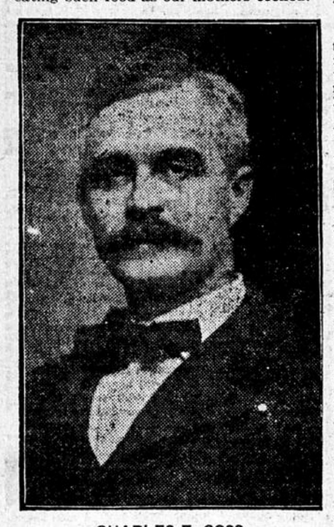
WHAT WOMEN TALK AND THINK ABOUT

A HOUSEMAIDS' CLUB IMPROVES DOMESTIC SERVICE

A Novel Cincinnati Organization That Is Helping to Solve the "Help Question"—Maids Become Self-Respecting and Contented.

By Charles Frederick Goss, D. D.
(Author of "The Redemption of David Corson," etc.)

One does not have to lay his ear to the ground to hear the mutterings of discontent among the mistresses and maids in the domestic world. The problem of securing competent servants is apparently becoming insoluble, even in the city, and on farms and in country villages hope has died. I was in an Indiana county seat not long ago and was told that the housekeepers had given up, and were almost to the last woman, doing their own work. The men, be it said, smiled, rubbed their hands and whispered, "We are once more eating such food as our mothers cooked!"



CHARLES F. GOSS.

Even the women had grown reconciled to the inevitable, and had almost forgotten a different order.

Among all the uncertainties of the situation, one thing is becoming plain as day. The wages of the housemaid are steadily rising. In Cincinnati, at least, girls who have been receiving $3 and $3.50 are now demanding $4, $4.50, $5, and even more. It is beyond all peradventure that a larger and larger share of the income of the family must be set apart to pay for domestic labor. This will be unwelcome to all mistresses, and it will force many to become their own maids. In innumerable homes $3.50 is the limit, beyond which the earnings of the bread-winner cannot be stretched. Those lines of limitation! How fixed and how tragical they are!

As for the homes where they are not so unyielding, it is to be said that there is no other one commodity where the returns for the outlay are so quick and so satisfying as for first-class domestic help. For example, compare the genuine, solid, vital comfort a woman could get out of two $25 hats to that which the same amount would buy if expended to increase the wages of a thoroly competent servant from $3 to $4 per! If some of my readers resentfully exclaim: "We never had a $25 hat in our lives," I reply, thankfully, "Perhaps you are none the worse off."

"Efficiency" the Question.

As a matter of fact, the great question of the household is not "wages" but "efficiency." The wages of the great laboring classes rise and fall with a sort of cosmical might. Trying to repress them is like trying to head off a tidal wave with a sponge. All scolding and worrying and threatening are wasted effort. And in all good hearts there must be joy at this steady increase in the amount of money received for useful labor.

The question of efficient service is one of the greatest in the world. Any rational person who has any money to spend at all would prefer to pay it to a good cook rather than a poor one; to a chambermaid who could make a bed so that one could not lie awake if he tried to, rather than to one who always fixed it so that the toes stuck out from under the bedding. The thing that aggravates the sensible-minded housekeepers whose establishments are run on a liberal scale, is having to pay five-dollar bills for one-dollar Bridgets. What they want to know is whether there is any way of training housemaids to really earn their wages.

A Cincinnati Experiment.

An experiment has recently been made in a Cincinnati church that may prove of more than local interest. Its pastor started "A Housemaids' club." The ideas that prompted him to do this were such as these: In the first place, the high-minded and respectable housemaids have but little diversion. If they do not gad about with low companions, go to vulgar theaters, resorts and beer gardens, they live a lonely and retired life. This is unnatural and unfortunate for women at any age, and especially for those who are young. In the second place, they have almost no opportunity, or at any rate incentive, for self-improvement. Few of them possess enough education to guide them along the path of culture, even if they were disposed to follow it. The result of these conditions is that domestic servants are looked down upon as if engaged in menial labor. Those who pursue this really noble avocation form a low estimate of themselves. Their position in life seems degraded, and they lose self-respect. In such a mental attitude, is it strange that they do not strive to improve? At any rate, few of them do. They remain exactly what they were, save for a little increased deftness in performing routine tasks.

