAZILIAN MINISTER

THE TWO CHILDREN OF OUR NEW MINISTER FROM CUBA

COUNTESS QUADT AND HER DAUGHTER, OF THE GERMAN OFFICIAL FAMILY

THE CHILDREN OF THE GUATEMALAN MINISTER

THE SONS OF THE HAITIAN MINISTER IN FANCY COSTUME

MISS GUACHALLA OF THE BOLIVIAN REPRESENTATION

THE DAUGHTER OF THE MEXICAN AMBASSADOR

THE OLDEST DAUGHTER OF THE NEW CHILIAN MINISTER

The Flight of Fenella. By Richard Stillman Powell

A Disturbing Snow-Storm That Changes Everybody's Plans, and Furnishes a Diverting Adventure for the Reporter, Cousin Curtis and "Fenella"

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Fenella, a New York girl, is in love with a Philadelphian, but cannot obtain her aunt's consent to marry him. In company with Polly Peabody, she leaves New York to meet her lover. Her aunt discovers the flight, and sends Fenella's cousin, Curtis Hampton, who has just returned from the West, and who has not seen Fenella since she was a little girl, in pursuit of Fenella and her friend. He catches the same train as the two girls, but somewhere in New Jersey they are snow-bound. A reporter on the train scents an elopement, and makes every effort to obtain the facts and telegraph them to his paper. Curtis endeavors to thwart him, and has just succeeded in getting speech with his cousin, who at first locked herself up in the drawing-room.

Chapter VI.—Continued

"THERE is nothing to forgive," she answered. She tried to withdraw her hand, but Curtis held it tightly, pressing it reassuringly, encouragingly, when it fluttered to escape.

"It—it will be all right," he went on, heartily, vaguely. "Everything, you know. And if you want anything, please send the porter for me; I shall be so glad to do—to do things, you know."

She nodded, and looked her thanks, and the imprisoned hand drew itself away. Voices in the vestibule heralded the approach of the Pullman conductor, and she opened the drawing-room door as he entered the car. He nodded to Curtis, and at sight of the girl paused on his way.

"It'll be all right now, I guess. We've started two men on to Calder's Mill, about two miles beyond, to telegraph for assistance." Curtis nodded his satisfaction, and the girl in the doorway smiled wanly. The conductor hesitated, and looked from one to the other. "I hope, sir, your wife is feeling better," he said, politely.

The girl drew herself up stiffly.

"Thank you, yes," stammered Curtis.

The conductor nodded again, and went on, while Curtis faced Fenella apologetically.

"What did he mean?" she asked, imperiously.

"Well, the fact is," he replied, "I told him that—that you were my—my wife, for the reason—"

"You told him!" she gasped, the color flooding her face. "How dared you!"

"But, Fenella—"

Curtis found himself speaking to a tightly closed door, and he heard the click of the key as it turned sharply in the lock.

"Fenella," he cried, softly, "I want to explain how—"

A sound as of a suppressed giggle reached him; of course, it must have been a sob, and he stared blankly, remorsefully, at the mahogany panel.

"By Jove!" he muttered. "What a mess I've made of it!"

He turned away, and went thoughtfully back to the smoking-compartment, where he lighted a cigar, and drew forth the photograph, sighing as he did so.

It was a thankless rôle, this, to play, thought he, comparing the features with those he had seen but a moment before. Perhaps, after all, Fenella was not altogether to blame; Aunt Margaret by her own showing had been hard and unsympathetic toward her. Yes, undoubtedly Aunt Margaret had herself to blame for much of the affair; if she had reasoned with Fenella, now, it might have been different; if she had but treated the matter with less seriousness, had counseled delay for—er—well, for a few years. Fenella very probably imagined herself in love with Eustis; in which case her aunt's tactics had been of just the sort to increase rather than allay her imaginary passion, and to summon all the girl's determination and obstinacy, the latter a trait the possession of which Fenella as a Hampton had every right to.

But of course everything would come out all right; imaginary love-affairs are quickly forgotten, and the wounds in Fenella's heart would soon heal. Curtis began to map out roughly a season of dissipation to be participated in by his cousin and himself, in which the theater and opera were to be the remedial agents for the curing of a lacerated heart. Suddenly he started, and frowned at the end of his cigar. Supposing—supposing Fenella's affection was not imaginary? Supposing she really did love Jack Eustis? It was an unpleasant proposition, and Curtis tried to put it away; but it returned at once, and stared him in the face and demanded an answer. If Fenella was really in love, and if her happiness demanded that fellow Eustis, why—why she should have him! There was nothing against him; he was, so far as Curtis had ever learned, a decent, gentlemanly chap, well off, of good appearance. Aunt Margaret might hold up her black-mitted hands in horror at thought of underwear, but she couldn't alter the fact that the manufacture of that necessary article of clothing was quite as respectable as the making of soap or anything else. If Fenella loved him! Curtis closed his eyes, and tried to bring up a vision of the sweet face with its brown eyes and small, sensitive mouth.

"A lucky dog if he gets her," he muttered, with a sigh, as he opened his eyes again and pulled hard at his cigar.

Well, whatever might be decided upon later, the first thing to do was to take Fenella home again to Aunt Margaret. By Jove! what about Polly Peabody? He had entirely forgotten the existence of that irritating young lady. And Curdle! He had neglected to ask Fenella what she had told Curdle; the *Saffron* reporter, like Polly Peabody, had gone wholly from mind during the last half-hour. Pursuit now was useless; he could only hope that either Curdle had learned nothing from the girls, or that he would fail to reach Whiteley.

Having reached this point, he began to think of supper, so he hunted up the porter. "You don't know how we're to get supper, do you?" asked Curtis.

The darky shook his head mournfully.

"Isn't that a farm-house I saw about a quarter of a mile back of us on the left of the track?"

"I don't know, sir; did you see one, sir?"

"I think I'll go and see. Come and hold my coat."

"Don't you go an' get froze, please, sir," begged the darky, as he helped Curtis on with a heavy frieze garment, and opened the vestibule door for him. "It's a pow'ful blizza'd, sir."

It was bad, and Curtis recognized the fact as soon as he had got beyond the shelter of the Pullman. The wind tried its best to tumble him into the drifts that stretched from side to side of the railroad, and the snow made him gasp as it whirled into his eyes and mouth and stung his ears like needles. But he struggled on. The tracks in places were swept bare, in other places were piled high with snow. A hundred yards from the rear of the train he looked back, and was surprised to find that not a glimmer of light showed through the storm. For a moment he hesitated; there was almost nothing to guide him, and it seemed doubtful that he would be able to find the farm-house. He wished he had asked for a lantern.

He took up his journey again, and fought on through the storm and the drifts, his fingers and ears numbed with the intense cold. Presently, plunging through a snow-bank that for several paces reached higher than his knees, he stumbled against something. It was soft and yielding. He leaned over, and dug hurriedly into the snow. In a moment he could trace the form of a man's body with his gloved hands; in another moment he had placed an arm under the shoulders and had raised the upper part of the body.

"Wake up!" he shouted, hoping against hope that life was not extinct. He shook the burden roughly. A faint moan, and a barely perceptible movement of the arm against him rewarded him. He redoubled his efforts, shaking the other to and fro until a second moan arrested him. He leaned down to the man's face. "Wake up, old chap!" he shouted again. "Let's go home!"

"Telegraph!" murmured the other, drowsily.

Curtis started, and stared down into the darkness.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Coat—pocket," gasped the man in his arms.

Without seeing, Curtis was certain that the other had at last opened his eyes.

"Give to—operator—Whiteley—" the voice continued, weakly. "Reward—*Saffron*—"

"This," muttered Curtis, as he found the man's pocket, and took out a mass of crumpled paper, "is probably what is called retributive justice." He thrust the papers into his own coat-pocket, and leaning over, put his arms tightly about the form in the snow. As he drew erect he caught sight of a dim speck of light, and heaved a sigh of relief. Then, with his burden, he struggled through the drift across the track, and plunged down the slope. "Thank heaven, Curdle, you don't weigh much!" he muttered.

Chapter VII.

CURTIS could never tell how long it took him to reach the farm-house. It seemed like an hour, and was probably half of that. When at last, well-nigh in a condition of physical collapse, he found a door beside the lighted window, his first faint knock brought response, and as the door creaked open into a dimly lighted entry he stumbled across the threshold, and sank onto the floor with his burden. When his wandering faculties had wholly returned he found himself in front of a glowing stove, and saw Curdle, awake but drowsy, absolutely steaming from the effects of the heat and copious draughts of hot coffee. Curtis partook of the latter greedily, and looked about him. The apartment was the typical sitting-room of the farmer's residence. Through a door a kitchen interior was dimly visible; the homelike purring of an unseen kettle could be heard at intervals above the creaking and sizzling of the stove.

Besides Curdle and himself the only other occupants of the room were a gray cat dozing behind the stove, and a tall, gaunt man of perhaps fifty years, who was at the moment administering coffee to the drowsy reporter. Curtis observed him lazily from under his half-closed lids. Presently he turned his head to observe Curtis.

"Feelin' better?" asked the host.

"Much, thanks to your coffee and this jolly stove. How is he?" He nodded at Curdle.

"Comin' 'round all right. Ears are bitten pretty badly, an' I wouldn't be surprised if he had chilblains; but he ain't damaged much."

"Nathan, why ain't you lookin' after that coffee? Don't you hear it bilin' over out in the kitchen?"

The farmer turned with a start, and strode leisurely into the unlighted apartment beyond, and the speaker bustled over to Curdle, and looked sharply into his face. Then she turned to Curtis.

"Well, you two came mighty nigh perishin' in the storm, I believe." She spoke with great rapidity, in high tones, but the sharpness of her voice was belied by the gentle, kindly good-humor of her round face and twinkling eyes. She appeared well under forty, and was as comfortably stout as her husband was uncomfortably bony; there was a veritable atmosphere of hominess about her. Curtis rose, and bowed to her.

"You are right, madam. I think we were both pretty well at the end of our rope when we reached the house. I can scarcely tell you how I have enjoyed your excellent coffee."

"Now, who are you? How'd you get here?" asked the woman.

Curtis introduced himself, and told of the adventure in a few words, and both the hostess and her husband were greatly surprised to learn of the snow-bound train.

"I'm wondering," he concluded, "if we can have some supper, and if you can fix up some coffee and sandwiches to take back with me."

"Of course you can!" And Mrs. Violet—for thus she had introduced herself—bustled into the kitchen. In a moment a light flashed into view, and a clattering of tins and a raking of coals followed. Curdle opened his eyes, and looked wonderingly about. Seeing Curtis he smiled once doubtfully, then frowned, muttered something unintelligible, and fell asleep. Between them Curtis and his host carried the reporter up-stairs, and put him to bed in a neat and clean spare room, with a hot-water bottle at his feet and a wealth of comfortables over him. Then they returned to the sitting-room. With the recollection of Fenella and Polly Peabody, Curtis hastily dispatched the bread and butter, bacon and eggs which were set before him, and as he did so broached a plan for the succoring of the supperless travelers on the train.

He suggested that Mrs. Violet should make a large pot of coffee and prepare a bag of sandwiches, and that the farmer and he should take them to the train, where the farmer could readily dispose of them at a fair price. Mr. Violet agreed very quickly to the proposition. He placed two pairs of gum boots beside the stove, and brought out a great coat and a woolen muffler. Curtis hurriedly drew on his things. One pair of boots he learned was for his use, and he put them on thankfully, leaving his own soaking shoes to dry near the stove.

Then he took Mrs. Violet into his confidence, and that good old soul wrapped several cakes, a glass of jelly and many slices of hogshead cheese in a piece of brown paper, and Curtis placed the bundle with difficulty into his overcoat-pocket. Then, carrying a generous supply of eatables, Curtis and his host braved the storm.

It was hard work, but they finally reached the train, and their advent in the sleeping-car was hailed with subdued acclaim. The farmer was soon distributing sandwiches and steaming-hot coffee, and dropping the quarters into his trousers-pocket with evident gusto. Curtis filled two tin dippers with generous measures of the brew, arranged the contents of the brown-paper parcel, together with six sandwiches, on a table which the porter put in place for him near the drawing-room, and went to summon Fenella and her friend. He smiled as he knocked at the door.

Chapter VIII.

"IS THAT you, porter?" asked a voice from within.

"No; it's Curtis. I have brought you some supper."

After a moment of whispered consultation Fenella spoke.

"Thank you so much," she said; "we *are* rather faint. If you will wait a moment I will come out."

Curtis retired to the section where the table was spread.

Fenella came out, and shut the drawing-room door behind her. Curtis jumped up, and uncovered the tins of coffee.

"Isn't Miss Peabody coming?" he asked.

"No; she begs you to excuse her, as she isn't very well. I thought you wouldn't mind if I took something in to her."

"Of course not. But I hope it is nothing serious," answered Curtis, somewhat perfunctorily.

"Only a headache; you see, it—it has been rather trying for her." She looked doubtfully at the repast. "You have had your supper?" she asked.

"Yes; I dined in state at the farm-house awhile ago. I'm sorry there isn't more to offer you, but the coffee is very good, and so is the bread. May I help you? Can't I take those in?"

"Oh, no, thank you; I can carry them. I'll be right back." She disappeared into the apartment with a share of the coffee and sandwiches and cakes, and presently returned, took a seat at the little table, and began to eat, subduedly, sadly, her eyes on the table. She had discarded her hat and veil, and the gray gown she wore brought into bewitching contrast the mass of brown hair and the delicate oval of her shadowed face.

"Do you mind if I sit down here with you?" asked Curtis.

"No." She raised her eyes in a fleeting glance, and again nibbled gingerly at a sandwich. She was unhappy. Curtis was filled with remorse. And—and she was eating so little; and her coffee was getting cold!

"You're not eating anything at all, Fenella!" he remonstrated.

"I—I'm not very hungry, thank you," she answered, in a gentle, troubled voice.

"Fenella!" he cried. She turned her eyes to him with a start, and tried to summon a smile. "Fenella," he continued, "I wish I could make you understand how sorry and—and miserable it makes me to see you unhappy! I wish with all my heart that I had not this—this duty to perform. Won't you try and believe that?"

"Yes," she answered, in low tones, "I'll try."

"And as for that—that other thing, about the conductor, I mean, why—" he faltered.

Fenella's face had lost its expression of gentle melancholy.

"We will not talk of that, if you please," she said, with chilly dignity.

"But I would like to explain," protested Curtis. "It was a silly thing, of course, but it was only thoughtlessness. He asked if you were friends of mine; I had to have some excuse for talking to you through the door like that, and so I—I said that you—I mean that both of you were my wife; that is, you understand, I said that one of you was my wife, and that the other was my cousin. And so"—with a burst of relief—"I didn't say *you* were my wife, after all; that was just his blundering when he saw us together. Do you see what I mean?" he asked, anxiously. "Won't you forgive me? If you only knew how glad I should be to help you!"

"Would you?" she asked, softly, raising her eyes to his and regarding him speculatively. "Would you help me?"

"I will do anything for you—except—" He paused, and lowered his eyes uncomfortably. "Except, of course, one thing."

"Yes," she answered, with a trace of scorn, "except the one thing that I want you to do. How like a man that is!"

"But, Fenella!"

"I understand; you needn't explain."

"I will do anything that I can," he said, stoutly. "There is one thing that I cannot."

Fenella's lip curled in a way that was not pretty to see.

"We need not talk of it any longer," she said. "I think I will go back now." But she made no move. If Curtis had been capable of seeing anything beside Fenella's eyes, he would have noticed that she had finished the first sandwich and a second and was now munching a cake with commendable relish for a heart-broken damsel. But Curtis was intent upon catching another glimpse under the long lashes.

"I wish you would tell me one thing, Fenella," he said, hesitatingly.

"Well?" The tone held no promise.

"It's this." The brown eyes were still hidden, and for the moment he was glad. "It's this, Fenella: Are you sure that you—love him?"

The eyes were flashing indignantly, but he bore the storm bravely.

"You have no right to ask me such a thing!" she cried.

"But you forget that I am your cousin; that I am, in fact, your nearest male relative. I think I have every right."

"Very well; but I refuse to answer!"

"I am sorry. It seems to me that if we understood each other better we might—things could be arranged."

"You mean that you would help me if—if—"

"If I knew the facts. I can make no promises, but, believe me, dear—" The term had slipped out unintentionally. He paused; Fenella's eyes dropped; there was a moment of silence, then he went on, hurriedly, "I would gladly do anything—everything to make you happy." She stole a glance at his face; he was busily making pills from bits of bread, and did not see it.

"Thank you, Mr. Hampton," she said, in kinder tones. "Perhaps if you knew all—" She sighed.

"My name is not Mr. Hampton, Fenella," he said.

"Cousin Curtis," she murmured, softly. "I must get back to—to Polly," she added, rising hurriedly. She held out her hand, and he took it. "Good-night, Cousin Curtis, and thank you for the supper."

"I don't believe I like that 'Cousin,'" he said, with a frown.

She moved to the door of the drawing-room, and turned, with her hand on the knob, to find him close behind.

"You are very hard to please—Curtis!"

Then she was gone.

He lighted a cigar, but smoked it slowly, deliberately, and scowled over it, as though it had been steeped in quinine. At eleven o'clock he threw it away, yawned dismally, and went to bed. One of his last acts was to part the curtains, and thrusting out a tousled head, look long and intently at a closed door dimly visible at the end of the shadowy aisle.

Chapter IX.

WHEN Curtis awoke and sent the curtain spinning up he found a dazzling world of snow and sunlight spreading before him. A gentle south wind had taken the place of the tempest. From the car-roof the water was already dripping. It was after eight o'clock! He dressed hurriedly, dashed for the dressing-room, made a hasty toilet, and emerged to look about him. He raised a window, and thrust out his head. Up at the head of the train all was activity. Beyond the engine, apparently separated from it by several yards of drift, stood a snow-plow. A gang of shovelers was hard at work. The porter appeared, smiling cheerfully.

"You can get some breakfast in de smokin'-car, sir," he said. "Dey served some out 'bout an hour ago, but I reckoned you wanted to sleep, so I didn't wake you."

"How long will it be before they get the track cleared?"

"Pretty soon, now; 'bout two hours, I reckon."

Curtis looked at the rubber boots he was wearing, and glanced out at the snow.

"I guess I'll go over to the farm-house and see what I can forage there," he said. He slipped into his coat, took his bag back to his berth, and went to the front of the car. As he stepped down into the drift beside the step, the door opened again behind him and Fenella appeared.

"Good-morning," said Curtis; "have you had breakfast?"

"Oh, yes; we had some awfully queer coffee and a ham sandwich. Br-r-r!" She shook her head with a little grimace of disgust, and smiled down at him.

"I am going over to the farm-house to see what Mrs. Violet can do for me," said Curtis.

"Mrs. who?" asked the girl.

Curtis explained. "I'll see if I can't bring some good coffee and—how would some toast do?"

"It would be lovely!" exclaimed Fenella. "And—and I'd give *anything* for an egg! I wish—don't you suppose I might go with you?"

"Of course," he answered, eagerly. "Only," he added, with hesitation, "the snow's rather deep in places." He glanced doubtfully at the small slippers on the platform.

"Oh, I've got some real heavy

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 45]

They left the track, and waded through huge drifts

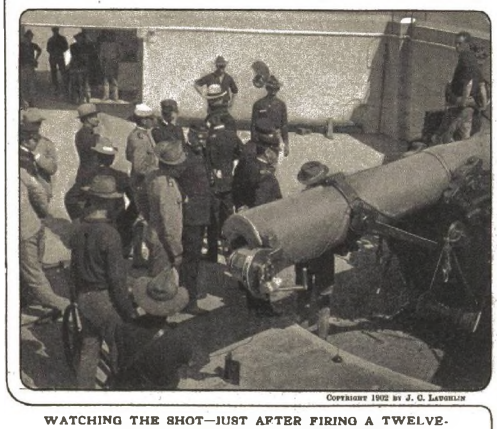
First of the Series of Twelve Most Picturesque Events in American History. See Description on Page 29.

THE LAST STAND OF THE PATRIOTS AT BUNKER HILL

Painted by F. C. Yohn

THE AURANIAN WAR OF 1902

BY HENRY HARRISON LEWIS



WATCHING THE SHOT—JUST AFTER FIRING A TWELVE-INCH GUN FROM ONE OF THE FORTS

LIEUTENANT McCAULEY OF THE "MAYFLOWER" USING THE RANGE-FINDER

THE ATTACK OF THE AURANIANS ON NEWPORT—A RAPID-FIRE GUN IN ACTION

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Army and Navy War Game of last September, the first of the kind in which the United States has ever participated, was meant for the working out of a definite problem of warfare, and not as many people popularly suppose, to afford the officers of both branches of the service a grand holiday at the public expense. "In time of peace prepare for war," and in accordance with this doctrine millions of dollars have been spent by the United States government in modern fortifications, which as yet have never been put to the test. It was to try these disappearing-guns, range-finders, search-lights, mortar-batteries, submarine mines, military balloons and modern implements of warfare of all kinds, to ascertain their limitations and their capabilities, by assuming as closely as possible an actual state of warfare, that these manoeuvers were held.

And there was another reason. Our policy of expansion, our acquisition of Porto Rico, of the Philippines, of the Panama Canal, has brought new responsibilities and has made the Monroe Doctrine more of a fact and not so much of a theory as in the past. In the Monroe Doctrine the United States proclaims itself as a guardian or protector of the weaker countries in the new world. It is probable that the time will come, and it may be sooner than we anticipate, when the United States, after exhausting the resources of diplomacy, will be compelled to back up the Monroe Doctrine with the might of its army and navy.

Given a state of war with a European nation, therefore, the problem resolves itself about as follows:

A foreign fleet would attempt to force the approaches to New York City. Another foreign fleet would attempt to gain possession of the Panama Canal, and cut off our western coast from the east.

The manoeuvers of last September, as well as the manoeuvers which are now under way in the West Indies, are the working out of just these problems—a sort of practice war, as it were, in which both army and navy are in dead earnest, and the practical result of which practice must be of inestimable value should such a war ever occur.

Realizing that so novel, and withal so thoroughly important, an event is of interest to every patriotic American, the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION secured permission from the Navy Department to have a representative on board one of the war-ships during the September manoeuvers. To avoid technicalities, he gives in the form of a story a graphic account of the bloodless battles in which the Auranian fleet (the navy representing the enemy) was repulsed by the forts. The second chapter of the "Great Auranian War of 1902" (the working out of the second part of the problem—the defense of the Panama Canal) will be found in the columns of the daily newspapers about the time this issue of the magazine reaches it readers.

IT WAS a foregone conclusion that we of the signal outpost on Block Island would be sacrificed for the good of the cause. The very lay of the land, so to speak, precluded the possibility of our escaping, and when we volunteered for the duty of signalmen at our most remote station we did so with the certain belief that capture or death would be our portion.

As it turned out, our experiences were perilous enough in truth, but events so shaped themselves that I, personally, was permitted through certain conditions to gain a clear insight into the plans of the enemy, and to secure information for our government which I hope will be of great value in the defense of the West Indies against the attack soon to be made by the Auranian fleet.

The causes which led to the sudden onslaught on our coast near Long Island Sound last summer are known to all. It is not necessary to go into the political aspects of the case, nor to further criticize the government for its failure to maintain a fleet equal, if not superior, to that possessed by the Auranians. All this has been threshed out by the press, and it has been proved beyond peradventure that the growing hostility of the Auranians toward us was sufficiently plain to have suggested a warning to even the most obtuse diplomat.

It was not until the Auranian fleet had actually left the Baltic that we began preparations for defense. The fortifications, especially those along the eastern approaches to Long Island Sound, were put in order, and every effort made to give the enemy a warm reception.

The Signal Corps, in which I was a lieutenant, hastily equipped a number of stations along the coast. With one exception these temporary observation-stations were located in the vicinity of the forts. The exception was that placed on Block Island. I had the honor to be permitted to command it.

There were eight in my party, all volunteers because of the perilous nature of the work, and our duty, simple enough indeed, was to give warning of the enemy's approach. Our station, although hurriedly occupied, was well equipped. Besides the usual telegraph-cable, running to the mainland, and the heliograph outfit, a complete wireless apparatus was established. As the latter proved of considerable importance, it will not be amiss to briefly describe it.

My station, located on Beacon Hill, consisted of a small house, surmounted by poles eighty feet high, with a number of wires arranged something like a gridiron, and attached to the gaff at the top of the mast. An Edison primary battery of about twenty cells furnished the motor power. The Marconi system was used. As is well understood, the Marconi system employs the ordinary induction-coil and a coherer, by which signals are received in printed forms of dots and dashes, after the old style of Morse registers formerly employed in telegraphing. These aërial messages are called aërograms, and they were successfully operated over ranges from ten to twenty-five miles in length.

We had barely put our little station in efficient working-order when there came the first indication of trouble. The Auranian fleet had left Fayal several days previous, and we were momentarily expecting to sight at least an advance-scout of the enemy.

I was alone in the signal-tower at this time, my men having thrown themselves down for a much-needed rest. The morning had broken stormily. A dense mist blanketed the coast-line, and in the drear early light the huge hotels, from which all the guests had fled, looked like monster cliffs. The scene was quiet enough, but there was the portent of a change.

While endeavoring to pierce the fog toward the east I suddenly noticed a dim, shadowy outline just off the entrance to Great Salt Pond. It was a steamer, a yacht-like craft, which bore no colors, and seemed built for speed. As I watched, with my nerves tingling and my eyes glued to the powerful telescope, the strange craft faded from sight into the mist from which she had so mysteriously emerged.

Within the moment a message had flashed from my finger to the waiting operator at Montauk Point, "A scout from the enemy's fleet has just reconnoitered the island." I knew in my heart, but I did not add, that before many hours had elapsed Block Island would be in the hands of the Auranians, and its little detail of signalmen would have become a mere episode in the pages of history. That night we watched as men do in the presence of disaster.

The next morning found us still at our posts, but we had not long to wait. With the first faint glow of dawn a number of dark spots near Comorant Point began to creep toward us, and we knew that our final duty was come. The wire to the mainland had been tested hourly during the night. It was still open, and we sent our last message with a calmness that surprised us.

"The enemy is approaching from the northeast. There are fifteen ships in sight. It is evidently the intention of the fleet to capture this island. If they attack we can offer no resistance."

We did not say good-by, nor did we offer any further comment. We were content to know that our message would be flashed up and down the coast and throughout the land, and that its cry of warning would send every American soldier to do that which his ancestors had ever done before him—fight, and fight well, for his country.

The last dot of the message was scarcely off the wire when a puff of white smoke appeared at the bow of the nearest ship. Long before the faint boom of the gun reached us we heard the whir of the shell overhead. I ordered one of the men to bend on the flag, and hoist it.

It was poor bravado, I suppose, but the sight of Old Glory was good just then.

A second shell struck the ground within a few feet of the tower, and burst, bringing the wireless apparatus about our heads. Not waiting for the third, we beat a hasty, but dignified, retreat, and as we emerged from the wreck of our little station we ran plump into the arms of a squad of Auranian marines, that had landed unseen.

"Surrender!" shouted their officer, advancing with his sword.

We sadly submitted, and were triumphantly escorted to the beach. As we left the hill summit we saw the Stars and Stripes still floating from the signal-mast, but they were under the triple-barred flag of the enemy. The first guns in the memorable attack of the Auranians on our coast had been fired, and we were the first prisoners of war!

Two hours later I was brought before the Auranian admiral on board his flag-ship, the famous *Kearsarge*. It was my first glimpse of a foreign war-vessel, and I gazed about me with a curiosity not tempered by even the awkward and perilous position in which I was placed.

The powerful battleship looked formidable indeed, with its massive steel sides, its monster turrets, and the batteries of black, polished guns projecting from many port-holes. The decks, cleared for action, seemed literally to swarm with men. Sturdy they were, and it was plain to be seen that they were the pick from a fighting nation.

Admiral von Higginson wasted few words upon me. He was surrounded by the members of his staff, and there was much scurrying to and fro and the carrying of many messages. He glanced up from a map, which I easily recognized as one of our coast near the entrance to Long Island Sound, and said, curtly, "Your name, lieutenant?"

I told him.

"How many signal-stations did you have on Block Island?"

I remained silent.

The admiral waited a moment, then smiled grimly. "Not giving information to the enemy, eh?" he said. "Well, the island is not large. We'll soon chase out every lurking rat on it. You can go. You will have the freedom of this ship until you are caught trying to signal or to escape, then you'll be shot."

He returned to his map, and I passed on deck, there to become an object of curiosity to the Auranian tars. I was treated with civility, however, and because of a fair knowledge of their tongue, managed to learn many things of interest.

