HINTS ABOUT HOUSES.

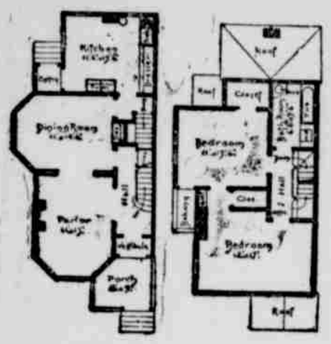
SUGGESTIONS TO PEOPLE WHO CONTEMPLATE BUILDING.

Plans for Two Very Desirable Residences—Instructions as to How to Build Them—Sanitary Plumbing and Drainage at Small Outlay.

The first design presented in our house-building article this week is of an exceedingly pretty house that can be erected for $2,750. The materials are: Foundation, stone; first story, clapboarding; second story, roofs, and side gables, shingles; front gables, timber construction. The special features of this house are: Cellar under the whole house. Open fireplaces

A DESIRABLE HOUSE.

in parlor and dining-room, range in kitchen. The large entrance hall opens directly into the parlor and dining-room. These rooms are connected by sliding doors, by which arrangement the three rooms can be thrown into one, forming a grand apartment for social gatherings. The kitchen is so situated that one can pass from it to the cellar or any other part of the house without entering adjoining rooms. There is ample closet-room and good store-room in the attic, which

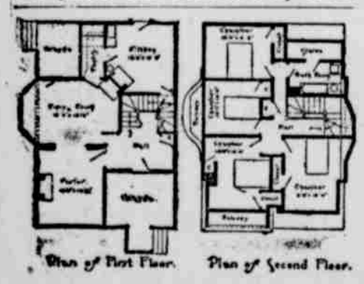


THE FLOOR PLANS.

is reached by step ladder. The bath-room is fitted with closet, tub, and bowl; the two latter fixtures being supplied with hot and cold water. The wide verandas and covered balcony make this a very desirable house, affording shade at all hours of the day. This plan can be modified to suit any special requirements.

The plans for the second house are thus technically described: Size of structure—Front, 18 feet; extreme width at dining-room, 21 feet 6 inches; side, 40 feet. Height of stories—Cellar, 6 feet 8 inches; first story, 9 feet 6 inches; second story, 8 feet 10 inches; attic, 7 feet 6 inches. Materials—

Foundations, 8-inch brick walls; first story, clapboards; second story, shingles; roof, shingles; the cost, $2,681.40, complete, including plumbing and gas-fitting and a $35 wood mantel in the parlor. The special features include a cellar under the parlor, hall and dining room; cellar bottom is cemented. The whole frame is sheathed with lumber and papered. Sliding doors connect parlor and dining-room. The hall and parlor are connected by a cur-



tained opening. Hall closet under the stairs. The stairs are of hardwood and of pretty design. If another bedroom is required on the second floor the front room can be divided. Two good rooms and a hall are finished in the attic; storage room besides. This house was built by contract near Chicago for less than our estimate.

Plumbing.

"Shall we have plumbing in the house, or shall we not?" is the question that arises to perplex the mind of every thoughtful man who undertakes to build for himself and his family a dwelling that shall be in the highest sense a home.

There are great advantages and attractions in having every possible convenience and trouble-saving appliance within doors; yet, on the other hand, their introduction is often the introduction of disease. Their costliness looms up in frightful proportions, with visions of endless "bills for repairs." The wise man thinks of these things, and the more he thinks the more perplexed does he become. To such we would say, you can have the plumbing without danger to health, at small original outlay, and with no repair bills, if it is designed and put in properly in the first place, and at the time the house is built. To put plumbing into an old house that was not designed to receive it is very expensive and troublesome work. The great saving of woman's strength and patience when the house is provided with running water, stationary wash tubs, bath, etc., is only appreciated by those who have had the care of a house not provided with them.

By running the water pipes on inside walls and taking care to protect them by packing where they are necessarily exposed, the danger of freezing and bursting will be done away with. Neglect of these precautions is the origin of three-quarters of the repair bills. The supply to the hot water boiler must be so arranged that it cannot fail, else the water-back in the range will be burnt out. This can be done by hanging an indicator in the kitchen connected with the tank, to show how much water is in the tank, so that, should the supply fail, the stop-cocks at the top and bottom of the boiler can be turned, keeping the water from entering or leaving the boiler, and thus keeping the water-back full. The indicator is simply a wire attached to the copper float in the tank, which, as the float lowers, rises correspondingly, it being attached to the opposite end of the rod to which the float is attached. It is carried down over pulleys to the kitchen, and the end is fixed against a board marked off properly. A plummet weighing little less than the float should be attached to the end of the wire to lower it again when the float rises. Stationary washtubs should be of earthenware, galvanized or enameled iron, slate or soapstone. The wooden tubs, while much cheaper originally, get foul, and will have to be replaced after a few years' service.

