The Ladies Home Journal Scavenger Hunt

Below are selected pages from late 19th century additions of The Ladies Home Journal, read through the following and locate the following?

1. Three examples the genteel culture

2. Three ways in which post war women differed from their antebellum counterparts

3. Three continuities in the position of women from the beginning of the 19th century till the end

4. Four examples of rise of consumer culture in the late 19th century

5. Two ways Victorian morality was being challenged in the late 19th century

6. Three continuities in the position of men from the beginning of the 19th century till the end

7. One way in which post war men differed from their antebellum counterparts

8. Two impacts of industrialization on the lives of Americas
Promises made in the time of affliction, require a better memory than people commonly possess.

Colds are more frequently the result of overeating and a disordered digestion than of exposure.

A man who, sometime ago, married "an angel" says it is about as complete a failure as anything he has heard of.

In walking, the weaker of two persons takes the arm of the stronger. This is why dollies always take ladies' arms.

Chicago Socialists drank 300 kegs of beer at a public picnic where a conspicuous motto was "Our Children Cry for Bread."

The Journal for 1885 will contain not less than 12 pages, same as last month, cut, pasted, and trimmed, and the price kept at 35 cents per year in clubs of four or more.

The antiquated cups and saucers are no longer the objects of desire. A great change has come about. The old silver to decorate the fine o'clock tea-table has become the object of search by the fashionable public.

Miss Cleveland writes to a friend in Washington who has been paid $7,250 thus far as her share of profit upon her book. The sale keeps up fairly well, and her profits will aggregate not less than $35,000.

A well-known English clergyman, who had preached, one morning, in a magnificent New York church, started, watched the congregation defecting out of the aisles.

"Do American ladies, then, go to some place of amusement, I ask?" he asked. "They are dressed for the theater."

If you cannot raise a club yourself, have you not a son, daughter, niece, nephew, or grandchild, who would be glad to earn for themselves some of the premiums we offer? Boys and girls make the best of club raisers, and easily secure large clubs with but little effort, at the extremely low price for the Ladies' Home Journal—only 35 cents per year.

If you are so situated that you cannot secure a small club, we suggest that you send your fifty cents extra with your own renewal, thus adding to your even dollar bill, which as per club rates will entitle you to four yearly subscriptions, and a premium. Your subscription to your friends to three of your friends, and thus get a premium worth $1.00 and your subscription for only fifty cents more than your own single subscription would cost.

100,000 SUBSCRIBERS.

One year ago, we closed our first year, with 28,000 subscribers. Six months later, last July, we had 50,000. Just doubled in six months. In our August number we said "In a month, again in six months! We can with your help—not without it."

Our friends have given us a generous and hearty support, and we are proud to close our second year with a full hundred thousand paid subscribers. Now, dear readers, can you accomplish for this object of our present desire—a circulation of 240,000 copies?

With such a constituency how important and responsible a duty is laid upon us! We dare not discharge these duties boldly, honorably and conscientiously, and we shall be glad at any time to aid from any of our subscribers to this end.

We enclose a club blank with the request that you kind friends place your names upon these blanks as subscribers. There need be no trouble in filling it. If you will, tell your neighbor: what a helpful little gem the Journal is, for only twenty-five cents a year.

THE FAULT-FINDER.

Why should an old woman say she is too old to learn. That is a ridiculous statement. No woman is too old to learn.

What in the world do you want in the kitchen for? Fix up your sitting-room and get away from the stove.

Why do you always figure on a money basis in speaking of improvement or other farm interests? Of course, you can get more good for yourself out of a better looking home and farm than most people ever can get out of your money.

You ought to be ashamed of yourself to sell that faithful old horse that has been like a member of your family, and probably wear his life out on the stage. Of course, he hasn't got much speed, but he has been a good horse, and should never be put to get rid of you when your usefulness goes.

The ordinary house-cleaning is an era of bad meals, ill temper and general indolence. If it puts the whole family out of joint for a week. Can't you have the cleanings more frequent and less tiresome?