Housemaids' Club Organized.

The author of this movement thought he saw that what was needed in households was what is needed everywhere—greater thought power among workers. These girls must be trained to reason. Their mental powers must be developed. And in order to accomplish this, there must be, in the first place, incentive, and in the second place opportunity. He, therefore, invited a large number to assemble in the parlors of his church and organized "A Housemaids' Club," both for pleasure and for culture. When they met he addressed them in the following words:

Dignity of Housework.

"You young women occupy, next to wives and mothers, the most influential position in the social system. To a degree impossible of exaggeration, almost, you have the destinies of the household in your hands. You can turn a home into a heaven or a hell. You can drive mothers to distraction, fathers to drink and little children to crime. A position so influential as this must be one of grave importance and great respectability. You look down on yourselves and you permit others to look down on you. And yet, it is in your power to make yourselves as honored and respected as trained nurses. If you permit yourselves to be ignorant slatterns; if you do not feel the sacredness of your calling, everybody will take you at your own estimate. If you measure your opportunities and meet your responsibilities, you can lift the rank of the housemaid as high above that of the shop girl as she now thinks hers to be above that of cook. You must claim your inheritance to a position of respect and honor. In order to do this you must educate your minds. You must learn how to make a fine art out of cooking and sweeping. You must recognize that in the eyes of all men openly and those of all women furtively, a perfect pie is a poem and a perfect cook an artist. You must learn that what you think is drudgery is really a sacrament, and that the work you do is as holy as that of the priest."

Taught by Professionals.

Having said this (and much more to the same effect) out of a full heart, the minister invited these young women to take advantage of the conveniences of a model suite of church parlors and an ideal kitchen.

For their entertainment and instruction the following arrangements were made:

A professional seamstress instructed them to make stocks and shirt waists.

A professional musician taught them to sing the old familiar songs.

A professional "physical culturist" taught them the most charming movements in calisthenics.

A professional cook taught them the science of the culinary art.

Besides such occupations, they had the leisure for conversation and for pasting pictures in scrap books for the children's hospital. Sometimes they were read to. Sometimes music was provided by sympathetic friends.

They met in this way once a week thru a large portion of the year, and their interest and enthusiasm were unabated up to the last moment. Better behaved and more earnest girls it would be hard to find in any of our young women's colleges. They were eager to learn. They were quick to appreciate kindness. They were grateful for help.

For Better Service.

Can any one doubt that clubs of that kind would do the housemaids good? And if it would do the housemaids good then why not the mistresses? Everything that refines these young women and makes them contented with their lot redounds by an inviolable natural law to the benefit of those they serve. If any of my readers believe that the way to get efficient service is to "keep the laboring classes down," I will let some one else argue the point. I shall satisfy myself by saying that it is not only an unscientific idea, but that it is paganism, pure and simple. If anyone is afraid that this sort of treatment will make young women aggressive and presuming, I have only to remark that if this is the effect of culture on other women it will be on them. Otherwise not.

What an opportunity the multiplication of such clubs, under the conduct of our most cultivated women, would give them to do good to others and to improve the conditions of domestic service. One of these advantages, a very clear and positive one, is that the housemaid is any number of times more willing to be taught by a "professional" than by a "mistress." Another of these advantages is that with a thoroly organized system of such clubs employment bureaus could be discarded. Every such club would be its own employment bureau, in and of itself.

We do not know what charming personalities some of these young women possess until we meet them in this way. In spite of all the abuse we heap upon them, because of innumerable incompetents, there are in every community many of these housemaids whose persons are as beautiful and whose characters are as noble as those of the women for whom they work. It is credibly affirmed that were it not for the "housemaids" from Jackson county, one of the Welsh churches in Cincinnati could not survive a year.

Club a Success.