The sink should be of galvanized or enameled iron or earthenware, for the reason that iron rusts and never looks clean. A few dollars more spent in this way is true economy. The water-closet should be of porcelain or earthenware, and of the "wash-out" pattern, with an overhead flushing cistern supplied from the main tank. These are manufactured under many different names, but are the same thing and equally good. No other pattern of closet is so simple, efficient and safe. The cost of a good porcelain closet with trap (made in one piece) and cistern is about $25. The old-style pan closet, with its weak, dribbling flush and foul metal bowl is an abomination, and a continual danger to the health of the householder. The wash-basin should be oval, of size not less than 15x19 inches; the cocks supplying the same should not be less than ½ inch.

As the system of wastage is where the danger lies, it should receive the greatest study and care. The main drain from the house to the street or cess-pool must be trapped outside of the house and a fresh air inlet provided. The soil pipe must run up to and through the roof, so that a draft of air through the pipes will be insured. All fixtures must be separately trapped and the traps ventilated to prevent syphonage. A competent architect or sanitary engineer should draw up the plumbing specifications and make drawings if the work is at all complicated. Wash-basins in bedrooms are dangerous, as sewer gas is subtle and will sometimes circumvent all plans and precautions against it. If they are much desired there can be a small catch basin built to receive their waste alone. They should not be connected with the main drain, sewer or cess-pool. The cost of fitting out a new house with tank, boiler, range, two earthenware tubs, galvanized sink, one water-closet, bath tub and basin—all work done in best manner—is about $375.

Popping the Question.

It was seven long years since Jonas Harris had begun to "keep company" with Miss Hannah Bell, and yet, in all that time, he had not mustered courage to propose a certain important question. His house was lonely enough to be vacated, and still Jones could not bring himself to speak the decisive words. Many a time he had walked up to her door with the courage of a lion, only to find himself a very mouse when she appeared.

He had never failed in dropping in to cheer her loneliness on Christmas evening, and this year he presented himself as usual. The hearth was swept, the fire burned brightly, and Miss Hannah was adorned with smiles and a red bow.

Conversation went serenely on for an hour or so, and then when they both sat paring red-cheeked apples, with great contentment, Jones began to call upon his recollections.

"It's a good many years, ain't it, Hannah, since you and I first sot here together?"

"Yes, a good many."

"I wonder if I shall be settin' here this time another year?"

"Maybe I sha'nt be at home. Perhaps I shall go out to spend the evening myself," said Miss Hannah, briskly.

This was a blow, indeed, and Jones felt it.

"Where?" he gasped.

"Oh, I don't know," she returned, beginning to quarter her apple. "I might be out to tea—over to your house, for instance."

"But there wouldn't be anybody over there to get supper for you."

"Maybe I could get it myself."

"So you could! so you could!" cried Jonas, his eyes beginning to sparkle. "But there wouldn't be anybody to cook the pies and cakes beforehand."

"Maybe I could cook 'em."

At that moment Jonas' plate fell between his knees to the earth and broke in two, but neither of them noticed it.

"Hannah," cried he, with the pent-up emphasis of seven long years, "could you bring yourself to think of gettin' married?"

A slow smile curved her lips; surely she had been given abundant time for consideration.

"Maybe I could," she returned, demurely, and Jonas has admired himself to this day for leading up to the subject so cleverly.

A WARM wave makes a cold day for a coal-dealer.

A GREAT POPULAR PET.

NYM CRINKLE'S CRITICISM OF MARY ANDERSON.

Her Artistic Restoration of "The Winter's Tale," and Rendition of the Characters of Hermione and Perdita—The Heroic, the Picturesque and the Statuesque.

MARY ANDERSON is a great popular pet. The American people like to look at her and talk about her. The women have her goodness always on the ends of their tongues. The young men call her "our Mary." She always in some way filled the bill of the American girl. Her purity of character has packed columns, until a sad sense of the scarcity of that article in America threatened to set in.

Perhaps it was her figure, so like Crawford's statue of Columbia, that

did it. Certainly no one would think of Minnie Palmer or Lotta on the Capitol or on a bank bill. Walt Whitman would not write poems at them, and address them as Libertad. But to put Joaquin Miller in an epilepsy, all you had to do was to show him a photograph of Mary.