There were fifteen ships in the fleet, ranging from massive battleships down to crafts not larger than our sea-going tugs. The squadron certainly presented a brave sight as it rode at anchor off the island. There was every evidence of war in the sullen steel sides of the ships and the ominous clouds of smoke pouring from lofty funnels. Ashore the landing-party of marines was pitching tents and making preparations for holding the island as a base.

On the summit of Beacon Hill the two flags flaunted in the morning breeze, and on the other side of the island appeared a flame-shot pall of smoke from the town, which had been ignited by the shells.

There was great activity in the fleet, and it was evident that little time would be lost in attacking the forts, which lay sullen and grim just beyond the western horizon. Small launches darted back and forth between ship and ship, and party-colored bunting floated from the signal-yards. On the flag-ship's upper bridge an apprentice-boy nimbly wigwagged a message to one of the smaller gunboats. I noticed with interest that the system in use was similar to that employed in our navy, and that the Auranian fleet was fitted with the Ardois system of night-signaling by red and white flashes from four sets of electric-lamps strung along the shrouds of the forward mast.

Along toward nightfall a call from the flag-ship brought all the commanding officers to a council of war. As the various ships' boats came alongside I recognized several Auranian officers whom I had met under different and more pleasant surroundings. There was Captain von Gleaves, who held the responsible and important position of commander of the *Mayflower*, the favorite yacht of the Auranian ruler; Rear-Admiral von Coghlan, whose poetic recitations had given him world fame, and Lieutenant von Proctor, in charge of the vicious little *Gloucester*. All these gentlemen bowed ceremoniously, as befits the relations between captor and captive, but I observed a latent gleam of cordiality in their backward glance as they passed.

Pacing the deserted deck, I gave myself up to thoughts of a most serious character. My own peculiar position was forgotten. What of the morrow? What of the war so unexpectedly forced upon our nation? What of the possibilities of our defense? The enemy's fleet was formidable—would our few forts prove of any avail?

What of the great city lying beyond that stretch of Sound, whose beginning was almost within sight. Would it come to pass that the guns and the mines guarding the watery door would yield perforce to the attack of this mighty squadron? Would the morrow, or perhaps the night, bring disaster to our arms, or bring the victory to which we by right of precedence felt entitled?

As an officer in our army I had every faith in its power. I knew that we would not be caught napping, and I knew that the feverish days and nights of labor on the defenses of the coast had not been wasted. I knew that our mortar-batteries were the best in the world, and that the men who trained and fired them were unequaled, and that our system of mines could not be excelled. It was the mines upon which I placed the most reliance. Protected by the guns of the forts, they offered a formidable barrier to the ships. Being under water, they could not be located or destroyed save by countermining, and that was practically impossible under the circumstances.

With the exception of that swift-moving body of water known as the Race, which extends from Little Gull Island to the western point of Fisher's Island, the channels leading to Long Island Sound had been planted with hundreds of powerful torpedoes and mines.

Each torpedo was fully four feet in circumference. They were held by a wire cable running from the shore of one island to the shore of another, forming what is considered to be an impregnable explosive-line. They were only fifty feet apart, and any one of them would sink an Auranian battleship, should its bottom come in contact with the electric battery which was fastened to the head of the mine. An electric current ran from the torpedo by the wire cable to the mine-chamber on shore.

It is known that even though a mine explodes within fifty feet of a vessel, considerable damage will be wrought. Should a vessel pass between the torpedoes it would be seen from shore by the aid of the search-lights, and by pushing a button in the mine-chamber the torpedo could be exploded before the vessel had passed beyond the fifty-foot range.

After the submarine mines, I knew that the enemy could expect rough treatment from the mortar-batteries planted on both sides of the Race. Hidden behind bushes and under the shelter of the hills, these batteries throw their powerful shells far into the air. In falling upon the decks of the ships they would cause as much destruction as the penetrating projectiles fired from high-caliber guns. Although placed in pits, deep below the surrounding ground, it was easy to train them upon an enemy's fleet. This was made possible by the plotting of the channels and the use of the range-finders employed by our army. With the aid of the latter instrument, which operates on what is known as the vertical-base system, it would be a comparatively simple matter to concentrate the shots from the mortars upon the deck of any ship within firing-distance. What between mines and mortars and our eight-inch, ten-inch and twelve-inch guns, which hurl with terrible velocity shells weighing from one fourth to one half a ton, I felt that we would be able to give the enemy a warm welcome.

The council of war ended just as darkness fell around the fleet. The various captains silently left for their respective ships, and a few minutes later I saw one of the smaller vessels slip away from the anchorage and disappear in the gathering night. That something portended was evident.

The night dragged slowly along. All about me the preparations for battle proceeded without a pause. In the interior of the great ship I could hear the rattling of ammunition-hoists and the multitudinous sounds of a man-of-war. Dense clouds of smoke bespangled with fiery sparks told of activity in the fire-room. Above the bridge-deck the Ardois signals winked their red and white lights, conveying final instructions to the fleet.

At midnight two huge, armored cruisers passed out to sea, dark save for one small, shaded steering-light carried on the stern of each. Half an hour later the flag-ship, accompanied by the other battleships, hoisted anchor and followed the same mysterious road.

I noted with interest certain gleams of light illumining the cloudy heavens toward the west. These were the powerful electric search-lights on the forts and signal-stations at Newport, New London and Fisher's Island, and their fiery shafts, playing up and down on the distant horizon, seemed to me like warning arms threatening the enemy.

Aboard the flag-ship there was an air of quiet expectancy, which proved that the Auranians were masters of their profession. There was no undue commotion, no excitement, no loud talking on the part of officer or man. Up on the bridge, where I had crept as soon as we weighed anchor, the utmost silence prevailed. Admiral von Higginson stood on the starboard end, night-glasses in hand, and occasionally glanced into the blackness ahead. The captain and the navigating-officer bent over the little hood-like inclosure in which the chart in use is kept, and seemed deep in the problem of the course. Signal-boys were here, and extra quartermasters there, but no one spoke, or indeed seemed more than mere parts of the ship itself. It was all very impressive, and under more favorable circumstances I would have enjoyed it.

From the direction we were steering, as indicated to me by the distant search-lights, I knew we were bound for the eastern approach to Long Island Sound. It was evident the Auranian admiral had decided to attempt to pass the formidable defense guarding that important point while his fleet was intact. To succeed it would be necessary for him to silence the forts on Gardiner's Point, Great Gull Island and Plum Island—no easy task, as you well understand.

As we drew nearer to the point of attack the bright glare of the lights became more pronounced. The nucleus of each light began to peep up above the horizon, and finally appear in full view. It was very strange, the effect of those great beams of flame. They seemed to reach out through the darkness like the feelers of some gigantic insect. To the right, to the left and to the center they went, then up and down, on sea and sky, with a weirdness of touch positively uncanny. Sometimes they were kept steadily moving from one point to another until a

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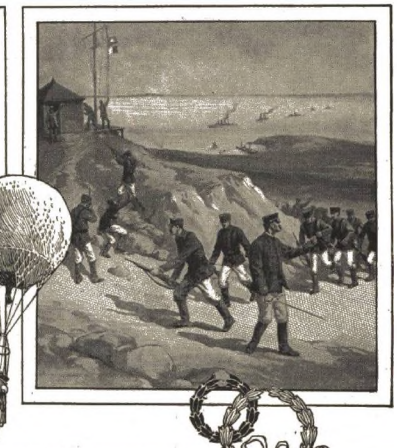
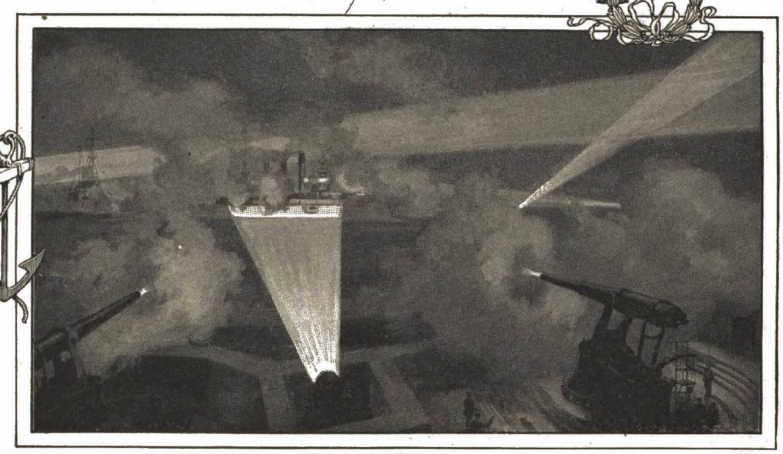
"MONTGOMERY" AND "SCORPION" OF THE AURANIAN FLEET COVERING THE LANDING OF BOATS AT NEWPORT

CAPTURE OF SIGNAL STATION AT BLOCK ISLAND



SERVING THE SIX-INCH BATTERY ON THE "INDIANA"

"BROOKLYN" AND "OLYMPIA" DISCOVERED BY SEARCH-LIGHTS RUNNING THE FORTS IN THE "RACE"



THE WOODS IN WINTER

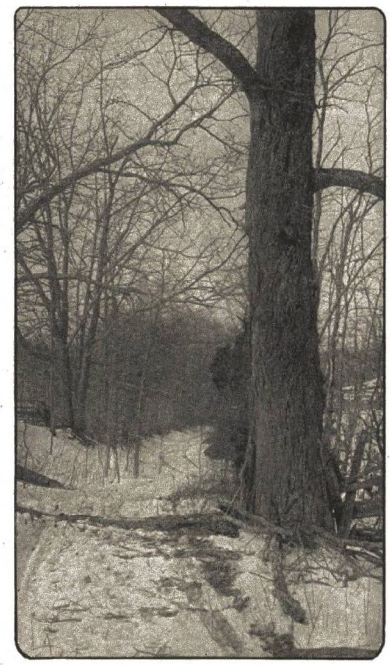
A SNOW-BURDENED ROAD

A WINTER NIGHT

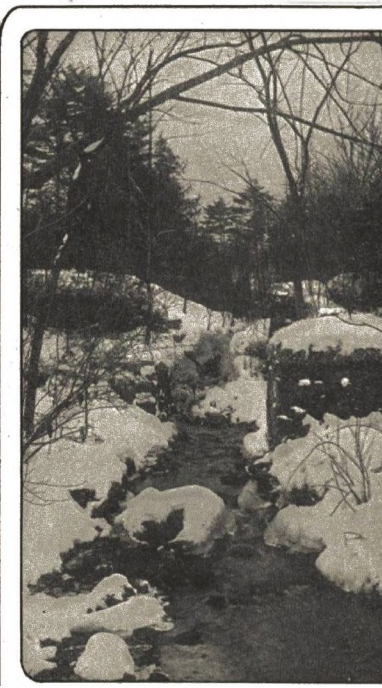
THE LAST OF THE FLOCK

WHERE MR. AND MRS. MUSKRAT LIVE

WHERE THE MUSKRAT MAY BE FOUND



THE ROAD THROUGH THE WOODS



A SNOW-BOUND BROOK

The Nature-Study Club

BY ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

In the Winter Woods

LAST year, in our "little journeys to the woods and fields," we got a general idea of how many of our wild neighbors behaved during the different seasons. We saw the birds return from the South, watched them build their nests, brood over their eggs and rear their young, and finally we watched them haste away to the South again.

During the spring and summer we observed the ways of some of the commoner mammals, reptiles and insects, and in the fall we saw them make their preparations for winter. In short, we got a brief outline of the wild life to be seen in the woods and fields about us. In 1903, however, we shall have an opportunity to follow up this general introduction to our friends of the field and forest, and we will endeavor to form a closer acquaintance with some of those which lead dramatically interesting lives.

First of all, however, let us take a turn through the snow-covered woods, where thousands of our shy neighbors are living at this moment, busy with the every-day affairs of life, or sleeping soundly in snug retreats, awaiting the coming of spring.

A SNOWFALL is a blank page from the note-book of Nature, and upon it her children write the stories of their lives, each in his own way. We shall study these styles of writing, that we may learn to read the stories—the truest ever written. When we begin to read and translate them the winter woods no longer present a cheerless appearance; they no longer seem a dreary waste of snow-covered ground and bare, gray trees. We find that they are peopled by a busy community, whose lives are as full of problems as our own, and whose occupations are as serious and important to themselves as those of the inhabitants of New York or Canton.

Here, you see, the first note we come across has been written by a mink—a uniform trail, which might be imitated by dragging a narrow board through the snow. The legs of a mink are very short, so that his body sinks in, often covering up the prints of his webbed feet, and the trail is simply a gutter in the snow, with deeper spots at intervals marking the points at which the feet have sunk. The trail of an otter through deep snow is similar, but very much larger, as a full-grown otter is sometimes nearly four feet in length. In moving through the snow an otter leaps forward, and slides for a considerable distance, plowing up the snow with his chest, then leaping again, and sliding, as before. The distinctness of the footprints depends upon the depth of the snow; when there is only a thin covering they are as plain as the tracks of a hare.

BUT now let us follow the mink-trail; one thing is certain, it will lead us to water sooner or later. Here it goes down the hill, around this old stump once or twice (where the mink was looking for deer-mice), and now through this narrow opening between these two stones in the fence. The mink has a habit of squeezing his body through narrow openings, and that is one reason why his fur is almost valueless toward the end of the winter. The constant friction, particularly on the shoulders, wears away the hair in patches and makes the pelt unsightly. Here at this stream you will notice that the trail leads directly beneath the shelving ice which overhangs the bank. This is a favorite hunting-ground for the lithe creature we are trailing; from the shadow he can spring out upon any small creatures that approach the stream to drink, and he is also in the habit of diving to the bottom of the stream for fish, which form a considerable portion of his food. There he goes now! Don't you see that dark brown, long-bodied animal moving beneath the overhanging ice? He probably has a burrow somewhere in the bank of this stream—a grewsome den, bestrewn with the bones of his victims.

But look! Here is quite a different trail, also leading to the water. It was made by a muskrat, and in one important particular differs from nearly all other trails—there is a sharp and almost continuous line connecting the tracks. That line was cut into the snow by the sharp-edged and almost hairless tail, which drags on the ground as the animal moves.

IF WE followed these tracks away from the river we should probably find that they led to a corn-field, and we should see where the animal had been scratching for the few ears of corn which the farmers had dropped in the fall; or to an opening under some barn, where corn, turnips or parsnips are stored. On this end, you see, they lead to that opening in the ice near the bank, doubtless the spot where the muskrat leaves and reenters the water.

Down the stream a short distance, in that quiet, shallow spot, you may see a muskrat's winter house—a dark heap of leaves and sticks in the water, surrounded by ice and capped with snow. Were we able to see through the thick walls we should probably see four or five dark brown balls of fur—the sleeping muskrats—lying on a big stone, on the top of a stump or on a bed of leaves against the side of the chamber. Late in the afternoon they will leave the dwelling by doorways, which are under the water. They will swim along under the ice until they reach the opening near the shore; thence they will pay another visit to the barn or the corn-field, or they may search the bottom of the river for fresh-water mussels, or roots of aquatic plants, which they will bring out upon the bank to eat.

NOW we must get back into the woods. "Whir!" Listen! "Whir! Whir!" Those are ruffed grouse, and if you look up quickly you will see them speeding like brown cannon-balls above the tops of those shrubs. They were evidently feeding on the buds of those laurel-bushes in the frozen swamp over there. And here are their footprints, which strongly resemble those of a barn-yard hen, only they are smaller, and the marks of the toes are wider in proportion. This extra width is caused by the horny fringes, which in winter grow on the sides of each toe, and which answer the purpose of snow-shoes. At this season, when the weather is very cold, the grouse seeks protection by plunging into the deep snow-drifts. Here he is warm enough, but when the crust hardens before morning he finds himself a prisoner. If, with his stout bill, he is able to break through, well and good; if not, he may starve to death before a fox or a weasel puts a cruel end to his misery.

Do you hear that loud, tapping sound? I do not mean the rapid, vibrating tattoo to the south of us—that is the drumming of a woodpecker—but that strong, measured beat, as of some one driving nails. It is a blue-jay opening a nut or an acorn, and if we creep cautiously forward we may see him at work. Stoop down here, and you will see him on the branch of that oak-tree. He is holding something, probably an acorn, firmly in his claws, and hammering it bravely with his bill.

Notice his raised crest, which gives him an air of seriousness; and notice, too, how steadily he fixes his eye on the mark before he raises his body to its full height and then brings down his bill with full force again and again. But alas! we were not careful enough, and we have frightened him away; there he goes with his precious acorn in his bill, and you can hear his hearty "Hey! Hey! Hey!" as he floats along, a streak of blue across the snow-laden trees. A gay fellow is the

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NEW FASHIONS FOR Dainty Underwear

BY GRACE MARGARET GOULD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANNA MAY COOPER

DAINTY underwear is absolutely essential to the woman of refinement. This does not necessarily mean costly French lingerie smothered in lace and displaying much fine and intricate handiwork. Underwear may be dainty and yet inexpensive, but to have it so is a matter of good taste rather than the mere spending of money. Use good material, fine in texture, to begin with, even if this means that the garments can be but sparingly trimmed.

The fashions in underwear this season are designed along the line of comfort quite as much as beauty. The models invariably show the low neck and the elbow-sleeve, and voluminous fullness is everywhere omitted. The corset-cover, the skirt and even the chemise are carefully fitted.

No. 50—NANETTE NIGHTGOWN

No. 50—Nanette Nightgown

This simple but pretty nightdress is cut with a low, round neck, to give perfect freedom to the throat, and the elbow-sleeve is the very newest model. It may be made of undressed cambric, which washes and wears more satisfactorily than the dressed cambric, or if a finer material is required, of nainsook or English long-cloth. Embroidery beading outlines the round neck and finishes the sleeve at the elbow. Through the beading wash-ribbon is run, and remember that it pays to buy a good quality. Many of the more elaborate nightgowns this season are trimmed with insertion down the front and around the bottom just above the hem. Another style of nightgown is known as the Bishop gown. It is just like a bishop's robe, and is put on over the head. The gown does not open down the front. The sleeves are large and flowing, and there is generally a dainty hemstitched yoke drawn in at the neck with wash-ribbons. The Nanette nightgown is cut in sizes 36, 38 and 40.

No. 57—BERTHA DRAWERS

No. 56—HAZEL CHEMISE

No. 56—Hazel Chemise

This attractive pattern has distinct advantages over the average chemise, as it is made with a carefully fitted back. The skirt is long and full enough to be an excellent substitute for the short wash petticoat. Lace medallions may trim the front of the chemise over the bust, or a dainty hand-embroidered design may form the decoration. The back is not trimmed. The Hazel chemise is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38.

No. 54—MARCIA CORSET-COVER
No. 55—FREDA SHORT WASH SKIRT

No. 54—Marcia Corset-Cover. No. 55—Freda Short Wash Skirt

The pretty Marcia corset-cover is designed especially for slender women. It is made of nainsook, with a gathered front and a plain, fitted back. Either embroidery or lace beading is used to outline the neck and to form shoulder-straps and belt. Wash-ribbon is run through the beading. Nainsook can be bought for fifteen cents a yard, and two yards will make three plain corset-covers, but only two where the front of each is gathered. To make a

No. 51—LAURA PETTICOAT

Coupon for Ordering Patterns of these Fashions Will Be Found on Page 35

MODERATE INCOMES

Common-Sense Patterns

BY GRACE MARGARET GOULD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SYLVIA RAFTER

No. 47—GRETCHEN BATH-ROBE

corset-cover of this design more elaborate it may be trimmed with bands of lace, which need not cost more than eight cents a yard; so for very little money you have an uncommonly pretty corset-cover. The Freda short wash skirt fits over the hips like one of the newest imported tailor-made gowns. The pattern is cut in the back for fullness, but marked for a habit back, so that it can be made either way. The skirt has just the correct fullness at the bottom, and may be trimmed with some good-wearing lace, such as torchon or point de Paris, or with embroidery. The Marcia corset-cover is cut in sizes 32, 34 and 36. The Freda short wash skirt is cut medium and large.

No. 51—Laura Petticoat

Since the clinging dress-skirt became the vogue the petticoat has been fitted with as much care as if it were the outer skirt instead of the underskirt. The Laura petticoat has the habit back and is made close-fitting over the hips. The necessary flare at the bottom is produced by an accordion-plaited ruffle. This petticoat may be made of taffeta, cotton moire or mohair, with a plaited silk ruffle, or of any of the less expensive materials, such as the mercerized skirtings, nearsilk or sateen. The pattern of the Laura petticoat comes medium and large.

No. 46—CONSTANCE BATH-GOWN

No. 57—Bertha Drawers

In order to take away any extra fullness from about the waist and hips the Bertha drawers are made on a short, carefully fitted yoke. They are not extravagantly full. The ruffle at the knee gives the correct flare, and is headed with ribbon-run beading, the ribbon tying at the side in a rosette bow. The ruffle may be plain or elaborate—simply finished with a hemstitched hem or trimmed with groups of tucks and an edge of lace or lace appliqué. The pattern for the Bertha drawers is cut medium and large.

No. 52—Letty Corset-Cover. No. 53—Blanche Wash Petticoat

The pattern for the Letty corset-cover is a most useful one to own, as it fits to perfection, and though made perfectly plain its possibilities for trimming are many. The neck may be high or low, and a tucked or lace-pointed yoke may be used. In the illustration the yoke is of tucked nainsook and outlined with lace insertion. The Blanche wash petticoat may be made of cambric, fine muslin, long-cloth or India linen. It is fitted with special care over the hips, and has the correct graduated flare as it nears the hem. At the back the skirt is slightly full. The flounce, which is tucked and trimmed with an embroidery ruffle, is headed with an insertion of embroidery prettily arranged in a festoon effect. The Letty corset-cover is cut in sizes 34, 36, 38 and 40. The Blanche wash petticoat comes in sizes medium and large.

No. 49—BRETON APRON

No. 45—Marion Wrapper

The Marion wrapper, though a negligée gown, gives the figure a trim, smart look. It is made with a semi-fitting back, and the fullness at the waist is confined with either a satin ribbon or braided ribbons. This dainty wrapper may be made of

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No. 45—MARION WRAPPER

Coupon for Ordering Patterns of these Fashions Will Be Found on Page 35

THAT LITTLE TOUCH WHICH MAKES THE SMART GIRL SMART

A New Embroidered Waist—Hints for Changing a Party-Gown

BY GRACE MARGARET GOULD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANNA MAY COOPER

WHILE the New York girl will undoubtedly make the good resolution at the beginning of the year to be more economical, she will just as surely determine to be even more fetching in appearance. It is possible for her to keep the resolution and fulfil the determination. The reason for this is plain. She is a creature of infinite resources. Her taste is faultless, her ideas original, and this is how she is able to counterbalance the deficiencies of her purse. In her wise little head all the myriad possibilities of materials and shapes are turned over and over until a new and becoming design is evolved.

CORSAGE DECORATION

Of course she is wearing a sash, for all fashionable girls are this season, but the sash which she has designed has a special touch of charm about it. The truth is, it is a made-over sash. Surely there's proof of her cleverness. Originally it was plain pink satin taffeta, and she had worn it just enough times to be tired of it. It was not faded or soiled, it was just monotonous. How to make it seem like new—that was the question over which she puzzled. And here is the way she solved it: She appliquéd the long ends, and the loops, too, with motifs of point de Venise lace, cutting the sash away beneath the lace design. The effect was charming, and transformed the sash at once from something conventional to something original, and then she added a buckle to complete the new effect. It was not such an expensive buckle, but it looked exactly the right buckle in the right place. When she first decided to make over the sash she wanted an Art Nouveau buckle in rose-gold for the knot of the bow, but she couldn't afford it, so as its substitute she picked out one of mother-of-pearl. It was perfectly plain, but very lovely in its exquisite shadings. When this sash in its turn becomes too familiar to please the wearer, the girl who made it over once declares she can give it a new touch again. This time she will use either a plauen galoon in wreath shape or medallions of antique lace. The lace designs whichever are used will be put on the sash in the place where the other lace has been ripped off, and in the center of each lace motif a little Persian silk medallion will be set in, thus changing again the effect of the sash.

SASH WITH LACE APPLIQUES

Since embroidery has become such a craze, the New York girl has put her wits together to devise something embroidered, yet something entirely new. Her latest idea is to decorate her silk shirt-waist with fetching little ermine tails. They are not fur tails, however, though they look so at a short distance, but are cleverly hand-embroidered. They are worked in black and white Roman floss, with just a suggestion of yellowish green peculiar to the ermine fur, and the stitch used may be either Kensington or the very simple long-and-short stitch. These embroidered ermine tails give to a white or pale-tinted silk waist a smart touch worth having.

The first time this novel idea of embroidering fur tails was carried out was on a waist of delicate yellow. The material was taffeta silk and the model a plain shirt-waist, but when completed there was nothing plain or conventional about it. Faint yellow panne velvet was used for the stock and belt and for tabs, which spread out over the shoulders and decorated the front of the waist and formed the narrow cuffs. Wherever the panne velvet was introduced the odd little ermine tails were embroidered, and for novelty and charm the waist was really unequaled. Down the front there were big buttons, and these, too, were out of the ordinary, for each button looked exactly as if it were made of a yellow topaz.

MEDALLION FAN

For the woman who has a special fondness for black and white nothing can be odder or prettier than a white waist embroidered with ermine tails. The ermine tails also look exceedingly smart decorating a pale green, pastel-blue or pink silk waist. They are just unusual enough to transform a plain shirt-waist into a waist which has the look of an imported model.

WAIST EMBROIDERED WITH ERMINE TAILS

The New York girl whose income is limited has a little way all her own of making one evening gown serve duty for three or four. And it is the smart touch that does it. She is always altering the effect of her bodice by changing its corsage decoration. It is not the money she uses, but her own cleverness, that makes the result one that tells. She has just conceived a dainty novelty for trimming the bodice of her evening gown, which in itself is capable of many attractive changes. It is a simple little affair to be fastened across the front of the corsage, and is made of braided satin ribbons and artificial rosebuds and leaves. The ribbon used is one inch wide, and there are three strands. They are firmly braided, and the rosebuds are fastened underneath the braided ribbon in such a way that they form a pretty floral fringe. If shaded pink ribbon is used to form the braided strip, and the roses are also pink, with a few green leaves mingling with the braided ribbon, the effect is extremely pretty.

However, this same idea may be carried out attractively in a variety of different colors and different flowers. On a pale yellow, white or even a black bodice nasturtiums are quite charming as a substitute for roses, with the braided ribbon matching the brightest tint of yellow in the flowers. Violets also make a pretty floral fringe, depending from shaded violet braided ribbons. The girl who wishes to make two of these corsage decorations, and yet have them as much unlike as possible, may have one reaching across the front of the bodice, fastening at either shoulder, and made either of green ribbons and white daisies or pink ribbons and pink roses, while the other one may not only have the floral fringe hanging over the corsage, but a cluster of flowers, with long ribbon streamers, fastened at the left shoulder. Violets would look unusually well for a bodice decoration of this sort.

The medallion fan is another new fancy of the smart girl. A row of hand-painted medallions form the upper part of the fan. These may be bought in the shops, and pasted on a dainty little satin fan, or they may be souvenirs from one's friends, collected for this special purpose. The medallion fan lends itself to many changes. The medallions may be miniatures of court beauties or delicate little Empire figures, or each medallion may show a dog's or a kitten's head. A clever girl who owned an interesting collection of kitten pictures selected from them a few of the best photographs of kittens' heads. These she soaked from their mountings, cut in ovals, and pasted across the top of a pretty pink satin fan.

HOME DRESSMAKING

Conducted by Mrs. N. M. Slater, Instructor of Dressmaking in the Young Women's Christian Association, New York City

EDITOR DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT:—I have a suit of tan cheviot, bought ready-made three years ago. The skirt is circular, made on a lining, and is much too narrow for this year. It is long enough, but so worn that a considerable quantity must be cut off. It is also getting shiny on the hips. The jacket is a slightly double-breasted Eton, worn noticeably under the arms, with sleeves rather large at the shoulders and small at the wrist. There is no trimming except stitching. Is it possible to get any more service from it? Is it worth any outlay of time or money? I have a handsome fur boa that I would like to wear with it if it can be altered in a suitable way.

MRS. R. B. T.