As the result of a season's experience the pastor and his helpers who conducted this experiment are ready to say with enthusiasm: "Here is a feasible scheme to improve domestic service." Make such efforts seriously and conscientiously, and they will pay. The element of religion was not left out in this one. At the close of every meeting the young women repeated the following pledge, offered the following prayer and sang the following hymn:

PLEDGE OF THE HOUSEMAID'S CLUB.

I hereby promise:

That, as a member of the Housemaids' Club, I will earnestly strive after personal purity in thought and word and deed, and will use my influence with all my friends to lead them to do the same.

I also promise:

That I will show myself kind and friendly in all the relationships of life; but that in my work in any home where Providence casts my lot I will be especially earnest and careful so to live that the life of the household will be happier and better for my presence in it.

PRAYER OF THE HOUSEMAIDS' CLUB.

O Lord, our Heavenly Father, we beseech thee to bless the Housemaids' Club. We long to do the most good we can and thereby to enjoy the truest happiness of life. We therefore pray Thee to help us realize how great an opportunity we have to influence the lives of others in the sacred privacy of the home. May we be faithful to our appointed task, so cheerful in our spirits, so helpful in our labors, that all shall see that we have been with Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

SONG OF THE HOUSEMAIDS' CLUB.

To lives of patient helpfulness
We all are summoned by that voice
That speaks with firm authority
And bids us in our task rejoice.

We may not always choose that task,
It may not always please us best,
But in performing it aright
Our troubled hearts gain peace and rest.

We thank, Thee, Lord, that we are called
To labor in life's noblest sphere,
The sphere of home, and pray that we
May hold that privilege most dear.

And tho these homes are not our own,
Still may be seek their happiness
Unselfishly, as if they were,
In never failing faithfulness.

And so may toil and drudgery
Transfigured be, by Christian love,
And menial service seem like deeds
Performed by angel hands above.

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Good Things Coming.

The Northern Pacific Railway company will sell a round trip first-class ticket to Tacoma, Seattle and Portland at $45.00, and to San Francisco at $50.00 on August 1st to 14th. The tickets are good until Oct. 15th, and good for stopovers. Optional routes returning. Don't forget the $57.90 ticket San Francisco and return, on sale now and up to the 10th of July.

The Northern Pacific City Ticket Office is headquarters for the great lake steamer trips. Call and get the sailing lists of all the steamer lines and reserve your stateroom berths.

Journal Want Ads Pay.

When people complain that advertising doesn't pay, it's well to inquire what paper they advertised in. If you advertise your wants in The Journal you will find it does pay.

THE MANHATTAN BEACH DINNER GIRL

SHE DISPLAYS THE NEWEST FASHIONS FOR THE RACES AND FOR LITTLE TETE-A-TETE DINNERS—THE CLOTHES SHE WEARS AND HOW SHE WEARS THEM

If you want to see the summer fashions at their prettiest, if you want to see the heroines of real love stories at their loveliest, look in at Manhattan Beach any pleasant night. It is here on the broad prazza that you will see the summer girl in her happiest mood, and whether she has come back from the races a winner or a loser, she is too much of a philosopher to be anything but bright and entertaining.

She is sure to be well dressed for more reasons than one. Of course she wishes to outrival any other woman who is down at the beach and she dresses with that end in view. And not only does the Manhattan Beach dinner girl choose her frocks with the little wicked thought of making other women envious, but she selects them first and foremost to please some one particular man. Manhattan Beach at the dinner hour illustrates this. If "the only man in the world" is partial to dashing picture hats, you are pretty sure to see the young woman who sits opposite him at their little tete-a-tete dinner wearing this particular style of hat. Should his tastes run in the tailor-made style, you are equally sure to see his companion a trim, smart looking, tailor-made girl. And so it goes—each girl dresses to please the man of her heart, tho every man present labors under the delusion that the composite Manhattan Beach girl dresses solely to charm him.

But no matter whom she dresses to please, Manhattan Beach at the dinner hour with its cosmopolitan crowd is an excellent place to study clothes.