Mary had magnitude. That was first of all the American quality. Her dimensions were ample; her arm sweep was superb; her stride was like the course of empire, and her voice—well,

THE HEROIC.

I'll have to begin a new paragraph on her voice.

Mme. de Stael said the voice was the true index of dramatic ability. If she was right, Mary Anderson is the greatest of living histriones, for she has an unexampled voice. It is a deep, rich contralto, with a large vibration and an exquisite timbre.

It was meant to be a vehicle of emotion, but it has never been overweighted. In power, pitch and quality it is one of the noblest speaking voices we have ever had on the stage.

Mary had beauty. It is difficult to describe it. She is not lovely, she is handsome. Her eyes are too close together for an ideal face, and her cheek bones are too high for a fashion plate or a vignette. What her face lacks is softness, breadth, and mobility. She constantly reminds you of a Greek cameo, and you always want to look at her in profile. Her neck is long and round, her head is small and delicately poised. Her figure is virginal in contour, and graceful in action.

You have had this figure before your eyes ever since you were a youngster and first recognized it in front of Webster's spelling-book. Sometimes it was civilization, sometimes it was justice, sometimes it was liberty, sometimes it was "Hail Columbia." It has been before your inalienable vision in some sort all your free life, and if you are a New-Yorker it will probably rise before your dying vision out of the water of our bay, where it has finally rested to enlighten the world.

Mary Anderson is of heroic mold, and

THE PICTURESQUE.

and when she came to us as an actress it was in heroic roles. She had swept like a prairie fire over the West, and criticism crackled and disappeared before her. When she got here she was told by discreet judges that the old school of tragic spouting was not quite up to the times. She was reminded by intelligent critics that the rudest kind of art was the most demonstrative, and that she should re-select her models and forget the Proctors and Eddys who had set her youthful soul aflame with resonant examples.

All that this handsome young woman needed to arrive at great distinction as an actress, was development and training. At first she scouted both. Her manager and adviser let the public suppose that in his opinion Mary Anderson was an exception to the human race, and was born finished.

After a rather noisy starring career in her native land, she went abroad. The farther she got from her original starting place the more disinclined were people to accept her at her own valuation. It was in London that the scales fell from her eyes, and she began to see that art is endeavor, not endowment.

Now that Miss Anderson has come back to us, we can see in what respect she has been modified by a new environment.

Everybody that cares for animate beauty will go too see "The Winter's Tale." One doesn't get Shakspeare so served up every day. Some of his great heart-throbs are given us fitfully by Booth and Barrett, but how often do his daffodils come and take the winds of March with beauty?

In this pictorial restoration of "The Winter's Tale," you will see Miss Anderson playing the two parts of Hermione and Perdita with a strangely subdued histrionism in part and a marvelously enhanced picturesqueness in part. It is not at all like the actress who a few years ago played "The Lady of Lyons" for us. It is more discreet, more mature, more deliberate, more evenly balanced.

Let it be noted, there is a glory of silk and a glory of satin, and there is a glory of red flannel. Let us not confuse them. There is Galatea and Hermione, and there is Pauline Deschappelles. Ten years ago Miss Anderson would have played them all in the same line of goods.

Anyone who now sees her play Hermione and Perdita in the same drama, will see that at last she has consented to let Mary remain a little in the background, and has tried to bring the characters a little to the front.

In her showing of the two roles, she is like the musician who plays a strain of Mendelssohn, and then breaks away in a melody of Auber's or Rossini's. She comes down from the snow-clad Alps of sorrow and wrong to the Tuscan vineyards of song and sunshine.

For one jolly act, at least, she is a nymph. And such a nymph. Big-limbed, girlish and innocent to a degree, Canova himself never fashioned such a flying Daphne. It is as if she

THE STATUESQUE.

had gathered all her graces of person and impulses of youth, and poured them recklessly into the rustic dance. She is Phillis incarnate. For ten minutes you are swept backward into the groves of Arcady. A pristine light floods the scene. It is morning in the world once more.

There are three phases to this play—the heroic, the picturesque, the statuesque. Which phase do you remember? Is it as seer, sibyl or nymph that you would rather have Miss Anderson?

Do you think of Hermione appealing to Apollo for justice, or of the shepherdess wantoning in buskined feet?

She is like one of those Christian martyrs of Rome while she wears the robes of Hermione. A great wrong makes her both sacred and inaccessible. It is an astral glory, too far off and cold to be other than distantly admirable. She gathers her robes and dies.

But she awakens as Perdita, with a madrigal on her lips and flowers in her hands.

The moment she throws herself into the dance a great gust of approval swept down upon her from her audience. She had enmeshed them with motion!

