

WOMAN'S PAGE



THE WIFE OF JOHN ADAMS.

A Puritan of Portraits, She Became the First Lady of the Land.

Abigail Smith, the wife of John Adams, was the fortunate representative of a class of women whose quiet influence did much for the cause of the struggling colonies. However much a modern "daughter" of the Revolution may rejoice in her prestige, John Adams' wife was distinctly one of the "mothers" of the Revolution. Without the spiritiveness which made the wife of Nathaniel Green so popular, and free from the social ambition which elevated Gen. Knox's wife into the position of the society leader of Washington's administration, in depth of character and positive influence she easily surpassed them both. A portrait of her at the age of twenty-one, one year after her marriage, shows a strong and yet tender face, with a low, broad forehead, full and expressive eyes, clearly cut nose, a mouth sweet and indicative of her sense of humor, and a chin firm and strong. With all her powers of observation and expression, even above her conversational ability and her grace of manner, her friends cherished her absolute honesty and frank sincerity. She was accustomed to say just what she meant, and meant just what she said, and, while some of the modern writers affirm that the marvelous influence she exerted on her husband and his friends was somewhat exaggerated, there still can be no doubt that her "power behind the throne" was as marked as it was manifest.

Abigail Adams was a Puritan of the Puritans so far as her ancestry was concerned. For forty years her father was in charge of one parish and her forefathers on each side were Puritan preachers. As a natural consequence the religious side of her nature was strongly developed, and a taste for the best that had been thought and said was marked from her earliest days. It was a lament of her later life that she had never been sent to any school, but the loss, which arose from her delicate health as a girl and perhaps also from natural prejudice against the education of women in a community where the traditions of Ann Hutchinson were still fresh, was more than compensated by the development of her individuality under the immediate care of her father. It is the old form of the modern question whether the drill and routine of the public school or the personal influence of tutors or a private school is better for growing girls she lost from the lack of attrition, but gained the development of her own personality. While truth and duty were "written large" in her vocabulary, the Puritan influence was not all sad. Indeed, her father, serious man though he was, enjoyed his job, and even was known to carry it sometimes into the pulpit with him.

When Abigail's older sister, Mary, was married to Richard Cranch, who afterward became a judge of the court of common pleas, Parson Smith is said on the Sunday following the ceremony to have preached from the text: "And Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." When two years later Abigail became the wife of the young lawyer, John Adams, her father, recognizing the strong prejudice of the colony against lawyers, on the next Sunday solemnly announced his text: "For John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil." With her two sisters, each of whom married a man of prominence, she was trained to take a serious but not a sad view of life, and her uniformly cheerful spirit, interest in politics and the world about her, devoted to her husband and to the cause of her country, perhaps all traceable mainly to her Puritan background and training.

On the 25th of October, 1764, she became the wife of John Adams, and until the breaking out of the war spent her time in Boston or Framingham, as the health of her husband and his business demanded. In this decade four children entered the home, four sons and a daughter, and doubtless the young wife with her increasing cares little dreamed that she was perhaps to be the only one in the history of the new nation to occupy the unique position of the wife of one President and the mother of another. She was an ideal mother, the companion of her children, and superintended all the details of their care and training. Method, order, firmness and devotion, it is small cause for surprise that in later years her sons, proud of their father and his name, almost revered the name of their mother.

The ability of her husband was soon recognized, and he was active in the declaration of the Continental Congress. Her letters to him in his absence show that she foresaw far more clearly than most of the leaders what the outcome was to be, and while she encourages him to go on and writes fully of the state of public feeling in Massachusetts, her anxiety is disclosed as she writes him that she bids adieu to domestic felicity perhaps until the meeting with her husband in another world, since she looks forward to nothing further in this than sacrifices as the result of the impending contest. The terrors of war, the alarm of her neighbors and pestilence followed; but Abigail Adams, though she wrote that her heart had felt like a heart of lead, never flinched nor faltered. Troops were near, some of her relatives fell in the struggle, the visits of her husband were rare, but she cared

statues gazing at what we can neither follow nor comprehend.

On the 25th of October, 1818, the end came gently, as comes the close of a quiet summer day. A vast concourse of people assembled to honor her memory. The pastor of her church offered prayer and the president of Harvard College delivered a fitting address. As his words were brought to a close, and he died, a "that she was fitted for a better happiness than this world can give," the people who had assembled to honor Abigail Adams because



THE SIREN OF THE SURF.

she had been the wife of one President and the mother of another turned slowly away, realizing that it was meet that she should be honored most of all for what she herself had been and done.

AN ARTISTIC SCREEN.

The accompanying illustration shows a very artistic screen and one easily made at home, or with panels of any frame-work may be used. Soft pine wood panels of the desired size are cut by a carpenter and are then covered by stretching velveteen, damask or any plain colored, durable material tightly across one side, tacked into place, and the reverse side covered with any good lining for the part of the screen not intended to show.

