

1883

Mrs. Dr. Robert
600 E. Washington
Ann Arbor Mich., U.S.A.
1893

THE
LADIES'
HOME
JOURNAL
IS

30 YEARS OLD
THIS
MONTH

1903

1913

A Special Word to Subscribers

WHEN you receive notice that your subscription has expired renew it at once, using the blank inclosed in your final copy. Please sign your name exactly as it appears on your present address label. Sometimes a subscriber who has already renewed may receive this blank. We begin to pack in mail-bags two weeks or more before mailing, and the renewal may have reached us after the copy containing the blank has been packed. In requesting a change of address please give us four weeks' notice.

If your subscription expires with this issue your renewal must reach us before the fifth of December to avoid missing the next issue. We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Subscribers should use Postal or Express money orders in remitting. All Rural Free Delivery carriers can supply Postal money orders.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

INCORPORATING THE HOME JOURNAL

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The Editor's Personal Page

Do Men Read The Journal?

"DOESN'T it surprise you how many men read THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL?" asked a woman the other day.

It did surprise us more when we first realized it, and we can hardly say yet that we have grown accustomed to it.

On Every Battleship

FOR instance, a Commander of one of the United States battleships said the other day at a dinner: "It is a curious fact that although other American magazines may be missing I have never been in the 'wardroom' of a single battleship of the United States Navy but I have invariably found a copy of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL."

And the surprising number of subscriptions on our books for THE JOURNAL to be sent to battleships bears out the Commander's statement.

In the Wyoming Woods

LAST summer a New York man, while on his vacation in the wilds of Wyoming, had as a licensed guide a big-game hunter, cowboy and winner of money and medals in bucking contests—a man who had been a blacksmith and a superintendent of huge irrigation projects in his day: a typical Western guide. When asked what he read during the winter months, when he was snowed in, he told the New Yorker that of all the magazines that he subscribed for his favorite one was THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL; and he discussed with the New Yorker many of the features that the magazine had published in the last four years, showing a minute knowledge of the policy and contents of the magazine.

4800 Men Answer

WHEN, a few months ago, THE JOURNAL offered a series of prizes to men to tell how they knew when they met the women whom they wanted to marry scores of people smiled with incredulity and asked us if we really expected any number of responses.

"Why not?" we asked.
 "But men don't read THE JOURNAL, do they? And even if they do occasionally read their wives' copies, do you think they would write to you on that subject?"

The answer was found in the fact that we received 4800 manuscripts in response to the offer—one of the largest totals ever recorded in response to a prize offer made by THE JOURNAL, out of which we selected what will probably prove to be the largest and most interesting series of articles ever printed in the magazine.

In a Maine Lighthouse

A PARTY of summer tourists visited a Penobscot lighthouse last summer, and after being shown the light by the keeper, a man in the party asked if he could not show the keeper the courtesy of sending him a year's subscription to any magazine he wanted.

"Well, sir," said the keeper, "that'll be very kind of you."

"What magazine shall it be?" asked the man.

"Well, sir," said the keeper, "you'll be surprised, I reckon, but my favorite magazine is THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and I'd like it."

"Why do you choose that?" asked the man; "you are not married, you said?"

"No, sir, and I know it's supposed to be a woman's magazine. Last year, sir, I had the Saturday Boston 'Transcript,' 'The Outlook,' 'The Saturday Evening Post' and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and after reading them all for a year, sir, I like THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL best. It's human somehow."

The Man on the Transvaal Railroad

STRANGER still to some, but very pleasant to our ears, will sound this letter which came to us recently from the Transvaal of South Africa:

Dear Sir: It's a very long time since I thanked God, or any one else, for anything; but I have given thanks for the Thanksgiving number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for 1912. My sister, who left it for us to read, lends her post-box to all the Americans working on the new line, so that's how I come to date from here.

It is the first bit of real clean, high-grade American reading we've any of us seen in years; and though we're all men, and mostly hard citizens at that, it made us all a whole lot quiet for a bit, especially the verses for Thanksgiving.

So thank you for all of us; and all the folks who write for you as well.

Yours truly,

So it would certainly seem as if THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL had man readers, and appreciative man readers at that!

THIRTY YEARS OLD

THE JOURNAL is thirty years old this month, which means that, with the eight months during which it was published twice a month, this is the 368th number of the magazine. How many millions of copies have been printed it would be too dizzy a feat to figure. Of this issue over one million eight hundred thousand copies are printed: for more than three years there has not been a number of which less than a million and a half copies were printed: for seven years the circulation of no issue has been under a million. Thus the total figures run far into the millions.

Now what have all these millions of magazines actually accomplished? No one knows: no one can even guess. The hope can only be felt that they have made many women happier, tasks lighter, judgments steadier, revived drooping spirits, and made clear many a knotty problem. In some measure, we know from our letters, that these results have been accomplished, but to what extent who can say?