Don't expect too much of that boy. "An old head on young shoulders," is an abnormal development of brain. You don't want any month in your family.

I read in a paper recently that bloody milk is due to a disorganized condition of liver. Don't have bloody milk. Some boy from a hospital might produce it, too.

Don't try to kill rats with "Rough on Rats," or any other poison; then the children contain arsenic. Get a good cat and let it earn its own living.

THE DANGERS OF FLIRTING.

Whatever idea the young girls who practice street flirting may entertain of their seemingly innocent pastime, it may be set down as a certainty that when a young man desires the acquaintance of one who may some day become his wife, he does not go out on the street and flirts about, for that is not flirtation. But, on the other hand, the flirt of the street, no matter how innocent and fair her intentions may be, is the last person to be his life's companion. The young lady who engages in this kind of pastime should bear in mind that she is not only endangering her reputation and leaves a stain upon her good name, but that her name is a by-word among those with whom she flirts, to be bandied about on the street corners, fasching on her otherwise fair name a stigma or stain that will follow her years after she sees her folly and attempts to mend her ways.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Not long ago as an elderly couple were out walking, a lady on the opposite side of the street tripped and fell down. The old gentleman rushed across the street and helped her to her feet, only to discover that he had not the slightest object to assist her in any possible way. His wife followed him across at a slow pace, and witnessing his devotion to the stranger, she got up, and shook her fist at him.

"It's all right—it's all right," he whispered.

"Yes, I know it," she replied exclaims: "here an unknown woman hurts her too, and you plow across the street to eat her up with kindness. There are other things that you should do besides walk over stairs."

You stood and laughed and wanted to know if I was practicing for a circus.

MARRIAGE—OLD FOOLS.

"If marriage is good for the young," says the Chicago Herald, "it is good for the old."

Accordingly, that journal protests against the practice of old men marrying, and bespeaks for them admiration instead of ridicule arguing that the older he grows the more distinguished man he becomes, and that marriage diminishes with advancing years.

If old men would only be content to marry women of middle age, there would be no longer any cult regarding old man and young woman, and, however, has never been satisfied to see December wedded to May. People always have talked and will talk, and one man chooses a bride young enough to be his daughter.

The more you say, the less people remember.
"Can't I sit up just a few minutes longer?"
"Well, five or ten," replies the indulgent parent.

These lengthen into fifteen or twenty, and when they have elapsed, the child is just as unwilling to go, although so sleepy it can hardly hold its eyes open.

The permission has been granted at the expense of the habit of punctuality, so important all through life, and which, if not acquired early, never will be.

Parents are not sufficiently mindful of the fact that the years of childhood are given to fit the child for the future, and that he should be kept a child just as long as possible. Late hours hinder both mental and physical growth. Nerves, overstrained by indulgence in regard to studying, eating, or sleeping, during this important epoch, may never regain their tone.

Americans frequently show, by their nervous manner, the false training they have received in early life.

A volume could be written upon this alone.

Thankful should be that person whose parents, especially the mother, had common sense enough to bring up the child lest them by the Lord, wisely, and therefore, well.

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**EDITOR'S LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:**—In the August number of the JOURNAL, I read a letter from which I quote the following item: "There is one thing more, dear sisters. You who have young babies this summer, and wonder how you can get through the warm weather, with added cares, preserving, etc., drink half a glass of porter with your dinner, making it more palatable by water, sugar, and nutmeg, and you will find your strength increasing daily." I was, at the time of reading said letter, surprised, and pleased, that any woman, or mother, should give such advice.