White gowns predominate, and next in favor are those in all the varying shades of tan, from the palest beige to a decided wood brown. Then come the black and white gowns in big checks, little checks and hairline stripes. All the gowns are elaborately trimmed. French knots are used wherever there is a possible excuse for them, and where they were once in only one color, they are now seen in three or four.

An effective gown of fine white serge shows a deep yoke collar cut in an entirely new style and the tab-shaped epaulets over the shoulders. It is outlined with a broad band of French knots worked in emerald green, dark blue and scarlet silk threads. The stock is thickly scattered with the knots and the collar has the effect of buttoning on the shoulders, as it is trimmed with a line of pearl buttons. The skirt of this gown is plainer than the average this season. It clings to the figure, flaring prettily at the bottom by means of the Paquin interlining, and it is also finished at the hem with a white velveteen binding. By the way, velveteen skirt bindings are coming in again, for which every woman will be devoutly thankful.

The new gowns show that buttons are a favorite trimming. Pearl buttons are lavishly used and very tiny buttons are the mode, used in much the same way that French knots would be. Canvas and silk-covered buttons are also seen, prettily embroidered.

The chic girl this summer, especially at Manhattan Beach and at the different seashore resorts, is wearing her hair dressed low and confined in a hair net. She also keeps her pompadour and the little careless curls that stray over her forehead looking their prettiest by veiling them with an invisible hair net.

A feature of the summer fashions, which will be seen at Newport and Bar Harbor, are the elaborately trimmed gowns of white mohair Sicilienne. They have a smart style all their own and are combined this year with lace in many effective ways. For instance, a Newport afternoon frock is of white mohair Sicilienne, the skirt trimmed with insets of Point Venise lace, surrounded with big French knots.

The very fetching bodice which fastens in the back shows a blouse and undersleeves of all-over lace. The upper portion of the bodice is of the mohair Sicilienne, with little groups of tucks at the shoulders, and many insets of lace, separated from each other by the French knots. Lace applique also decorates the upper portion of the sleeve. With this gown is worn a dashing black chip picture hat bound with black velvet and trimmed with a sweeping black ostrich plume, fastened to the hat in front by a long gun metal and rhinestone buckle.

That lace is not the only trimming fashionable this year is proved by the many picturesque gowns adorned with fringe. Both silk and cotton fringes are used with good effect. A very new idea is displayed in a fascinating gown of light tan voile over the same shade of taffeta. The skirt, which is made with groups of vertical tucks, shows just below the knees embroidered diamond-shaped medallions, from which a tan-colored silk fringe depends. The same embroidery forms a very deep yoke, the length of which is exaggerated by a fall of the silk fsinge. Linen gowns are stylishly trimmed with cotton fringe this season and many of the little fancy coats of pongee, which every smart girl finds invaluable, are trimmed with silk fringe.

The picture hats are showing the high crown. The all-white hat is much worn. In lace it is most fetching, with an ostrich plume under the flaring brim. A new idea for a dressy hat is to have it made of box-plaited maline. A hat of this sort, recently designed for a New York belle, was of pale-lavender plaited maline, trimmed with one extraordinarily long ostrich plume. The feather was exquisitely shaded, varying from pale violet to a touch of deep mauve at the end.

Another new millinery idea is a picture hat of tulle stiffened with silk cords. The flaring brim, which has a decided scoop, is trimmed with a lattice of ribbon velvet. Close to the hair is a chou of shirred tulle and an ostrich plume also falls over the brim at the left side. The hat is made with a bandeau of velvet, finished at the top with a fold of foamy tulle. This style of hat is developed in one color, generally a pale tint being chosen, with the velvet-ribbon lattice in a contrasting shade or a darker tint of the same color.

