



GIVING YOUR PHOTOGRAPH.

Learn to say no. There is in that little word much that will protect you from evil tongues. Learn to think that your face is too sacred to decorate the apartment of Tom, Dick or Harry, no matter if each one of the three is one of the pleasantest fellows in the world. When the sun imprinted, in black and white, just how sweet and how dainty you look, it did not mean that the picture should have incense in the shape of tobacco smoke, or dubious praise in the form of a discussion of your points rendered to it. Give away your picture with discretion. Remember that some day will come along Prince Charming, who will have a right, the right owned by the master of the heart, to ask for the counterfeit presentment of yourself after he knows that he is going to have the real girl for his own. Think how mortified you would be if he should discover that the giving away of your photograph has been almost as general as the invitations to your New Year's party. Think how he will feel if he sees your face looking over the mantel-shelf in Dick's room—Dick whom he knows to be a braggart, and a man for whom he has the utmost contempt! Then just learn to say no. Don't display your photographs to your men friends, and you will not have this unpleasant task; but if you should do it, and have not the courage to say the little monosyllable, be wise and refer them to papa.

SOME DON'TS FOR GIRLS.

BY ELEANOR E. STAATS.

Don't encourage young men to call upon you who frequent liquor saloons, billiard parlors, or pool rooms.

Don't notice men who stare at you on the streets, even if it is a well-bred stare. Doubtless they think themselves irresistible and you very much impressed with their appearance.

Don't stand at street corners talking to young men, though they are acquaintances.

Don't consider it a sign of your popularity to be accompanied by several escorts whenever you take your walks abroad.

Don't accept promiscuous invitations. It only cheapens you, and may draw you into a circle of acquaintances you will regret having formed.

Don't sanction wine drinking when out to parties or weddings. Your simple act of declining the proffered glass may act as a check upon your companion. Tacit disapproval sometimes does more good than the most eloquent temperance lecture.

Don't marry a drinking man. If the sweetheart will not give up the dangerous habit, it is very certain the husband will not.

Don't allow men to be familiar with you, to use slang or doubtful expressions in your presence.

Don't make appointments with men, either at a friend's home, in the Park, or at any place but your father's house.

Don't expect to have exclusive use of the parlor for yourself and callers. Others of the family have the same rights as yourself, and your conversation can and ought not to be of so private a nature that the presence of a third person is felt to be a restraint.

Don't rebel if the visits of a certain gentleman are disagreeable to your mother, and she says so. She knows best, and can see faults and deficiencies that your youth and inexperience would never discover.

Don't attempt to copy the manners and dress of your brothers. Nothing so unsexes a woman as masculine ways.

Don't use loud tones in talking, nor call men by their last names without the usual prefix. Men may treat you as a good comrade, but they very rarely marry such girls.

Don't be deceived that men want to raise a family of Amazons. Remember that while men apparently have more license than women, still they expect their wives to be like Cesar's wife, "beyond reproach."

Don't be ashamed to help mother with the housework. A practical knowledge of bread making, cooking, and the general management of a house is worth more than a smattering of music or painting. To know how to "set" sponge for bread is an accomplishment that no girl need despise, and the kneading of it is grand exercise.

Don't set your mind too much on dress. While it is your duty to look your very best with the means at your command, it is wrong to give so much time and thought to the adornment of your person, while your mind is starving for want of proper food. You need not be a blue stocking, but a good healthy course of reading and thinking is splendid gymnastics for your mental powers.

Don't come down to breakfast in a soiled wrapper, slovenly shoes, "bang" done up in curl papers, and back hair in a cracker knot on the top of your head. You will never see any one better to dress for than those in the home circle. They are the ones to be cheered by your sweet, wholesome appearance, and not strangers.

In a word, girls, try to be true women, and by so doing you will gain an influence which, like a sweet perfume will shed its fragrance upon all with whom you may be brought in contact.

This department will hereafter be a regular feature of the JOURNAL.

THAT BLACK CASHMERE DRESS.