ANSWER TO MRS. R. B. T.—Your skirt may easily be made useful and fashionable without a great outlay of money, but you will need much more time than for making a new suit. It is always that way with a remodeled garment. Rip the entire suit apart. Overcast the edges with strong thread, to prevent raveling or stretching out of shape. Brush, sponge, and press every part. Cheviots do not have strongly marked right and wrong sides, and you may safely make it up "wrong side out," thus getting rid of the shiny look on the hips, and any places that may look faded. The best way to press any wool goods is to lay the piece to be pressed on the board right side up, ring a large piece of cheese-cloth out of lukewarm water, place it smoothly over the goods, and iron dry with an iron not too hot. Make the lining of the skirt into a drop-skirt, with a graduated circular flounce of silk, nearsilk or sateen of any pretty and becoming color. Face the lower edge with a two-and-one-half-inch bias of the same, interlined with a bias of light-weight tailors' canvas. Trim with narrow ruffles or ruches. This sort of a drop-skirt is really necessary to give the outside skirt the proper flare and swing. Fit the outside skirt carefully around the hips, taking care to hold it easy on the band when basting. It is a great mistake to fit too snugly over the hips. Make everything right at the top of the skirt before beginning at the bottom. When this is done, measure ten inches from the center of the front, and make a lengthwise slash about nine inches deep. Measure the skirt in thirds between the slash and the back seam, and at each third cut a slash two inches longer than the one before it. Set in gores of brown velveteen five inches wide at the foot, terminating at a point, and enough longer than the slash to make the skirt the proper length. The center of each gore must be laid on the lengthwise thread of the velveteen, and the nap must all run down. Between the gores set a doubled bias of velveteen deep enough to complete the length of skirt and fulled a very little. Set a diamond-shaped inset of velveteen above the point of each gore. Trim above the ruffle, and outline the gores and insets with brown silk passementerie or braid or brown silk folds. Get a pattern of the Esther Eton—page 18, October WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION—and remodel the jacket from it. As it is now double-breasted, and the pattern mentioned is not, I think the worn place under the arms will cut out. Of course, the collar and revers will be of velveteen. Your sleeve will not cut over as wide as the pattern, but that may be remedied by setting a gore of velveteen from the wrist to the elbow, and finishing the lower edge with doubled bias of velveteen and trimming to match the skirt.

LITTLE GIRL'S PARTY-DRESS

EDITOR DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT:—I have a huge circular cloak lined with squirrel fur, and a black velvet dress, originally very handsome, but now much worn. I have also a black beaver hat. The brim is the same width as the hats of this season, but the crown is much too high. An old light blue cashmere, with skirt much wider and fuller than the skirts of to-day, completes my list of left-overs. I need a coat and hat for myself, and coat, hat and dress suitable for my little six-year-old daughter to wear to a party. Will anything that I have be of any service in supplying these urgent needs? I am an excellent seamstress, and have more time than money.

MRS. FREDERICK M.

ANSWER TO MRS. FREDERICK M.—The woman who has time and skill and squirrel fur is greatly to be envied. You have the greater part of a handsome winter wardrobe with little outlay of money. Study carefully the article in the November WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, "New Fashions in Furs." Note what is written about the need of special training to make fur garments. It is perfectly true, but it is possible for an experienced seamstress with a habit of observation and good sense to do many things that specialists claim the exclusive right to do. Great care must be taken in cutting to keep the fur lying toward the lower edge of the garment, and the seams are overhanded, as you will see when you rip your cloak apart. There is therefore no allowance for seams. Doubtless there is enough of the fur to make a three-quarter-length coat. If not, the model of sable-trimmed broad-tail in the November number would, in my opinion, be the next choice. Perhaps you have an old sealskin collar or jacket from which the collar, revers and cuffs might be made. Whatever pattern you select, cut it first from cambric, baste it, and fit it perfectly, and use it as the pattern by which to cut the fur. Make a stitched belt of gray velvet, close with a silver buckle, and close the front with gray silk frogs. Light gray satin or louisine would be a pretty lining, but the coat must first be interlined with flannel or the ready-made quilted lining. Make a flat muff of the pieces of fur that are left. Before making your hat we will make a coat for the little girl from your velvet dress. Rip the skirt apart, brush carefully with a soft brush, and then freshen by steaming. The illustration will show the proper shape and length. The collar, revers and cuffs are of cream broadcloth crossed with wide straps of velvet trimmed with lace, and a lace ornament or a handsome button in the end of each. Interline with flannelette, and line with cream satin or some substitute for satin. Dampen some of the best of the remaining pieces of velvet, and make panne velvet of them by pressing dry with a moderately warm iron, following the pile of the velvet with each stroke of the iron. Make a hat of

CHILD'S VELVET COAT

MADE-OVER CHEVIOT SUIT

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 35]

HOSPITALITY IN

OUR CLUB PARTY

EVERYBODY seemed to be pretty tired after Christmas. A lot of the young people had been at home from school and college for the holidays, and they had been up to all sorts of "didoes"—sleighing-parties, sledding-parties, little dances, and I do not know what besides—so that when once they were away again I dare say their mothers and elder sisters were not sorry to take a rest. The first thing that stirred us up at all in a social way was our club supper, along toward the latter part of January.

We have a very nice club in our town, and it has been in existence for several years. Last year we joined the Federation. We had always met in the afternoons, had our exercises, and then perhaps had a cup of tea or coffee and some cake before we broke up, but this year some one suggested that we should invite the husbands of the members. Of course, there are some who were not married—there always are in a club, I notice—and they had permission to each invite a relative or a friend. So we thought we would have a very pleasant affair of it.

As this was the first time we ever had had gentlemen present, we wished to have everything as nice as possible, and yet we did not feel we could be extravagant. None of the club-members are rich—to put it mildly—and the dues are small. We did not think we had any right to run the club into expense just because we were going to have men there, and yet things must go off well. It took lots of planning. I was on the committee of arrangements, and so were Mrs. Conyers and Mrs. Fairlie. The latter said she felt she had no business there, because she was such a new-comer, but we felt it would not do to seem to neglect the minister's wife. She had been elected a member just as soon as she came to town.

In the first place, we were in some doubt as to where we would have the meeting. We had no regular club-rooms, but met around from house to house. We talked about it for a while, and then Mrs. Fairlie spoke up rather timidly.

"I would be delighted to have it at the parsonage," she said.

For a minute we hesitated.

"You know we have that enormous big parlor," said Mrs. Fairlie. "It is just the place for anything of this sort. It is so big that we rarely sit in it in this cold weather, for it takes such a big fire to warm it up."

"But won't it be a lot of trouble?" asked somebody.

"Oh, we'll all help," said I.

"I'll engage Elspeth as part of my contribution to the occasion," said Margaret Simpson. Margaret was pretty young to be on a committee, but she was so energetic that we had all felt as if we must have her.

"You may have my maid," said Lois.

"I'll send mine," said Mrs. Conyers.

And then we all laughed, for she does all her own work.

"Or at least I'll do the same thing," she said. "I'll come and spend the day, and lend a hand."

She and Mrs. Fairlie were great friends, and I could see that the minister's wife was pleased.

"I can't see that I'll have anything to do," she said.

So it was settled, and then we all went to work planning what we should have to eat. After a great deal of discussion we decided upon what we thought would be a good supper. We would have sliced cold chicken and turkey. Then there would be warm rolls. Some of the ladies make beautiful rolls. We puzzled a little about the salad, and at last Lois spoke up. "I'll bring the salad," she said.

"Not for every one," I said. "There will be thirty people."

"You bring half, and I'll bring the other half," said Margaret.

"But what is it to be?" we asked.

"Mine was to be a fish salad," said Lois.

It took a good deal of going around among the ladies before we finally made out the full list. Besides the meat and rolls and salad there were to be coffee and tea and cake. Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. Weldon said they would send lemon and orange jelly, and Mrs. Conyers promised to bring a mold of a new fruit jelly she had just learned to make.

THE TABLE WAS ARRANGED WITH PILES OF PLATES, NAPKINS AND SILVER

"But you haven't left anything for me," said Mrs. Fairlie.

We told her that she gave the house.

"That's not enough," she said. "I am going to give you a punch—a temperance punch. And if, when you have drunk it, you don't think it is better than any punch you ever drank that had liquor in it, I'll lose my guess."

So it was settled that way, and we all worked hard getting ready.

Of course, it was a great success. We very seldom have a failure in our town—perhaps because we don't generally undertake more than we are sure we can carry out.

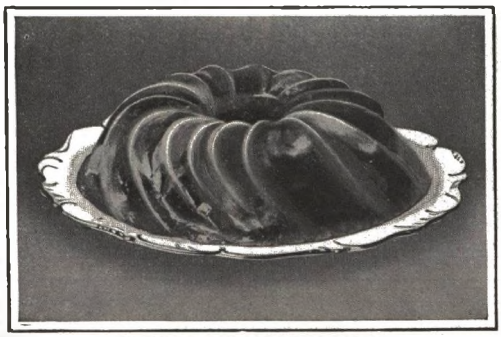
The dining-room at the parsonage is across the hall from the parlor, and although nothing like so large a room,

OUR OWN TOWN

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

it is still much bigger than the ordinary dining-room. The house was built for a parsonage, and all the rooms seem to have the possibilities of entertaining the parish. It makes it a hard house to take care of, but it is very convenient for such

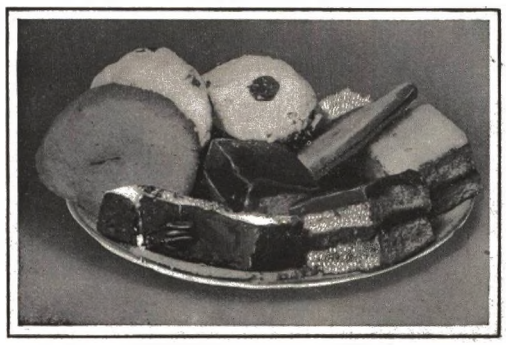
The table was made small, and arranged with piles of plates, of napkins and of silver that would be needed. At one side was a pitcher of ice-water



CLEAR JELLY WITH MIXED FRUITS

times as this. We thought at first that we would use both rooms, but when we remembered what an ark of a place the big parlor looked we decided that we would have everything in the one room. So we moved the dining-room table across, put it in one corner, and set a

and glasses, but after people had once tasted the punch the water ceased to be popular. One dish of the chicken was put on the table, but the general way was for the men to pass the plates and napkins and forks and those



A PLATE OF DAINTY, MIXED CAKES

screen before it during the early part of the evening. Then when we were ready for supper we pulled the screen away, and let the men work waiting on the ladies. The punch-bowl stood further out in the room, where it could be reached when any one was thirsty, and

sort of things to the ladies, and then to pass around the dishes of refreshments. Elspeth and Mrs. Fairlie's maid and Lois' were there, too, and there was no confusion. Every one had plenty.

The fish salad was one of the new ideas that Lois was all the time bringing

A SINGLE PORTION OF THE FISH SALAD

what Mrs. Fairlie had said proved true. No one there had ever tasted a better punch, and old Mr. Millbank, who is very fond of teasing, pretended to believe that there must be "something drunk" about it. But there really was not a drop of anything intoxicating in the whole bowl.

out. I don't think even Margaret had ever seen it before, although what she made from the recipe Lois gave her was just as good as that Lois made herself. One or two persons did not care for it, but nearly every one said it was

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 48]

The Great Work of the Presbyterian Ch

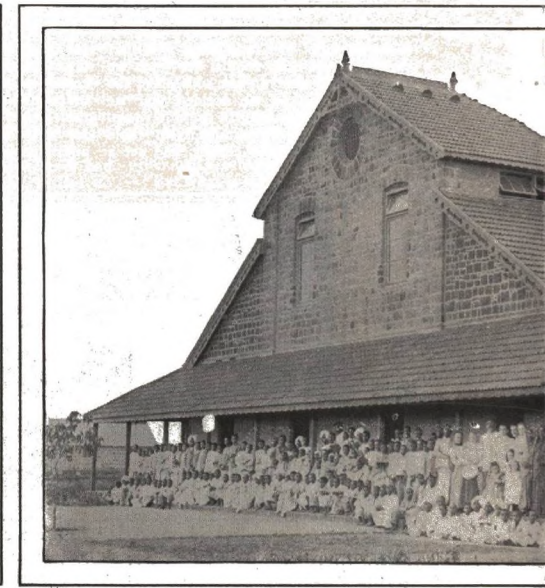
See Page

This Will be Followed by a Series of Articles on the Work of Other Leading Denominations and Societies, Associations and Societies for the Young and Old, and the Work Among the Poor, the Afflicted and the Une

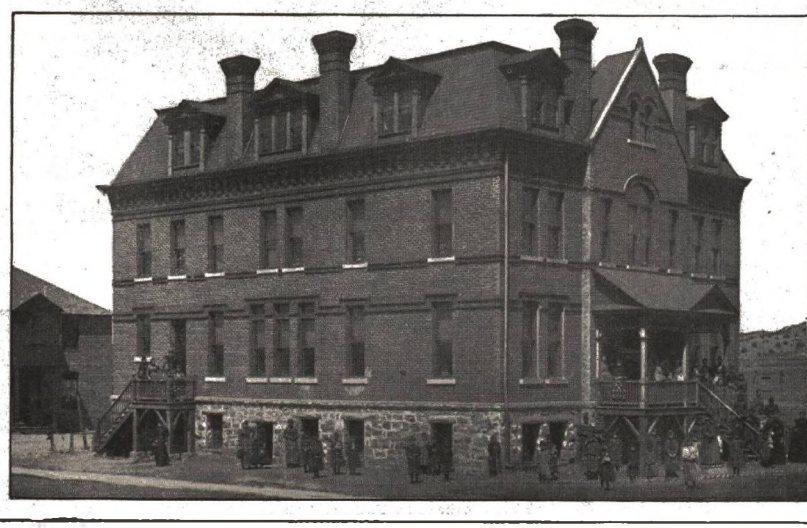
NASSAU HALL, PRINCETON COLLEGE, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

WASATCH ACADEMY FOR MORMON CH

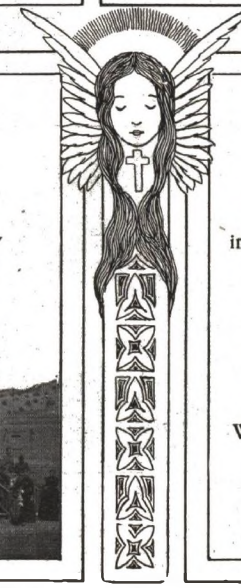
DAVID GRIGGS' HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN, CANTON, CHINA



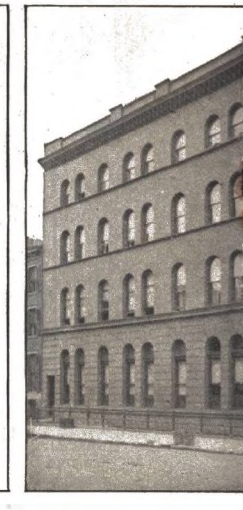
SCHOOL FOR BOYS,



GIRLS INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO



First Article in the Series of "Great Movements Which Are Making the World Better"

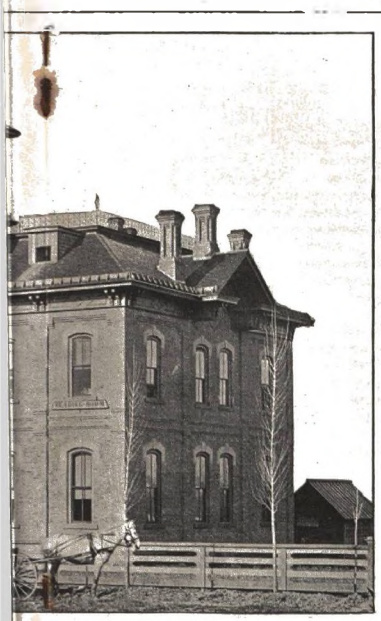


SETTLEMENT HOUSE, MAINTAINED BY MADISON SC

Church of America. By Robert E. Speer

ee Page 6

ieties, Which Will Illustrate and Describe Hospitals, Homes, Medical and Industrial Missions, Schools and Colleges,
he Uneducated. Each of the Articles Will be by a Leading Spirit in the Denomination or Organization Described



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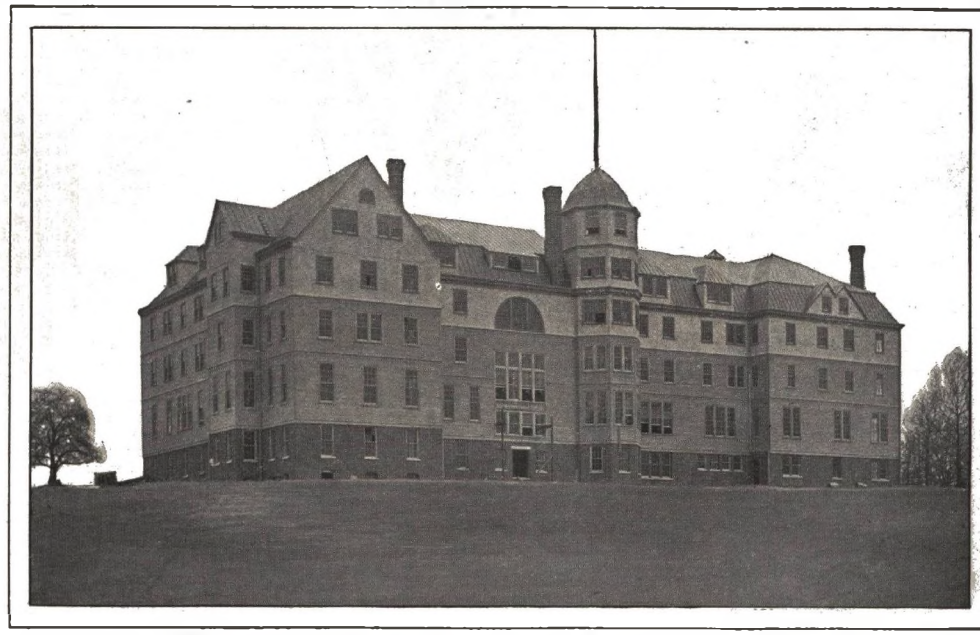
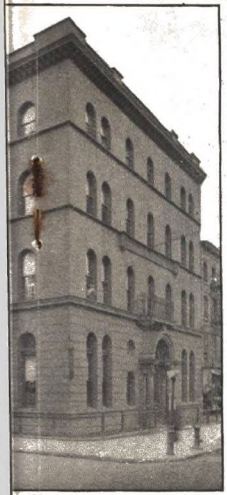


COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE FOR MOUNTAIN GIRLS, ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

OYS, SANGLI, INDIA

THE RESIDENCE, WHITWORTH COLLEGE, TACOMA, WASHINGTON



For Description of Pictures See Article by Robert E. Speer on Page 6

N SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, LAHORE, INDIA

"Japanese" Embroidery

BY MARIE VANDER SANDE

A NOVEL AND ARTISTIC COMBINATION OF MEXICAN DRAWN-WORK AND JAPANESE RAISED-FLOWER WORK

THE doing of fancy-work is too intimately domestic ever to lose its charm for the women who love their homes and love to have them beautiful. But even the most practical of women—women who buy furniture to last a lifetime, and linen for their children's children—want to indulge in the real woman's right of artistic and useful novelties in fancy-work.

The fad for a great variety of cheap colored work on cheap lawn, that would not wash nor wear, is past. Women, most of us at least, could not afford to put a week's work on a day's pleasure. New things we want, but new things that will wear, surely until the fad for them is past.

"Japanese" embroidery is this winter's newest and most beautiful fancy-work, and it will comfort busy women to know that with all its beauty and seeming novelty it is easy to make. It takes careful work and a reasonable amount of time, as all worth-while art work does, but it does not mean a course of embroidery-lessons or large expenditure in books or patterns.

If you understand the ordinary long-and-short Kensington stitches, and know something of the patient weaving of designs in Mexican drawn-work, you can do "Japanese" embroidery with just a word or two of instruction.

The best materials on which to work are Irish linen and coarse grass-linen; but any material that has a strong enough thread to draw without breaking will do—canvas, for instance, or burlap.

Any pattern will serve, providing the embroidery is made to meet around the spaces that are to be drawn. To get the raised effect of Japanese work, the design is first stitched solidly with coarse cotton—not outline, but all-over work—varying the thickness of the mass to bring about artistic effects in flowers and leaves. For example, the *edges* of the petals have a very heavy roll, while the work on leaf and flower *centers* are scattered or stitched in French knots.

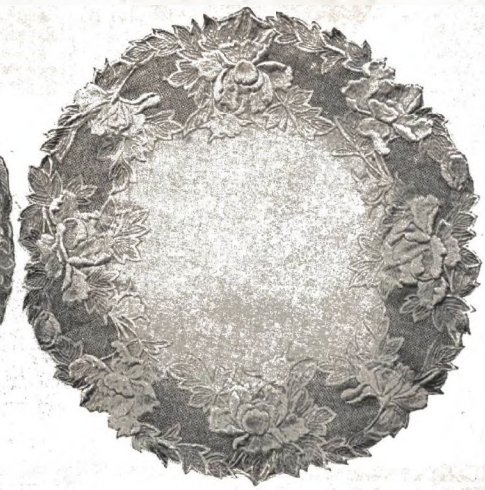
To get the best effects a fine silk is used, and closely worked. This applies only to fine linen; for canvas or burlap the coarsest saddlers' silk is best. When cotton thread is used it is much more sparely done, with less filling. After the embroidery is complete and the spaces entirely circled by some embroidery-stitch, the threads are most carefully drawn, and one or a variety of drawn-work patterns worked in silk, linen or cotton, to match the flower-embroidery.

In the chrysanthemum centerpiece a variety of stitches are used, while the rose pattern has but one very fine drawn-work design, like a lace mesh. Where the flower-work does not entirely inclose a space, all that is necessary is to buttonhole a border, to hold the drawn-work threads.

Fine wash-silks are used most effectively in this work. Try the chrysanthemum in yellow silk, and do the drawn-work stitches in shades of yellow. Embroider the rose design in Jacqueminot red, with leaves one shade of green, and all the silk in the drawn-work pale green. Nothing richer could be designed than this "Japanese" embroidery in colors.

There is scarcely any kind of decorative effects in fancy-work where the "Japanese" embroidery cannot be artistically used. It is beautiful for table-linen, bureau-scarfs, sofa-pillows, and even for dress-trimming—yokes, collars, sashes, etc., and it is as durable as it is pretty.

CHRYSANTHEMUM CENTERPIECE—SHOWING VARIETY OF DRAWN-WORK



ROSE DESIGN—SHOWING RAISED EMBROIDERY AND FINE DRAWN-WORK

Answers to October Puzzles

The Perplexed Merchant of Bagdad

MR. SAM LOYD has rendered the following decision with regard to his puzzles in the October number of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION:

"In the puzzle of The Perplexed Merchant of Bagdad we find it almost unanimously conceded that the bogshead contained sixty-three gallons of water and the barrel thirty-one and one half gallons of wine, and that in all juggling problems each and every change from one receptacle to another constitutes a manipulation. The following answer, by S. N. Ayres, of Nether wood, New York, which receives the first prize, performs the feat in five hundred and six manipulations:

"Fill the three ten-gallon bottles with wine, pouring the remaining one and one half gallons into the two-gallon measure (four manipulations). With the four-gallon measure fill the barrel from the hogshead, leaving one half gallon in the four-gallon measure. Give this one half gallon to camel No. 1. With the four-gallon measure return twenty-eight gallons of water from the barrel to the hogshead. Pour one and one half gallons of wine from the two-gallon measure into the four-gallon measure. Pour two gallons of water from the barrel into the two-gallon measure and return to the hogshead. Draw the remaining one and one half gallons from the barrel into the two-gallon measure, and give to camel No. 2. Pour one and one half gallons of wine from the four-gallon measure into the two-gallon measure (thirty-seven manipulations). Repeat this thirty-seven-manipulation operation eleven times more, but on the tenth and eleventh repetitions, instead of returning two gallons to the hogshead, deliver to two camels, then eight camels will have received three gallons each, and four camels one gallon each, by four hundred and forty-eight manipulations. Now fill the barrel from the hogshead, using the four-gallon measure, and give the one half gallon remaining to camel No. 13. Draw three gallons from the hogshead into the four-gallon measure (eighteen manipulations). Return all wine to the hogshead. Empty the barrel into the three ten-gallon bottles, and draw remaining one and one half gallons into the two-gallon measure. Return the contents of the three bottles to the barrel, and pour one and one half gallons from the two-gallon measure into a bottle (twelve manipulations). Fill the two-gallon measure from the four-gallon measure, leaving one gallon. Fill the barrel from the two-gallon measure, and give the remaining one half gallon to camel. Then give five camels two gallons each, and all have been served (thirteen manipulations). Fill the empty bottles from the barrel, and draw the remaining one and one half gallons into bottle No. 1. Return the contents of bottles Nos. 2 and 3 to the barrel (five manipulations). Pour one gallon from the four-gallon measure into bottle No. 2. Put six gallons of wine in No. 3, using the two and four gallon measures. Empty the gallon from bottle No. 2 into the four-gallon measure, and fill up the four-gallon measure with wine from No. 3. Pour the contents of the four-gallon measure into bottle No. 2. Draw two gallons of water from the barrel, and put into bottle No. 2 (ten manipulations), and the feat has been accomplished in five hundred and six manipulations.

F. L. Sawyer, of Mitchell, Ontario, Canada, wins the $10.00 prize in five hundred and nineteen manipulations. The three $5.00 prizes are awarded to Mrs. Fred. H. Polhill, 84 Marion Street, Poughkeepsie, New York; Francis F. Longley, 135 Elm Street, Kalamazoo, Michigan, and Mrs. A. M. Gates, Maywood, Nebraska. Some who claimed to perform the feat by shorter methods failed to record the manipulations correctly.

The Drummer Puzzle

The $5.00 prize for the best Drummer's tour of the cities is awarded to Lea Edna Rich, 407 Olive Street, Atlantic, Iowa, who saves some seven hundred miles by selecting the following route: Boston, Chicago, Carson City, Salt Lake City, Bismarck, Concord, Niagara, Spokane, Minneapolis, Phoenix, Leadville, St. Louis, Des Moines, Charleston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Jacksonville, New Orleans, Richmond, Nashville, Atlanta, Little Rock, Galveston, San Francisco.

The Last Stand at Bunker Hill

(See Painting by F. C. Yohn on Page 15)

OLD as it is, the phrase "The Battle of Bunker Hill" still stirs the heart of the good American. Fought on the seventeenth day of June, 1775, it was the first definite battle in the War of Independence. The Colonists had for a long time been chafing under unjust treatment. The British Parliament had sought to regulate the internal policy of the Colonies, and had imposed taxes on the Americans without allowing them representatives in Parliament. Their spirit of unrest grew, and the more the King attempted to coerce them, the nearer they came to rebellion.

The skirmishes at Lexington and Concord had stirred the Colonists to their depths, and had roused the British to the gravity of the situation. General Gage, who commanded at Boston, was reinforced, so that in June, 1775, his army numbered ten thousand brave men. New England had likewise been active, and sixteen thousand Provincial troops invested Boston on the land side. It became known to the patriots that the British intended on June 18th to seize and fortify Bunker Hill, an elevation not far from Charleston, and Dorchester Heights, south of Boston.

DETERMINED to anticipate them, Colonel Prescott, with a thousand men, was ordered to make a night march to Charleston and fortify Bunker Hill. In the long, cool evening at the end of a summer day the troops gathered on the Cambridge Common, and Samuel Langdon, President of Harvard College, offered up a prayer for their success. Then just as darkness fell they set out across Charleston Neck. Prescott was at their head. In the rear was a company of artillery and behind lumbered the wagons which held their intrenching-tools.

Owing to its position, they decided to fortify Breed's Hill rather than Bunker Hill, to which they had been ordered. The engineer laid out a redoubt; guns were put aside, and picks and shovels were taken. Across the river gleamed and flickered the lamps of Boston; below in the river scattered lights showed the positions of five British gunboats. The voice of the sentry or the call of a night-bird were the only sounds which came from the direction of the town. On the hill there was the dull thud of picks, the click of shovels and the low, quiet voice of an officer directing the work. That was all. One by one the stars went out; the gray dawn crept out of the water to the east, and still the men toiled.

AS THE sun came up the British discovered that the enemy had crept on them in the night. The gunboats opened fire, and Boston awoke with a start. The generals realized their danger. If the Colonists held the hill they could not hope to hold Boston, so it was determined to attack at once.

The little breeze of the night had died down, and from a white, cloudless sky the June sun shone pitilessly. The Americans were tired out. They had but a scanty supply of food and water, but they were determined. A few reinforcements under John Stark arrived and took a position behind a rail fence on the left of the redoubt. Israel Putnam joined the force, and Doctor Warren appeared with a musket. He had been commissioned a major-general by the Massachusetts Congress, but he refused to take the command. "I have come," he said, "to fight as a volunteer."