WHAT AILDA LARSON SAYS:

"WOMEN do foolish things 'casionally, an' it's jes' as well they do, it makes it easier for the men. They aren't either of 'em perfec', tho there's times when somebody thinks 't each one of 'em are. That's the way it is 'th the Jameses now. Mrs. James thinks 't Mr. James is a whole steel trus' an' Mr. James can't fin' adjectives in a book of po'try good 'nough for Mrs. James, an' he's taken to makin' 'em up himself till the whole neighborhood thinks he's in need of special treatment. It makes the other women jealous to hear what a perfec' creature Mr. James thinks Mrs. James is, but we might all be phenomonas if somebody 'ld only think so, seems if.

"I dunno but what they were all some relieved when Mr. James went wes', for they knew he wouldn't spen' money sendin' word back what a wonder his wife was, tho he's been known to sen' a sp'cial d'livery boy up from the office 'th a letter tellin' his wife jes' what he thinks of her. Mrs. James was so pleased she tol' the woman in the flat nex' door, an' there wasn't a man in the neighborhod but what knew somethin' had happened as son as he came home.

"'James is a fool,' says Mr. Green, when he foun' out why his wife was givin' him col' shoulder for dinner. Says he, 'When he's been married as long as I have, he'll fin' out 't sentimen' never paid bills.'

"'There's other things to pay 'sides bills,' says Mrs. Green, says she, 'an' because a man shows a little feelin' for his wife I wouldn't call him names if I was you. You never wrote me a letter in your life,' says she, an' he never did, for they grew up nex' door to each other, an' when he goes out of town on business he telegraphs or telephones, and' Mrs. Green says she'd jes' as soon he'd write her postals. 'They couldn't be any more public,' says she.

"But as I was sayin' 'bout the James. Mr. James went away for a month, an' he couldn't take Mrs. James with him on 'count of the dog. There wasn't anybody to leave him with, an' nobody offered to look after him, so Mrs. James had to stay home. She says she lived a year in those four weeks, but I made allowances for her, jes' as I did for Mrs. Bray when Mr. Bray went away for six weeks, an' she said it seemed if he'd been gone jes' a week, it was so peaceful an' quiet. Mrs. James didn't think of anythin' but when Mr. James 'd come back, and she began to make plans for celebratin' his return 'fore he was out of the city limits.

"Her sister was stayin' 'th her, an' the two of 'em sat up all night decoratin' the house the day before. They had big signs of white cheescloth 'th the words 'Welcome' hung up over the door an' in the hall, an' they strung paper flowers all over the house. He was comin' in on a mornin' train, an' his chair at the breakfas' table was draped in white, an' had a big bunch of paper flowers on it. You didn't have to more'n cast a glance thru the hall to know 't Mrs. James hadn't been married three months. A woman who'd been married longer would have spen' more time on the breakfas' an' less on the decorations, but you've got to learn by doin', seems if.

"Mrs. James was jes' gettin' ready to go to the depot an' I'd put my head out of the window to see if she was goin' to have the carriage decorated, when the boy came with a telegram to say 't Mr. James had to stay a week longer. I never sa wa woman go from the attic to the cellar as quick as Mrs. James, an' she was jes' 'bout as depressed as she had been gay. There isn't anythin' can go up higher an' down quicker 'n a woman, less'n its a balloon, seems if.

"'Fore Mrs. James had pulled herself together there was a ring at the bell an' in came two of her cousins from the country. When they saw those signs of 'welcome' you'd thought they had an ice cream soda in their han's, they were so pleased. They an' Mrs. James never got along very well, an' they were some relieved to know how glad she was to see 'em.

"'Then you got our letter?' says the oldest one, a-starin' at the paper poppies hangin' from the chandelier, says she.

"An' it wasn't 'till then 't Mrs. James remembered 't she'd tucked the letter behin' a vase while she was decoratin' 'cause she didn't have time to read it. When you're plannin' a s'prise, you never know who's goin' to receive it an' you're jes' as likely to be the one 't's 'stonished as anybody, seems if."

"Seems if some folks haven't wit 'nough to receive a presen' when they get one. Nine times out of ten a presen', no matter what it is, means self denial, for mos' folks spen' all their money on necessities, for the more money you have the more necessities you get. Mrs. Bray says you oughter al'ys 'preciate the thought an' never min' what the presen' is, but you can see one an' you can't the other an' seein's believin'. It may be a nice thought, but if it's a homely presen' you're boun' to be influenced, seems if.