There is no use looking unhappy about it—you are only one among many of the girls who have got to fix over their black cashmere dresses to wear another Winter. Thank the stars that you were wise enough to get a black cashmere and that you did not choose some delicate color, which, to be made over, would have to be dyed—and no matter what the dyer may say about the beautiful black that it will become—a dyed frock will gather more threads in one half hour than the best carpet sweeper would in a day. While it is being fixed up you might as well make it smart, so choose for it Worth's latest model. Your material was in straight widths, so all that you have to do is to make a kilt skirt of them, having your plaits rather wide and not fastened down except to a tape just above the knees. If you want to spoil the whole skirt fasten the lower part to a lining, which is a way incompetent dressmakers have. Instead, if a success is desired, let the lining of the skirt join at the top and, except where they are sewed at the pocket, at no place else. Now for your Worth bodice: Fit your black cashmere as if you were going to have a postilion basque, and you know you can make black cashmere fit as if, just before putting it on, you were the whitest of wax and had been melted and poured into it. The stylish air is given especially by the sleeves, which are large, full, very high on the shoulders, and of Scotch plaid, one of the blue and greens being the prettiest. A vest of plaid is set in and broad revers of plaid are on each side of it. By the bye, these revers should be very wide at the shoulders and then grow extremely narrow at the waist, so that the first look very broad and the last as small as possible. Have a collar of either blue or green velvet for only a small bit is required for it. Save a piece of your plaid for a bonnet, and let the decoration be a large black velvet bow. You see you won't have to spend much money, and if you want to give the stamp of Worth to your suit, all you have to do is to take a belt out of a frock that once came from the famous dressmaker and which bears the face-simile of his name as he writes it and put it in your new bodice. It's an allowable and a feminine deception. It don't make your dress look a bit prettier, but if it adds to your comfort it has done its duty.

WHEN HE COMES TO SEE YOU.

When your sweetheart comes to see you, don't be foolish enough to confine your sweetness to him alone. Have him in where all of the rest of the household are. Let the talk and the chatter and the music and the playing of games be in the home circle. Then the few minutes that he gets with you by yourself will seem all the more delightful, and he will think you the most loving little creature in the world. Men are much more observant than they are credited with being, and the man worth having as a husband is the one who will appreciate your love for those of your own people and will see that as you make a small part in one home, you are becoming adapted for the central figure in another.

Never say that you don't expect a man to marry your whole family. It's vulgar. You do. That is, if you are a good daughter and a loving sister. You want him to be one with you in sympathy and in affection, and as you take his name, so you assume responsibilities as far as his people are concerned. You, two, are the most to each other—your love for each should be the greatest, but you cannot isolate yourselves and insist that you have no duties outside your own home. If you do this you become narrow and selfish, and you are quite too nice a girl for that. So remember when he comes, this bridegroom of yours, that his heart is bound the tighter to you if the ribbon used to hold it has written upon it in golden letters "Love and consideration for those at home."

A SAVINGS BOX FOR GIRLS.

It need not be a box at all; it may be a silk bag, or a big-welled ink stand, or it may be a Satsuma jar. But have it. Then, when the day is done and the purse is being looked over, count out the pennies and spare some to the savings box. My dear girl, it is your independence. The pennies, half dimes and dimes count up, and then when you want to surprise mother with a birthday gift, when you want to go on a frolic, or when you would like to have a good photograph, a really good one to give somebody who is very fond of you, the money saved is that brought forth. Just try going without a few things—a car-fare now and then, some candies, or the very latest in collars, and dedicate the ducats to the box. You will be amazed to see how they accumulate. And best of all, the saving habit will come to you. That does not mean lack of generosity, it means thought for the future. Some masculine philosopher said women only began to save money when they had passed thirty, but if that is true, it is because the Savings Box idea was not taught from youth up.

"Side Talks With Girls" will be made the brightest department for girls ever sustained by a magazine. A corps of the most clever writers who fully understand the needs of young women will specially contribute to this feature of the JOURNAL in future numbers.

LETTERS TO BETH.

No. II.

School Girl Friendship.