Shells came thick and fast from the vessels and from the battery on Copp's Hill; but they did little damage, and the tall figure of Prescott was frequently seen on the breastwork, cheering his men.

By noon three thousand British troops under Howe and Pigot had landed at the base of the hill, and at three o'clock in the afternoon began the forward movement. The troops formed in three lines. They were brave men, these British soldiers. On they moved, their bayonets glinting like steel pickets in the sunshine, their red coats making a line of brilliant color against the green of the grass; behind them were the drummers beating the long and steady roll of a march. Cannon sputtered on the ships. But above, on the hilltop, there was no longer motion. There was no sound. The British soldiers were marching toward a silence—a silence like that of an unknown darkness; higher still, over fences, through the long grass, where a day before the meadow-larks had nested peacefully! It was like a parade! They neared the redoubt. It was hard for the patriots to lie there quiet while Death moved like a long red sickle on the hill below.

Suddenly there was the chirp of a rifle—a soldier staggered; then stillness again. From the redoubt came voices, but there were no more shots. Nearer still, so near that the crouching Colonists behind the breastwork could see the parted lips of the soldiers as they panted in the march. The fire from the ships now ceased; their own men were too near the enemy. In another minute they would be over the redoubt. Then a sword gleamed over the sod wall. Out over the stillness came the sharp, whipping voice of command, "Fire!" From the breastwork flame and shot leaped toward the invaders. From the mouths of old army-muskets, from settlers' rifles, from farmers' fowling-pieces, Death swept down the hill. Whole platoons went down before the hail of bullets. Scarlet coats wavered and fell, as the tall, red ironweeds in the meadow go down before a summer gale. First from the redoubt and then from the rail fence the British were repulsed. In a little it was over, and they had retreated to the shore.

Then the British fired Charleston, and so added a new terror to the day.

AGAIN Howe formed his men, and again they advanced. Once more that long and terrible climb up the hill toward the redoubt over the bodies of their comrades, once more the ominous silence, once more the sheet of flame and the gray hail, and once more the British were driven back, with terrible loss.

General Clinton now came over with reinforcements, and the regulars prepared for a third attack. Behind the intrenchment matters had come to a crisis. All through the night these men had worked, all through the day they had been subjected to the terrible strain of waiting for and receiving an attack. Prescott had sent for reinforcements and for ammunition, but they had failed to reach him. He saw a tired body of men called on to meet an attack of fresh soldiers and with only one or two rounds of ammunition to the man. The British had discarded their knapsacks, and now came up the hill in light-marching order. They planted artillery at the end of the breastwork, and raked its entire length, so that Stark was obliged to withdraw. The redoubt was assaulted on three sides. The Provincials poured in a last withering volley. Then, as the staggering British line came over the breastwork, they clubbed their muskets, and it was a hand-to-hand fight, but they could not stand against numbers and pointed steel.

RELUCTANTLY Prescott gave the order to withdraw. With General Warren he was the last to leave the breastwork. At the moment of retiring Warren was struck in the head by a bullet, and fell dead.

All that was left of the little body of Colonists retreated in good order across the Neck. They were not pursued. Technically the British had won the Battle of Bunker Hill, for they had captured the position. In reality they had lost. The Colonists had inflicted so severe a loss on their enemies that the latter were unable to occupy Dorchester Heights and so prevent the Provincials from laying effective siege to the town. Though not in itself decisive, this battle is perhaps the most memorable of the Revolution. In one way it was one of the most remarkable battles of all time. The British loss was something over thirty per cent, which was a greater per cent of loss than the British troops had ever before sustained in a single engagement. The general impression at the time was that the battle was fought on Bunker Hill. It was so given in the records and in history. In reality it took place on Breed's Hill, and it was upon this hill that the Bunker Hill Monument was erected, near the spot where the brave Warren fell.

The Editor's Point of View

HER lover of outdoors is in winter forced more or less to satisfy his longing for the woods and fields by reading books about them, and so preparing himself for the next season's campaign. Nature books just now are so multitudinous that it is difficult to make a choice, but there are certain classics with which every one who pretends to have acquaintance with Nature should be familiar. Gilbert White's "Selborne" is one of the oldest. It is a record of observations in a country parish in England, and has survived for over a century as one of the most charming of Nature books. Besides this is Walton's "Complete Angler," another of the old English classics. Among American writers on Nature Thoreau stands first both in time and place. All his works are full of careful and loving observations of animal and plant life, and of a very interesting philosophy which is helpful and bracing in its tone. "Walden" and the "Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" are his best books, but his journals, edited by H. G. O. Blake, are full of interest and suggestion to the Nature student.

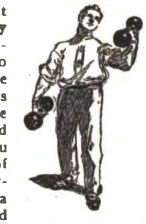
The seeker after outdoor literature should know the principal books of John Burroughs. He has done more than any other to make Nature-study popular. Maurice Thompson published a collection of studies, called, if we remember rightly, "Byways and Bird-Notes," and Mr. Higginson's "Outdoor Papers" are valuable. The more modern books by Seton, Torrey, Roberts, Abbot, Skinner, etc., you will find plentifully advertised in the published catalogues.

For those who wish manuals and technical books to aid them in their study there are almost as many. Amateur botanists may read Mrs. Parson's "How to Know the Wild Flowers" and "According to Season," and Miss Keeler's "Our Native Trees." "Gray's Manual" is excellent for the field-work of more advanced students. Ornithologists will be interested in "How to Name the Birds," by John B. Grant, "Bird-Craft," by Mrs. Wright, and Frank Chapman's "Handbook of Birds" and "Bird-Life."

Among the more ambitious books on ornithology Ridgway's Check List is decidedly technical. Coues' "Key to North American Birds" is in process of publication, and will be very valuable and up to date. There are popular editions both of Wilson's and Nuttall's ornithologies. Jordan's "Manual of Vertebrates" is a good field book for identifying specimens of birds, mammals, fish and reptiles.

Of late the very excellent fashion of making new resolutions at the New-year has fallen somewhat into disrepute. Nobody ever keeps good resolutions, it is said, so why take the trouble to make them? This is merely an excuse for the cowardly and easy-going. If you want to get rid of your bad habits set a watch upon yourself and cease to commit them. But a habit is a difficult thing to break, and sentiment is a great assistant. The mind likes to be stirred up; it likes to have something to date from; if you are honestly in love, or under some religious stimulus, it is far easier to resist temptation. So, only in a very much less degree, a compact that one makes with one's self at a special time, such as a birthday, a marriage anniversary or the New-year, is easier to keep. It is a little easier to begin anew on the first day of the year than on ordinary days. New-Year's Day carries with it the idea of beginning, of freshness, of youth, of hopefulness. It is an excellent starting-point. It is good to make new resolutions every day in the year, but it is better to make them on this one day. And who of us does not need this renewal? Who does not need the little housecleaning of the heart, the fresh start in life? Begin the New-year by determining to do more good deeds than you did in the old; begin by believing that you can cure yourself of your follies. It is only the cowards who say that good resolutions are always broken. Brave people believe in their ability to control their characters; they are the people who do control them.

A gentleman of Boston, when asked who could remedy the illegal joints and the possible crookedness of the police department, said, "The lazy good people of the Back Bay." The location of the city is of very little importance. The sentence must stand as a condemnation of the "lazy good people" the world over, whether they live in a little, ill-managed city in Ohio or in a big, worse-managed city in the East. To two things is municipal corruption due—laziness, and cowardice on the part of the so-called best citizens. They know that evil exists. They even put up with some inconvenience rather than stir themselves in the behalf of good. It is moral laziness. On the other hand, lest they should in some measure injure a business interest by admitting that their city is not what it should be, coward-like, they sit with their hands folded. They grumble, perhaps; they lament, with lifted eyes, their ills, but they make no move to remedy. And the thing which makes it all the more shameful is that a real move on their part means success. There is a practical, if not a moral, excuse for a man hanging back when he may expect failure, but there is mighty little with which to salve his conscience if he sees only success; and nothing is truer than that the good men may rule, if they will. The Lord said to Abraham that if ten righteous men were found in Sodom he would not destroy it. It is not amiss to-day to apply this by saying that ten righteous men could save a city—if they would. The question is merely whether or not they have a mind to. Goodness has been, and always will be, a strong, two-edged sword in itself. You can explain this how you like, but people rally to it against evil if good only lifts its head. The majority of weak, indifferent people, who tip the balance, are sure to follow the leading of good men. And so we come back to the indictment that the "lazy good people" have themselves to blame for evil in the world; evil that they don't like to think of, evil that perhaps they have just heard of. It is in their hands that the whole matter rests.



As a people we do not get enough exercise. This is especially true during the winter months, when hot houses and too heavy clothing all tend to keep us sluggish and in bad condition. In the winter season the wise man or woman, deprived of his ordinary exercise in the open air, will take other exercise indoors. Most towns nowadays offer gymnasium facilities, and both men and women should make it a point to have, if possible, some regular hour with the class under an instructor. An hour twice a week accomplishes a great deal as a health-giver. Those who are not within reach of gymnasiums should see to it that they get a little light exercise each day. The best time is before going to bed. Fifteen minutes with light dumb-bells, or even regular movements without apparatus, put one in a fine state for sleep. Fifteen minutes' exercise every day is worth three weeks in a sanatorium or under the doctor's care.

MELISSA FROM ARCADY

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

III.—Her Second Lesson in Good Grooming

MELISSA opened her eyes the next morning upon a maid, white-capped, white-aproned and print-gowned—a neat and attractive figure. The maid held a tray, on which a pitcher steamed, while a cup lay empty in its saucer, and a salt-cellar sat pertly erect. Melissa did not observe the salt-cellar at first, and leaped to the conclusion that coffee awaited her.

"Oh, thank you!" she said. "Good-morning. Is it coffee?"

"No, miss," said the smiling maid; "it's hot water and salt. Miss Hortense thought you might be wishful for some."

A wry face testified to Melissa's lack of wishfulness; but while she was adding the testimony of words to that of expression, Hortense trailed into the room in a crimson-silk dressing-gown, and a pair of crimson "Romeos" on her feet. Melissa looked at her admiringly. She knew, for all her Arcadian simplicity, that a plain woman who may hide her defects by elegance and daintiness and becomingness during her clothed hours often shows her native homeliness when she is subjected to the dressing-room test in the cruel early sunlight. But Hortense was still a picture—tall, graceful and vivid, her lustrous dark hair in long, shining braids, her eyes clear, her dark, pale skin taking vividness from her vivid garb. She held a steaming cup in her hand, and as she advanced she called out, cheerfully, "Good-morning, Melissa! Oh, yes, you want it. Just leave the hot water, Katy. Thank you."

She curled herself up at the foot of the bed, and surveyed her cousin critically. "Yes," she said, nodding, "you do look rested. You're going to be a credit to me."

"Is this," inquired Melissa, with a scornful nod toward the hot water, "part of the treatment?"

"The chief part, I am inclined to believe," answered Hortense. "My dear, don't you know that the foundation-stone of beauty is laid in the stomach? It is. And hot water, either plain or with lemon or with salt, is the chief preservation of a healthy digestion."

"It's medicine," pouted Melissa. But she took up her cup, poured half the contents of her pitcher into it, salted it, and began to sip the mixture.

"Take it—a pint of it—an hour before breakfast every day in the year, and the chances are that you'll need no other medicine," declared Hortense, finishing her cup.

She watched her cousin drink the pint to the last drop, then she assumed her sibylline manner, and said, "Melissa, you have the making of a first-rate cream-and-peachy complexion, but you're inclined to that most prosaic complaint on the list—biliousness. Aren't you?"

Melissa blushed. "Yes, I dare say I am. How did you know?"

"Dull skin," said the beauty expert, sententiously. "Well, hot water an hour before breakfast every day, with occasional doses of the same remedy midway between meals two or three times a month, will cure biliousness. And your eyes and skin will show it at once. It's a cheap remedy, my dear," and she rose to go.

"Oh, it's all very cheap!" said Melissa. "It's cheap for you. But we have no servant at home—just a workwoman twice a week. Do you think I ought to stop getting breakfast every morning to beautify myself? You cannot know how busy we are on a farm!"

Hortense considered her cousin attentively for a few seconds. "Oh, you're an ardent disciple!" she scoffed. "You'd let a little management stand between you and beauty. Melissa, have you any sort of a little alcohol-lamp at the farm?"

Melissa shook her head.

"Well, never mind; before you return to Arcady I'll get one for you. On it you may heat a pint of water in about four minutes while dressing, and drink it before you go down-stairs. It will cost you perhaps half a cent a day. Even if you had no lamp, you could put on the tea-kettle the minute you start the fire, and surely you are entitled to five minutes in the morning."

From beneath the pillow which accompanied this speech Melissa admitted that hot water was less difficult to obtain than she had believed before, and Hortense trailed away to the bath-room.

Melissa studied the wall-paper, which was restful and cozy, while the sound of running water and splashing in the adjoining bath-room proclaimed Hortense's occupation. By and by there was silence. Then came Hortense's face—flushed, smiling, glowing—through the door.

"What kind of a bath shall I fix for you? Tepid, cold, tub—or do you take a sponge or a shower?"

"Me?" said Melissa, in happy forgetfulness that she had ever taught grammar. "Oh, I had a bath last night!"

Hortense followed her head into the room.

"It isn't just for cleanliness," laboriously and apologetically explained Hortense. "It's for tonic and for medicine and for a preventive of colds and for daintiness and for beauty. Now, I'm only fairly vigorous. Therefore, I take only one hot bath a week at night, unless I am uncommonly tired or something. But a warm bath every morning, graded into absolute coldness, I never omit. If I have had a bath the night before, I take a cold sponge—I can't stand the shock of a shower. As a result—I don't want to seem conceited, Melissa—my flesh is firm, my skin fine-grained, and I almost never take cold."

"I'll take a shower," cried Melissa.

Before she was allowed to make her way to the dining-room in peace, where Mr. Bradford clung to the Arcadian custom of bringing the household together for breakfast, Melissa learned many more facts about bathing. She learned that two or three drops of benzoin in the water softened it, and had a corresponding influence upon the skin to which it was applied; that a flesh-brush, with which to scrub the body into a delicious, tingling glow of cleanliness, was vastly superior to a wash-cloth; that a Turkish "toofah" was liked by many for the same purpose, as being the dried, fibrous part of a plant it was sponge-like and yet capable of an irritating friction; that as little water as possible should be applied to the face of one whose skin is dry, a face-wash with soap and hot water once a week being enough for such, while the cold-cream and dash of cold water would suffice for the other six days; that oatmeal was cleansing, and contained an oil excellent for dry skins, and that bags made of cheese-cloth and holding oatmeal were admirable adjuncts to a bath; that aromatic vinegars and fine toilet-waters had a soothing and restful effect upon bathers, and that nothing could by any possibility justify the use of cheap perfumes, in the bath or anywhere else.

"Suppose," said Melissa suddenly, in the middle of the forenoon, "that you lived in a house without a bath-tub. What would become of your luxurious cleanliness then?"

Hortense looked curiously at her cousin, and then said, as one who confesses her faith, "I should somehow take my daily bath just the same. There are collapsible rubber bath-tubs, Melissa, which may be purchased at a moderate cost. I could get a daily sponge, no matter where I was!"

Like all converts to a fresh doctrine, Melissa was enthusiastic in the beauty cult, and she displayed her hands to Hortense.

That young lady shook her head at sight of them. "Why do girls persist in sunburning their fists every summer," she demanded, inelegantly, "whereas they want pretty hands as soon as the winter comes?"

"Well," said Melissa, in defense of her sister, "you know outdoors is pleasant in summer, even if one does lose a little whiteness."

The glittering appliances of the manicure's trade were laid out in a shining row—slender, long-curved nail-scissors, files, chamois rubbers, orange-wood sticks, powdered pumice, small bowls of warm water, pieces of lemon, and the like. Melissa's stained fingers were rubbed with lemon; the pricks left by the needle were polished down with pumice. Then she softened the fingers of one hand in a bowl of water, pressed back the hard skin around each nail with a dull-pointed piece of orange-wood, and submitted her hand to Hortense. That young woman deftly and slightly trimmed the dead cuticule, inveighing meantime against the use of the steel upon the nails, except in cases of absolute necessity. A healing touch of vaseline was put at the root of each nail, while the ends were curved and filed with scissors and file, smoothed with fine sandpaper, and cleaned with soft wood. When each hand had been so treated they were scrubbed with nail-brush, dipped in soap and water, dried, and the nails rubbed with the chamois buffer.

"Once," said Hortense, "we all wore isinglass nails; but in these days of dull-finished leather and home-finished laundry-work our nails are not so glittering as they were."

Then Melissa was instructed in the nightly care of her nails. "Loosen the cuticle with warm water, press it evenly back with the orange-wood stick, and rub it with a little vaseline, to keep it from growing dry and dead," said her mentor. "Keep half a lemon on your toilet-table, and use it constantly for discolorations or sunburn—if you are silly enough to accumulate sunburn. Keep a jar of oatmeal there, too, and use that frequently instead of soap. It will whiten and soften your hands wonderfully."

Her hair received Melissa's next attention. It was abundant and naturally beautiful, but dull, and splitting at the ends. It needed a shampoo, as hair which has endured a railroad journey does need one. The capable Hortense undertook this also.

First she separated the strands in many divisions, and rubbed vaseline well into each parting. This was for the loosening of dust and cinders, just as the cold-cream on the face was for the more intimate searching-out of dirt. Then a bowl of warm suds was prepared with tar soap. Melissa, bound with towels and with tightly shut eyes, submitted to having her scalp twice scrubbed in this with a small, moderately stiff nail-brush. Then Hortense's fingers took up the work, and rinsing-waters were applied until the final cold water ran in clear, unclouded drops. Hot towels dried the locks—the heat of a towel being held to impart a luster to the hair, while applications of hot air merely dry and deaden. When the hair was thoroughly dried, alcohol was rubbed into the scalp—not on the hair—the hair was twisted into ropes, and the end of each rope singed. Fifteen-minutes' brushing with a clean brush imparted an unaccustomed glossiness to it, and Melissa surveyed it with real enthusiasm. So did the generous Hortense, who said, "Melissa, it's just lovely; much better than mine—much silkier and thicker—only mine has been better kept. And now, Melissa, did you say Fenwick or Renwick?"

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The Nature-Study Club

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blue-jay, and full of all sorts of tricks. When you hear him, with a score of companions, all screaming at the tops of their voices, you may be pretty sure there is some mischief on foot, and it will pay you to investigate. It is more than likely that the jays have discovered an owl, and that each is striving to outdo the other in tormenting him. They fly at him, buffet him, tweak his feathers and shriek at the tops of their voices, while the poor, bewildered owl blinks and regards the undignified mob in blank astonishment. But woe to the blue-coated rascal who crosses the owl's path after sundown; there will not be enough of him left to tell to what species he belonged.

Owls are really much commoner than one is led to believe by the occasional specimens which are seen abroad in the daytime. If we searched the hollow trees systematically this morning we should probably discover several screech-owls, and perhaps some of the larger species. We might be surprised to find some of the screech-owls red and others gray, and, like the early ornithologists, we might conclude that the difference in color was due to difference in age or sex. It is now known that there are two distinct color phases of this species not dependent on either age or sex, though just what they are dependent on is not yet known.

When taken from their retreats in winter these birds frequently feign death—shutting their eyes, and lying perfectly still in the hand. By and by, when they find that their little ruse does not succeed, they will snap their bills and bite and scratch in a solemn but very effective manner. How they manage to get enough to eat on these dark, cold nights is a mystery to those unacquainted with the woods, but as a matter of fact there is more prey abroad on winter nights than is generally supposed. Wild mice are very numerous—a truth which is attested by their footprints on the newly fallen snow—and owls are most expert mouse-catchers. Their hearing is so acute that not a squeak escapes them, and they themselves are so soft on the wing that they do not alarm the game.

One night last winter, when walking through the woods, I heard a faint fluff of wings, followed by a sharp squeak almost at my feet, and then the intense silence which one seldom feels save on a snow-bound, moonless night. I carefully took my bearings, and visited the place again next morning. There were mouse-tracks, which ended at an irregular depression in the snow, and in the center of the depression was a little red stain, showing where an owl had crushed out the life of a wandering mouse.

But here is an interesting trail; it was made by a skunk, and if we follow it for a little while we can find where he lives. We may wonder why it is that sometimes we do not see skunk-tracks for weeks together at this season. It is because, although not true hibernators, skunks usually spend a part of each winter in their burrows. You will notice that these tracks are not at all like those of any other of our small wild animals; they extend in a double line, and the marks of the toe-nails, particularly those of the fore feet, are very conspicuous. But there is the skunk himself, walking leisurely along the border of the woods, with his bushy tail carried high in the air. That leisurely gait is a favorite one, for the creature knows that as a rule he is in little danger of pursuit. On occasion, however, he can travel at quite a brisk gallop. Skunks vary greatly in color, from almost white to entirely black, though the extremes are rare. Most specimens are black, with white markings—usually a narrow stripe down the center of the nose, and two stripes, one on each side of the back, meeting at the top of the neck.

Our friend yonder has already reached his home, and disappeared in the burrow under the stone wall. By the looks of it, that burrow was once the home of a woodchuck, and very likely the skunk drove him out and took possession. Skunks are well able to dig burrows for themselves, and often do, but as a rule they are not overfond of work. They are offensive only when in danger, real or imagined. I have often caught them, and in a few days made them tame.

Things Worth Reading

Smarter Than He Looked

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, of Mississippi, when on his way home, stopped at Omaha and met several friends in a café, who greeted him effusively. One of the shining lights of Omaha also was in the café, but somewhat "under the influence." After listening to the talk of Williams and his friends awhile, he sidled up to Williams, and said, "Are you Williams, of Mississippi?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Williams, "I am."

"John Sharp Williams?"

"Yes."

"So you are Representative John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi?"

"Yes."

"Well, judging from the way your speeches read, you are a hanged sight smarter man than you look."

The Retort Clever

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON tells an amusing story of an old colored preacher who was endeavoring to explain to his congregation how it was that the children of Israel passed over the Red Sea safely, while the Egyptians, who came after them, were drowned. The old man said, "My brethern, it wuz dis way: When de Israelites passed ober it wuz early in de mornin', while it wuz cold an' de ice wuz strong enough, so dat dey went ober all right; but when de Egyptians came 'long it wuz in de middle ob de day, an' de sun had thawed de ice, so dat it gave way under dem, an' dey wuz drownded."

At this a young man in the congregation, who had been away to school, and had come home, rose, and said, "I don't see how that explanation can be right, parson. The geography that I've been studying tells us that ice never forms under the equator, and the Red Sea is nearly under the equator."

"Dere now," said the old preacher, "dat's all right. Ise been 'spectin' some ob you smart Alecks would be askin' jest some such fool question De time I wuz talkin' 'bout wuz befo' dey had any jogafries, or 'quators, either."

A Good School

CHARLES H. CRAMP, the veteran shipbuilder of Philadelphia, told the other day of his visit to Czar Alexander of Russia, the father of the present ruler, when he received the first order for constructing in his yards a war-ship for the great empire of northern Europe.

"The Czar received me standing among some dozen or more of his naval dignitaries," he said, "and while he was graciousness itself, I was none the less embarrassed. You see, I was not used to that sort of thing, and really was wondering every minute just what would happen and what I would be expected to do. The Czar stood rather close to me as we talked, and I found myself wishing I were a bigger man as he towered above me. Then all of a sudden he asked, 'Mr. Cramp, in what school of naval architecture were you educated?'

"'I was educated in my father's yards. He was educated in his father's yards. We founded a school of naval architecture.'

"What put that into my head I will never know," continued Mr. Cramp, "but it took the trick. The Czar caught me by the hand, and said, 'Mr. Cramp, you were educated in the school that I am glad to have build ships for my navy.'"

Will Live a Century

ACCORDING to John Wanamaker, who has interviewed Pope Leo XIII., that venerable prelate intends to live for many years yet.

"While I was standing near him," says Mr. Wanamaker, "a woman of high position in society approached him, and asked respectfully after his health, His Holiness replying that he was very well, considering his years.

"'And how many may they be?' inquired the woman.

"'Ninety-two,' came the answer, with a smile that bespoke no little pride.

"'Is it possible!' exclaimed the other; and then she added, 'May you live, sire, to be a hundred.'

"'What, madam,' returned the Pope, 'would you limit me to that?'"

If you Canvass or Collect

every one of your customers is a possible customer for our magazine each month. It is easier to sell them a copy for 10 cents once a month than to get a year's subscription, and **you make more money this way.** We have a new scheme for working up a big list of monthly customers that can be gotten quickly, and will mean an *assured monthly income.* If you are a hustler, **write us at once,** and we will do the rest. **Circulation Dept. WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Springfield, Ohio.**

True Stories About Animals

Dogs have been the subject of an interesting experiment on the Seine at Paris. This place is a favorite one for would-be suicides. It has been thought that dogs could do an effective work in rescuing the unfortunates. Recently a trial was made with a dummy, but the dogs, in their eagerness to do the work assigned them, almost tore the counterfeit man into shreds. Now the question is, "What would have been the result if the dummy had been a real man?" At Gibraltar dogs are used extensively for smuggling purposes. St. Bernards have once more been established as a regular institution used for hunting persons lost in the snow.

Kaiser Wilhelm has a very tender spot in his heart for dogs, and particularly for war dogs. The King of Greece has two Danes, that are his favorites. Queen Marguerita owns a Griffon, to which she is greatly attached. Lotki is the name of a large greyhound belonging to the Czar. This dog accompanied the Czar and Czarina on their visit to Paris three years ago, and shared with them in many of the honors of that visit.

The remarkable life of a cat is again instanced from a story coming from the West. The story goes that a black-and-white cat fell down into an artesian well, three hundred feet from the surface. This was at 10:57 o'clock one morning, and at 11:07 the same morning the owner of a farm two and one fourth miles distant found the cat in the spring with which the well connects. It was pure white and still alive. The man took the cat to his home, and by the next morning it was none the worse for its experience. There is said to be no question whatever as to the black-and-white cat being one and the same.

Thomas W. Lawson, the millionaire sportsman, has recently paid three thousand dollars for a bulldog, named "Glen Monarch." Glen Monarch is the best American-bred bulldog in the country. He is three years old and is a prize dog. Mr. Lawson was the one who bought the famous Lawson pink.

A very impressive funeral was held not long ago at the Charles Mather Brandywine Meadow Stock Farm. The mourned deceased was King Gallopins' famous foxhound. The body was placed in a walnut casket with silver mountings. The funeral-car, appropriately draped, was drawn by four horses, each led by an attendant, and followed by King Gallopins, who was riding a hunter. Next came six blooded horses, each led by an attendant in full livery and followed by sixty canines, all "friends" or "relatives" of the deceased. Over the grave a dirge was chanted.

Ted is the name of a big dog which has the reputation of being the best-educated dog in the world, and valued at more than five thousand dollars. His home is in Escanaba, Michigan. He can do everything, pretty nearly, but talk. He is a brown spaniel, and exhibits his knowledge by means of twenty-six blocks, each one of which shows a letter of the alphabet. When certain questions are asked him he gives his answers by picking out the letters that spell the words. For instance, if you ask him who is ruining the country, he will spell out in a very authoritative way, t-r-u-s-t-s. If you ask him if he would rather live in Kansas City or die, he puts on a dejected look and stretches full-length on the floor, with closed eyes and a stiff body.

A peculiar experience befell some sheep in England last December. A flock of them were caught in a snow-storm, and buried under it for twenty-two days, when they were freed by the melting snow. They were discovered, and in spite of their mishap were able to walk a mile and a half to their home, scarcely the worse for their adventure.

POEMS OLD AND NEW

WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL

From "Love's Labors Lost," Act V., Scene 2.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Shakespeare.
(1564-1616)

FATE'S UNBENDING LAW

For every wound you give another,
The beauty of his life to mar,
Oh, bear in mind, my thoughtless brother,
Your own poor heart must wear a scar.

Nixon Waterman.

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

J. Gay.
(1685-1732)

THE MINSTREL AND THE KHAN

A Minstrel once, as chance befell,
Happed where the Moslem Tartars dwell.
Under the walls of a princely pile
He sang his song, yet grieved the while,
Thinking how very fine 'twould be
To reign a Khan of Tartary.

Genghis, Khan of Tartary,
Weary with ruling his kingdoms three,
Looked from his towers that echoed o'er
The Yenesei's sullen roar,
And marked the bard in the court below.
"Allah!" he sighed, "that I were so,
A man of merrie minstrelsy,
Instead of a Khan of Tartary."