"I had to laugh at Mr. Thompson; he's Mrs. Steele's brother. He's engaged to a girl up north who lives in a little town where they don't have city water an' d'partmen' stores an' pavin's, an' there's considerable more that she hasn't seen 'n what she has.

"It wasn't ten days ago't Mr. Thompson bought her a pin, turquoise, matrix. Mrs. Steele called it, an' he showed it to me. 'Think she'll like it, Miss Larson?' says he.

"Inside of two days that pin was back in his han's 'th a letter sayin' 't the jeweler had packed it so careless 't the stone had been spoiled, an' she didn't think it could be a good stone or it wouldn't have rubbed offen the top so easy. She thought he'd been imposed on, an' so she sen' back the pin so 't he could show it to the jeweler. I never saw the starch taken so completely out of a man. He was limper 'n a dimity dress on a damp night. He didn't say much, but he did tell me 't he'd written her, 't turquoises 'th spots on 'em were the mos' stylish kin' an' if she 'd wanted to show her ignorance she'd succeeded. The more he thought 'bout it the madder he got, for mos' anybody's temperature goes up if you tell 'em they've been cheated. It all depen's on her answer as to whether the wedding goes on as it was planned, but Mrs. Steele's got a pin she never expected to have.

"It was jes' 'bout the same time 't Mrs. Steele bought some books at one of the bargain sales. There was one she got for a quarter, a regular dollar book, she says, an' she sent it to Mrs. Maybee for a birthday presen'. Inside of a week she got a letter from Mrs. Maybee astin' her if she knew 't the book was a defective copy an' sayin' 't she'd written to the publisher an' he'd sent her a bran' new one, an' did Mrs. Steele want the other one back or could she sen' it to an aunt who liked stories an' was too near-sighted to notice 't it was a defective book. It wasn't much spoiled, jes' one leaf misprinted, but the publisher hadn't asted for it back, an' it semed a pity to waste postage on it less'n Mrs. Steele wanted it.

"'I'll believe mos' anythin' of Mrs. Maybee after this,' says Mrs. Steele, when Mr. Steele finished readin' the letter to her. She was that 'mazed she couldn't b'lieve her own eyes, an' had given it to him.

"If you don't give presents there's some folks 'll call you stingy, an' if you do they say you're mean, an' one adjective's jes' 'bout as good as another, seems if."

CONSOLATION FOR THE JILTED

A normal woman should not be soured by being jilted. She would only be a little wiser; a little better able to judge between the true and the false afterward. She would not be so ready to trust all men, but would have just as much faith in the one man as ever, should she love again. For faith and hope and love are the natural heritage of the normal woman. These qualities are as much a part of her as life itself.

There are girls, of course, whose natures never recover from the shock of being jilted.

The wise girl, however, recognizes that it is better to be jilted before marriage than neglected afterward. She may love him dearly, and yet willingly give him up on hearing that his heart has changed toward her. Probably the worst sorrow a girl can know would be hers, with the knowledge that his heart has gone from her to another. But even then, if she truly loves, she would not feel bitterly toward him. She would lose her childlike, girlish trust, which led her to believe all men good and noble. She would be better able to distinguish between the false and the true as a consequence. And if she loved again, after time had healed the wound, it would be in the same blind, unreasoning, trusting way, if she was the normal woman.

JULY PLANTING OF PERENNIALS

For an Abundant Supply of Hardy Herbaceous Plants Most Enthusiastic Amateur Gardeners Prefer to Grow Them for Themselves.

Amateur gardeners who are planning for a varied collection of hardy perennials, if they have given the plan a fair trial, know that the most satisfactory method on the whole, of getting these satisfactory plants, is to raise them, especially if more than two or three sample specimens are wanted. The expense of raising perennials is practically nothing, and if one succeeds at all, one usually succeeds abundantly. Where only a few plants are wanted of kinds difficult to secure from seed, it is easier and better to depend upon the nurserymen.