Surely, thought I, this will bring forth an avalanche of protesting letters from mothers all over the nation. Mothers who are working with might and main, for "God, and home and native land." Aye, they are fighting with almost superhuman strength, this gigantic evil that is alluring so many of our loved ones to ruin. Intemperance is the only theme that a writer, with the most vivid imagination, cannot overlook. And to think, in the face of what is being done, at the present time, to mitigate this curse, that a writer should deliberately advise (through the columns of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, a paper of such wide circulation) mothers of little nursing babes, to put "porter upon their tables and drink it every day." When my eldest child was a babe, I learned that drinking strong tea made him very wakeful; this being the case, would not a drink of porter every day have caused a drunken baby! Is not the milk of the mother very materially

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**FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.**

**A WORD TO MOTHERS.**

Mothers! I say, make practical housekeepers of your daughters, whatever else you make of them. What is a woman if she cannot keep house practically? Is she any comfort to her husband? I would say she is not. It is the duty of every mother to train her children so that they will be a comfort and a blessing to those around them. The wealthy mother may say, she keeps a servant or housekeeper and it is not necessary for her daughter to work. That is all very well. Does she forget that "riches have wings" and, too, that her daughter will sooner or later be married and will then want to keep house herself? How many young women are there, that know how to manage a house? Most of these are married at little things, like dusting or cleaning up her own room, or putting her clothes in order (and there are a number of other things which she might be put to when quite young, as may seem proper to the mother, all of which will train her). As she grows older increase her responsibilities and care. In this way little by little, a knowledge of cooking, baking, washing, mending, cleaning, sewing, and managing a house in general is gradually yet easily acquired. If all mothers would do this, there would be more happy families and more well managed households in this world than we have now. I do not mean to say that art and music should be neglected, but, cannot a woman know how to keep house, and still be an artist or a musician? I was born in wealth, never wanted anything. My mother kept servants but still we had to work. She used to say, "We have all we want now, but will it be so forever?" And a good thing it was that we learned while yet young. But time changes, one year goes, another comes, each brings its sorrows and its joys. Each day has its tale to tell of those who have lost a fortune or some other who has found one. And the day came to us, too, when our fortune went, and happy we were that we knew how to go ahead and do the work. What a comfort it is to a mother if she is sick and knows she has a daughter who can look after the household duties. Often is the time I have heard it said by women in trouble, "Would that my mother had been alive. She could have taught me to work when I was a child, now I am married and must find out everything and worry whether there is no necessity of it." Girls grow up, knowing nothing of the worries and troubles their mothers have. They go to school, to nurse their children, and are as merry as
Is not the milk of the mother very materially affected by her diet, and drink? And again, if we place it upon our tables, and drink it, can we expect our sons, of mature years, to let it alone? I find, in consulting Webster, that porter is an intoxicating beverage. Now has it not been proven, scientifically, that intoxicants will not give an atom of strength; but to the contrary, they leave one weaker, and more debilitated, after the stimulating, or forcing process is past? I now recall to mind a lady who manufactured her own wines, using them freely in her cooking. Rich wine pudding sauces ever graced the board, and mark the result: Five sons grew to manhood, no, only two of them did that. The remaining three, grew to beasthood. One married, alas! before his intemperate habits were well known; thus dragging down to degradation a poor girl, who might have been your daughter, or mine. Who had not rather bury a daughter, than to see her the wife of a drunkard? The baby boy of this wine making mother, was often borne home, beastly drunk ere he was out of his teens. Could she expect much sympathy over the ruin she herself had wrought? A prominent physician, having made this matter a subject of careful study, says: "Of 623 moderate, and immoderate drinkers, with whom I have conversed, 357 tell me that they acquired the desire for wine, and other alcoholic poisons, by their use in articles of diet, and in the family, and social circle; dealt out to them by their wives, sisters, and female friends.

Of this number 189 cases were from the use of liquors in articles of diet. Think of this mothers, and make your mince pies without brandy. Of the whole number referred to, more than half of them filled drunkards graves, 117 dying of delirium tremens, and a third of that number from suicide." Oh, if women could be enlightened on this one point and cease to be tempters!

FANNY FANSHAW.