Charles Fish Howell.

TO LUCASTA

On Going to the Wars

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde
To warre and arms I flee.

True a new mistresse now I chase—
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith imbrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

Richard Lovelace.
(1618-1658)

A Little Lesson in Subtraction

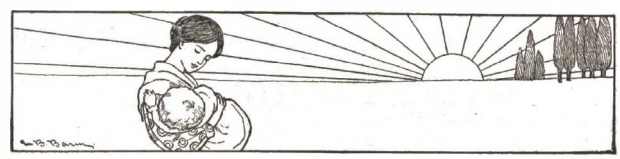
BY ETHELDRED BREEZE BONY

Five little children creeping on the floor;
One could not creep so fast, and so there were four.

Four little children dancing 'round a tree;
One tumbled on the grass, and so there were three.

Three merry little tots playing peek-a-boo;
One heard her nursie call, and so there were two.

Two little children playing in the sun;
A bee frightened one away, and so there was one.



One tired little child sitting all alone;
Mother took him in her arms, and so there was none.

Mainly About People

An Unfortunate Remark

SOME pleasant stories are told of President Hadley, the scholarly head of Yale College. One of these is that while strolling with his wife through the fine grounds of Dartmouth College during the centennial of that institution, they were admiring the beautiful college buildings, one of which in particular attracted their attention. It was the hall bearing over its entrance the inscription "Erected by John C. Blank as a memorial of his beloved wife." President Hadley stood in mute admiration of the noble pile, heaved a sigh, and said as though to himself, "Ah, that is what I should like to do for my college." The Yale boys to this day declare that President Hadley cannot understand why his wife at that particular moment looked up at him as though horrified. C. E. S.

He Held up a Highwayman

IN THE early days, when Senator Kerns, of Utah, was out prospecting for gold and silver in the mountains, without a dollar in the world, he was tramping along with his uncle one day, when he ran up against a "road-agent."

"Hands up," commanded the knight of the trail, shoving a big gun uncomfortably near to Kerns' face.

The future senator's fists sought the space above his head.

"Now fork over your money," demanded the outlaw.

"Can't do it," said Kerns, composedly.

"Why not?" thundered the road-agent, with a string of oaths.

"Broke," was the laconic reply.

There was a long parley between the highwayman and the prospector, and the upshot of the affair was that Kerns walked away with a hundred dollars that he had borrowed of the desperado, and it was with this money that he made his first start in life.—Buffalo *Commercial*.

Carnegie and the Bucket-Shop Man

ANDREW CARNEGIE is not often a visitor to Wall Street, and when he went down there a few days ago he passed unobserved down the famous thoroughfare, right into the arms of a runner for a bucket-shop.

"Come to put up a little money on the rise of the market?" asked the runner. "Sure thing; can't lose. Stocks are going up. I'll show you where you can double your money in half an hour?"

"Double all I have?" asked Mr. Carnegie, assuming an air of eager innocence.

"How much have you got?" inquired the runner.

"Oh, a little less than one hundred and seventy-five million dollars," replied the canny Scotchman, simply.

"Wh—what!" gasped the man.

"But I am trying to get rid of it, not double it," went on the ironmaster.

"Why, are you Andrew Carnegie?" asked the runner.

"I am," said he, going on, and chuckling quietly to himself.

Sol Smith Russell and the Baby

SOL SMITH RUSSELL had three young nieces living out West, and he was very fond of them. One day, while visiting his brother—a jeweler in Kansas City—he took the youngest of the trio for a walk. As they passed a candy-shop the child asked for some sweets, and her uncle acquiesced only on condition that she would not eat any until they got home. She promised, and was given the candy. Then they started home.

"Let's wun," said the child, pleadingly, to her dignified Lincolnic uncle.

"No, my dear, it isn't nice to run," he answered.

"Oh, let's do wun!" she coaxed.

Again he refused.

Then the chubby little hand squirmed from his, and dropping down on her knees right on the pavement, she scorned the passing people, and in a clear little voice prayed, "O Dod, p'ease make Uncle Sol wun!"

"It was simply a question of my losing my dignity or her losing her faith in God," said the actor in after years, "so we ran as fast as we could. But we walked together no more."

Teddy's Confidence

A FRIEND of the Roosevelt family says that when Theodore, Jr., was but a small chap of seven years he was thrown into a state of great excitement by a proposed trip in the care of his mother. The night before he started his father said, "Ted, you must take good care of your mother while you're away."

That night the child undressed himself without any help from his nurse, and when he knelt at his mother's knee to say his prayers he prayed, "Please, God, take good care of papa, but I'm going with mamma myself."

Baseball English

"A NEATER article of the national game had never been put up on the home grounds," says the Yale *Record*, "and when the visitors picked up the stick in the final, with the tally standing at 2 to 2, everybody, from the oldest fan to the youngest paper-seller, was standing on his seat and yelling to the local slab artist to serve up his choicest assortment of roundhouse benders, and keep whatever guy was handling the ash pivoting at delusions. The twirler was up to business, and laid 'em over so fast that the receiving-end of the battery, who wears a bird-cage and liver-protector, looked as if he was shelling peas. The first two victims only tore rents in the atmosphere, but the third guy connected and laid off a flaming grasser which would have made a projectile from a thirteen-inch gun look like a bean-bag tossed from one baby to another. The man on the difficult corner was right there, though, and flagged the horsehide pill with his sinister talon, assisting it over to the initial hassock in such short order that some one yelled, derisively, 'That fellow runs like an Orange Street automobile.' The visitors then took the field and the home aggregation came to the bat. Every one was confident that they were going to pound the sphere around the lot; but the opposing team ran in a new guy with a slow south wing, and before they had expected it there were two men down and two strikes on the next guy. But oh, Phoebe! On the next delivery he became the father of a bouncing swat, which landed in the last row of potatoes in the outer garden and enabled him to pass down to the initial hassock, pass the next two buttons and scratch the rubber. Did the crowd go wild? Say, did you ever see a ball-game?"

Cut Edward's Hair

LOUIS BUTLER, an aged negro, who for many years was a barber on steamboats on Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac River, sailed for England lately. He carried with him a package of the hair of King Edward. He hopes to get an audience with the King.

In 1859, when the Prince of Wales was in this country, he came to Washington by the boat on which Butler was the barber. An hour or two before reaching Washington, when strolling about the boat, the Prince noticed the barber-shop. He saw that it was very clean and neat, and that the barber was an intelligent negro. He thought he would have his hair trimmed, and stepped into the barber-shop, and after a short talk with the barber had a hair-cut and a shampoo.

After his hair had been cut, Butler, the barber, carefully took all the hair from the floor and from the apron, and placed it in a large envelope. The Prince asked him what he did that for. "Well," said Butler, "the hair is my perquisite, and some day you'll be King of England, and I would like to keep it."

The Prince of Wales made no objection, but said, "I'd like to see this hair when I become King, and compare it with the hair I then have."

Butler has lived since that day in the hope that he would be able to show King Edward his own hair. He has carefully preserved it, and has saved all the money he could. A few years ago he grew so old that he could work no longer on the boat, and retired. The officials of the steamboat company knew his great ambition, and took steps some time ago to raise a purse for the old man, to aid him to go to England with the hair.

MARTHA WORTHING'S ANSWERS

CONSTANT READER—As a usual thing a gentleman does not shake hands with a lady when he is presented to her. When a very old gentleman is presented to a young lady, or when a very famous man is being introduced, it is perhaps more courteous for the young woman to extend her hand, but in ordinary introduction she simply bows and smiles, and acknowledges the greeting with some kindly word. For daytime street wear men are using soft felt hats almost exclusively. The hats have rather a wide rim and very soft crown, and are either dented down in the center or the crown is left high, with four little dents at the sides. For dress wear the usual high, silk hat is worn, and for evening the crush opera-hat. The stiff derby hat is seldom seen. For business wear men are wearing high, turned-over collars entirely; for full-dress the straight, high, band collar is worn; for dinner and evening some men are wearing what is called the "wing collar"—that is, the straight collar with the points turned back under the chin. This collar is a great fad in London, but has not attained much popularity in New York. For street and business, the tie that will be most worn this winter is the four-in-hand. This is rather wider than it was last season, being fully two inches wide, the ultra tie being occasionally two and one half inches. With a frock coat men are wearing rich brocaded ties in grays and blacks of the style called the "once-over," or the very large ascot. For evening a white tie is worn. There is only one correct wedding costume for a man—rather light gray striped trousers, a black frock coat, white vest, and a tie appropriate to the time of day, white gloves, patent-leather shoes. A man wears patent-leather shoes for all dress occasions, and for evening wear patent-leather pumps are worn.

RIP VAN WINKLE—A young man who has made the acquaintance of a young woman while she was visiting in his own town may call upon her with perfect propriety after she has returned home, providing, of course, she has invited him and the invitation is agreeable to her parents. There is really no formula in this. The man simply goes to the town where the girl lives, puts up at some hotel there, and sends a note to her, asking when he may call. Or, if he is to be there but a short time, he would write in advance, saying he would be in her town such and such a date, and ask that he might be allowed to call in the afternoon. When he calls, he sends a card to her mother and to herself, and naturally asks for her mother when he is received.

WILL MISS DAISY DE VENTER BRYAN please forward her address to Mrs. Martha Worthing for information which she asked should be sent to her by mail?

YOUR PERPLEXED FRIEND—The proper form of invitation for a silver wedding would read as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. William Stanton
at home Friday evening, January the sixth,
after nine o'clock. 60 Oak Street.

At the upper right-hand corner of the invitation you will put the year 1903, and at the upper left-hand corner the year of the date of the wedding. Or it may be written in a simple fashion, as

Mr. and Mrs. William Stanton
request the pleasure of your company
on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage,
Friday evening, January sixth. 60 Oak Street.

A daytime reception is usually from four to seven, and at any wedding anniversary the husband usually assists in receiving. It is a very pretty plan to have all the decorations for your silver wedding in white and green. White chrysanthemums, if it is not too late, would be very charming with masses of bright green winter ferns or with holly-leaves. If it is late in the season, ground pine would be pretty; with it branches of laurel and any white flower which it is possible to get can be entwined. At an afternoon reception given in this way you would not seat your guests at tables, but would have refreshments served from one table, the guests either going to the table and standing while being served, or seated about the room and the refreshments passed by the men who are present, with the assistance of a maid. Have the decorations for the table also in white and green. It is very pretty to use a white damask cloth, and then cover the entire table with ferns, laid over without any special design. Have all your dishes brought in and piled on the table, with also the various good things that are to be served, the table not being regularly set, but with the supper put on ready to be passed. It is a very good idea at one small table to have a bowl of lemonade or fruit-punch for the guests to help themselves during the afternoon. For your refreshments serve sandwiches, of course, with a filling of lettuce, and have some sort of salad, creamed oysters if you like, and then cake and coffee and ice-cream or sherbet.

N. B.—There is considerable misapprehension prevalent as to the value of canceled postage-stamps. Certain rare stamps have an extraordinary value, but stamps that can readily be obtained have an exceedingly insignificant value. The Columbian stamps issued in 1893 during the Columbian Exposition, while they are very beautiful in design, are not particularly rare. The one-cent blue and the two-cent violet stamps are purchasable in lots of a thousand at ten and fifteen cents. The Trans-Mississippi issue is likewise not particularly rare. The one-cent yellow-green stamp is worth about fifteen cents a thousand.

M. J. E.—It is not essential for a lady to rise when a gentleman is presented to her, but as a rule it is easier and more graceful to acknowledge any introduction standing. Thus, it becomes a matter of one's own taste. Where a man of importance is introduced to a young woman, it is perfectly good form for her to shake hands with him, although ordinarily she would not do so; but the fact that the presentation is a special compliment to her would make it quite proper for her to acknowledge it with a little unusual enthusiasm. If a single woman of thirty-five is asked to give her name to a man for business purposes, she would simply give her last name with her title, "Mrs." or "Miss;" as, "I am 'Miss Smith'" or "Mrs. Jones." Announcement-cards for the wedding of a friend are always acknowledged by the sending of cards, whether the married people are in one's own town or in another city. Of course, if you know the bride very well, and wish to write to her, that is a personal matter, but the cards should be sent formally in any case. As a rule they are sent immediately after receiving the wedding announcement.

JANE MORTON—The wives of the Presidents, with the date of their marriage and the date of their births, so far as known, are given in the following table:

No.	President	Married	Wife's Name	Wife Born
1	Washington	1759	Martha (Dandridge) Custis	1732
2	J. Adams	1764	Abigail Smith	1744
3	Jefferson	1772	Martha (Wayles) Skelton	1748
4	Madison	1794	Dorothy (Payne) Todd	1772
5	Monroe	1786	Eliza Kortright	1768
6	J. Q. Adams	1797	Louisa Catherine Johnson	1775
7	Jackson	1791	Rachel (Donelson) Robards	1767
8	Van Buren	1807	Hannah Hoes	1782
9	Harrison	1795	Anna Symmes	1775
10	Tyler	1813	Letitia Christian	1790
		1844	Julia Gardiner	1820
11	Polk	1824	Sarah Childress	1803
12	Taylor	1810	Margaret Smith	1788
13	Fillmore	1826	Abigail Powers	1798
		1858	Caroline (C'rmich'l) McIntosh	1813
14	Pierce	1834	Jane Means Appleton	1806
15	Buchanan			
16	Lincoln	1842	Mary Todd	1818
17	Johnson	1827	Eliza McCardle	1810
18	Grant	1848	Julia Dent	1826
19	Hayes	1852	Lucy Ware Webb	1831
20	Garfield	1858	Lucretia Rudolph	1832
21	Arthur	1859	Ellen Lewis Herndon	1837
22	Cleveland	1886	Frances Folsom	1864
23	B. Harrison	1853	Caroline Lavinia Scott	1832
		1896	Mary Scott (Lord) Dimmick	
24	Cleveland		(See above).	
25	McKinley	1871	Ida Saxton	1844
26	Roosevelt	1880	Alice Lee	
		1886	Edith Kermit Carew	

MOTHER—An acquaintance of mine who has five children writes me, in part, as follows: "I usually give from three to five parties a year, and my experience has been that girls about thirteen or fourteen years old require different forms of entertainment from that which is intended for their younger sisters. A very successful way of entertaining girls about the age mentioned is to have as an attraction some one who is skilful in relating stories and at sleight-of-hand tricks. Girls are also fond of games suitable to their age. 'Lotto' is especially adapted to them. A prize or two could be offered for the most games won by an individual player. The 'bean-bag game' is also very popular with children about fourteen years old. This is played in the following manner: The company is divided into two parts, two leaders choosing sides, and from four to six bean-bags are used. The bags are placed on a table, and the company stand in two lines facing, with the leaders next to the table on which the bags lay. Another table is at the other end of the lines. At a given word half the bags are taken by the leader of one side, and the remainder of the bags are taken one at a time by the leader of the other side. They are then passed as rapidly as possible from hand to hand until the end of the lines are reached and the bags all laid on the second table. They are then immediately taken up again and passed in the same manner back to the original table from which they were taken. The side which first succeeds in accomplishing this is declared the winner, and one of the number is selected by lot to receive a prize. This is very entertaining, as some of the bags are sure to be dropped, and in the recovery no end of amusement results. A 'soap-bubble party' is another very interesting form of amusement for children. A number of clay pipes costing something like one cent each are provided, equal to the number of children who will participate. A bowl of soap-suds is another necessary property. A clothes-line is stretched across the room just out of reach of the tallest girl. The idea is for the children to blow soap-bubbles, and then toss them over this line. The one who first succeeds in doing it, or who first succeeds in doing it a given number of times, is the winner, and should receive a prize. A more elaborate idea in 'soap-bubble parties' is described in the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION for October. If the hostess wishes to be particularly pleasing to children she can grade her gifts from the best player to the poorest, so that every guest will receive some reward. The menu for children's parties varies very little, as there is always a desire not to have any sick ones as a result. Bouillon and dainty crackers (not sweet crackers) make a good opening for the feast, to be followed by sandwiches of as many varieties as one cares to make, always having one plate of bread and butter made up like sandwiches, only without any meat, cheese or other filling, as at a party of children there is usually one, if not more, who do not care for sandwiches. Some sort of salad and chocolate or cocoa is provided to drink. Plain milk may also be served, if one likes. Ice-cream and cake, fruit and nuts follow. The time when the party is held also has to be considered. If in the afternoon, the ways of entertainment previously mentioned would do finely, but if the evening is selected, dancing would make an attractive feature, even without any boys. Should the affair take the form of a noon luncheon, the afternoon could be spent most enjoyably at a matinée, a lecture or a musical."

A SUBSCRIBER—There is a small book published in New York City which contains a number of "parlor-acting charades" that might perhaps answer for informal parlor entertainments. The cost of the book is low, and if you will forward your name and address to this office the name of the publisher will be sent to you. Charades afford considerable amusement when well managed.

Home Dressmaking

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

these pieces combined with some of the fur. There are some very pretty models in the November WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Cut the side crown of your beaver one inch from the head line. Push the top of the crown down to the proper width, and sew it firmly. It would be pretty trimmed with a full ruche of plaid ribbon, with long loops and ends behind. Cut the blue cashmere over like the illustration. It is a simple blouse waist with a lace yoke, the neck made square with lattice of narrow black velvet. The skirt is five-gored. The ruffles may be bias or straight, as it is most convenient to cut them from your material. A sash of velvet ribbon two inches in width may be used, or a belt of the narrow velvet latticed. The sleeves with two ruffles are very cunning, but if the little girl is delicate a long sleeve with latticed cuff could be used.

Woman's Home Companion Pattern Coupon

The regular price is fifteen cents; special price to subscribers using this Coupon, ten cents.

Cut this out and send with ten cents for each pattern ordered. By using this Coupon subscribers will save five cents on every pattern purchased.

Name.....

Post-office.....

Street Address..... *State*.....

Run a pen-line through the name and size of pattern desired.

LIST OF PATTERNS FOR JANUARY, 1903

45—Marion Wrapper, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 bust.
46—Constance Bath-Gown, 34, 36, 38, 40 bust.
47—Gretchen Bath-Robe, 10, 12, 14, 16 years.
48—Beatrice House-Jacket, 34, 36, 38 bust.
49—Breton Apron, medium and large.
50—Nanette Nightgown, 36, 38, 40 bust.
51—Laura Petticoat, medium and large.
52—Letty Corset-Cover, 34, 36, 38, 40 bust.
53—Blanche Wash Petticoat, medium and large.
54—Marcia Corset-Cover, 32, 34, 36 bust.
55—Freda Short Wash Skirt, medium and large.
56—Hazel Chemise, 32, 34, 36, 38 bust.
57—Bertha Drawers, medium and large.

Address PERFECT PATTERNS, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

OUR PATTERN CATALOGUE WILL BE MAILED FREE UPON REQUEST

The Great Work of the Presbyterian Church of America

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

contributions to denominational institutions, would probably destroy a good share of the best benevolent work done in the land.

On the other side of the world it carries on as part of its foreign-mission enterprise an immense philanthropic and educational work. It does this because the Christian spirit must everywhere find such expression. Its chief purpose is to plant in this way in these lands the living power of Christianity, which will bear such fruit of itself long after the missionaries have passed away. In this enterprise the Presbyterian Church maintains 769 schools in Asia, Africa, South America, Central America and Mexico, ranging in grade from village day-schools to colleges of the strongest character, like Tunchow College in the Shantung Province of North China, which has graduated 124 men, who have been given the most solid education attainable in China, and who are the teachers of other institutions of all churches all over the Empire. In 1898 this college supplied eight professors to the Imperial University in Peking, and four to the University in Nanking. These schools and colleges are located in Korea, Japan, China, the Philippines, Siam, Laos, India, Persia, Syria, West Africa, Mexico, Colombia, Brazil and Chili. They touch every class of the population—in India from Brahman and Mohammedan of high position and desiring the highest education, as at Lahore, to the outcast seeking only to learn to read or to earn a scanty living by daily toil. Hundreds of famine orphans were gathered in during the great famine of 1899-1901, and are studying now in orphanages and mission-schools, and learning useful trades.

The Presbyterian Church in her mission abroad is forced to act alone, because for the most part there are no other churches with which to work. If there were, we should work with them. Alone, accordingly, we have to do what all churches are forced to do under the same circumstances, and represent tangibly to the world the spirit of Christian charity. The leper and the blind are cared for in asylums and refuges, and in 33 hospitals and 51 dispensaries on the foreign field the church treated last year 280,363 patients. The work that is done for the blind and leprous and diseased is illustrated in the case of Un Ho, a blind singing-girl, who was led into the Canton Hospital in 1893 by her mistress. She was her mistress' property, and was sent nightly—the lot of a blind singing-girl—to a life of sin and shame. It was a diseased foot that brought her to the hospital. Amputation was the only treatment that would avail, but her mistress objected, as that would render the girl useless. Dr. Mary Niles, who had charge of the woman's department at the time, said of the girl: "As to her spiritual nature a more unpromising case I had scarcely seen. She seemed benumbed, and for a time responded to no appeal. After a long waiting she was induced to study a little. Kind treatment softened her heart." Gradually she yielded to the influences about her, and accepted the Christian faith of those who cared for her. The foot refused to heal, and at last her mistress deserted her. Freed from her slavery, she submitted to the amputation of the limb. Upon her recovery she was given work about the hospital. She scrubbed, cleaned windows, and called the patients to prayers and church. In the hospital school she memorized the whole of the New Testament with the exception of a few chapters in Revelation. Before long leprosy developed, and Un Ho's cup seemed to be full. Her leprosy only opened to her, however, a new means of usefulness. A place was made for her in the leper village near Canton, where the lepers dwell, and she removed there to live and teach what she had learned. Largely as the result of her work there is now a chapel building, and a church of 29 members, 11 other members having died since the work began in 1897. This blind harlot, lame and leprous, yet lifted by the influence of the mission into a clean and useful life, is only illustrative of the work which the church is doing far and wide in foreign lands.

This hospital at Canton was really the origin of modern medical missions. "No permanent medical mission-work," it has been said, "was established in any foreign field until after the successful working of this hospital had become known." Dr. John G. Kerr during the long period of his hospital service of 44 years probably had a more extensive surgical practice than any other living physician. For the period that he was connected with the hospital the statistics of service are reported as follows: "Whole number of out-patients, 740,324; in-patients, 39,441; surgical operations, 48,098." In all this surgical work, using anesthetics constantly, not one patient died during operation.

Work of this sort has its sure recognition. Some years ago, while Doctor Kerr was still living, a newspaper correspondent, Mr. Authur L. Shumway, said: "One day, as I was walking the streets of Canton, China, with Mr. Charles Seymour, our American Consul-General in that great city, we met and passed a quiet, modest-mannered man on his way into the city. Said Mr. Seymour, 'Do you see that man yonder?' pointing in the direction of the receding stranger. I assented, and he continued, 'That is Doctor Kerr. He is in charge of the great missionary hospital yonder. The hospital was founded in 1838, and has already treated three quarters of a million cases, I believe. I consider that he is the peer of any living surgeon of the world to-day."

And the uplifting missionary educational work of the church is not confined to foreign lands. Apart from the higher institutions of learning maintained at home there are 233 missions and schools, distributed as follows: Alaskans, 11; Indians, 21; Mexicans, 28; Mormons, 29; mountaineers, 42; foreign populations, 8; Porto Ricans, 5; Cubans, 1, and 88 among the negroes, 6 of them of collegiate and seminary grade.

It is interesting to know that it was a Presbyterian missionary, the Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who introduced reindeer into Alaska, and thus contributed to a great extent to the opening up of that territory.

As has been already stated, however, no full account of the educational and philanthropic work done by Presbyterians can be given. The church believes too thoroughly in scattering and in covering over its works. When it is forced to do its work denominationally, it does so; but its history shows that its preference is for general Christian coöperation in work for which it seeks no denominational credit, to which as a rule it does not attach the denominational name. It is to the Presbyterians that general movements and institutions usually make their chief appeal. As a secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association writes: "We who are in the association-work know that if it were not for the Presbyterians all over the United States and Canada there would be no Young Men's Christian Association." To test this view, I wrote to a number of Young Men's Christian Associations in cities selected at random, and these are some typical replies: From a large city in New York State—"We have recently completed a canvass for $275,000 for a new building for our Central Department. I would estimate approximately that 60 per cent of this amount was pledged by Presbyterians." The secretary of the association in one of the largest cities in Ohio writes, "Your question is somewhat difficult. The best I can give is to say that of the four persons who give $1,000 annually to our current-expense budget, three are Presbyterians and one a Baptist. Of the $7,000 received in $100 amounts and above, 30 per cent is from Presbyterians." While a third secretary writes from a large city in Pennsylvania, "We raise by subscription about $2,000 annually toward our current-expense fund, which amounts to $6,000. Of the $2,000 raised by subscription, I think it would be safe to say that fully two thirds comes from the Presbyterians in the city. We are at the present time erecting a new building, which will cost $86,000, exclusive of the lot. We have now on hand $75,000, and again I am safe in saying that fully two thirds of this amount has come from the Presbyterians."

The House of Seven Rooms

BY KATE GREENLEAF LOCKE

The Living-Room—The Fourth of a Series on Simple House-Furnishing

In her enthusiasm for the completion and perfection of her bedroom Alicia had somewhat overstepped the mark she had set for herself, and drawn a little on the sum reserved for the furnishing of her living-room. But when she looked about the vacant room she found it pretty and attractive even in its emptiness, and she realized that a few pieces of carefully selected furniture, if properly disposed, would complete it.

In the first place, the fireplace (which she had designed) filled completely the alcove at the north end of the room. While the chimney-breast itself was not more than three feet wide, the broad shelf, which formed the mantel, extended across the entire alcove. Around the spacious fireplace this was faced with large, square tiles in dark terra-cotta. In the setting of these tiles she had introduced a large-headed, wrought-iron nail at each intersection. The effect was plainly and simply artistic. Over the black shelf two casement-windows set with leaded panes of rough amber glass opened out on each side of the chimney-breast, and the crowning touch of this most charming chimney-place was a small French plate mirror which she had set to cover the front of the chimney itself. As the chimney here was boxed in with wood to a line with the top of the windows on each side, and the mirror was faced about with a frame of narrow molding, the woodwork when painted black made a most effective setting for the mirror and amber-glassed windows.

She had so planned her room that this alcove also contained a built-in chimney-seat and a sunk bookcase, that faced each other on either side of the fire. After many trials of samples she found a denim in dark crimson which cushioned her seat to perfection, and jarred not at all with the terra-cotta tiles. Her large, square pillows for the back of this seat she made of East Indian cotton in dark red figures on a white ground. The steamer-chair was an old wooden one, which was a very shabby affair when she purchased it from a second-hand dealer; but two coats of her wonderful "drop-black" gave it the finish and style of ebony, and when she had cushioned it with a large, downy pillow covered with crimson denim, and another of the red-and-white Indian cotton, it fell beautifully into line with the other furnishings.

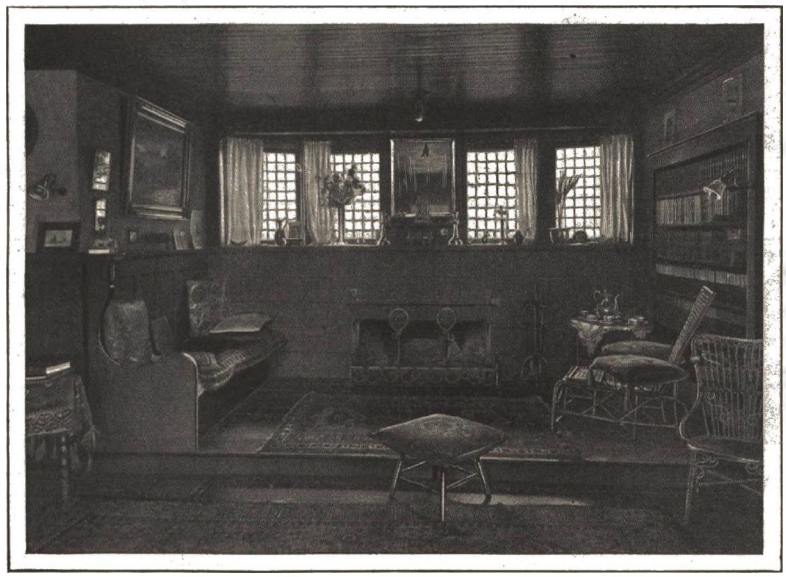
The walls of the room were paneled five feet up with black wood, and papered above with cartridge-paper in a soft shade of tan-color. Alicia selected this neutral tone for her walls because she knew that there could be no better background for her pictures. She had two large oil-paintings in handsome gold frames, which had come as heirlooms to her husband, and her first thought in her wall-decoration was to find a good light for these. One she hung over the chimney-seat, as she found that the yellow light from her amber north windows made the painting glow with added beauty. Some strong water-colors of the deep blue skies and yellow-plastered mission churches of California showed up delightfully also in their flat, gold frames.