The next step in the process is to cut stiff brown paper panels the size of the wooden ones, and on them draw in charcoal a simple outline, conventional pattern. If one is not original enough to do this alone, ask some friend to draw one, or copy some good design from an art magazine. The center panel should be the most prominent, while the side ones each have the same design, reversed so that the branches of the screen and in its main features harmonizing with the center one. When this is done lay the paper on the panel, tack it in place, and along each edge of the pattern tack in gaily upholstery nails arranged carefully at equal distances. These should be indicated by pencil marks if one has not a correct eye. Several sizes of nails may be used, but only three show in the screen given here.

The largest ones mark the main features of the outline and the smaller ones indicate fine lines, or fill in between large ones to give a more solid effect, and each fine line ends with a large nail to accent the various points in the design. When this is done, the paper is torn out from beneath the nails, and the smaller ones indicate the fine lines, or fill in between large ones to give a more solid effect, and each fine line ends with a large nail to accent the various points in the design. When this is done, the paper is torn out from beneath the nails, and the smaller ones indicate the fine lines, or fill in between large ones to give a more solid effect, and each fine line ends with a large nail to accent the various points in the design.

HOME ART FOR PRETTY FACES.

How to Enhance Beauty by Safe Methods.

New York, July 16.—My pretty neighbor is not aware that she is the envy of the public, who are assured that though it is not good to leave around where children can reach it, still it is perfectly safe for toilet use. Her husband's lotion rubbed on a scratch on the arm has been known to produce boils, and many a woman who reads may learn the cause of her inflamed and pimply face lies in her toilet bottle.

All face washes having a grayish or a dark sediment contain this bi-chloride, so heavy in the one or two per cent solution used as antiseptic in surgical cases that it is the constant effort of surgeons to find a substitute as effective but less dangerous. There is no necessity for making it so specific for the complexion, when a dozen other drugs answer better. Possibly it requires more skill to name the one most suitable for particular cases.

A question frequently asked by women is, what makes the bangs turn gray so early when the rest of the hair keeps its color? One reason, undoubtedly, is the use of bi-chloride lotions, which affect the nerves reaching the roots of this hair. What is good for the face is not good for the

plexion is an all-round process, in which care and expensive efforts fail if some insignificant, undreamed of essential is slighted. Twenty-five years ago, in the renaissance of toilet art, women took up the study with the belief that it was principally a matter of daily bath and a clean skin; this was a great step toward the desired end, but not the only one. Girls took cold tubs and hot baths, shower baths and hour-long full baths—feeding, vastly better for some of the experiments, but they were still far from looking better as they wished.

So they concluded that diet was the all-important thing; and girls and women heathenly left off eating what their souls delighted in, candy, coffee, wine, etc. Fruit cake, fried potatoes and macaroni. They ate instead husky bread, and porridge which would be a prisoner's punishment, and regaled themselves on deserts of boiled rice and baked apples. But insipidity is not a virtue in the sight of the powers which make women, and the useless self-denial did not result in hard throats and glowing cheeks. There it was asserted that fresh air is the indispensable—and girls walked, walked, walked, hours each day in patient dullness, for five or six months, still without finding beauty in their mirrors at the close. They felt better, it is true, but they wanted the outward and visible sign of the inward well-being. Most of these ar-

rants would find it attractive to add such a simple matter as steamed bread and hot syrup to their fare. These luncheons, though very acceptable in varying the monotony of public tables.

Another mother ordains steamed whole meal bread, with the best New Orleans syrup, clarified and reboiled almost to candy, eaten hot for breakfast and lunch. The syrup is flavored with ginger or clove, or is preferred, and it takes the place of caramels with the young folks, who have not only marvelous complexions, but a growth of hair and eyelashes very taking to see. "Every woman has her work to do," says Browning; and this holds mainly with respect to the skin, as fine, even and purple blood, or a coarse strand for clown's thread. SHIRLEY DALE.

CAMPING OUT.

How to Rest in Camp and Cook for the Family.

Innocent people lose a great deal of pleasure because they fear they are going to be "too tired" if they undertake anything in the way of recreation that has any labor attached thereto. The writer has the word of a mother who has five children and all the cares of house-keeping at home that she has never spent a fortnight so full of rest and real pleasure,

but a heater takes but little room and some times the camp fire, after burning all day, will provide a glowing bed of coals that suggests at once heated fish for supper.