...to parties, concerts and so on and are as merry as larks, while their mothers are at home overburdened with care. Now, why not let them help and share the cares of their mothers and comfort them! It would give both mother and daughter pleasure. Have you ever noticed a mother and daughter working and planning together and sharing the sorrows, as well as the joys of this life? If you have, you will know what a great help that daughter was to the mother. Take a girl that knows nothing about housekeeping or the care of children, what is she when she is married? Then take one that knows about it, and see the contrast of the two homes. Let sickness come in the house of the former, and she will be completely upset. Let it come to the latter and she will know just what to do. Only the other day I heard of a woman knowing nothing about housework who was left by her girl with a sick husband and a baby to care for. How should she do the housework, how should she take care of her sick husband, what should she cook and how, was the burden of her thoughts. Then they were to move, the day having been set and other parties waiting to move in the house. She ordered the express for the next morning, but not one thing was ready, nor did she know how to get it ready. So the neighbors came in and packed her things and took the carpets up for her. Now suppose she had not had those kind neighbors, what would have become of her then? I never saw the woman yet, who was sorry that she had learned practical housekeeping, and a queer woman she must be if she were sorry for it. I think every woman ought to be proud of being a good housekeeper. And I know that men in general are very proud if they have a wife who is a good housekeeper. I will not say any more this time, but would love to hear someone else's opinion on this subject. Yours, A. E. H.

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Not buy FERRIS' PATENT
GOOD SENSE CORSET WAIST?

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feeds the brain and gives a retentive memory. It cures ner-
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as well as her children's, no mother should go without
this special Brain and Nerv. Food.
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NETT'S TEETHING SYRUP. Perfectly safe. No
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each pattern's first short clothes. Health Garments, at
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and delight than anything
else in the world. Respectfully requests you to sub-
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LILLIA BROWN, box 74, Brattleboro, Vt.
BY CHARITY SNOW.

"Do I believe in women working themselves to death? No, of course I don't, and yet, there are ninety-nine women out of every hundred who do it, and perhaps do it with a weary look in their eyes, or they live in fear of the fever, or of some invalidism, or they are governed by the other idea that it is not the same as it was.

Their folks make a great funeral for 'em, and spend more money to bury 'em than they would if they had been boys.

The minister calls it a dispensation of Providence, and all the time 'twas just the same as it was when boys were buried. Their folks do it, and it's all the same.

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SOME HINTS ON MONEY MAKING.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

XI.

A girl on a farm once told into her head that there were two ways in which she could make money and in better ways than was dreamed of in the philosophy of the "men-onlys" around her. One who laughed, in a new-danged mood, and measured and ploughed their ground, and planted corn and potatoes, while the other did these things. It came to her all of a sudden, as she was leaning over the rail fence and gazing at a brilliant October sunset, wondering if life did not hold better things than she had been able to get hold of.

There were the Summer boarders, for instance, whom she had missed, that season, with keen curiosity; and who were given to sudden irruptions of laughter, and sudden quietus of milk, and gingerbread,—the lawful intimations regarding them, meanwhile, with mild perplexity. What is she to do, from them? She could not make a great show as that girl in the cheesecloth dress, who wore it as if it had been cloth of gold; but she never would have thought of sticking that bunch of cardinal flowers in her belt. And yet how pretty they looked there!

Little by little, there came to her the consciousness that these people possessed an art of great value; that of knowing how to do—how to speak, to look, to act; that this art was the outcome of certain conditions, these influences being dependent on culture and a certain amount of money. The first thing, Susie decided, was money; and she would set her will to work to get some.

When a woman has evolved a plan which appears to be a good one, she arises and dresses herself, and goes into action. Susie Bates now followed in the same train of thought, and so, she emerged from the front gate clad in the glittering panoply of a showy hat, a muff, a glove, the shoulder-cardigan, a pugnacious basket, and a well-fitting dress of blue satin. Her parasol was of cream-color, lined with blue, and had a heart of laced taffeta. In dress, at least, she was the equal of the Summer boarders; and now, as she walked to her country store, she meant to see how much nearer she could come.