Two large windows, with a glass in the front door set between them, formed almost the whole of the south end of this room, and gave her that for which she most wished—"a great deal of out of doors in her house." At these windows she hung on one side a curtain of silk-and-wool damask in an exquisite shade of soft, dull blue, the silk threads being thrown up in pale yellow; on the other side of each window a curtain of thin yellow silk fell in shallow folds to the sill. As this brought the blue curtains on the outer edge of each window, she caught them back with blue cords and tassels, and let them frame the entire window scheme. Yellow silk fell also against the glass of her front door, and the glow imparted by the amber glass on the north side was repeated here. Now she must "face the music." She could no longer dodge the proposition of providing tables and chairs without the wherewithal for purchasing them.

With a grim resolution to make the best of what she had, she set to work to paint a square pine table—the kind that is ordinarily sold for kitchen use—with her "drop-black;" over this, when dry, she threw a Kis Kilim. The tones of this rug, which had once been brilliant, but now were softened by age to a confusing mass of charming colors, contained dull blue, old pink and orange predominantly. After much deliberation she decided on a lamp-shade of old rose, being guided somewhat in her decision by the fact that she had some pieces of silk and chiffon of this color in her possession. She admitted to herself that she yearned for one of the new Japanese flower shades painted on paper and set in a lacquered frame, as she had thought that there was so much character in these brilliant little affairs; but alas! their cost was out of all proportion to their real value or her own means, so she was delighted to find that the dainty shade that she made out of material in hand served her purpose quite as well.

Then, with a sudden impulse, she decided that the empty southwest corner of her room should be a Colonial one. Again she applied to her carpenter, and made him a drawing of the strong and simple framework of a "wing chair." When he had completed the frame, with her own hands she stuffed and padded it with excelsior, moss and raw cotton, covering it carefully with unbleached muslin. Her next move was to cover it on the outside, and finally with blue denim in the dull, soft shade of Wedgwood—a color reproducing the note struck here by her damask curtains. At the antique shop she bought a small mahogany table with a slender pedestal and delightful little claw feet; also in an old junk-shop she found an old brass candelabra and a footstool.

When, therefore, she compromised on four plain oak chairs at one dollar and fifty cents apiece for her remaining seats, they closed the breach quite serviceably. For twenty-five cents additional on each chair she had the wood finish stained and changed to Flemish oak; and as this corresponded perfectly with her black wainscoting, and the cane seats were fine and well made, she found that this money had been sensibly spent. Her Japanese jute rugs were in soft tones and pleasing designs, and when her tea-table, with its dainty appointments, had been set snugly in a corner by the fire she felt completely satisfied with the result of the whole.



The Auranian War of 1902

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

complete semicircle had been described. As we drew closer in range their searching rays would often linger about one of the ships until it seemed that we were at last discovered. Then, when that appeared certain, away the beams would go to begin again the tracing search.

It was about this time I noticed that the two armored cruisers which we had overtaken had again left us. How long they had gone I did not know, but presently there came from the darkness ahead a rumbling noise, and little darts of red-dish fire shot across the horizon.

"They have engaged the batteries on Fisher's Island!" I heard the Admiral exclaim. "Now for our chance. Call all hands to general quarters."

The alarm-gong clanged its startling summons throughout the battleship, and the brazen notes of a bugle rang out on the night air. Officers and men off watch raced to their stations, the magazines were opened, and the huge shells and smaller ammunition passed into the handling-rooms, whence they were sent clattering upward to turrets and decks. All this occupied very little time—barely a few minutes—then the great fabric settled back into its former quietness.

The search-lights toward which we were rushing grew brighter and bolder. Their play was so incessant that at times all the vessels of the fleet seemed to stand out in sharp relief. Suddenly, as the rumble of sounds ahead became more acute, a particularly vivid beam fell upon us, wavered a moment, and then a rocket soared into the heavens on the right. We were discovered at last!

Without further warning the blackness on our starboard side was rent by a sheet of flame, and with a roar like cyclonic thunder a volley of shells plumped past us, hurtling close over the deck, ahead and astern, and in their passing carrying death and destruction to a rapid-fire gun's crew on the after-bridge of the flag-ship.

The Admiral was close to where I stood. I heard his calm voice during an interval of quiet.

"Six thousand yards," he said. "Pass the word to the batteries, and tell them 'double fire' until further orders."

A few seconds later I felt the deck lift beneath my feet. I was lost—overwhelmed in the hideous outburst of sound. I clung to a near-by stanchion, and tried to collect my senses. The tumult was past conception. Forward and aft, below and overhead, the uproar of gun-fire was everywhere. It seemed as if the thunderbursts of a hundred storms had been concentrated into one effort.

Presently I felt the bridge reel beneath my feet. There was a crashing and rending of steel. A half-stifled shriek came from near by, and something warm and wet and indescribably sticky gushed upon me. I turned to escape, but the ladder leading to the deck was gone. A great, yawning gap, from which poured reeking smoke and gas, appeared where the forward funnel had stood. The signal-shrouds, burdened with their Ardois lamps, hung in grotesque festoons upon the wrecked bridge. From out the din came a voice.

"Three thousand yards. Fire at will!"

All but one of the search-lights ashore had vanished. This solitary beam swayed back and forth tremulously, as if it danced to the awful music of the battle. There were other illuminations, however, for far ahead of us one of the cruisers which had gone so valiantly into the fight suddenly burst into flames, and lurched shoreward, leaving in her wake a trail of fiery sparks.

She blew up presently, but the sound of the explosion was only a higher note in the battle chorus. Another vessel, apparently one of the armored ships, began to slacken fire, and then her guns ceased altogether. In the lurid light from her burning consort we could see the steel hull quiver, and the signal-masts lean over and over, until, with a sort of despairing surge, the sorely wounded fabric sank beneath the waves. It was a fearful spectacle, so awe-inspiring that I forgot to exult at this triumph of my country's arms.

For many minutes—it seemed hours—the battle raged; then it became apparent that the tide of combat was turning against the attacking fleet. During a momentary lull the flag-ship's siren sent forth three shrill blasts, and a triangular light was shown from the shattered top of the mast.

Slowly, and with evident reluctance, the remnant of the Auranian squadron turned about, and limped painfully back out of range. Seven stanch ships had entered the Race—only three returned to the anchorage off Block Island. It was a costly defeat for the enemy, and a glorious victory for us.

So we sailed away from Block Island, a dozen ships in all, and every ship an eloquent proof of the skill of the American gunners.

It was shortly after we stood out from the anchorage that I learned we were to attempt a landing if chance favored it. Lieutenant Muller, the navigator, gave me the news.

"Your countrymen did pretty good work," he acknowledged, with a fine air, "but, *Himmel!* we'll make them eat their own powder before we are through. Wait until to-night. *Ach!* I promise you I will sleep in that Vanderbilt palace, what you call the 'Breakers,' before another sun rises."

"You may sleep in a much warmer place," I replied, rather sourly. His boasting was not pleasant.

He laughed, not at all offended by my rather undiplomatic speech.

"We'll see, my fine Yankee. A few shells from our guns, and your compatriots won't dare to oppose our landing. I go in charge of the party from this ship. Wouldn't you like to be one of us?"

When he had left me I hastened on deck and glanced toward the Rhode Island shore, which was in plain view toward the west. Lieutenant Muller's mock invitation had given me an idea. A plan, desperate but alluring, grew rapidly in my mind. It was nothing less than to attempt to form one of the landing-party from the flag-ship. The fact that an expedition was even then fitting out to attack our West Indian possessions had come to my ears. Details, more or less complete, of this projected attack had been unwittingly discussed in my presence, and I was eager to communicate the intelligence to Washington without delay.

Inspired by these motives, I threw thoughts of personal danger to the winds, and watched for an opportunity. It came as we were bombarding the forts at the entrance to Newport harbor. A mortar-shell from Fort Wetherill fell upon the flag-ship's deck and exploded within a few inches of the forward wall of the superstructure. The shock of the concussion sent me tumbling to the deck, and several sailors piled on top of me.

When I recovered I was bespattered with blood, but it came to me instantly that here was my chance. The compartment was still filled with smoke, and none saw me shift to a sailor's blouse and cap. Furtively slipping out on deck, I hastened to the nearest cutter just as the call "to arm and away boats" was given.

Luck favored me in that hour. I managed to embark, and to take position in the bow without discovery. A few minutes later we were pulling lustily toward the land.

What followed is only an indistinct recollection. I knew that we got within a hundred yards of the shore without being fired upon, then just as the boats began to edge toward a little cove a perfect sheet of flame burst from the low, rocky eminence beyond the strip of sandy beach. With the first volley I felt something strike me in the shoulder with stinging force, then came a shattering blow on the head, and I lapsed into unconsciousness.

When I came to it was to find myself still a prisoner, but this time of my own people. It was several days before I could muster strength enough to prove my identity, and it was not until then that I learned of the final repulse of the Auranian fleet. I hastened to Washington as soon as it was possible for me to travel, and told my story direct to the President.

That was months ago. To-day the enemy is again giving us battle, this time with the Caribbean Sea as the arena. My corps is doing its duty, as it always has, and I am once more in harness. The outcome of the war is hidden in the future. Only one thing is certain! If Old Glory goes down it will be in honor and after there are none left to defend it.

The American Girl

BY ADA C. SWEET

The First of a Series on "What Makes Her the Most Popular Girl in the World?"—Why Every American Girl Should Learn to Earn Her Own Living

The American girl is admired and liked at home and abroad because she is the happiest, healthiest and friendliest of girls. Usually unharmed by any self-consciousness, she is not apologetic and morbidly sensitive, as are many girls brought up in the close, conventional air of European civilization. She likes the world, and is alive to everything beautiful and good in existence. She is easily pleased, and her unstudied, fresh enjoyment of simple pleasures gives happiness to every one around her by its simple, wholesome expression through her face, figure and voice.

American girls, when you study them critically, are not more beautiful than English or French girls, but somehow an American girl always contrives to make a pretty picture of herself, and neither she nor any one else can explain how she does it. She is adaptable to an astonishing degree, and she can dress for a walk, an outdoor game, a dinner or a ball so as to make the impression that in each particular garb she is at her best. This power to change her appearance so as to look almost like another person is one of the American girl's chief charms, and she owes it to her keen appreciation of the people and circumstances around her. She has imagination and intuition and a genius for fitting herself to the hour.

One reason why the American girl dresses so well is that she usually has no maid; or, if she has one, she does not allow the taste of the maid to dominate her own. In England one constantly sees girls of gentle families dressed in astonishing combinations, such as could be conjured by the minds of 'Arriet alone among human beings, and even in France the dress of girls is notably without charm, except the very great one of simplicity. As for the German "Fraulein," poor dear! she can't be said to dress at all. She is well covered from head to toe, but that is all. She bears in every line the impress of the carefully repressed and distorted taste of the German peasant class—the class from which her maid sprung.

One of the main beauties of the American girl is her hair and the way she dresses it. She lets her head keep in some degree its natural expression. No thoughtless maid piles up her crown of womanly glory—masses of ebony or bronze—arranging them in perfect contours for the destruction of the peace of mind of the impressionable male beholder. She is chary of patronizing any sort of hair-dresser; and when she does she often pulls down again the elaborate structure Madame or Mademoiselle has piled upon her devoted head, and "does it all over" herself before she lets any one look upon her in her new make-up.

The first and foremost charm of the American girl springs from her natural, unconscious independence of character. Secondly, she is not looking for a husband with the intensity and single-minded directness of an Indian on the war-path. This alone is reassuring, and even fascinating, especially to marriageable men accustomed to the determined tactics of British maids and matrons in that matrimonial market-place, Vanity Fair. It is delightful to dance and walk and enjoy music and the theater in company with a girl who is simply enjoying everything, lightly tossing the glowing bubble of happiness in her pretty hands, while in her eyes no speculation lurks, and in her heart and head there is no touch of guessing as to the sort of a husband her partner for the waltz, the walk or the out-of-door recreation would make.

American girls do not make a business of hunting husbands. They live a happy life, until some day they fall in love, and then they marry because they can't help it, and a new chapter in life begins.

At home this independence is understood. Abroad it is sometimes misunderstood, but nevertheless it is found to be most delightful, and if any rash man makes known to her the extent of his blundering misapprehension of the attitude of fair young America—well, he has had a bad quarter of an hour, and she forgets his existence thereafter, that's all!

Most American girls share in the national love of laughter. If they have not a sense of humor they have at least an overflowing fund of high spirits and delight in life, and their appreciation of the funny and ridiculous side of things are fair substitutes for the real thing.

Bubbling over with talk, laughing easily at everything unusual, even at her own discomforts and disappointments, the good-nature of this young person we are considering captivates everybody around her, and in this world of carping complaint and dismal posing for effect it is no wonder there are many willing slaves to the whims of such a charming and spirited piece of humanity.

Sometimes her very faults help to make the American girl popular among young people. Her easy talk and easy laughter, her absence of restraint, lack of reserve and her familiar tone—all these are amusing to the irresponsible stranger who would be entertained.

And she will marry in good time some young man whose sisters are just like her, and whose mother was exactly like her in her day, and who will care nothing about the little petty flaws in the manners of his idol. There will be time enough to reflect after the honeymoon.

The American girl has often more individual character and strength of mind than any other girl in the world. She knows what she likes, what she wants, and what she dislikes and detests. This alone is a comfort when it comes to being associated with any one in a social way. The colorless damsel who simpers out "Anything you like, please," when you ask her what she wants for luncheon, is by no means a joy forever. The American girl knows what she wants to eat, what she needs to wear, what she cares to read. If she likes walking or riding or boating she will say so, and if she doesn't like them she is quite likely to announce her predilections.

After all, it is much to bring happiness along with one into any place or company, and the girl who is naturally joyous, and in addition is of a friendly, unselfish disposition, flashes into gloomy, harassed lives like a burst of sunshine.

And the American girl always has much to occupy her—the very best thing which can happen to any one. The affairs of the family are often left much in the hands of the grown-up daughter of the house. She does the daintier cooking, most of the work, the sewing, and as the family buyer and supply-agent in general she is unsurpassed. Then she has her gardening, her music, her reading, letter-writing and visiting, her church-work, and her study-class or club.

Frankness is one of her good traits—frankness, truthfulness and fair, square speaking. She may overdo it sometimes, and weary people with her own views and tastes and prejudices; but at least you know what she thinks, and that is a good deal when it comes to dealing with a young human being of either sex.

From health and love and a wise liberty, from free, unrestrained education and training, from companionship with parents, brothers and friends, such as the girls of Europe know nothing of, has evolved that creature of boundless possibilities and endless problems—the American girl.

Most of the world criticizes her, and all the world admires her. Frankly she sets out on her search after happiness, and every one wishes her well, though wiseacres shake their heads over some of her ways.

She loves life and joy and sunshine, and they follow her footsteps. Wherever she comes she brings a laugh, and so the jaded old nations welcome her as a promising stranger, while at home she is acknowledged as queen in her own right.

HOUSEWIVES' RECIPROCITY BUREAU

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

HOUSEWIVES everywhere are invited to contribute to this department of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION anything they believe will help to simplify the work of the house or brighten the lives of those within it. Each month a cash prize of $5.00 will be given to the person who seems to have given the most helpful suggestion.

Contributions should not be more than two hundred words long, and should be written on but one side of the paper. Address them to Mrs. Herrick, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 35 West 21st Street, New York City.

The December prize was awarded to Mrs. A. J., Chicago, Illinois.

A Sheaf of Useful Suggestions

TO RID the house of black ants, brush thoroughly with a hot solution of alum and water all the cracks and crevices that are infested. Dissolve two pounds of alum in three quarts of water, and apply boiling hot. Another way to get rid of ants is to put slices of cucumber where the ants are found. It will surely drive them away.

To make the sticky fly-paper, heat together three and one half ounces of raw linseed-oil, one pound of resin and three and one half ounces of molasses. Spread it while warm on wrapping-paper.

To get rid of roaches, take equal portions of corn-meal and red lead, mix with molasses, and spread on plates. At night set the plates on the floor, and leave them there several nights in succession. I have known this to clear out roaches when everything else had failed.

To remove grass-stains from clothes, give them an alcohol-bath. Or you may try cream of tartar, wetting the stains and rubbing with the powder.

Mildew may be removed if you rub the spots with laundry-soap, put salt and lemon on them, and lay the goods in the hot sunshine. It may be necessary to repeat this process more than once, but it is sure to work in the end.

Salt and lemon-juice rubbed on spots of iron-rust will take out the stain. These, too, must be exposed to the hot sunshine.

Paint-stains may be removed with turpentine, tar-stains with lard. Pour boiling water from a height upon tea-stains. Wash iodine-stains with ammonia and water until the spots disappear.

Ammonia is good to take out most spots. Ammonia and whiting together are good for brightening nickel. Apply with a woolen cloth.

If a piece of cloth is saturated with paraffin, and rubbed lightly over picture-frames and mirrors, the flies will not light on them.

The blacking used by hardware-dealers for stoves is made by mixing turpentine and black varnish with any good stove-polish. One teaspoonful of powdered alum mixed with the stove-polish gives the stove a fine luster.

For ivy-poisoning put the hands in as hot water as can be borne, and hold them there three or four minutes, until the itching and burning cease. Do this faithfully three or four times a day, and in two days the trouble will be cured.

L. C. C., Niskayuna, N. Y.

More About Stains and Spots

TRY magnesia for cleaning soiled spots and stains on dainty, light-colored goods. Rub the soiled places on both sides with magnesia, and hang the garment away with the magnesia still on; when wanted for use again, dust off the magnesia and you will find most of the dirt gone and the rest covered up.

If grease or coal-oil is spilled on the carpet, sprinkle common flour thickly over it and for some distance around it, and let stand twenty-four hours, then sweep up and apply more—about one fourth of an inch thick; let this stand a few hours, then sweep up, and you will find the spot entirely gone.

Add a little pearlash to soap-lather, and wash faded ribbons and faded silk in it, to restore the color.

MRS. N. M. B., Anselmo, Neb.

For Nausea

PUT the hands in warm water until the bone of the wrist is covered, and keep there from fifteen to thirty minutes. In one severe case of cholera morbus I added one half portion of strong vinegar. In all other cases and in various diseases the water alone was a perfect success.

MRS. E. S. H., Sierraville, Cal.

Baked Ham

ANY one who has ever fried ham knows it is impossible to do so without more or less spattering of grease and smoke. I have found that this may be obviated, and a better result obtained with less trouble, by cutting the ham as for frying, place in a shallow tin, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour, or until delicately browned. It is deliciously tender, and no one will be able to detect what kind of meat is to be served until it appears on the table.

F. L. J., Sharon, Conn.

To Lacquer Brass and to Clean Windows

MAKE a thin varnish by dissolving gum shellac in alcohol, apply with a small paint-brush after the brass is well polished, and it will look and wear like new.

For washing windows use a piece of chamois. A little ammonia in a pailful of water is all that is necessary. The chamois will wash the glass, and then wipe it dry, leaving no lint. Every one who washes windows knows the bother of using several different cloths—the wet cloth, the dry cloth and the polishing-rag. The chamois takes the place of all three. Wrung dry it is an excellent dusting-cloth, and for cleaning woodwork it has no equal. Picture-frames and looking-glasses are improved by its use.

MRS. A. N. H., Harrison, Texas.

To Remove Lampblack

ONE of our rooms, with contents, was covered with lampblack from a smoking kerosene-oil lamp. There was about six hundred dollars' worth of books, besides pictures, bric-à-brac, furniture, etc. How to restore them was the question. I reasoned, if salt will remove soot from carpets, why will it not remove the lampblack from these things? I experimented first on stationery, sprinkling on salt, then slowly pouring it off, the lampblack going with it. Two or three applications removed it entirely. I then brushed the paper with a soft brush, and wiped it with a soft cloth. It took two persons a day to cleanse all the movable articles, but everything was restored perfectly. A white velvet, hand-painted photograph-frame was suspended on the wall by a white silk cord. All were as black as a stove. They were cleaned with salt, and left without the slightest trace of their black bath. Salt cleaned the window-shades, too. A day was spent on the room itself. The walls and ceiling yielded in part to the treatment, it being more difficult to apply the salt to them.

L. M. L., Castleton, Vt.

Solid Comforts

TO YOUR holder sew a small ring, fasten a chain twenty-four inches long to the ring, and at the end of the chain put a large safety-pin. Always pin this to your belt, and you will save many a sharp "Oh dear! where's my holder?" when getting a meal.

Keep a cupful of yellow corn-meal in your cupboard, and frequently dip the ends of your fingers in it to keep your finger-nails clean and white.

After the work of the noon meal is done, wash your face well with a camel's-hair scrubbing-brush, using a good soap, and rinse with cold water; drink a whole glassful of water, lie down for an hour's nap, and you will awake feeling sweet and good enough to be a comforting angel to your household.

MRS. B. G., Mansfield, Ohio.

To Repair Granite-Ware

GRANITE-WARE is universally used, and the best brands *will* get holes in the bottom. I mend my own (unless the holes are too large) by using a short copper rivet. Put the rivet through the hole, place the washer on the end, put the article to be mended on something hard, hammer until the rivet is perfectly tight, and the utensil will not leak when it is used.

MRS. J. H. B., Dixon, Ill.

For Chapped Hands

INTO one pint of clear water pour one half ounce of pure glycerin, four tablespoonfuls of powdered borax, one block of gum camphor and one half pint of bay-rum. This preparation is an old and tried remedy. It is also good for tetter in the hands.

MRS. C. K., Pleasant Retreat, Ga.

An Inexpensive Dinner

GET a shank-bone of beef with plenty of meat on it, put over the fire in enough water to cover it, and let it simmer until tender. Take out one half the broth and meat, and to the remainder add any kind of vegetables you like. When cooked, season highly, cut the meat in small pieces, thicken a little, and serve. Simmer the meat and broth that are left until the broth just covers the meat, season highly, turn out in a bowl, and the next day slice down cold, and eat with tomato catchup.

Another way is to stew the meat like a pot-roast with a little water; keep adding hot water, and let the meat brown in the kettle until tender. Season, make a brown gravy, and serve. The meat and gravy that are left will make a nice pie for the next day. I always add a little beef extract in warming over beef; it gives a good flavor.

L. E. L., Denver, Col.

A Novel Kitchen Carpet

TAKE any old carpet that is whole, but too shabby for use, clean thoroughly, and tack it down smoothly on the kitchen floor. Then make a good, thick boiled starch of flour and water. Rub a coat of this starch in the carpet with a white-wash-brush, and in about twenty-four hours, or when the starch is thoroughly dry, give it a coat of paint—any color desired. Dark red is a desirable color for a kitchen. When the paint is dry, give a second coat, and you will have a cheap and durable floor-covering, equal to linoleum, at about one fourth the cost. By giving it a coat of paint once a year it will last for years. One great thing to recommend this carpet is that it is so easily kept clean.

An excellent cement for mending almost anything may be made by mixing together litharge and glycerin to the consistency of putty. The cement is useful in mending stone jars, stopping leaks in seams of tin pans or wash-boilers, cracks and holes in iron kettles, etc. This cement will resist the action of hot or cold water, acids, and almost any degree of heat.

MISS M. E. D., Amsterdam, Ohio.

Holiday Festivities in Cosmopolitan Washington

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

counting three nephews who are in this country studying, and who make their home with him. The Bolivian plenipotentiary has ten children, but has brought only two of them here with him. Señor Merou, Argentina's gifted representative, has two young daughters, who have not yet reached their teens, and Señor de Quesada of Cuba has a wee baby boy and a sturdy little girl of five years.

In all these homes the tree is the most popular form of Christmas celebration, but in some of them the impersonation of the nativity is delineated. This delineation is an almost universal form of celebrating Christmas in the Central American states. One end of the largest room in the house is set apart, and in it a miniature city of Bethlehem, with its streets and houses, is laid out. Over the whole a canopy of stars is hung, with a prominent Star of Bethlehem shining over a grotto, in which is the manger, the infant Jesus with Mary and Joseph, the wise men kneeling in adoration, and the wondering cattle in the background. This room is carefully closed to the children until Christmas eve, and then, upon their return from mass (for the Central American and South American diplomats' families are all devout Catholics), the room is thrown open, and the Christmas festivities begin. The presents and confections are distributed, and later the family and friends sit down to an elaborate banquet, which lasts until midnight. Christmas Day is spent by the children in going from house to house to see the miniature Bethlehems, and to show the gifts the good little Jesus left for them.

◆

IN THE legations represented by the Orientals—China, Japan, Persia, Assam and Turkey—Christmas is not down on their calendars for celebration. The advent of their New-year, which in each case occurs at some time during our month of January, is marked by ceremonious commemoration. Last year Minister Wu gave a mammoth reception on the Chinese New-Year's, at which he entertained more than a thousand guests. He had a Chinese band hidden behind a row of tall palms in the music-gallery of the legation. All the evening it discoursed its weird and whimsical strains. With the usual American ices and salads, strange-looking and stranger-tasting Chinese dainties were served. The handsome rooms, in which there is a great deal of native furnishings, were elaborately decorated with Chinese flags and embroideries, and with the Minister and Madame Wu and the *attachés* of the legation, in their handsome. brocaded gowns, circulating among their guests, the occasion was one of unusual interest.

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THE climax of Christmas week in Washington is reached at New-Year's with the spectacular reception at the White House. On that day the President of the United States and his wife, with the entire line of Cabinet ladies, receive not only all officialdom, but the visiting and Washington public as well. At half-past ten in the morning the members of the diplomatic corps drive to the south door of the Executive Mansion, and go to the Red Parlor, where they lay aside their wraps. Promptly at eleven o'clock the announcing-bugle sounds, the Marine Band strikes up an inspiring air, and the presidential party take their places in the famous Blue Parlor.

The diplomats are received first, and their gorgeousness fairly dazzles the eyes. The men are in their court-dress, ablaze with the glitter of gold lace and bright colors, their wives and daughters resplendent in silks and jewels. The members of each mission are received together, with a rigid deference to ranking precedent. The German ambassador, in the full uniform of the Red Hussars, comes first, followed in rapid succession by the other European and the Mexican ambassadors. Next in order are the ministers and their suites, who are not a whit behind the ambassadors in their glittering array. The imposing figure of the Austrian ambassador, with his red-plush cape, white trousers and polished boots, is matched by the equally splendid-appearing Russian envoy in his ermine-trimmed tunic, or the Brazilian minister in his sage-green, gold-incrusted uniform. The plainly attired American citizens, who have come out by the thousands to give their President New-Year's greetings, do not figure very materially on this occasion. It is the South-Americans and Central-Americans who give the color; the insignia-bedecked Europeans who add the splendor, and the magnificently gowned Orientals who are the culminating glory of this scene.

The French government is another of the foreign powers which has recently acquired its own legation property at our capital. For a number of years its embassy has occupied the historic old "Admiral Porter" house on H Street, next to the Metropolitan Club. Last spring the French government purchased a large building-plot at the head of Connecticut Avenue, out in the northwestern section of the city, where the legation is now in course of erection.

◆

MONSIEUR CAMBON, who had been the French ambassador at Washington since 1898, and who became so widely known as the representative of Spain during the Spanish-American troubles, was transferred to Madrid in September. His successor, Monsieur Jusserand, arrived in the United States during December, in time to present his credentials to President Roosevelt before the New-Year's reception, and at which he will make his first official appearance. Monsieur Jusserand has been in the diplomatic service for more than a quarter of a century, and has made an enviable record, but he is equally widely known in continental Europe as a writer on questions of economics and finance. Like his colleague, the British ambassador, Monsieur Jusserand has an American wife, who comes from a wealthy New York family. Before her marriage Madame Jusserand was Miss Elsa Richards, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Richards. The late Mr. Richards was one of the founders of the banking-house of Munroe & Co., of Paris.

◆

THE new Ambassador and Madame Jusserand have no children, and as they will scarcely be settled in their Washington home before the New-year begins, the festivities at the embassy will necessarily be limited. However, Monsieur and Madame Margerie, the first secretary of the embassy and his accomplished wife, will give a brilliant holiday entertainment at their N Street home for their little son, Roland, at which the interesting Christmas customs of France will have a prominent part. Every child in "la belle France" is taught to place his shoes in the chimney on Christmas eve, in order that the blessed Jesus may come down from the skies and fill them with presents. If they are not good he will leave them empty.