It is a farmhouse where corn cobs may be had, pile them on the fire and when they burn down here are the perfection of coals for heating. A couple of large stoves will make a rest for the heater. As, however, the usual way of heating cannot be had at all times, it is well to remember how nearly perfect results the much-abused frying pan will give if properly used. Make the pan intensely hot before the meat is put in, turn often (the steak should be thick, cook about the same length of time as for real broiling, and instead of a dry chip there will be a juicy, tender result. Should the country butcher have only the cuts of beef that promise tough eating, "treat" the steak as follows and it will rival the most expensive "porter house" of the city. Mix together thoroughly four tablespoons of olive oil, salt and pepper to taste, two tablespoons chopped parsley, two or three slices and peeled onions, two bay leaves and the juice of half a large lemon. Spread half of this carefully under and half over the meat and let it stand all day or overnight.

This is a French method and is used by their famous cooks even for the table. It is still better when convenient to allow the meat to stand twenty-four hours in the mixture. The Sunday's roast for instance, in winter should be prepared in this way on Saturday morning. Whatever of the mixture is not absorbed must of course be brushed off before cooking. The same frying pan will produce the perfect, browned and succulent roast, and is applicable either with or without front or meat added. If a can of maple syrup is among the camp stores there is no more delicious treat than to have three plain fried steaks straight from the pan to the table, by way of breakfast. They are as half a dozen sugar served with all they wanted, and actually allowed to stand a hand in the cooking. The latter, in the proportion of a pint of milk, half a teaspoon of salt, a pint of flour and the yolk of two eggs, should be made in other preparations are going on, the stiff whites and a teaspoon of baking powder, the latter dissolved in a little milk, stirred in just before using.

Be sure that the deep fat is right by throwing in a bit of the crumb of bread, which should sink to the bottom, and rise to the top a golden brown. The wooden mixing spoon, partly filled, will be sufficient for a generous sized fryer, and this simple rule has never been known to fail if the batter is stirred carefully before being poured. Do not stir the batter allowing it to burn; if such an accident should happen it will be all right for next time if strained, poured in a bowl, and when cool turned out and the bottom scraped. Do not begin with less than a pound or two of fat; the most economical in the end. In camp one may have the perfection of bacon, as far as cooking is concerned, and with this fact in mind a large supply of the favorite "steak of fat and streak of lean" should be among the stores.

There is no need to be one's self to the expense of one's self in seeking and doubling the price of ordinary bacon. At a reliable pork store one may trust to the dealers to pick out a "fifth" or two of a young bacon, about five pounds each, which cost a willing hand and a very sharp knife will provide the desired thin slices that will cut up invitingly the moment they touch the sizzling hot pan, become brown in a trice and send the master and mistress back to work, perhaps not with a "good appetite" but with a mind on the "best substitute" having this favorite breakfast dish, slice of pine and peasant, spoiled by contact with a cold pan. A simple matter, but in this lies the difference between a real, unwholesome fat slice of pork and a crisp, appetizing bacon.

The frying pan will also apply to the campers means for cooking eggs in many ways, among the most savory those scrambled with ripe tomatoes, with a dash of salt and a little butter, if there are any in the neighborhood. Thin tomatoes must have every scrap of the skin and hard part removed, be very ripe, and may be cut into small slices, salt, pepper and a sprinkling of sugar added and the eggs (half a dozen to one large tomato) broken, but they must not be stirred together in the very hot pan, with a lump of butter, until the camp is assembled. The pan is to be as hot as possible without making the batter black, is then to be stirred with two tablespoons of hot milk. The mixture will begin to cook almost immediately to the fire, and cooks almost evenly by the heat of the pan; however, just before turning into the hot dish, put the pan on the fire, and a minute will give the final desired browning to one of the best dishes ever invented. If these simple pan is filled with water, allowed to heat at a gallon, with a few spoon of vinegar and one of salt, may be used to cook the eggs in a special way. The vinegar gives snowy whiteness.

Time would fail to tell how many appetizing dishes may be cooked with the frying pan alone. If the grease is wiped away with a cloth, this paper, and a little salt made suet, but a little salt, and a little water, to keep the heat just hot brown, crisp tops may be made. It is a trifle harder than made in the ordinary way, but is excellent under the eyes of the French.

THREE DELICIOUS RECIPES.

Peach fritters—easily made and delicious enough to melt in the mouth—are fritters made either with fresh or canned fruit. Lay the halves of tender, ripe peaches on a flat dish, sprinkle with sugar and a glass of sherry, and let stand for an hour, turning once. Dip each piece separately in batter and cook in a golden brown in deep, boiling fat. The batter should be mixed several hours before it is needed. It is made by stirring one-half cup of cold water into the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, add to this gradually one cupful of sifted flour and a tablespoonful of olive oil. Beat vigorously for three minutes, then before using add a pinch of salt and the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth.

Ripe tart apples are excellent peeled, cut in thin slices and treated in the same way. Serve with powdered sugar.