"Your most obedient," said Hiram Jagger, as he turned a sort of somerset-over the counter. "Now what can I do for you, to-day?"

He glanced at Susie, though he was not altogether disagreeable; and that young lady felt and enjoyed the glance, but without swerving in the least from her business intentions.

"I want to make some money," she replied. "Can you tell me how to set about it?"

"Yes,—my candy jars are just empty,—and I do not want to go to town. Fill 'em up and you'll do well."

"Truly!" queried the girl, who took the idea quite literally.

"Yes, truly. And if you can get up something really good, and put it in boxes, you'll find it worth doing.

Hiram ventured a great deal and was generally objectionable,—but Miss Bates gave no sign of this, as she listened to his suggestions, and mentally added a supplement of her own.

"Why, you might get into quite a business," concluded the apothecary, enthusiastically, "these city folks are forever chawing at one thing or another, and they're powerful strong on candy, I'll engage to sell all you make."

Susie called mind to secret joy a late number of a certain journal which contained some plain directions for making candy without cooking; and she ordered them as soon as she could; and got the confectioners' sugar that Hiram promised to send for.

About a week after this interview, Mr. Jagger displayed an assortment of such tempting wares in his window, that the youthful summer boarders fairly风暴ed the premises, almost weeping with delight to see ones more the familiar, and beloved brown,sweetened walnut and fruit caramel, of city days and enjoyments. The tray was empty before night, and Miss Bates was requested to fill it again as soon as possible.

The "home-olds" wondered what Susie was "up to," now, and hoped she wouldn't kill her self with eating candy,—though better, Aunt Rob suggested that slate-pencil. Having told her mother, she was made to eat; that was not enough; and Susie went on with her candy-making. She made such interesting and original things that no one ever heard of before; and the lovely tints from spinach, and beets, and raspberries, were added to add to their beauty. Our heroines were really developing an artistic gift hitherto unsuspected; and although she could not paint a picture, she could beautify common things.

These crisp, apple breakfast morsels became highly popular in certain up-town mansions where sausages in the abstract were rather tabooed,—but some of the occupants had appreciated that nice fresh candy during the Summer and they were willing to try these very tempting sausages. Our enterprising heroine was rather surprised at her own success and there was quite a respectable little sum deposited in her name at the bank of the county town. It was exciting, too; and every once in a while noticed the improvement in Susie, and the envied sums with which she went about her work.

Lemberto, at the season when the Summer boarders made their excursions to the city, and there was nothing going on and no one passing by,—except, perhaps, a round-shouldered man in an ox-cart, or the weekly butcher,—the one representative of youthful femininity in the family used dolefully to watch the Autumn rain drops, and think that so hambrun a life was not worth living. But now that she was taking it in a measure into her own hands, and shaping its opportunities, the whole aspect of affairs had been strangely brightened. She did not mind the rain now, nor the dismal howling of the November wind; she was too full of occupation to heed them,—and she sang at her work, and put an immense amount of it into the twenty-four hours with scarcely a feeling of weariness.

A brightness came into her face and eyes, and an added color to her cheeks; and at the social gatherings which were now in order, Susie Bates began to be noticed as a very pretty girl. Hitherto rather checker and boldy ways had carried off the pain from her heart; but now she seemed full of animation and attraction, and it was secretly whispered, too, that little fortune had come to her in a way,—she had money in the bank. Hiram Jagger, who was quite in demand as a promising young business man, regarded herprecation with fresh admiration, and came speedily to the conclusion that Susie Bates would make an invaluable partner.

Susie was also discussing in her own mind this question of partnership, but not at all in the direction which Mr. Jagger's thoughts tended.