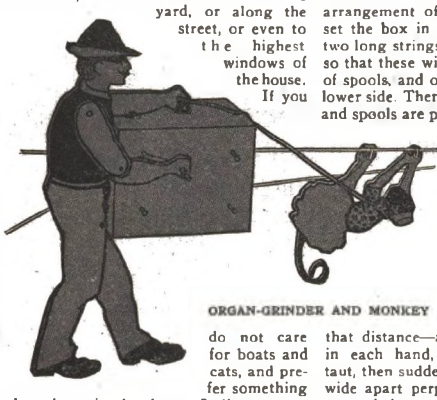
At all events, Baby Roland Margerie's shoes are going to be placed in the chimney on Christmas eve, and he will be sure to find them filled upon Christmas morning. But that is not going to be his only celebration. By no means! In the evening he is to be the host at a grand Christmas party. Many of the little people of the *corps diplomatique* are to be present, and a great tree is to be loaded down with presents for them. Madame Margerie is going to trim it for them in regular Paris fashion with colored globes, candles, and innumerable French baubles which she brought from the homeland. Then, after the French manner also, the children are to form in line and march into the room where the tree is, singing a Christmas carol. Before the tree is dismantled, and its wealth of gifts transferred to the happy recipients, the little people will join hands, and to the same pastoral music which their cousins across the sea always hear at Christmastide they will dance around its weighted boughs in wildest delight.

ESPECIALLY FOR

BY MEREDITH NUGENT

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR AND VICTOR J. SMEDLEY

HERE is a chance for lots of fun—a chance to make a boat that will travel uphill, that will travel from your back garden to the second or third story window of your house, and that will travel as prettily as any boat you ever saw. If you are not fond of boats you can make for yourself the funniest kind of a funny cat, and then send this traveling up and down hill, or back and forth across the yard, or along the street, or even to the highest windows of the house. If you do not care for boats and cats, and prefer something else, there is the funny Italian organ-grinder, with his cardboard monkey, and these, too, will travel wherever you wish.



ORGAN-GRINDER AND MONKEY

Unless I am much mistaken, however, all you boys will be just delighted with that air-line steamboat, for it has two pin-wheel paper screws in the stern of it, and as the steamer makes its numerous trips back and forth, these revolve, oh! ever so rapidly. Simpler toys were never made, so all try and see what you can do.

How to Arrange the Running-Gear Which Will Make All These Toys Travel

First procure a cigar-box; if you cannot conveniently get one, make a box for yourself out of wood, which will answer fully as well. Bore four holes in the cover of the box, and four holes in the bottom of it—near the corners and about one and one fourth inches from each of the sides. Be sure that holes are parallel to each other and of sufficient diameter to allow the head of a thin one-and-one-fourth-inch wire nail to pass through. After you have carefully bored these holes, cut a narrow slit in each end of the box—from top to bottom—one fourth of an inch in width. Then take four spools—which should be of the same size, and slightly shorter in length than the inside depth of the box—and plug up the holes of these tightly with wooden pegs. After whittling off the projecting ends of these pegs, drive thin one-and-one-fourth-inch wire nails into the plugged-up spools, allowing half an inch of each nail to project, so as to serve for an axle.

DIAGRAM OF THE "CLIMBER"

Now place the four spools inside the box, allowing the wire-nail axles to protrude through the holes in the bottom, and close the lid, taking care that the upper nail axles pass through the holes in the cover. If you are now sure that the spools work perfectly free, and do not touch the sides of the box at all, nail down the cover. The diagram shows the arrangement of the spools exactly. To set the box in motion, pass the ends of two long strings through one of the slits, so that these will drop between both sets of spools, and out through the slit on the lower side. Then, to test whether your box and spools are properly arranged, proceed as follows: Tie the ends of the two strings that issue from out one side of the box to the top of the door, and close together. Next, go with your cigar-box to the far end of the room—the strings should easily reach that distance—and holding a string in each hand, pull both perfectly taut, then suddenly move your hands wide apart perpendicularly, straight up and down. As soon as you do this the box will shoot up to the top of the door so quickly that you will be surprised. By placing your hands together the box will return again. The illustration of the boy and girl playing "Cat on the Fence" shows perfectly the method of making the box travel.

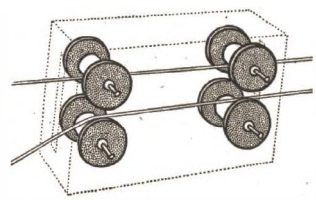
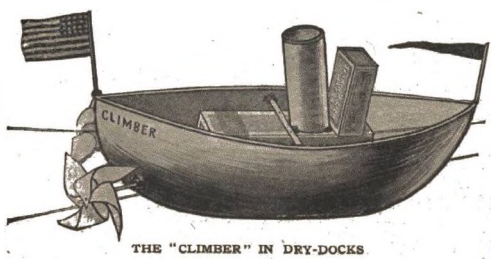


DIAGRAM OF THE ORGAN MACHINERY

How to Make the Air-Line Steamboat

First, arrange your cigar-box and spools as just described, then fasten a stick six inches in length across the middle of the upper part of the box with small nails and sealing-wax; see the illustration of steamboat. Fasten cardboard sides for your boat to the tips of this stick and to the lower corner of the box with sealing-wax. After drawing the cardboard together in the front and rear, fasten these to each other with sealing-wax. Each cardboard side should measure twenty inches in length and seven inches in depth. The tops of each side should be cut with a slight curve inward, and the lower parts cut well away in the front and the back; see the illustration of the steamboat and the diagram.

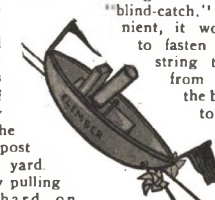
A match-box will serve admirably for a pilot-house, and this may be fastened in position with sealing-wax. A smoke-stack of heavy wrapping-paper is also fastened in position with some sealing-wax. The two propellers are paper pinwheels, fastened to the ends of short sticks, which are in turn attached to the steamboat with sealing-wax. Be sure to place these propellers in such a position that they will not interfere in the least with the strings. Decorate the boat with streamers and flags, and paint the name *Climber* on its side.



THE "CLIMBER" IN DRY-DOCKS

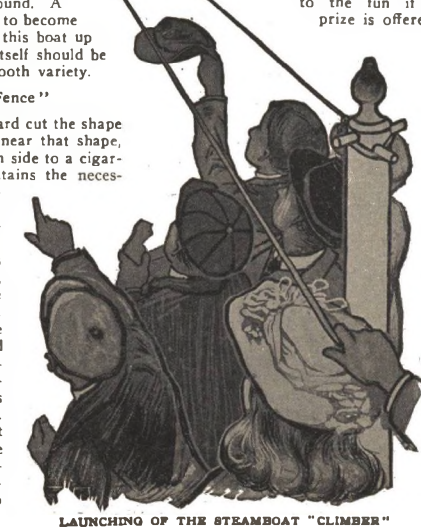
GAME OF "CAT ON THE FENCE"

These boats may be made to travel from the back yard to the second-story window by fastening the ends of the strings which come through the bow to the "blind-catch." If convenient, it would be well to fasten the upper string that comes from the stern of the boat tightly to the top of the clothes-post in the yard. Now, by pulling down hard on the lower string that comes through the stern the boat will travel with marvelous rapidity from the ground to the second-story window, with its screws just whizzing around. A few trials will enable you to become quite expert in sending this boat up the string. The string itself should be of the strong, hard, smooth variety.



"Cat on the Fence"

Two pieces of pasteboard cut the shape of a cat, or somewhere near that shape, and fastened one on each side to a cigar-box—which already contains the necessary machinery—is practically all there is to the making of this interesting toy. Be careful, though, to bore holes through the pasteboards, for the axles of the spools to pass through. This cat may easily be made to travel a hundred feet, and return, by suddenly and strongly pulling the hands apart as shown in the illustration. You can make your cat as funny as you please by painting it with various colors, and by fastening broom-straws to its head for whiskers.



LAUNCHING OF THE STEAMBOAT "CLIMBER"

Organ-Grinder and Monkey

Cut out of cardboard a man, minus both arms, and fasten him to the organ—which should be a small cigar-box fitted with the necessary spools—between the slit and outside edge of the box. The right arm is made of two separate pieces of cardboard. Punch holes through these two pieces, and fasten them together at the elbow with thread. Also punch a hole through the cardboard shoulder, as well as through the upper part of the arm, and fasten both together loosely, but securely, with thread. Make the left arm of cardboard, and fasten to the shoulder and to the top of the organ with plenty of sealing-wax.

In making this toy use a piece of stout wire, about two and one half inches in length, instead of a wire nail, to serve as an axle for the upper rear spool. Where this wire projects beyond the box bend it into the shape of the crank on a hand-organ. Slip the cardboard hand over the end of this crank, then drop on the tip of it a little lump of sealing-wax, so as to prevent the hand from slipping off.

The monkey is cut out of stiff pasteboard. Circles of wire are fastened to the hands and feet with sealing-wax, so that the creature may easily slip up and down the string. A very stout piece of wire should be used to connect the monkey with the man or organ. Pass the upper string only through the rings on the monkey's hands and feet, then drop both strings through the box as previously described. If properly made this is a most amusing toy.

In making all these objects carefully follow the illustrations, and you will not go wrong.

It is great fun at a party for young folks to have all the boys and girls try their hand at making these toys. It is easy to get the material together, and it adds to the fun if a prize is offered.

YOUNGER READERS

SNUGGY BEDTIME STORIES

BY J. H. JEWETT

I.—Snuggy and the Watermelon

BY THE WAY

There are all kinds of monkeys, as all kinds of boys;
Some monkeys are quiet, some make too much noise,
Some monkeys are mischievous—meaning no harm—
Or frisky as colts let loose on a farm
Some are fond of their books, and monkey-shines, too;
There are manly young monkeys—I have known not a few—
And Snuggy was one, neither too good nor bad—
Just a frolicsome monkey, like any bright lad;
And he had lots of fun that was funny, and some
That wasn't so funny, in the good days to come.

ONCE there was a Boy-Monkey who lived in the strange, far-off country, and whose name was Snuggy.

Snuggy was very fond of stories in which something happened to make things lively and interesting, and he soon began to help make stories himself.

One of these stories happened when the watermelons were ripening in a neighbor's field, on the other side of an orchard between his home and the melon-patch.

One afternoon Monkey-Pug, who was older and bigger, called Snuggy over to the orchard and showed him the big watermelons on the other side of the stone wall. Then Monkey-Pug told him how easy it would be to get one of them by staying out with him after the bell rang to call the others into school again.

Snuggy agreed, and crept into the bushes with Monkey-Pug, and hid until all was quiet. Then they both climbed over the stone wall, picked out the biggest and ripest watermelon they coulo find, and began to roll it over and over to the stone wall.

The melon was a monstrous one, but Pug said that together they could boost it over the wall, and then lie down out of sight and eat it.

When they had managed, by much lifting and tugging, to get it on the top of the wall, Monkey-Pug climbed over the wall to let it down easy on the other side. Just then they heard a voice near, and Monkey-Pug told Snuggy to "scoot" for the orchard, and he would lie low behind the wall.

Snuggy ran, and climbed the nearest tree, just in time to be discovered by the owner of the field.

"So I've caught you stealing my fruit, you young rascal!" shouted the Man-Monkey.

"I'm not stealing the fruit," replied Snuggy.

"What are you doing up there, then?" demanded the owner.

"Resting a little," answered Snuggy.

"That's a likely story," said the owner. "What made you so tired?"

"Running to get away," answered Snuggy.

"Get away from what?"

"That switch you have in your hand," was the reply.

"What have you been trying to do?" demanded the Man-Monkey.

Snuggy hesitated for an instant, between the truth and a lie, and then frankly replied, "Trying to steal a watermelon, sir."

"Well, I like that. Why didn't you lie about it?" said the owner, with less sternness.

"Because I would rather take the switching now, and have it over with, than sit up here any longer thinking about it."

"You can come down, youngster," said the Man-Monkey. "I'll break up the switch; you don't need it."

Taking Snuggy by the hand, the Man-Monkey then led him into the house, where he gave him two slices of the largest and ripest and sweetest watermelon he had ever tasted in his life, and invited him to come again when he was hungry for watermelon.

When Snuggy reached home, the teacher had reported his absence from school after recess, and for punishment Snuggy was shut in his room alone until the next morning.

Shut up in his room alone, Snuggy did not even dream of what had happened to Monkey-Pug after they had parted in such haste.

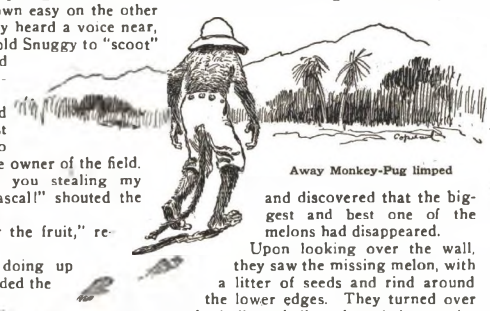
When Monkey-Pug told Snuggy to "scoot," the huge melon was on top of the stone wall, and in his haste to get out of sight and to hide himself he tugged at the melon until it rolled off the wall, and came crashing down upon him, pinning him to the ground underneath. The weight of the melon nearly squeezed the life out of him, and he lay there for some time, helpless, hut afraid to call for help.

At last a bright idea came to him. As his arms were free, by twisting and turning he was able to get his jack-knife from his pocket, nd began to cut a hole through the rind around the lower side and nearest his head.

After much gouging and whittling he managed to make a large opening, and then began the pleasant task of eating up the sweet and juicy inside of the melon.

The more he ate, the larger the hole became and the lighter the melon pressed upon the lower part of his body and legs, until at last he was able to crawl from under the great shell, and to creep inside out of sight and finish the whole of it.

The quarters were so cozy and his body was so full of watermelon that he soon became drowsy, and fell asleep. There is no knowing how long Monkey-Pug would have slept had not the Man-Monkey and one of his neighbors chanced to take a stroll through the melon-patch and discovered that the biggest and best one of the melons had disappeared.



Away Monkey-Pug limped

Upon looking over the wall, they saw the missing melon, with a litter of seeds and rind around the lower edges. They turned over the hollow shell, and to their surprise there lay Monkey-Pug rubbing his eyes.

"What became of the inside of this melon?" demanded the owner.

"Had to eat it up to get out from under it," sullenly answered the culprit.

"Did you eat it up all alone?"

"Had to; there wasn't any one here to help me," answered Monkey-Pug.

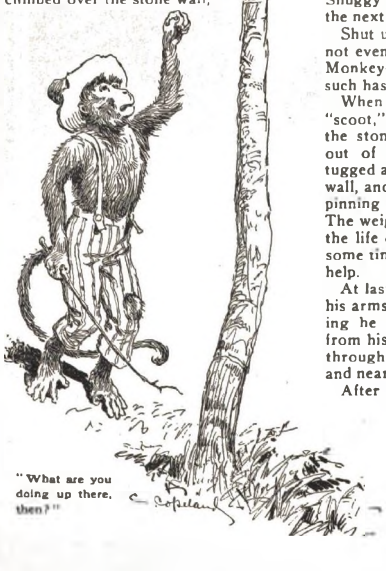
"Comes pretty near being a miracle;" said the neighbor. "I don't see where he put it all and still have had room to house himself inside."

"That's no miracle," replied the owner of the melon. "I have a pig that can do the same thing. That little pig will eat two bucketfuls of meal and milk for breakfast, and when he has finished I can drop him into one of the buckets and he doesn't fill it half full. It is only a way some pigs have, and this thieving monkey seems to have the same kind of an appetite."

Then the Man-Monkey took Monkey-Pug by the ear, and said, "If you don't die of stomach-ache to-night, and wish to live to grow up with a whole bone in your body, you would better keep out of my melon-patch in the future. Be off, I tell you!"

And away Monkey-Pug limped, cuffing at the bees, glad to get off so easily.

Snuggy went to the Man-Monkey and told the whole truth the next morning, but it was too late to save the melon. The Man-Monkey received him kindly, but said little, and forgot to offer Snuggy any more watermelon, which did not really matter, for he was glad to feel that he had tried to be honest, and truthful about the whole affair—watermelon or no watermelon.

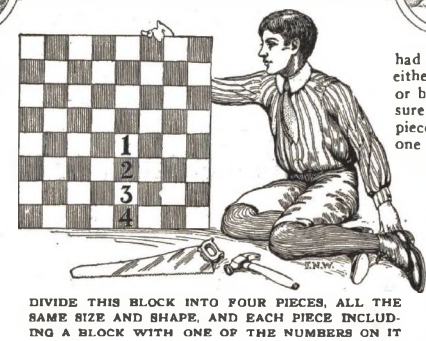


"What are you doing up there, then?"

In Our March Number You Will See How "Snuggy" Played "Wild Indian"

SAM LOYD'S PUZZLES

A BOY received a checker-board which had been divided into four pieces. All of these pieces were exactly the same shape and size. They were numbered respectively 1, 2, 3 and 4. He fitted the pieces together, making the complete board with the numbers placed as seen in the illustration. The *puzzle* this month is to reverse the plan of the boy's working and to divide the board into four pieces, all the pieces exactly alike, each section bearing one of the numbers, 1, 2, 3 and 4. In sending your answer to the puzzle, take the accompanying drawing and outline the four pieces carefully, as you think the boy had them, using either pencil, pen or brush. Make sure that each piece takes in one of the numbers, and one only. In the margin of the paper in which you have drawn your explanation of the puzzle write twenty-five words of what you think of Mr. Sam Loyd's puzzles. Cut out your answer and send it to the Editor of the Checker-board Puzzle Contest before February 1st. To the one sending the correct answer and the best little essay we will give a prize of $5.00. Address the January Checker-board Puzzle Department, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 35 West 21st Street, New York City.



DIVIDE THIS BLOCK INTO FOUR PIECES, ALL THE SAME SIZE AND SHAPE, AND EACH PIECE INCLUDING A BLOCK WITH ONE OF THE NUMBERS ON IT

A Letter to our Boys and Girls

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—A letter that brings good news is always welcome, and this letter to the children of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION is going to be full of good news.

First of all, I want to wish you children all a glad and happy New-year from the editors of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, and next I want to introduce myself to you, with the hope that we shall grow to be very great friends. "Aunt Janet" is the name you will know me by, and you must never forget that I am almost as young as many of you, and just as fond of fun and frolic as any of you can be.

Every month I am going to write you a letter or an article full of all sorts of ideas about games and "plays" for indoors and outdoors, and besides this I am going to answer all the letters and questions that the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION boys and girls want to send to me.

But just that we are going to be the best friends in the world is not all the good news. I have heard some interesting things from the editors here in New York about the surprises they are planning for the Children's Pages. Every month at least two entire pages are to be yours—pages filled with the jolliest stories, the most wonderful puzzles, the newest games, the sweetest poetry, and all sorts of information about work and play for big boys and little boys and for girls and for the tiniest bright-eyed member of the family. If you have any doubt, just look at the Children's Pages this month, and read, or get some one to read for you, the first of the "Snuggy Bedtime Stories." And if our boys want the best time of their lives, they will start right in and make some of those wonderful toys "that run uphill" that Meredith Nugent writes about this month.

As for prizes, there will never be a month without one, and some months there will be two and even three, for the boys and girls, in their own departments.

If the boys and girls want anything in these departments that the editors don't think of, just write to me and I will tell the editors, whether it be different games or stories or puzzles, and the best suggestion that comes in will have a prize. Always address your letters to AUNT JANET,
Care WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 35 West 21st Street, New York, N. Y.

This is the house the young couple saved and paid for in five years.

A Young Couple Were Married 5 Years Ago

He had a moderate salary. They started simply and saved. But they didn't skimp. They gave little dinners and heard the best lectures. In five years they had saved enough to pay for the house at the head of this page.

Another Young Couple Were Married, Too

They put by $7 a week, and the house at the bottom of this page is now theirs,—entirely paid for. A third young couple's income was $16 per week. They saved $8 of it, and bought and paid for the house at the bottom of this page.

How these and 97 others did it, step by step, dollar by dollar, is all told in the great series, *"How We Saved For a Home,"*— 100 articles by 100 people who saved for and now own their own homes on an

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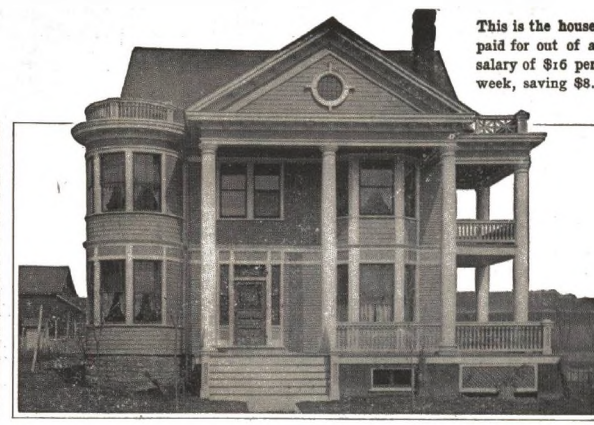
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

This is the house saved for on $7 a week and now all paid for.

This is the house paid for out of a salary of $16 per week, saving $8.



The Flight of Fenella

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

shoes," she said quickly. "If you don't mind waiting a minute I'll put them on. Do you?"

He shook his head and smiled.

She went back into the car, and Curtis sighed dolefully. This time he didn't ask himself why. He knew.

Presently—but it was more than a minute later—she reappeared, hatted, jacketed and gloved, and carrying a bag. She paused on the step, and thrust the tip of one small shoe into sight.

"That's better," said Curtis. "But what's the bag for? Is this an arctic expedition?" He helped her down the steps, and they set out along the track.

"I brought the bag because—because—Oh, dear! cousins are so inquisitive! Well, if you must know, I brought it because the dressing-room is so small—and my hair is in an awful condition—and I thought that at the farm-house—"

"I see," answered Curtis. "By the way—" He stopped, and looked back. "How about Miss Peabody?"

"She—she didn't want to come," explained Fenella, with, as Curtis thought, a trace of embarrassment. "Perhaps we can bring her a cup of coffee."

"Certainly—and an egg." They left the track, waded, with many exclamations of alarm from Fenella, through a huge drift, and started across the meadow.

"Is—is it very heavy?" asked the girl presently.

"Not a bit," answered Curtis, untruthfully, shifting the bag to his other hand.

"The—the train will be starting soon, won't it?"

"The porter said in about two hours; the whistle will blow to warn us."

They took up their journey again.

"What do you suppose that fellow thinks?" he asked presently.

"That fellow?" repeated Fenella, with a dangerous emphasis.

"I mean Eustis," responded Curtis

"Oh! I thought that you were perhaps referring to the colored porter," said she. "Of course, I don't know what he thinks. But he has probably learned that the train was delayed by the storm, and he is undoubtedly waiting there yet."

The vision of a man tramping back and forth on the snow-covered station platform at Meadowville pleased Curtis so that he lost his irritation and smiled to himself. Perhaps the girl guessed that he was smiling.

"Anyhow," she went on, hurriedly, "he knows that I would not fail him unless—unless something like this happened. And he'll wait as long as—as I ask him to!"

"He has a cold time ahead of him," answered Curtis, meanly.

"I don't mean that he'll wait there!" she flashed out. "You needn't think that because you have—have kept us apart this time that—that everything is at an end! I'll marry him the first chance I get!"

"That's the Hampton of it," groaned Curtis, under his breath. "If that is so," he said aloud, "I think Aunt Margaret and I had better give our consent at once, so that there will not be another—"

"Well?" demanded Fenella, defiantly.

"Let us say *flight;* it sounds better."

"I don't care what you call it," she said, sharply, "and I don't care whether Aunt Margaret consents or not; as for you—"

A pause ensued. Curtis flushed.

"As for me, you don't care what I think? Perhaps, Cousin Fenella; but I intend to take an interest in your welfare despite your wishes. Whoever you marry, and whenever you marry, it must not be clandestine; and I shall see that it isn't."

For reply Fenella laughed, with no trace of anger, and Curtis flushed again and scowled at the back of her hat.

Chapter X.

"WE CAME to see if you wouldn't take pity on us, Mrs. Violet, and give us some breakfast," said Curtis. "If we could have some of that coffee and—"

"And an egg," suggested Fenella.

"Of course you can," Mrs. Violet answered, beamingly. "Just make yourselves to home. Perhaps, sir, your wife would like to take off her wet shoes."

Curtis found himself blushing like a school-girl; he looked up, to find Fenella evidently enjoying his confusion. She shook her head.

"I'm not his wife," she said, with a smile; "I'm only his cousin. And—and I'm a great deal of trouble to him," she added, remorsefully.

The farmer's wife shook her head knowingly.

"I'll believe that when I hear *him* say it, miss. Anyhow, you'd better sit up to the stove an' dry your shoes while I see what I can find."

Then she turned to Curtis. "He wanted to get up this mornin', sir, but I told him that he'd better wait awhile until he was stronger. I gave him some oatmeal gruel an' a cup of tea an' a few pieces of graham toast, an' he said he felt better. But I locked his door, sir, so that he wouldn't come down until I'd seen you an' heard what you thought about it."

"Quite proper," replied Curtis. He had, in reality, forgotten the existence of Mr. Curdle for the while, but felt thankful indeed that the woman had discovered a means of keeping him quiet and harmless for the present, at least. "I don't think he should be allowed to get up yet," he went on, decidedly. "The—the exposure of last night, you understand, must certainly have—er—weakened him considerably, and bed is the best place for him at present."

"Just what I thought, sir; but he did take on terrible at first. An' then the telegram!"

"What about telegrams?" asked Curtis.

"Why, sir, he's been beggin' all the mornin' for some one to take a telegram to the station for him. I told him that no one could possibly get through the roads until this afternoon, but it didn't have the least effect."

"I'll go up and see Mr. Curdle presently," said Curtis.

Mrs. Violet hurried out into the kitchen, and in a moment the coffee-mill was singing a cheerful strain.

"How did that Mr. Curdle happen to be here?" asked Fenella.

"He started out last evening to go to Whiteley to send his plaguey telegrams, and was overcome by the storm and went to sleep on the track in a snow-drift."

"But how did he get here, then?" the girl persisted.

"I found him, and brought him here."

"But he might have been frozen to death!" exclaimed Fenella, horrified.

He nodded doubtfully.

"Did you have to carry him?"

"Yes."

She rose, and joined him at the window, and looked out toward the railroad.

"Through all those drifts?"

"Well, through quite a bunch of them."

She shivered, then turned to him with smiling admiration.

"Don't you think you're something of a hero?"

"I hadn't thought so," he answered, smiling back; "but if you insist—"

"I do You're a hero!"

"I'm a hero!" he echoed, gravely. "Hail to me!"

She took no notice of his flippancy, but regarded him intently and soberly for a moment, during which he made a new and vastly important discovery. Her eyes were not altogether brown; there was a touch of hazel in the iris, and they were very deep; you could look way into them, and—and—

"I'm glad you are a hero," she said, softly. "I always wanted a relation that was a hero." She put out her hand with the air of a good comrade, and he forbore to retain it in his own for an instant beyond the proper limit for a clasp of that character.

"I'm afraid you don't consider yourself a hero, really," she continued.

"I'm afraid I don't. I fear I'd make a poor showing in a novel."

"Oh, in a novel! That's because only unnatural people ever get into novels."

"Is it? Perhaps so; but I'm sure if I were writing a novel I'd put you into it."

"For your heroine? Oh, wouldn't that be perfectly fine! I've always wished I were a heroine. And would you make me very, very beautiful and very rich?"

[CONTINUED IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE]

A $1,000.00 Cash Prize Puzzle

Sam Loyd's Famous 14-15 Puzzle —Can You Do It and Win $1,000.00

FIG. 1—SHOWING ORIGINAL POSITIONS OF THE BLOCKS IN EACH PROBLEM

IT is over a quarter of a century since Sam Loyd's most wonderful little game, called the "15 Puzzle," set two continents half crazy in a futile effort to solve it. Everybody bought the "15 Puzzle"—rich and poor, clever and stupid, famous and unknown, old people and little children—but up to date, although people have been trying more or less ever since, it has not yet been solved.

The mere mention of this "15 Puzzle" several months ago, in an article in the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION about Mr. Loyd, has greatly revived the interest in it and brought in hundreds of letters asking all sorts of questions about the possibility of getting the right answer. Indeed, so much has been said about it now that the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION has decided to reprint the puzzle, with Mr. Loyd's consent, in its prize contest. Four illustrations are given to aid in the solving of it.