MY DEAR GIRL:—

I promised to answer your questions concerning Girl Friendship and at the outset, I find myself overwhelmed by a large supply of experiences, not all my own, however.

There seems to be a kind of free-masonry between the young people and myself and I would not for the world abuse the confidence they honor me with, unless by permission. You ask me why school girl friends are frequently disappointing, and also, what is the best course for a young girl to pursue when she enters college or travels about to see the world?

This is a large subject with limited space for a reply, but I will suggest a few things. Too much stress should not be laid upon the disappointments occasioned by the lack of faithfulness on the part of your mates in school. It is a portion of the necessary discipline which aids in forming character.

You remember my dear, how infatuated you became with Jennie Davis. She was "the sweetest, dearest girl in the world." No day passed without your meeting, and servants in both houses were sorely taxed to keep up your correspondence. You read together, studied together, rode, walked, employed the same dress-maker, and even had your note paper and envelopes made for you. Sometimes when that dear mother of yours was ill, I left her in the care of a nurse while you spent hours with Jennie. You first asked if there was anything you could do but the question was presented with an appeal. "If you do not need me, Mamma dear, I will go out for a walk with Jennie?" Any unselfish mother would naturally dislike to deprive a beloved child of a simple pleasure, consequently consent was given, although you might have brightened a weary hour. The thing happened which is sure to happen when one neglects even the simplest duty. You were punished. Jennie grew indifferent after a summer at Newport and in times so neglected you, that your kind heart was sorely wounded and you turned to the patient, devoted mother for comfort and sympathy.

You were very brave and sweet tempered about it as I well know, yet the girlish grief made you more womanly and taught you to choose your friends for their wearing, true, qualities, rather than their thin pretty faces, fine forms, and showy qualities; it also taught you that in all the wide world there is no friend like a loving mother.

I remember you calling yourself a "stupid booby" for neglecting her, or seeming to, and how quickly she answered you with those droll lines of John Gay's.

"Where yet was ever found a mother Who'd give her booby for another?"

After Jennie, came other friends, but experience had taught you to look below the surface.

I know many women who still entertain the fondest regard for old schoolmates. A friendship worthy of the name will always survive shocks, separations and many trials. The friend who in the language of the time "throws you over" or "drops you," was never entitled to the enduring term which should mean a union for all time. Friend and Friendship mean so much to me, that I find words inadequate to express my scorn for any disloyalty. An eminent American woman says, "she would not give a cent for any friend who would not weigh a ton behind her back," while Dryden wrote

"And O defend Against your judgment, your departed friend."

It is the office of friendship to love so wisely and well that all differences of opinion and taste should be mere spots on the sun.

When Shakespeare wrote that—"A friend should bear a friend's infirmities," he grasped the inner meaning of the word friend.

The unformed school girl does not quite know herself, how then, can she be wise in knowing others? It is a sad hour when her truthful, trusting nature receives a shock, but if the pain is temporary, the lesson should be permanent.

I can never quite conceal my own tears when a gushing, affectionate, high spirited girl comes to me with her young heart pierced by the blow of a treacherous friend. It matters not that I see beyond into the peaceful regions of a better and nobler love which is sure to be hers if she is true to herself. Her pain is my pain also, for I too have tasted the bitter waters. If all young girls were angels, we could not keep them with us, and this thought makes us tolerant concerning their shortcomings.

The giddy, gushing period never comes to some and to most it soon passes.

I wish we could have more young girls, lively, radiant, energetic, spirited, loving girls, and fewer young ladies who talk of their beaux, dresses, and the surface shows of society.

Our Clubs and Unions and Literary Societies are developing grand young women with high aims and purposes and stores of wisdom, but let us still retain the younger ones who will not scorn a genuine, healthy romp, so conducive to good building and future brain work.

Now, for the second part of your question. No, I do not believe in "entering college with a great determination to keep aloft from the students and live a secluded life devoted exclusively to books." Every human soul needs companionship, especially the young. I should advise you to treat all with politeness and observe closely before admitting any one within the heart's palace. If friends prove false, it injures them more than you. Let their depravity only intensify your sincerity and loyalty to others. Dr. Johnson thought it the worst condition of man's destiny, that persons are so often torn asunder just as they become happy in each other's society."