While we have helped and given joy to many we have, on the other hand, given pain and created disappointment and anger for others. This must naturally be so with a magazine. Unless it is spineless it must offend in its opinions. There never was a time perhaps when women feel so deeply on so many questions, and of course where folks feel deeply an opinion counter to theirs gives offense. A magazine cannot please every one: it cannot agree with all. That is obvious: except that some folks forget this very obvious fact and get very angry at us at times. However THE JOURNAL has never intentionally sought to give offense; where it has offended it has really been only a question of honest difference of opinion.

Of course we have made mistakes and some of the criticism that has come to us has been just. Were we infallible we would not be human. We will go on making mistakes in the next thirty years—not the same mistakes, naturally, but others.

It has all been very pleasant work, however. The nerves have got unstrung and the head and hands tired at times, but no periodical, we have often said before and now repeat, ever had more responsive readers, willing and ready to send a word of approval, than has THE JOURNAL. Thousands of such letters have come to the editors—and how they have helped!—for it seems an invariable rule that a stimulating letter always comes when the pen feels heaviest.

For the next thirty years all that we can truthfully promise is more mistakes and better magazines. We are sure of making those anyway, whatever else we do. To be thirty years old should mean to be thirty years wiser, and wisdom counts much and cuts deep in the editing and making of a magazine.

We feel young and we feel confident, and thus we face the next decade. Not, however, without a heartfelt "Thank you" to every reader who has made possible all that THE JOURNAL is. If we, as editors, have not lived up to our opportunities, it certainly is not due to the lack of generosity on the part of our readers who have come to us in such vast numbers, and who are so constant in their stay with us, year after year.

You have "made good," no doubt of that; whether we have, humanly speaking, is for you to say. At least we have tried, and that is still all we can do in the years to come, only with more wisdom and better effort.

Thank you, and again: thank you for making our thirtieth birthday so happy and so marvelously auspicious!

The Editor

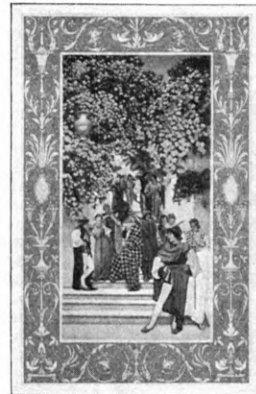
for himself and all the Editors

The Best Christmas Present

BETWEEN now and Christmas almost everybody will make from one to a dozen "shopping" trips through crowded stores looking for gift suggestions, comparing prices and striving for the attention of sales people. There is an easier way—hundreds of thousands of wise people have adopted it and thereby saved themselves one-half of the burden of Christmas shopping.

Just sit down at your desk and make out a list of the woman friends to whom you want to send presents of a year's subscription to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Mail a check to us and we'll attend to the rest—you needn't even write to your friends for our plan avoids even that effort.

Our way of announcing the gift adds immensely to its attractiveness. We have prepared a beautiful reproduction, in all the lovely colors of the original, of a wonderful



panel painted by Maxfield Parrish. The announcement measures 6¼ by 9¾ inches and can be framed if desired. The reverse side, also illuminated, bears this announcement:

At the direction of

we have entered your name upon our list for a year's subscription to

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

We hope that the copies we shall have the pleasure of mailing will prove to be pleasant reminders of the friend who sends you this Holiday Remembrance.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
 Philadelphia

One of these announcements bearing the name of the person who orders the subscription will be mailed in a sealed envelope so as to be received on Christmas Day by each person for whom a subscription is ordered, preceded by the first copy of the subscription.

Give your own name and address as well as the names and addresses of the recipients. Order now, sending \$1.50 for each subscription.

Many thousands of orders will be received between now and Christmas. By sending promptly any possible delay will be avoided. The announcement will be held, and mailed so as to be received on Christmas morning.