July is about the best season of the year for starting perennials from seed, both because it allows for plants getting a good start before their final transplanting in the fall and because the rush work of getting the garden well started for the summer is over, and there is time to begin thinking of next year. Therefore, the gardener who wants to try his hand at raising his own perennials should promptly make out his list and get his seeds as quickly as possible.

Making a list of the most desirable plants is quite as much a matter of taste as making favorite book lists, but it is possible to name a limited list, in which it seems to me no one could feel dissatisfied with one of the varieties. In such a list I should certainly include hollyhocks, especially the single and the Allegheny varieties in mixed colors, digitalis, Canterbury bells of all the single varieties and colors, pyrethrum hybridum, lychnis chalcedonica, coreopsis lanceolata, gaillardia grandiflora, gysophila paniculata, oriental and Iceland poppies, columbine, particularly the single kinds in yellow, pink, blue and mauve, forget-me-not, garden heliotrope, perennial larkspur, pompom chrysanthemums, Scotch pinks or dianthus plumarius, sweet William, valerian phlox, evening primroses.

Platycodon, an aristocratic relative of the Canterbury bells, is very fine, but I cannot vouch for its being entirely hardy in this climate, altho it is said to be. There are others of unquestioned hardiness that are useful for certain purposes, as the achilleas, either alba or rosea, dainty sprays of pink and of white blossoms that make a good mass of bloom to fill a bare space and are fine for making up in bouquets with other flowers. Arabia alpina, alyssum saxatile, and the hardy candytufts, are fine border plants for early spring blossoms, particularly the arabis, which is covered with a sheet of white flowers.

Most of these plants ar eo feasy culture when once the seed has germinated and even this is not difficult in many cases. However, several of the more slow and uncertain germinators and require patience and some method of insuring that they will not dry out. Planting at a warm season, when the su nfairly bakes an unprotected bed in a few hours, it is entirely useless to plant in the open ground and it is quite unnecessary, for it will require but little care to make a small protected seed bed where the moisture can be retained and the heat of the sun shut off. However, as not much space will be required to start all the seeds needed for stocking an ordinary garden, it will probably be less trouble and more satisfactory to plant them in shallow boxes or florists' rough wooden flats that can be moved easily. If the weather is very warm after the planting, keep them in a fully shaded place covered either with glass or a piece of old carpet or blanket. If the weather is fairly cold and they are a long time in coming up, give them a little sun, taking care to avoid baking them.

Little sun is needed, however, until the plants begin to show themselves. Give the sede boxes as little water as possible and do this by very gentle sprinklings of fine spray from a flower sprinkler or a brush dipped in water. The seedlings will need protection from the torrid rays of the sun, even after they have been transplanted. Before fall they should get at least two transplantings.

Some of the seeds mentioned will come up in less than a week with the treatment suggested, but the larkspur, phlox, Canterbury bells and forget-me-note are likely to be very slow and should be in a box separated from the others. The difficulty of keeping larkspur, phlox and poppies cool may hinder their germination and the surest way of growing strong plants of these varieties is by fall planting in an outdoor seed bed.

The final transplanting in the fall should not be very late as the plants must have an opportunity of getting well established before frost, if they are to survive the winter with any vigor. It is common when the garden is uncovered to find plants that are alive but quickly sicken and die. Perennials need special attention and coaxing thru their second spring until they are firmly established, but after that they will need only ordinary attention.

—Martha Scott Anderson.

Reduced Rates East and West.

One fare plus $2 for the round trip via Chicago Great Western railway. Boston, on sale June 30 to July 4; good to return July 12. Saratoga Springs, N. Y., on sale July 4 and 5; good to return July 20. Atlanta, Ga., on sale July 5-7; good to return July 15. San Francisco and Denver, on sale July 1-10; good to return Aug. 31. Stop-overs allowed. For further information apply to L. C. Rains, general agent, corner Nicollet avenue and Fifth street, Minneapolis, Minn