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## AT THE GATE

By *James Whitcomb Riley*

Author of "Neighborly Poems," "Afterwhiles," "Green Fields and Running Brooks," etc.

DRAWINGS BY A. B. FROST



IN THE WARM, HEALTH-GIVING WEATHER  
MY POOR PALE WIFE AND I  
DRIVE UP AND DOWN THE LITTLE TOWN  
AND THE PLEASANT ROADS THEREBY:  
OUT IN THE WHOLESOME COUNTRY  
WE WIND, FROM THE MAIN HIGHWAY,  
IN THROUGH THE WOOD'S GREEN SOL-  
ITUDES—  
FAIR AS THE LORD'S OWN DAY.

WE HAVE LIVED SO LONG TOGETHER,  
AND JOYED AND MOURNED AS ONE,  
THAT EACH WITH EACH, WITH A LOOK  
FOR SPEECH,  
OR A TOUCH, MAY TALK AS NONE  
BUT LOVE'S ELECT MAY COMPREHEND—  
WHY, THE TOUCH OF HER HAND ON  
MINE  
SPEAKS VOLUME-WISE, AND THE SMILE  
OF HER EYES,  
TO ME, IS A SONG DIVINE.



THERE ARE MANY PLACES THAT LURE  
US:—  
"THE OLD WOOD BRIDGE" JUST WEST  
OF TOWN WE KNOW—AND THE CREEK  
BELOW,  
AND THE BANKS THE BOYS LOVE BEST:  
AND "BEECH GROVE," TOO, ON THE  
HILL-TOP;  
AND "THE HAUNTED HOUSE" BEYOND,  
WITH ITS ROOF HALF OFF, AND ITS OLD  
PUMP-TROUGH  
ADRIFT IN THE ROADSIDE POND.



WE FIND OUR WAY TO "THE MARSHES"—  
AT LEAST WHERE THEY USED TO BE;  
AND "THE OLD CAMP GROUNDS"; AND  
"THE INDIAN MOUNDS,"  
AND THE TRUNK OF "THE COUNCIL-  
TREE":

WE HAVE CRUNCHED AND SPLASHED  
THROUGH "FLINT-BED FORD";  
AND AT "OLD BIG BEE-GUM SPRING"  
WE HAVE STAYED THE CUP, HALF-LIFTED  
UP,  
HEARING THE REDBIRD SING.

THEN THERE IS "WESLEY CHAPEL,"  
WITH ITS LITTLE GRAVEYARD, LONE  
AT THE CROSSROADS THERE, THOUGH  
THE SUN SETS FAIR  
ON WILD-ROSE, MOUND AND STONE. . . .  
A WEE BED UNDER THE WILLOWS—  
MY WIFE'S HAND ON MY OWN—  
AND OUR HORSE STOPS, TOO, . . . AND  
WE HEAR THE COO  
OF A DOVE IN UNDERTONE.

THE DUSK, THE DEW AND THE SILENCE!  
"OLD CHARLEY" TURNS HIS HEAD  
HOMEWARD THEN BY THE 'PIKE AGAIN,  
THOUGH NEVER A WORD IS SAID—  
ONE MORE STOP, AND A LINGERING  
ONE  
AFTER THE FIELDS AND FARMS,—  
AT THE OLD TOLL GATE, WITH THE  
WOMAN AWAIT  
WITH A LITTLE GIRL IN HER ARMS.

THE PASSION OF MONEY-GETTING

By Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D.



**T**HE topic thus stated falls naturally within the scope of this series of articles, for the reason that it is home influence alone that can be trusted to deal in any manner of thoroughness with the involved evil and peril. The acquisition of wealth in the form and animus with which it is being currently conducted is distinctly a passion, which is to say that it is an impulse so earnest and heated in its energy as to defy the restraints both of reason and of conscience. It is at once a mental and a moral mania. Like most other forms of insanity the passion of acquisition may be expected in any specific instance to prove incurable. Any passion, once established, to such degree vitiates the organism in which it is rooted as to transform it from its natural estate into a condition of intellectual and ethical irresponsibility. Sensuality is a disease; alcoholism is a disease; money-getting is a disease. It is a disease that feeds upon its own work of disintegration. It is like the flame of a candle, which wins support from the very wax which it consumes. A confidential friend of mine once told me that he felt himself to be just on the verge of breaking down with the malady. He had accumulated quite a fortune without having yet been made irrational or vicious by it, but he told me that he was beginning to detect the premonitory symptoms of such an issue. He was still rational enough to know that he was becoming unreasonable, and principled enough to know that it would not take a great deal to make of him a rascal. At this critical juncture he had the good sense, and sufficient moral courage, to go out of business.