Meanwhile, the candy-making went on; because the candy was unusually good and reasonable in price and city customers wanted it because it was sure of its being made from good materials; but as it is impossible to keep such an occupation a secret from country visitors, who are in the habit of forgetting out their friends from the immense recesse of the kitchen, it became generally known that Susie Bates was making candy to sell in the city at fabulous prices. Fortuitously, every one else went at candy-making, too; but they didn't make it as Susie did, for she would not give them her methods, to their lasting ire, and Hiram Jagger also made himself unpopular by saying when asked to take these consignments, that Miss Bates supplied him with all that he needed.

A much puzzled city confectioner whose advertisement appeared in the weekly paper at Falls Lake, received a suspicious looking box that suggested dynamite, and a scrawly letter, by a somebody, making the contents of said box as "edible home-made candy," which was offered to him at a higher price than he sold his own wares at retail. The esthetic home-made candy being of the soft kind and badly packed, had run together in a small conglomerate mass,—with cubes of citron and fragments of nuts showing here and there like wrecks strewn along the beach. It is needless to say that Miss Almira Jane and her aspiring friends did not obtain entrance into the ranks of the money-makers.

Susie Bates was brightened all through; her intellectual faculties were keenly alive, and she took up that winter two or three studies from which, she would have shrunk before. One of these was book-keeping; and about the first of March, when it was time to think of spring changes and improvements, she made a proposition to Mr. Jagger that almost took his breath away. It was sprung upon him, too, at a time when he was about making a proposition of his own; and there seemed to be danger of a general misunderstanding.

When the young lady began it in an embarrassed way, "I have something to suggest, Mr. Jagger, in the way of partnership, that may seem a little strange as coming from me, when it should, perhaps, more properly come from you,—" Hiram took her up quite joyfully.

"Enough said," was the unexpected reply, "you're a smart girl, Susie, and we'll do well together,—here's my hand on it. When shall it begin?"

Miss Bates was so indignant that she cried; but the tears soon dried on her burning cheeks, and with great dignity and straightforwardness,
PHENOMENAL SUCCESS!

Has attended the introduction of Dr. Scott's Genuine Electric Appliances in the United States. Your offer to your parents, your sons, your brothers, and your friends, is now on the market, and is being sold at a reduced price. The appliances are now being sold at a reduced price. The appliances are now being sold at a reduced price.

They prevent as well as cure. For this reason they should be worn by all.

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They prevent as well as cure. For this reason they should be worn by all.
The latest style of wearing the hair is much lower in the neck, and brushed in loose waves from the back.

No, indeed, Salaratus would be very injurious to both teeth and gums. Use prepared chalk—one part; powdered Orris root—one part; and Peruvian bark powdered—one part; mix well.

"A Constant Reader:" Oyometrics are used for tea napkins, and placed on each plate. Chop oylies are small pieces of embroidered linen upon which to place the cup and saucer. Tray cloths are yard wide squares of linen, embroidered, and are placed at the head of the table, where the lady sits, to protect the table cloth from tea or coffee stains. The tea service is placed upon it.

"Another Constant Reader:" An article upon "Advice to Husbands," was published in a late issue of the Journal. God alone can ask such a wife as you describe, and if a husband continues false and untrue, divorce or entire separation is a good remedy. We do not approve of divorce, however, but a separation can be made, unless the welfare of the children is endangered by it—then a true mother will suffer and be strong in the strength of the Lord, whose ears are ever open to the needs of His children. Thanks for your kind words.

"W. M. D.:" It would have been better not to have written to the gentleman at all. Young men cannot be too careful with whom they correspond, and often they are led into serious difficulties by their letters being shown to others. Young men are not all possessed of high principles and moral worth. You should have said your refusal was due to your not accepting the invitation. Better let the affair settle itself by not speaking of it to anyone. If on very intimate terms with a young man you can ask him for his photograph.

"M. D.!:" When you are serenaded by friends, if there are young men, a mother or brother in the house, they can rise and invite them in and offer them refreshments. But young men no make any answer unless it is to throw out of the window a bouquet of flowers. When you meet your friends you can express your thanks.