Because of the great difficulty in solving this puzzle, and in order that the people who give their time to it may feel that there is some recompense in it, Mr. Loyd suggests not only the first original method of trying to solve the puzzle, which is the most difficult and for which he offers a cash prize of $1,000 00, but three other methods of getting at the solution, for which a prize of $10.00 each will be given to the person getting the correct solution in the fewest number of moves. In every instance the prize goes to the person solving the puzzle in the fewest number of moves. The person who succeeds in getting the blocks placed right in ten moves stands twice the chance of success that the person does who is compelled to move the blocks twenty times.

Here are the four different problems:

FIRST PROBLEM—Take the box with the blocks as shown in Fig. 1 (with the 14 and 15 transposed), and move (don't jump) the blocks around so as to bring them in the position shown in Fig 2 (with the 14 and 15 corrected). For a correct solution of this problem, according to these conditions, Sam Loyd himself offers a cash prize of $1,000 00.

SECOND PROBLEM—Start again with the blocks as in Fig. 1, move the blocks so as to get the numbers in regular order, but with the vacant square at upper left-hand corner instead of lower right-hand corner; see Fig 3. The person doing this in the fewest number of moves wins a prize of $10.00.

THIRD PROBLEM—Start with Fig. 1, turn the box a quarter way around, and so move the blocks that they will rest as in Fig. 4. The person doing this in the fewest number of moves wins a prize of $10.00.

FOURTH PROBLEM—This, very nearly embodying the original idea, is to move the pieces about so as to form a "magic square," so that the blocks will add up 30 in ten different directions, the blocks being arranged in the first place as they are in Fig. 1. A prize of $10 00 will be given also to the person doing this problem in the fewest number of moves.

In every instance it must be borne in mind that it is a question of speed as well as accuracy.

It must be definitely understood that the prize will be given to the subscriber sending in the correct answer in the *fewest number of moves*. In case two or more contestants win in the same number of moves the prize will be divided. We cannot answer any questions about this puzzle. Place nothing in your letter except your answer, with the name and address of sender. All answers must be addressed to the "15 Puzzle" Contest, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 35 West 21st Street, New York City, New York, and must be in our hands by February 1, 1903.

CHART A—BOARD ON WHICH BLOCKS ARE TO BE USED IN MOVING

	1	2	3
4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15

MOUNT THESE BLOCKS ON PASTEBOARD. CUT OUT, AND USE ON CHART A

1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	14	15	

FIG. 2—CORRECT POSITIONS IN PROBLEM 1

	1	2	3
4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15

FIG. 3—CORRECT POSITIONS IN PROBLEM 2

1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	14	15	

FIG. 4—CORRECT POSITIONS IN PROBLEM 3

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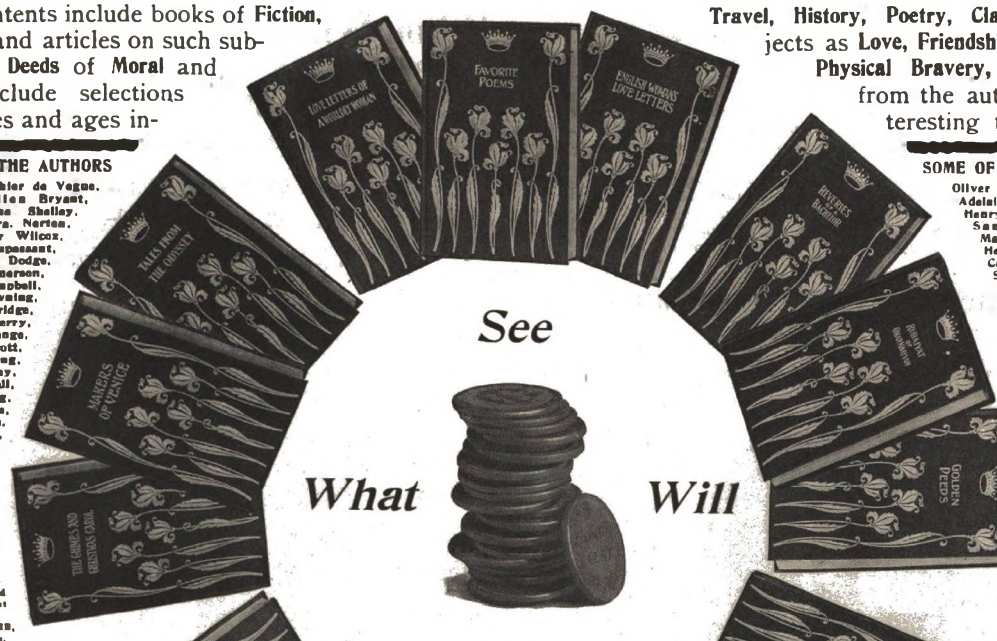

They Say

The Books and Bookcase came this morning, and are beyond my expectations. Inclosed find full payment for same.
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"My Lady's Library" reached me in splendid order. Am greatly pleased with the works. They are admirable. I am more than satisfied with the Books.
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Books received in good order. Very much pleased with same. So much so that I intend paying balance immediately.
MRS. ARCHIBALD CRUMPLER, Anniston, Ala.

Books received all right. I am simply delighted with them.
MRS. GERTRUDE F. EVANS, Bennington, Vt.

Received Books and China-Cabinet all right. Am very well pleased with same. I inclose complete payment.
MRS. A. D. HILDRETH, Lima, Ohio.

Books received all O. K. Am much pleased with them. IDA McWAIL, Elgin, Ohio.

I received "My Lady's Library." Am very much pleased with it. I inclose complete payment.
MRS. SAMUEL MUSSARD, Graham, Va.

They Say

My Books have just arrived and I am much pleased. Inclosed find payment.
LAURA B. JOSLIN, St. Paul, Minn.

My friend is extravagant in her praise of the beautiful Books and the good things they contain. The little note she says is just lovely.
MRS. NEISCHWANDER, Sharpsburg, Pa.

Am pleased to inform you that "My Lady's Library" reached me in splendid order. I am very greatly pleased with the works. They are admirable.
MRS. FANNIE TROUTWINE, Tyrone, Pa.

Inclosed find money-order on account of "My Lady's Library." Am well satisfied with Books and Cabinet.
MRS. J. W. LOTTER, Cincinnati, Ohio.

I have this day received the set of "My Lady's Library," which was shipped on August 31st, and am much pleased with the Books and Case.
MRS. LOSELLA SMITH, Chatham, Ill.

My friend tells me the gift has arrived. She is very much pleased with it. Her husband was in the secret, and he also is delighted. He says there are books in it he has long been wanting to read, and they both think the selections very fine.
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Hospitality in Our Own Town

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

delicious. We felt we were fortunate in having three novelties at our first supper—the salad, the fruit jelly and the punch. And the things that were not strictly new were as good as the others. The rolls and the chicken were fine, and I never saw more beautiful cake.

We rather pride ourselves on the cake we make in our town. George Millbank says it is because we have had no dissipation for years but a sewing society, and the only way to tell one meeting of that from another was by the difference in the kind of cake you had. I don't believe that is the reason, but we certainly had delicious little cakes that night, and several rather unusual kinds. We had coffee with which to wind up, and the men who were present all begged to be allowed to join our club and come every time. But we told them a "spread" like this could be afforded by a club like ours only once a year, and that we did not believe they would care to be present if there was nothing to eat.

FISH SALAD—Boil halibut or other good whitefish, putting it on in boiling water, to which has been added one teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of vinegar. It should cook about twelve minutes for every pound. Take it from the water, and put aside to get perfectly cold. When ready to make the salad, cut the fish into neat pieces of uniform size, and place each upon a crisp leaf of lettuce. Lay a sardine, which has been drained from the oil, on top of every piece of fish. Make a good mayonnaise dressing, and just before sending to table stir into one half pint of it two sardines, stripped of their skin and flaked fine. Squeeze a few drops of lemon-juice on the sardines as the salad is about to be served. One spoonful of the dressing may be put on each portion of fish before serving it, or the mayonnaise may be passed in a bowl, with a ladle, that all may help themselves.

FRUIT JELLY—Put a box of gelatine to soak for an hour in one cupful of cold water. While it is soaking, grate the rind of one lemon and of one orange, and put with them the juice of two oranges and of one lemon, and mix all with three cupfuls of white sugar. At the end of the hour put the sugar and the soaked gelatine together, and pour upon all one quart of boiling water. Stir until the gelatine and the sugar are dissolved, then strain through a flannel bag, letting the jelly drip through without squeezing, and set it aside to become cool. When it begins to show signs of growing firm, wet a mold with cold water, pour a very little of the jelly into the bottom of it, and arrange sliced bananas, lobes of orange and preserved cherries on this. Pour in more of the jelly, and when this is firm enough to stand the weight of another layer of the fruit, without allowing this to sink, put it in. Continue in this way until the mold is full. Let it become very cold, turn out on a flat dish, and serve with cream.

A TEMPERANCE PUNCH—Make a strong lemonade, allowing five lemons and one cupful of sugar to one quart of water. Roll the lemons, and slice them, letting the sugar stand on the lemons for an hour before adding the water. To every quart of the lemonade allow one quart of ginger-ale. Put both together into a punch-bowl or big pitcher, in which is a piece of ice. Have a number of sprays of mint, and bruise the stems and lower leaves between the fingers, so as to bring out the flavor of the plant. Stick these sprays into the punch half an hour before serving. This is especially delicious in summer, when mint is plentiful. But even in winter it is possible to get the mint from the butchers or grocers who keep it for mint sauce, and only a small bunch is really needed to flavor a large bowlful of the punch.

It is a wise housewife who supplies herself with mint during the summer. It is easily dried, and will keep all winter.

Women's Club Organization

BY MRS. EDWIN KNOWLES

President of The Professional Woman's League

MRS. EDWIN KNOWLES

ORGANIZATION among women has been carried to such an extent that it is rapidly becoming a habit. Any and all subjects are considered excuses for forming a new club. Having exhausted philanthropic and social aims and topics, the nine muses, all the mythological deities, women are even naming their clubs after the latest and most popular novels. The "To Have and To Hold" Club, "Crisis" Club, "Helmet of Navarre" Club, are a few of the ludicrous examples springing out of this absurd and madding thirst for organization. The complication is something similar to the railroad system in Illinois, where the different lines cross and recross at junctions innumerable. It is almost possible to visit an acquaintance on the opposite side of a small village by taking a train to the first junction, then changing to a return train on another line which runs through the village, perhaps half a mile beyond the first road. So with women. A club-meeting every day in the week—some even belong to more—eventually results in a mad tangle of ideas, chaotic; to speak the plain, unvarnished truth, idiotic. Go to any popular society on their "anniversary day," look over the assembly, and view with astonishment the long lines of glittering badges; verily, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these! In fact, the only adequate prototype one can remember is a popular band-master. The club habit once firmly seated, the thirst for office soon follows. Women who were afraid of their own voices, who once timidly sought out corners, feeling secure only in obscurity, are soon eager and clamorous for office. The development of club officials is full of heroic fortitude. Emulation of brave deeds, courageous and daring exploits is a matter for earnest commendation, while the spirit of dress emulation displayed by many club-members is one to be deplored. Nearly all societies contain both rich and poor members. Some women dress magnificently, but in keeping with their incomes. Their dressing should be accepted as their offering to the dignity of the club, not copied and imitated by the less fortunate ones, who turn and twist their few dollars in a vain effort to approximate the appearance of the expensive gowns worn by the few.

Man's evolution in politics is mild and uneventful compared to that of a real club-addicted woman. The absolute and unreasoning seriousness of an election is vastly amusing to any one with a sense of humor. The President of the United States is elected with less intentness of purpose than many petty officers in women's clubs, while the bitter, heart-burning chagrin and despair of defeated ones overwhelms and almost consumes them. To women who think and labor for the good of the whole, not self-aggrandizement, the time seems close at hand when fewer and stronger organizations shall take the place of the many—concentration the watchword; maintaining a worthy purpose, but with less seriousness; keeping nerves and tempers from constant wear and tear by a more impersonal spirit. Then, indeed, goodwill and flourishing endeavor will bear ripe, rich fruit.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1903

Heroes of Every-Day Life

The Heroes are not all dead yet; they live all about us, and are doing courageous deeds every day. This reduced illustration shows a New York fireman at work doing a daring rescue—swinging a helpless woman from a burning building to a place of safety. The modern policeman is just as brave; so are Uncle Sam's life-savers, who fight against even more despairing odds in their battle with the furies of the ocean. The heroes of the board of health, who fight disease and epidemic, sometimes are called upon to do even more courageous and daring things. The duties they perform are less spectacular, perhaps, but quite as thrilling to read about. This series of articles should inspire us all to be brave and do great things ourselves. The illustrations will be from portraits of these brave men and women in real life.

Thrilling Tales of Brave Deeds

A YEAR OF MANY EXTRAORDINARY FEATURES

Good News for Boys and Girls

Nothing is too good for the children. The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION plans double the amount of space for Boys' and Girls' articles for the coming year, some of which are outlined below. There will be a splendid series of articles for Boys. Here are only a few of the subjects:

How to Get Up a Practical Carpenter-Shop at Home; How to Build a Good, Safe Boat for Five Dollars; The Boys' Own Gymnasium, and How to Fit It Up; Practical Summer Camping, and How to Build a Brush House; A Village Fair; How to Train Pets.

There will be each month a Department conducted by "Aunt Janet," who would like to know every boy and girl under the sun, because she loves them and knows how to make them happy. "Aunt Janet" understands boys and girls so well that they can write to her on any subject and be sure of an answer. One of the things that the children are going to learn in "Aunt Janet's" Department is how to build a Doll-House, and to furnish it throughout with charming home-made furnishings.

The Girls will be interested in these articles, especially written for them, which will include the following topics:

A Girls' Club, and How to Make It Practical; The Little, Trained Nurse; A Girl's Own Party; A Plan for Spending and Saving, at One and the Same Time, a Small Allowance.

There will be a set of articles under the general title of NURSERY PLAY AND RAINY-DAY PASTIMES. A few of them will be:

A Smith Family Entertainment; A Mother-Goose Party (with Charades); How to Give a Marionette Performance; An Old and a New Year Party; Home-Made Toys; A "Sewing Circle" for Dolls, Including Dolls' Fashions and Patterns.

A PUZZLE DEPARTMENT FOR CHILDREN will run through the entire year.

A POST-OFFICE AND PRIZE DEPARTMENT will be conducted by "Aunt Janet." There will be several sets of prizes every month for big Boys and Girls and little Boys and Girls.

Mr. Baynes Making Friends with a Mud-Turtle Against Its Will

The Nature-Study Club

There is no more significant or encouraging development of the times than the rapidly increasing demand for Nature books and Nature writers. Realizing this growing impulse among young and old to get closer to Mother Nature, the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION a year ago inaugurated the first Nature-Study Department, entitled "Little Journeys to the Woods and Fields," and engaged a real naturalist to conduct it, Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes, who lives in the woods and fields and gains his knowledge at first hand instead of from books.

THE NATURE-STUDY CLUB is a development of the enormously popular "Little Journeys," and planned to be even more helpful, more instructive, more valuable, to all those who wish to get closer to Mother Earth. Mr. Baynes will be in charge as before, and will suggest simple lines of study, and give directions to our readers everywhere in his department, to help them to learn to *see* things. The photographic illustrations will be even better than in 1902.

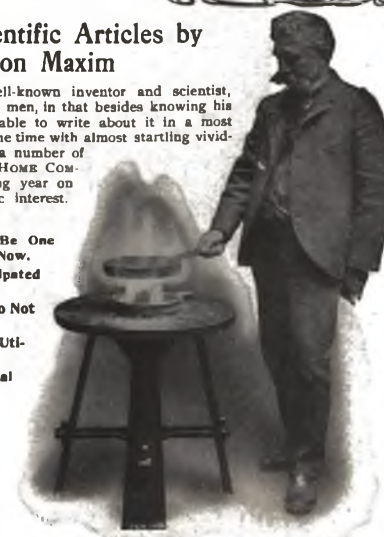
All our subscribers are invited to enter into correspondence with him, and to enroll themselves upon the membership-lists of THE NATURE-STUDY CLUB, which they may do without any extra expense. Monthly prizes will be offered.

THE NATURE-STUDY CLUB, in the way of furnishing photographs and interesting material for study, will be of particular value to schools and school-teachers. Write Mr. Baynes, telling him you are interested. Address him care WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 35 West 21st Street, New York City.

Popular Scientific Articles by Hudson Maxim

Hudson Maxim, the well-known inventor and scientist, differs from most scientific men, in that besides knowing his subject thoroughly, he is able to write about it in a most graphic way and at the same time with almost startling vividness. He will contribute a number of articles to the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION during the coming year on topics of popular scientific interest. The subjects will include:

What the World Will Be One Hundred Years from Now.
How Fiction Has Anticipated Fact.
Things That Scientists Do Not Yet Know.
How Modern Science Is Utilizing Waste Products.
The Search for Perpetual Motion.
Inventions That Are Yet to be Invented.
Keeping House with High Explosives.



Mr. Maxim Frying Eggs over a Flame of Maximite, One of the Most Powerful and Deadly High Explosives.

These are but a few of the host of features of unusual interest planned for the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION for the coming year. For full particulars send for our handsomely illustrated "The Book of Promise."

Every department of family interest, beautiful pictures, good serials and short stories, popular science, helpful editorial essays, popular music, practical fashions with perfect patterns, sensible cooking and household economics, new things in fancy-work, novel ways of entertainment, reasonable physical culture, attractive and instructive children's pages, etc., etc., has been splendidly provided for, with the aim of making the COMPANION what it really is—as nearly as possible the perfect family magazine, meant to entertain, instruct and encourage every member of the family.

Subscription price $1.00 a year. *The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.*

ELEGANT REPRODUCTIONS, ONE OF A

$75,000.00 Painting, FREE

FOR years we have been searching for something, to give to the subscribers of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, that would

Eclipse anything ever offered by any publishing-house in the world

At last, at great expense, we make it possible for every home in America to possess a magnificent and faithful reproduction of the grand picture, entitled "God Speed," by one of the most famous artists of the day, E. Blair Leighton, R.A.

If genius ever helped an artist

it was in this instance, for a picture more beautiful, more correct in its composition, more balanced in its lights and shades, or more faithful in its rendering of a historical scene, cannot be imagined.

It sold for $15,000.00

an enormous price for a picture of its size, and whenever and wherever it has been exhibited it has created a noted sensation. It represents a mounted knight prepared to lead his men to battle. At the postern gate he halts for a moment. Mounted on his charger he makes a brave picture, his burnished helmet, with raised vizor, shining in the sun, and his rich cloak half concealing the suit of chain-armor he wears. His reason for pausing is obvious. On the steps of the postern stands a beautiful maiden, who

REDUCED ILLUSTRATION No. 13—"GOD SPEED" FULL SIZE 22 BY 28 INCHES
By E. Blair Leighton, R.A.

whispers the knight "God Speed," and binds his arm with her scarf, thus appointing him "Knight Errant" to defend her name in combat and tourney, and affording him a charm against the perils of the fray. It is a scene not uncommon in the days "when knighthood was in flower." The beauty and grace of the woman is in strong contrast to the sturdy, chivalrous stature of the man, who, however, by the gentleness of his eyes, seems touched at the favor bestowed upon him. We have been greatly congratulated in being able to offer our subscribers an opportunity to secure

Our exquisite reproduction

which is 22 by 28 inches, including margin, and which cannot be told from another reproduction, which sells for $30.00 (thirty dollars), when they are placed side by side on the wall.

Given Away

Either one of these marvelous pictures will be given FREE to any person sending one NEW yearly subscription to the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. A copy will also be given FREE to every one subscribing to the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, on condition that they add 25 cents, for postage and packing, when sending One Dollar, the regular price for one year's subscription.

We have also selected

Another of the most Remarkable Paintings

ever *produced by mortal man in this or any other age*, "The Village Wedding." It secured for the artist the honor of immediate admission to the ranks of the Royal Academy. The original painting was shown all over Europe, and thousands upon thousands of people gazed upon it with rapture. It was

Quickly bought up for $75,000.00

and placed in the position of honor in one of the most celebrated galleries in Europe, and no American money yet offered has been able to secure it for this country. In fact, it could not be bought to-day for $250,000.00.

The whole picture fascinates one with its absolute accuracy to life. There are virtually **twenty-seven pictures in one**, as each of the twenty-seven figures alone is a wonderful picture. Every face is alive with the spirit of action. It is a picture of mirth and merriment; a picture to bring sunshine into every home, and into the heart of every one who sees it. A picture in which every figure is a study.

REDUCED ILLUSTRATION No. 11—"THE VILLAGE WEDDING" FULL SIZE 22 BY 28 INCHES
The Grandest Work of the Great Artist, Luke Fildes, R.A.

You cannot tell our engraving from the only other authorized reproduction in Europe, which sells for $18.00 (eighteen dollars).

Our exquisite reproduction is 25 by 38 inches, including margin, the exact size of the costly European engraving, and will be a splendid addition to the art collection of any home, whether framed or hung without framing, a fashion now so much in vogue.

Both famous pictures absolutely free

Realizing that thousands will want to secure both these exquisite reproductions of the two grand and magnificent pictures, "God Speed" and "The Village Wedding," we will send to any one sending us two dollars, the regular price for two years' subscription to the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, both pictures, packed, and charges paid anywhere in the United States, absolutely free.

Here is your opportunity to secure these superb productions, one of Mirth and one of War, one an upright and the other a horizontal picture, so that they will add variety besides adornment to the walls of any home.

A value of **$7.00 for only $1.50**

TWO MAGAZINES AND ONE PICTURE

Either "The Village Wedding," a beautiful Monotint Engraving, or "God Speed," another exquisite engraving, in beautiful sepia tones	very, very cheap at	$5.00
Woman's Home Companion one year		1.00
And Either Cosmopolitan, or Success, or Everybody's Magazine	one year	1.00
		$7.00

There isn't a home in America that should not have either one of these grand works of art, to not only lend charm to the home, but as an education as to what great Art and its wonderful influence is. For this reason we make

Our Unparalleled Offer

ONE PICTURE AND WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Either "The Village Wedding," or "God Speed"	either one very, very cheap at	$5.00
Woman's Home Companion one year		1.00
Both for $1.25		$6.00

A value of over **$12.00 for only $2.00**

BOTH PICTURES AND WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Both "The Village Wedding" and "God Speed"	If these could be bought at stores they would quickly bring $5.00 each	$ 5.00
		5.00
Woman's Home Companion two years' subscription		2.00
		$12.00

All orders must be sent direct to us, at any one of the three addresses given opposite.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

125 Times Building, NEW YORK
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO
1529 Marquette Building, CHICAGO

New Fashions for Moderate Incomes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

a variety of materials—embroidered French flannel, light-weight Henrietta cloth, the very new silk flannel, cotton crêpe, cashmere, or the inexpensive honeycomb Shaker flannel. The Marion wrapper is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40.

No. 46—Constance Bath-Gown

This bath-gown is made with a loose box-front and a semi-fitting back. It has the kimono

No. 48—BEATRICE HOUSE-JACKET

sleeve. The material may be elderdown, Turkish toweling or Terry cloth, or the robe may be made of a soft cotton blanket, with the stripes in either pink or pale blue. The Constance bath-gown is cut in sizes 34, 36, 38 and 40.

No. 49—Breton Apron

This apron, invaluable to the busy housewife, is the same both front and back, is long enough to protect the gown well, and is easy to make. The material is gingham, and the corsage-band and shoulder-straps are of insertion. The pattern for the Breton apron comes medium and large.

No. 47—Gretchen Bath-Robe

This little gown may be made of Terry cloth or flannel. It has a yoke both back and front, and

No. 52—LETTY CORSET-COVER
No. 53—BLANCHE WASH PETTICOAT

in length just escapes the ground. The Gretchen bath-robe is cut in 10, 12, 14 and 16 year old sizes.

No. 48—Beatrice House-Jacket

The Beatrice jacket will be useful to the invalid to slip on over the nightgown when sitting up in bed. It also makes a useful breakfast-jacket. It is dainty made of French flannel, with feather-stitched ribbon bands as the trimming. The Beatrice house-jacket is cut in sizes 34, 36 and 38

Coupon for Ordering Patterns of these Fashions Will Be Found on Page 35

JUST FOR FUN

SHE HAD HER WAY

She was a demure-looking girl, young and slight. The day was hot, and her hair clung to her forehead in babyish little rings. In her hand she held a tennis-racket—three of the strings were "sprung."

She explained to the salesman in the big sporting-goods house that the racket was an expensive one; that it had broken at the first trial; that the fact of its having done so had caused her much annoyance, as she had bought it for a birthday present. In conclusion, she was here to return it.

The salesman noted the babyish curls, and adopting the manner of a bored but rather good-natured cat to an irresponsible kitten, he promised to have the racket restrung.

"But I don't want it restrung," said the girl; "I want a new one."

"Oh, but I can't give you a new one," said the clerk, reprovingly. "This one has been used."

"Yes," said the girl, meekly, "it has been used, and therein was my mistake. You see, I fancied I had bought a tennis-racket, and so described it to the recipient. He foolishly believed me, and used it. Had we both known that your firm was charging seven dollars for *papier-mâché* souvenirs fashioned after the form of a racket, why, he would have put it upon his wall as a decoration. Yes," she concluded, politely, "I admit we erred in using it," and she smiled prettily.

Then she gave her address, and walked out. The next day the firm sent a new racket.—Exchange.

JOHNNY GETS EVEN

MOTHER—"Why, Johnny! aren't you ashamed of yourself—striking your little brother?"

JOHNNY—"I'm doing it for his own good, ma, and it hurts me a good deal more than it does him."

A SECRET

FATHER—"What did I tell you I was going to do to you if I caught you smoking again?"

JOHNNIE—"If you don't remember it, pa, you needn't think I'm going to tell you!"

TWO PETITIONS

Raised in the wild, impetuous West, accustomed to the quick vengeance of man, little Elizabeth, age four, thus ended her prayers one night: "And, O Lord! spare us through the night; but if you *do* see fit to call us, *don't* call us by shooting or hanging!"

Two little grandsons had spent the day with their grandma. The white kilt suits had been immaculate when their auntie took them for a walk, but mud-puddles had proved too tempting. We may judge mamma's displeasure from little Mathew's prayer:

"O Lord, bless papa and mamma and Charlie, and make Mathew a good boy. Make us nice to the grocer-man when he doesn't speak nice to us, and don't let us walk in mud-puddles any more when there is water in them. Amen!"

LOOKING FOR A TEACHER

Prof. Robert L. Garner, the African explorer, is frequently the target of wits, but happily he has an effective method of protecting himself against their assaults.

On one occasion, while breakfasting in the Queen's domains, an offensive little Englishman took a seat beside him, and began a bombardment of senseless affirmations.

"It's a cold day!" quoth the stranger.

"Yes," said the Professor, courteously.

"This is a large dining-room!" was the next original comment, and so during the entire meal.

Professor Garner is at all times the most approachable of men, but as the young blood was incapable of thrusting out the ghost of a peg on which to hang the conversation, Professor Garner contented himself with monosyllabic replies. Later, as he walked through the hotel lobby, crowded with guests and loungers, the man again approached him. Thrusting his hands deep into his trousers-pockets, and with his feet wide apart, he remarked, in a loud, sneering voice, "I know who you are!"

"Well, sir, having made no effort to conceal my identity, I am not surprised at your penetration!" returned the Professor, crisply.

"Oh, you are the man who knows all about monkeys!" persisted the young fellow, impertinently.

"Not *all* about monkeys! There are several species I am not familiar with!" returned Professor Garner, significantly.

"Say, Professor," asked the young fellow, gibingly, "is it true that you can teach monkeys to talk?"

The exasperated explorer looked full into the impudent face, and inquired, seriously, "Yes; on rare occasions I have accomplished this difficult feat! Were you looking for a teacher?"

Friend to Amateur Artist—"I suppose you'll give up painting when you marry."
Amateur—"Oh, no! It'll be so convenient and economical when we have to make wedding presents."

BETWEEN TWO FIRES

CASEY—"Now, phwat w'u'd ye do in a case loike thot?"

CLANCY—"Loike phwat?"

CASEY—"Th' walkin' digate tills me to shtroike, an' me ould woman orders me to ka-ape on wur-rkin'."

AN UNPLEASANT EPISODE AT MADAME CHEETAH'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

"The hostess presents her compliments to Miss Hippopotamus, and begs to inform her that the mistletoe ain't refreshments."

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