**S**UCH a step may not ordinarily be good policy, so long, at any rate, as one continues in the possession of ordinary powers, but it was good policy for him, and the only policy that, as a man of brains and integrity, was open to him. He had a keen sense of the tide that was weaving its energies about him, and knew that for him to hang longer upon the outer rim of the maelstrom was for him to become eventually engulfed by it without possibility of rescue. It is for that reason that what is done to contravene the passion of acquisition must be done as a preventive rather than as a restorative, and must, therefore, be done where the best constructive moral work always is done, namely, in the home. One way of accomplishing this is by fostering among the children habits of beneficence. They will have to get before they can give, to be sure, but getting never becomes a passion so long as it is held under the constant correction of bestowment. Giving is a thing to be learned just as much as is walking or writing. Virtues are the products of practice. What a man is at twenty is the summary of what he has been doing the previous nineteen years. We are schooled by our own behavior. A man's character is the sum total of his fixed habits. Everything begins in action, and when the action has been repeated times enough, it becomes an established and ineradicable bent of thought and demeanor. It is in that sense that our own acts are our real teachers and disciplinarians. What we amuse ourselves by calling our dispositions are often only the resultant of doing, a great many times over—a great many thousand times over perhaps—certain things that we began to do and were taught to do while we were yet children. When we were still in our first years we began, perhaps, to tell the truth; were taught to do so. We were so held to that line and told the truth so many times that we got in the way of doing so; that is, it became a habit with us; there was established in us a set in that direction. There may have been in us no more original truthfulness than there was in some neighbor of ours who possibly never tells the truth except when he forgets himself or blunders into it. The same holds of stealing. I am not a thief for the simple reason that I never learned to steal. If a man is honest at forty it is because he early learned to let alone what did not belong to him and has never lost that habit. What a man is when he dies is principally the product of all his anterior conduct. This, then, is what was meant by saying a moment ago that a man's character is the summary of his fixed habits. In no aspect of life does this principle hold more strenuously than in that of beneficence. We are trained into generosity by our own acts of giving.

**M**EN get in the way of giving. Children get in the way of giving, and then their lives run in the groove that early acts of kindly disbursement have worn for them. That is exactly what we mean by habit, morally sliding in the groove that our own repetitious act has worn for us.

We are not honest except as a result of doing honestly. We are not generous except as a result of doing generously. No quality becomes an element in our own character except by the preliminary of practicing it. More of the difference between generous and stingy people lies in this than is generally appreciated. No one of us can do well or easily a thing that we have not learned how to do. That thing may be the lifting of a twenty-pound dumb-bell or the contribution of a dollar. It is for this reason that with many people the giving of a moneyed gift makes them so tired. They are not necessarily bad people, but the moral muscles that come into play in motions of generosity have with them never been trained. Our natures being what they are, there is a necessary strain involved in parting with what is ours till the doing of it has been continued so long that the act becomes autonomic. We might as well understand that there is no particular difference in this respect between learning to be generous and learning to spell or learning to solve problems in arithmetic or algebra. People naturally selfish are not "converted" into beneficence any more than boys who cannot put three letters together in the right order are "converted" into good spellers.

There is a little friend of mine, still a boy at home, with whom it is a fixed fact in his life to give away a definite percentage of all the money that comes into his hands. Quite a considerable sum came to him recently and it was feared that he might be inclined to scale down the proportion; but the momentum previously acquired was sufficient to counterbalance contrary pressure, and there is no special reason to fear that he will jump the track in any emergency to come.

**A** MAN cannot be trusted to do right in this or in any other particular till he can do right easily, that is to say until he has become his habit to do right. Giving cannot be left to impulse any more than spelling can be left to impulse. We have seen what might be called impulsive spellers, and they make just the same wretched work with orthography that impulse-giving makes with charity. Nor is the purpose subserved by putting into the child's hands as a gratuity the money that he is expected to bestow as a beneficence. Merely letting money go through his hands will not make him charitable any more than letting water slip through a lead pipe will make the lead fertile. The act that is going to strengthen the little boy-giver or the little girl-giver in the direction of a matured generous disposition must be an act in which the actor feels that he is parting with something that is his own, not something which he is merely handling in the capacity of agent. It is a very common thing, if there is a beggar at the door to whom a pittance is to be given, or a gathering in the church or the Sunday-school where the contribution box is to be passed, for the child to obtain from his father or mother the requisite penny, and then for the child and parent both to imagine that the child was somehow involved in and disciplined by the penny's conferment. The child in the Sunday-school does not learn to give in that way any more than the child in the spelling class learns to spell by the bare mimicry of the letters that the teacher herself puts into the child's mouth.

**W**E learn to spell by making the spelling-act our act. We learn to give by making the giving-act our act. It is hoped that this truism will touch a vibrating chord in the intelligences and hearts of parents. The world is full of moneyed men, but really, great as is the amount bestowed in benefaction it sustains a very feeble ratio to the amount that men and women bestow on themselves; and it is not because these people are intentionally sordid and have no blood in their hearts, but because years ago, when they were children, their parents imagined that while schooling would be necessary in order to qualify their offspring to read and write, no schooling in particular would be necessary in order to educate them into the far more difficult capability of parting with their own possessions in the interests of and for the bettering of others; safeguarding the lesser, trusting to chance for the greater.