Fruit popovers (very good)—Beat until creamy one-half cup of sugar and a large tablespoon of butter, then add the beaten yolks of two eggs and one-half cup of milk; into this stir a cup of chopped figs, apples, sliced raisins, or dried cherries (the latter must be soaked in water for an hour). At the last beat in enough flour to make a soft dough (about a cupful) stiff with a teaspoonful of baking powder and the stiffened whites of the eggs. Steam for an hour in buttered cups, three parts full, or the half an hour. Eat with hard sauce.

Blackberry Flanney—Stir together a pint of ripe blackberries and a part of water, do not stir, the berries should be tender in ten minutes or less, then four scant tablespoons of cornstarch, mixed with a little cold water, is to be carefully stirred in. When thick cool to two minutes, stirring carefully not to break the fruit, remove, add half cup of sugar, and when cool pour into a glass dish. Eat with cream, the most refreshing dessert possible for warm weather.

hair, and vice versa. Remember this when you are advised to use preparations of olive oil or cocoa butter for the face.

It is to be wished that the business of special toilet treatment might attract more words of intelligence and good practice. We all prefer to see women with the best complexion possible, but we distinctly prefer that they should not submit themselves to the hands of the ignorant or half-taught. Toilet specialising pays well, and its profits should attract a better class of practitioners than that many who ply the trade.

If you would like a little domestic art to take the taste of all this out of your mind, you can experiment with some simple lotions which require just care enough to be interesting. Wash carefully the face with lukewarm water, and if you have a large lichen for you don't know what dust is in their pores or what hands they have gone through. Wash them with a brush and cold water, and rise and wipe them before using for any purpose. Then rub them with a silver perfume bottle, thick glass without perfume, and half in filtered water in a porcelain or stone-ware covered jar. Use two or three times the water needed to cover the lotions, and boil briskly for fifteen minutes. Without over-heating, leave it over night, strain through linen or cheesecloth, bring to a boil three minutes, and use hot for a face wash, after bathing with warm water and soap. The decoction should be bottled and corked, and a capful brought to the boiling point every time it is wanted. Use hot as the face can bear, diluting with boiled filtered water if it is too strong. A good lotion should never make the face smart, but soothe the skin.

This simple wash is antiseptic, it whitens the skin and corrects humors, besides having a tonic effect when left to dry on. At night, sleep without washing it off, leaving the day, sponge the face with it half a dozen times, then leave it to dry, and then wash in warm soapy water—or rub with a mild face powder, not of lead or cocoa butter. You should know that the use of cocoa butter by South American women has much to do with the early wrinkles and mustaches which too often replace the exquisite skin of girlhood. One need not suffer to be beautiful; we have changed all that, but we must use care.

But, my pretty neighbor, if you ask a specific for gaining that clear complexion which is the keynote of beauty, the oracles are dumb. The development of a coun-

dent disciples of beauty soon fell away from their Spartan methods, and took to cold cream and face powder and French rouge; others went to the specialists, and looked pretty for awhile, but they did not stay pretty. And in these days all women do not feel justified in spending the time and money necessary to keep up a specialized beauty. Suppose a man had to pay from \$1 to \$5 every time he was shaved!

The reason for failure in attaining the finest success are delicate and apparently difficult to divine. Still, on going over the ground carefully in detail, we are sure to pick up the points overlooked—some neglect of the subtle conditions which insure good looks. The culture of beauty is a progressive art, like every other art, and yearly some new discovery overcomes the causes which enervate and disfigure, and adds to the stock of human vitality. What was written on the subject as late as five years ago needs to be enlarged in scope and filled out with the new intelligence. Those who go furthest in the study find that nature is very kind in her healing and renewing processes, and keeps a dozen substitutes in reserve for relief and embellishment where we fancy there is but one.

But as you want something practical, here are two or three complexion hints which have not found their way into print before. A Southern woman who has nurtured the heads of more than ten is profane to enumerate with her soft complexion, lively eyes and wit and clear brains owes not a little of these attractions to an old-fashioned medicine brought from Virginia domestic practice. Every spring she orders a quantity of the finest rascal, which is her morning and nightly draught, taking a wine glassful, with a teaspoonful of Rochelle salts dissolved in it, at a dose. Neither Vichy nor Mineralized clear the blood any more effectively than this homely specific.

The next recipe is as simple and searching. A woman who does on the face complexion of her girls has a standing order for new simple syrup, served hot by the saucier for breakfast, eaten with stale homemade wheat bread, made light and delicate by steaming just as it is wanted. Very few people know how delicate bread is when steamed, or how perfectly it suits digestion, and never yet know the virtues of hot, new maple syrup as a spring medicine, kind to the complexion and very easy to take. I fancy that hotels and restaur-

and in which each day seemed to bring a fresh stock of health and strength that stayed with her through the year, as others went to the specialists, and looked pretty for awhile, but they did not stay pretty. And in these days all women do not feel justified in spending the time and money necessary to keep up a specialized beauty. Suppose a man had to pay from \$1 to \$5 every time he was shaved!

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