What is the conclusion of all this? Reasonably, I think it may be said that Mary has abandoned the rostrum for the studio. She has concluded to preach less and paint more.

She has come back with a veil of English æstheticism on. I think it heightens, while it hides the outlines of Hail Columbia.

You must not forget that such dramatic genius as this country has produced has been anything but æsthetic. Its Forrests, Cushmans, Booths were like its Paul Dentons, and Peter Cartwrights, and John Randolphs, sinewy rather than soft. Inclined to yawp like the brawny Whitman, not disposed to purr like the chambering Tennyson. They were not Eolian. They used a clarion instead of a lute.

Mary came into the field with the splendid example of these giants fresh before her. The first thing she did was to spout. Nature had furnished her with the clarion, and her father insisted that one blast upon it was worth a hundred men.

I think Mary has got over all that now. Her first pictures were like the panels on the Capitol—immense. Her last picture is like a Claude—exquisite.

The truth is, we have grown as well as Mary, and don't care so much for the immense—except in majorities. We don't wear red flannel so much as we did. The tints in our rugs and our comedies are less pronounced. We begin to see that the art of a Hading is like one of those Persian shawls, whose colors melt and defy us.

So, after all, I suppose we are moving with Mary in the same direction, and with our loyal American arms around her we are entitled to whisper in her ear: Softer, my dear, and onward.

NOT A STEPPING STONE.

Only Six Secretaries of State Have Ever Reached the Presidency.

There have been thirty-one Secretaries of State, but only twenty-three Presidents. In six instances only, according to the San Francisco *Bulletin*, has the office of Secretary of State paved the way of the incumbent to the office of President. One Secretary became Chief Justice and three became Vice Presidents. Jefferson held the office of Secretary of State in Washington's first term. He also held over into the second term for about a year. He served four years as Vice President, and reached the highest office in seven years after he had left Washington's Cabinet. John Marshall was Secretary of State only nine months. He vacated the office to accept that of Chief Justice. But before making the change he was considered as within the line of promotion to the Presidency. But John Marshall was probably greater in the office of chief justice than he would have been in that of chief magistrate. He was not distinguished for executive ability of a political kind; but he had a judicial mind that won fame in the office best suited to his tastes and requirements. Three men who succeeded Marshall in the office of Secretary of State became Presidents. These were Madison, Monroe and John Quincy Adams. Henry Clay did not find the way through the office of Secretary to the one great office he had desired to fill. But Martin Van Buren found that office helpful to him, for he went from it to that of Vice President and succeeded Jackson as President.

After that time the office of Secretary of State lost its potency. For many years it contributed nothing to the further advancement of the incumbent. John Tyler had no less than five Secretaries of State. Webster was the most notable of these. But the office was in no way helpful to his Presidential aspirations. The last Secretary who reached the office of President was James Buchanan. Clayton, Seward, Everett, Marcy, Cass, Black, Washburne, Evarts, and Frelinghuysen were incumbents of the office for longer or shorter terms, and most of these were more or less prominently named as candidates for the highest office. But none of these found the way to it through the office of Secretary of State. As only six of the thirty-one Secretaries have ever become Presidents, the facts militate against the theory, formerly held, that it is a single and sure step from the leading place in the Cabinet to the office of President.

Don't Know What They Miss.

Marriage, speaking of it at large, is not a failure. It is, on the whole, more of a success than any other social institution anywhere as prevalent as it is. But when a specific marriage is a failure it is a sad affair for the principals. As for the bachelors, they are exercising their individual privilege and discretion in remaining single. Some of them are doubtless the gainers from it, and the many who are the losers have at least the advantage of never knowing it.

Are You Going to Build a Lawn?

There are about 6,000 species of grasses growing here and there all over the planet we inhabit; 6,000 species, and yet a man can spend two summers and $300 on a half-acre lawn and then have nothing to show for it but the biggest, healthiest, coarsest crop of plantain that ever spread itself all over the earth like a green bay tree and hollered for more room. This also is vanity.—*Burdette.*

Marriage Contract.

Marriage in itself is a double contract: (1) between the man and the woman; (2) between them and the state. They have absolute power over their own contract. They may live together or separately. But over the contract between themselves and the state they have no control. They cannot annul it without the consent of the state given by its courts.

A TRAVELING man says that a Boston girl is all right after you understand her. The only trouble is that you can't understand her without consulting the dictionary.—*Merchant Traveler.*

AGGIE—"You naughty girl! I hear you took hasheesh?" Nellie—"Yes." Aggie—"What is the sensa'ion?" Nellie—"Just like being kissed by several million young men for twenty million of years."

HOUSEHOLD TOPICS.