I must beg to disagree with him as to the friends we meet and make while traveling. The memory of their faces, their kind acts,

witty speeches and helpfulness, will always remain with us, although we may never meet again.

Morbid views of separation should not darken bright hours of communion.

Therefore, dear Beth, I say to you, make friends everywhere, choose wisely and hold fast the good, prove true as steel yourself, and ignore all petty jealousies.

Across the sea, or in your own home it is grand inheritance which has fallen to you, the birthright of an American woman. See all you can, enjoy all you can, and may you ever find that

"Friendship is a sheltering tree."

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

PUTTING BY THE ODD PENNIES.

A small Satsuma jar, that stands on the desk of a busy woman, receives the odd pennies, or what she calls "the unexpected money"—that found are loose in pockets, or bureau drawers. There will never be enough money in it to found a hospital, or to build a home for insane dogs, but there is always enough to send a posty to a sick friend, a paper to somebody way off where little reading matter can be gotten, or to buy a souvenir for a birthday. Once started and well managed, the box is like the widow's cruse—never empty. Do not count the contents except when you are taking stock with a purchase in view. Counting seems to break the spell. Pennies are gregarious—and where one goes another wants to follow.

Let them form a community in the Savings Box and just see how they will gather—leaves in Vallambrosa will be as nothing compared to them.

Colgate & Co's
Sachet Powders

Paris, 1889.

GOLD MEDAL

If you cannot obtain our Powders send 25 cents in stamps to 55 John Street, New York, and we will mail you a bottle of one of the following odors, sufficient to perfume several holiday presents: Cashmere Bouquet, Heliotrope, Caprice, Jockey Club, Violet and White Rose.

Put up in tightly stoppered 1 oz. bottles, which keeps the perfume fresh as that of a blooming flower.

HAVE YOU CATARRH?
ARE YOU GOING INTO CONSUMPTION?
Do You Have Asthma?

By means of the PILLOW-INHALER, sufferers in every part of the land have been cured of the above diseases, and many who were for years afflicted are now strong and well. The PILLOW-INHALER is apparently only a pillow, but from liquid medicines that are harmless (tar, carbolic acid, iodine, etc.) it gives off an atmosphere which you breathe at night (or about eight hours), whilst taking ordinary rest in sleep. There are no pipes or tubes, as the medicine is contained in concealed reservoirs, and the healing atmosphere arising from it envelops the head. It is perfectly simple in its workings, and can be used by a child with absolute safety. Medicine for the reservoirs goes with each INHALER, ready for use. The wonderful and simple power of the PILLOW-INHALER is in the long-continued application. You breathe the healing vapor continuously and at a time when ordinarily the cavities of the nose and bronchial tubes become engorged with mucus, and catarrh, throat and lung diseases make greatest progress. From the very first night the passages are clearer and the inflammation is less. The cure is sure, and reasonably rapid.

Rev. Dr. J. T. DUBVEA, of Boston, writes: "I really think the PILLOW-INHALER is a very great hit, and the man who made it deserves the gratitude of all sufferers. I never slept more soundly, and my voice is better since using it."

Rev. J. R. DANFORTH, 2030 Wallace St., Philadelphia, says he received great benefit from the use of the PILLOW-INHALER for Bronchial troubles, and cordially recommends it.

Wm. C. CARTER, M. D., Norfolk, Va., a physician in regular practice, says: "I believe the PILLOW-INHALER to be the best thing for the relief and cure of Lung Troubles that I have ever seen or heard of."

Mr. R. D. McMANUAL, of the firm of McManigal & Morley, Miners and Shippers, Logan, Ohio, writes: "I suffered fifteen years with Catarrh of the throat. I bought a PILLOW-INHALER, and after four months' use of it my throat is entirely cured."

Send for Descriptive Pamphlet and Testimonials.

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