**P**ARENTS can also check in their children the tendency toward this passion by taking care not to treat the amenities of life and the powers and accomplishments of mind as expressible in terms of dollars and cents. This has a particular bearing upon fathers in their relation to their sons. There is no easier nor surer way of convincing a boy that money-getting is the supreme art than for him to have his training and schooling shaped with exclusive reference to fitting him to practice the art. It is not necessary for the boy to realize distinctly what such a mode of procedure means, and still less is it necessary for his father to tell him in so many words that school-training is worth only what it will fetch in shekels; that way of estimating the matter will usurp a place in the boy's mind, and the usurpation will become all the more despotic and irresistible for having initiated itself insidiously. The ideas that master us the most imperiously are the ideas that were planted in us without our knowing when, and that go on deepening their roots within us without our knowing how. The situation here mentioned is one that I often encounter in conversation with business men who are considering the question of their sons' education. I am often told by them, especially if they are not themselves college-bred, that as their plan is to fit their sons for a mercantile career the only college they have any intention of sending them to is a business college. We have nothing to do here with the question as to whether a man's business chances are improved or impaired by a liberal education. There is a good deal to be said on both sides of that dispute. The question we have in hand just now is larger and looks farther. We are considering the effect which is going to be had upon the boy by being led to feel that the value of his training, whether it be obtained in a business college or in any other kind of a college, is determinable by the amount in cash, stocks and securities in which it may be expected ultimately to eventuate. That is an indirect—but none the less effective for being indirect—way of telling the boy that money is so transcendently great a thing that the only value that anything else can have is its efficiency in contributing to that end. It is an indirect way of telling him that the only value of an idea, the only value of a mental energy, the only value of a disciplined brain, in fact, is its cash value; which amounts substantially to listing intelligence and putting it upon the market in mercantile competition with wheat, leather and railroad stock. Of course there is no such intention as this on the part of parents when they hurry their sons into the store or the banking-house or on to the exchange, but the effect just stated comes, is bound to come, and is damning in its consequences; and it is monumentally unaccountable why intelligent Christian parents, are so stupidly slow in forecasting the logical issue.

**T**HERE is something so almost fiendishly engrossing about the practice of money-making that it seems as though the intelligent and affectionate friends of such as are destined to this pursuit, instead of trying to narrow and pen in the powers, interests and sympathies of the prospective trader, banker or broker, would do everything possible toward multiplying the objects of his interests, and widening the channel of his sympathies. Men go crazy because their regards are held so tenaciously and so acuminately upon a single point. Men go money-crazy because they think and dream money so constantly and engrossedly that, like a spring inundation trying to work itself off through a narrow river-bed, the torrent breaks bit and bridle, and what might have been a prolific fountain of irrigation precipitates itself in a frenzy of inundation. If a man has been so trained as to have his interests multiplied and the area that appeals to his regard widened it may be that he will not work quite so concentratedly in his counting-house or pile up his assets with quite the same celerity. If he loves his country a little, lays himself out in behalf of his city occasionally, or acquaints himself with the events that are engaging the attention of the world-at-large, or does a little something toward informing himself upon questions of artistic or scientific interest, and toward keeping up with the life of the world, it will probably follow that the enlargement of his regard will cost him a corresponding contraction of his purse. Concentration is doubtless the secret of acquisition, but if convergence, urged to a certain extreme becomes mania, then the only rational preventive will be divergence, and that preventive wants to be applied early before the energies have hammered themselves down to a hot point. If John Smith, the boy, learns to be intelligently interested in a great many things, John Smith, as a man, will never burn himself up in one thing, and wide rational sympathies learned at home are the surest security against narrow, maniacal rapacity on the street and in the counting-house.

C. H. Parkhurst



Hair Cloth Crinoline

notwithstanding the great number of imitations and substitutes advertised to be twice as wide and twice as cheap, has a hold upon the fashionable dressmakers and fashionable women that cannot be shaken. It was only a matter of time for the old adage, "The best is the cheapest," to be proven, and now the demand for the genuine Hair Cloth Crinoline, of which every strand of the web is pure hair, promises to exceed the output. Experience has also taught the best manner of using it, and the fault of shrinking or cocking, which by the unthinking ones has sometimes been attributed to hair cloth without for a moment looking for the real cause, that of putting two fabrics of different nature together, either of which may shrink a little, has been overcome by scientific methods of interlining; shrinking, ironing and binding hair cloth before putting into a dress, has also produced satisfactory results, more than compensating for the little extra trouble in so doing. To make certain of the genuine hair cloth take out a few strands of the web, pull them, and if found to be elastic it is hair cloth, otherwise imitation. It is quite easily understood why hair cloth is so elastic and resilient if one will only stop to think that, no matter how many ways human hair is combed, whether twisted, curled, braided, crimped or frizzled, whether wet or oiled, it will resume its natural position and so, too, will Hair Cloth Crinoline, having a web of pure hair, resume its normal condition. Such Hair Cloth Crinoline, as above referred to, is made by the American Hair Cloth Company of Pawtucket, R. I., the largest hair cloth manufacturers in the world, whose goods are recognized as the leaders throughout the country, and are superior to any foreign or domestic make. They manufacture several grades suitable for skirts and sleeves for both day and evening dresses.

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