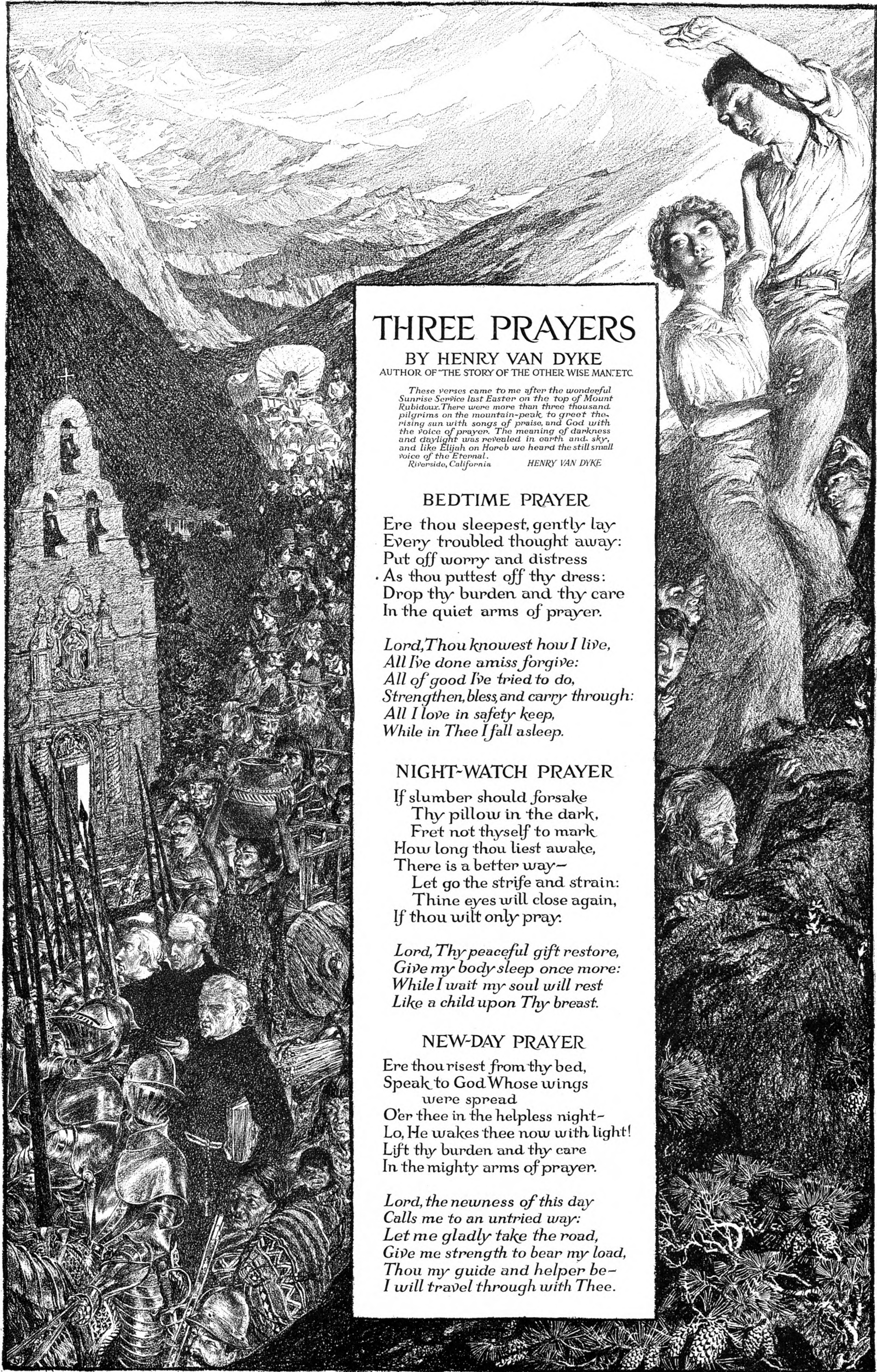
The same reproduction mounted in slightly different form will be sent to any one for whom a subscription to "The Saturday Evening Post" is ordered, in which case the announcement bears the title of that periodical.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
 PHILADELPHIA

If You Intend Subscribing

WILL you kindly help us and at the same time serve yourself by doing so at once? During December the deluge of subscriptions received by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is so great as almost to overwhelm the most elastic system which can be devised for handling it. Last December in one day we received about 35,000 subscriptions. Some delay was unavoidable.

For your own sake, as well as for the sake of our clerical force, we earnestly request that you send the order for your own subscription, as well as for the subscriptions for your friends, now. If any of the orders are for Christmas gifts state that fact and we will commence with the copy issued just before Christmas and mail the formal announcements of the gift so as to reach the recipients on Christmas morning.



THREE PRAYERS

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF THE OTHER WISE MAN" ETC.

These verses came to me after the wonderful Sunrise Service last Easter on the top of Mount Rubidoux. There were more than three thousand pilgrims on the mountain-peak to greet the rising sun with songs of praise, and God with the voice of prayer. The meaning of darkness and daylight was revealed in earth and sky, and like Elijah on Horeb we heard the still small voice of the Eternal.

Riverside, California

HENRY VAN DYKE

BEDTIME PRAYER

Ere thou sleepest, gently lay
Every troubled thought away:
Put off worry and distress
As thou puttest off thy dress:
Drop thy burden and thy care
In the quiet arms of prayer.

*Lord, Thou knowest how I live,
All I've done amiss forgive:
All of good I've tried to do,
Strengthen, bless and carry through:
All I love in safety keep,
While in Thee I fall asleep.*

NIGHT-WATCH PRAYER

If slumber should forsake
Thy pillow in the dark,
Fret not thyself to mark
How long thou liest awake,
There is a better way—
Let go the strife and strain:
Thine eyes will close again,
If thou wilt only pray.

*Lord, Thy peaceful gift restore,
Give my body sleep once more:
While I wait my soul will rest
Like a child upon Thy breast.*

NEW-DAY PRAYER

Ere thou risest from thy bed,
Speak to God Whose wings
were spread
O'er thee in the helpless night—
Lo, He wakes thee now with light!
Lift thy burden and thy care
In the mighty arms of prayer.

*Lord, the newness of this day
Calls me to an untried way:
Let me gladly take the road,
Give me strength to bear my load,
Thou my guide and helper be—
I will travel through with Thee.*