"A. B. C.!:"—If you are so placed that you desire to introduce yourself to a lady, you can simply mention your own name, but if you think you know the lady, you should ask, "Is this Mrs. ———?" and then mention your own name, or present your card, as you prefer. Mention the lady's name first if you know it. You could have had an earlier answer, but your letter was misplaced.

You are monopolizing his attentions too long.

3d. If a lady is seated when a gentleman is introduced to her, she can rise, and then seat herself, saying, "Will you take a chair?" If in a crowded party, she can take her seat, if she prefers it, and let the gentleman stand.

4th. It is not considered quite the thing for a young lady of 18 or 20 years to travel alone, merely for sight-seeing, even "if she stops at first-class hotels." The latter not being allowed in large cities, unless the lady is known to the proprietor, or carries a letter of introduction from old patrons of his house. Although a lady, young or old, can travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific slope alone, if she conducts herself with propriety, without being exposed to insult, yet if she should go to any watering-place, or seaside resort, alone, she would not find her surroundings pleasant, and a chaperon is needed as an adjutant if you would enjoy yourself "in sight-seeing."

5th. If a gentleman says, when introduced to you, "I am pleased to meet you," you should smile and bow slightly, and make some remark about your surroundings, or the hackneyed topic of the weather can furnish a remark.

6th. Both answers will do. One cannot give exact directions for conversation, after introductions, and although the gentleman may say, "I am pleased to meet you," the lady need not express her pleasure so openly.

7th. Mrs. Sherwood's work upon "Etiquette and Good Manners," published by Messrs. Harper's, of Franklin Square, New York City, is considered reliable and desirable, for those who wish to learn the rules of polite society.

"Miss B. R.!:"—list. You can paint bullrushes with a stork or a crane in their midst, upon the earthen drain pipe which you desire to use as a pedestal.

23. If a young lady exerts her influence, for a "young man's moral good," by encouraging his attentions and writing to him, "in a sisterly way," but at the same time does not know that he looks upon her in that light, and also corresponds with another young gentleman, "who differs entirely from the first one," the only likeness between them consisting in their being "very much attached to the lady," she is placing herself in a position that may become pernicious. To be sure, a young lady is at liberty to go with whom she pleases, and to write to whom she likes," yet she should also remember that she has no right to trifle with a young man's feelings. Young women cannot be too careful in their intercourse with young men; and to lead them on, until they offer themselves—heart and hand—only to be refused, is not correct as Christian conduct.

3d. It is not comme il faut to kiss a lady friend in church, although you have not met her for a long time.
In no other country in the world has there been such a wonderful growth of type products as in the United States. It has been the ideal, the laurel, as being the kind of bright, well-conducted newspapers, and essentially a field for good and cheap illustrated periodicals. Its magazine, adornment, artistic and literary, has received national attention from the all但这版权。...Of all American business the most characteristic, as a popular acceptor of truth, is that known, full-lengthing phrase: "Success is a sonce 1.000 TEXT C. H. CURTIS, of Philadelphia, hundreds of thousands of thousands, and perhaps a hundred thousand, are interested in the most successful of rapidly-growing periodicals. In a publication, at once unique and phenomenal. We refer to "The Ladies' Home Journal and Practical Housekeeper," now over four years old, the aggregate yearly issue of which exceeds six million copies, mailed direct to the subscribers! Here is a paper that how something of the social hearts and willing, entire hand in the production, such astonishing results as to a brief space of time.