TABLE LINEN.

"IN all the household arts," remarks a contemporary, "none are more ideal than those which relate to table napery. Fortunately, fashion sometimes condescends to the ideal, and at present it prescribes minute attention to table linen. There is a tendency now toward decoration that offers a wide field for the amateur embroiderer, and next to an altar cloth or a baby's frock, perhaps there is no work that better becomes a woman's leisure hours. The present mode of covering tables with colored cloths stimulates the embroiderer, by allowing her work to tell so finely."

SWEEPING.

When about to sweep a large room where the carpet is rather dusty, have a pail of warm water handy and dip your broom in the water, shaking off all the drops; sweep a third of the room, then moisten the broom again, always shaking it as dry as possible, and you will find the dust will all be in the water and not flying through the air, trying to find its way to the lungs; besides, it makes the carpet look fresh and bright.

DON'T TOSS THE BABY.

The throwing a baby into the air and catching him again is always a risky practice, certain though the tosser may be of his quickness of eye and sureness of hand. A sudden and unexpected movement of the child in his mid-air flight may result in a cruel fall.

A gay young father snatched up his baby boy one morning and tossed him to the ceiling. Twice the little fellow went flying through the air and came down safely into the waiting arms. The third time the excited child gave a spring of delight as his father's hands released him, plunged forward, and pitching over the father's shoulder, fell head downward to the floor. When the poor child came out of the stupor in which he lay for hours it was found that, although no bones had been broken, the brain had sustained an injury that would in all probability render the child an imbecile.

Another baby snatched from the floor and tossed into the air received a fatal wound in the top of the head from the pointed ornament of a chandelier. Still another child slipped between her father's hands as he caught at her in her downward flight, and although his frenzied grasp on the baby's arm saved her from falling to the ground, it wrenched the muscles and so cruelly that the girl's arm was shrunken and practically useless to her all her life. These are extreme cases, but the fact of their occurring at all should be enough to warn one from the habit of relinquishing one's hold on a child when tossing it.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

To clean stained tea or coffee cups scour with bath brick.

Dish cloths are quickest sweetened by being boiled up with soda and water.

Paint made with turpentine is a better protector for ironwork than when mixed with linseed oil.

To mount ferns use a glue with three parts white sugar, two parts starch and a very little water. Boil until white.

To clear a tanned skin wash with a solution of carbonate of soda and a little lemon juice, then with the juice of green grapes.

Linen dresses or other garments will retain their color if washed in water in which a quantity of hay is placed; boil and rinse the goods in it, using a little soap.

To remove mildew from linen rub the spot with soap; scrape chalk over it and rub it well; lay it on the grass in the sun; as it dries, wet it a little; it will come out with two applications.

The fumes of burning coffee are a powerful disinfectant. Pound the coffee in a mortar, and then strew it on a hot iron plate, which, however, must not be red hot.

TESTED COOKING RECIPES.

Corn Bread—One and one-half cups of sour milk, one cup Indian meal, two cups of flour, one egg, one-half cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt and two tablespoonfuls of butter.

Buttermilk Cake—One cup of buttermilk, one large cup of sugar, two-thirds cup of shortening, two eggs and one teaspoonful of soda. Flavor to taste. By putting in mixed spices it makes a good spice cake.

Gelatine Pudding—Make a custard with the yelks of four eggs, one pint of milk, and sugar to taste; soak one-third of a box of gelatine in a little cold water, then dissolve it in three-fourths of a cup of hot water, add this and the whites of four eggs well beaten to the cold custard. Pour into a mold and serve cold.

Fruit Pudding—Take stale bread, pour over hot water, and soak awhile. Chop as for dressing, though not so fine, place a layer of bread in buttered tin, then a layer of fruit previously stewed, having the last layer bread. Bake half an hour, and serve with sugar and cream or any pudding sauce.

Pickled Oysters—Rinse the oysters in their liquor, strain it upon them, and let them come to a boil; take them out of the liquor to cool. Prepare cider vinegar by boiling it with peppers, a little salt, mace, cloves, and nutmeg, and when cold pour it over the oysters, and keep them in a covered stone jar.

Saloons—North and South.

There are more legalized saloons in the State of New York than in fourteen Southern States. Here is the record:

New York	35,370
Alabama	1,144
Arkansas	505
Florida	326
Georgia	1,725
Kentucky	4,028
Louisiana	4,987
Maryland	6,727
Mississippi	1,020
North Carolina	1,722
South Carolina	1,052
Tennessee	1,650
Texas	3,888
Virginia	2,968
West Virginia	841
	32,974
Number extra saloons in New York	2,676