He is a founder and publisher, Mr. Curtis, is a native of Portland, Maine, a high-minded, benevolent and reformer. He is sixty-five and a half years of age, and has been in the publishing business in New York and other cities since 1880. He began his papers in 1882, when he started the "Examiner" and the "Home Journal," and has been in the business since his first paper. He was a good starter, and he failed in the face. Before another year had passed, the "Examiner" had been bought and sold, and the "Home Journal" was the most successful of the rapidly-growing periodicals. It has been the ideal as being the kind of bright, well-conducted newspapers, and essentially a field for good and cheap illustrated periodicals. Its magazine, adornment, artistic and literary, has received national attention from the all this copyright. Of all American business the most characteristic, as a popular acceptor of truth, is that known, full-lengthing phrase: "Success is a sonce 1.000 TEXT
Mrs. Louda Knapp, who is editor of The Ladies' Home Journal, receives an annual salary of ten thousand dollars! This is a larger sum than has ever been previously paid in this country for editorial labor. The cultured and eminently practical lady who earns it, is a native of Boston, where she was born in 1831. She has been a newspaper man's wife and helpmate for twelve years. Her first editorial labor was on the household department of The Tribune And Farmer already noticed. She has a light complexion, blue eyes, which sparkle through gold-rimmed glasses, and one hundred and thirty pounds of plumpness to her scale credit. When in earnest she talks quickly, and becomes very earnest when her interest is awakened. Mrs. Knapp is a very domestic woman; good-natured, benevolent, and a judicious nurse of warm friendships. Her only daughter is eleven years old; a beautiful, carefully-educated, charming girl. Their home is in Camden, New Jersey, where Mrs. Knapp is a member of the First Presbyterian Church; active in good works, faithful to the word and deed of Christianity. Her home life is a realization of affection circled by all the graces of true womanhood. The editorial work of Mrs. Knapp is done in her own library, where she has every convenience and the best reference books of the day. Every morning she devotes two or three hours to The Ladies' Home Journal. She keeps up telephonic communication with the publisher, but seldom visits his office. She believes that to be spent in the open air, she may be seen almost any afternoon driving a pony phaeton through the quieter streets of Camden. She takes pleasure in giving outings to sick and poor neighbors, who are usually denied the healthful luxury of carriage riding. Mrs. Knapp has a rare intuition. She knows to a nicety what interests and moves women, and appreciating their needs, anticipates their reasonable demands. Not a line is allowed to go into The Ladies' Home Journal until it has been carefully scrutinized and edited. Although strongly in love with her professional work, and eminently successful in it, as we have already shown, her duties as a housekeeper, a wife and mother claim her first attention. Here it may be noted that her disinterestedness for newspaper publicity, or to be known as an editor, has caused her to hide her real name under a nom de plume, and as most of her friends and neighbors are subscribers to The Ladies' Home Journal, it is a great source of amusement to her and the immediate family when in the parlors of their delightful home, to listen to the criticisms and comments freely uttered about the work of which that home is the fountain head. Mrs. Louisa Knapp is really Mrs. ———- no, not just yet! The Journalist isn't a woman; therefore it can and will keep the secret.

Mrs. James H. Lambert.

Of women who wield a fluent pen, with profit to themselves and to their readers, few have a wider or more justly earned popularity than Mrs. Mary E. Lambert or as she is better known Mrs. James H. Lambert. Mrs. Lambert is of Northern parentage. Her maiden name was Pertine. She was born in Cahaba, Ala., where her father, who went thither from Staten Island, was a prominent merchant and planter of the old regime. When quite young she married a Southerner and lived in Georgia until after Sherman's march to the sea, where, having lost everything, she had to go to work to buy bread for her children and other dependent ones. Her literary career, began, under the stern impulse of necessity, with the contribution of pathetic and humorous articles on "The Progress of Reconstruction" to the New York Tribune. Pleased with the originality and spirit of these sketches, Mr. Greeley encouraged her to continue writing and to come North, where she might find a ready market for her literary wares. Thereafter her pen was kept busy with book reviews and articles on live topics for literary papers, children's stories and poems for the magazines, and poetry and sketches for Mr. Boston's Ledger. It was not long, however, before she struck a better paying vein in fashion writing, a field of newspaper work then comparatively untilled but now thronged with busy and skilful workers. She was engaged on the editorial staff of the New York Weekly for ten years, and from time to time was a regular contributor to the New York Democrat, Our Society, Our