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HOW TO BE HAPPY IN THE CITY.

One of the first factors in the happiness of the woman who must remain in the city during the summer, is to treat her household gods as if she were to leave them for awhile. Let her put away that part of her plenishing which accumulates moth and rust, and calls for tedious dustings. Then let her chance about the pictures and furniture, remembering that the women who filled the insane asylums of New England, came from the families whose rockingchairs wore grooves in the same breadths of the same carpets for generations.

Gently swaying drapery often proves to your senses that air is stirring when you believe it not. The substitution of light hangings in place of heavy portieres and curtains is to be commended on this score, if on no other. Taking one of the many hints Nature gives, let these draperies be leaf-green, the coolest, most restful of colors.

Linen covers cool the brilliant hues of the chairs and sofas. Scarfs, bows, bags and the hand-painted varieties have been placed out of sight. The rooms look larger, cooler, and altogether more habitable.

For your living-room choose some room which you have used the least during the winter. Take up the carpet; have it cleaned, and put away in tar paper. If matting is too expensive—although rolls of forty yards can now be bought for ten, seven and six dollars, and will last for years—have the floor painted. The material and work for an ordinary room will cost about four dollars. In either case, your work will be greatly lightened.

After dressing for three hundred mornings, with the same wall-paper staring you in the face and the same chairs seluting your waking gaze, common sense suggests an exodus. If you are living in close quarters, borrow a room from another member of the household, giving yours in exchange, and you will go back to your own bed in autumn declaring it to be the best in the world.

Now that your surroundings are changed, why not consider the question of your associations?

Seeing new faces and forming new friendships are said to be the great delights of a vacation. The average woman lives at such high pressure that at the close of a winter full of philanthropic schemes, committee meetings, clubs, classes, church work and social duties, she has hard work sometimes not to hate her kind. She sighs, not for a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still, but for the touch of a stranger's hand and voices she has never heard. To be happy in the city she must, in justice to herself, stop for a time at least, her philanthropic, social and scholastic work. Let her take a second hint from Nature, and find healing, as the brutes do, in withdrawing from the herd and in quiet resting in familiar places. Unconsciously the winter's campaign, with its claims and interests, have come a trifle between the husband and wife. She has not been half as companionable as she wishes she had been. There is the very change she needs. Let her give up committee members and "causes," and devote more time and thought to the good man of the house. Saturday afternoon—that boon to most business men—can be made the occasion of many little outings into pleasant by-paths. A dinner in the Italian restaurant—a description of which she has hardly had time to listen to—will be like a glimpse into another world. A democratic ride on some pleasant car line or stage route, will show her a city transformed; and her interest will be excited and her imagination stirred by the groups of strangers met on every hand. It is a fact that men have more accurate ideas of comfort than women. They know how to enjoy themselves in a semi-

Bohemian fashion unattainable to their sisters. Their lives have not been darkened by the dreadful D's—dress, diseases and domestics. The change from the wife's complex ideas and many plans to the few broad rules which govern her husband, will both rest her and brighten her up wonderfully.

In the trunk of the ordinary tourist are a few stiff silks or velvets. Cotton gowns and light woollens obtain. One charm of the country, we say, consists in the fact that you can wear what you please. The truth is, however, that independence is nowhere so openly declared in these matters as in a large city, provided always that good taste be not violated. Style—that depositive ruler—now decrees that cool, cotton gowns, simply made, are suitable for all occasions. If the woman who stays at home dresses as simply as she does in the country, she need not fear sun, dust or heat.

If she likes to read, no country town or hotel can yield her the treasures the city libraries hold. The shops are not as hot and crowded as they were in the winter, and her own home is in better sanitary condition than most summer resorts. Her own bath-room, the Turkish bath, and the drug-store near at hand, are blessings not to be despised; while, who can measure the comfort of the thought that there is a doctor on the next block?

LITTLE THINGS WORTH NOTING

Very often it is the short hint or suggestion that we read somewhere which proves a mountain of help at some critical times.

ABOUT BATHING THE FEET.

While a nightly bath is excellent, the feet should not be soaked oftener than once a week—unless indeed, they are sore from walking or standing. In that case, dissolve a bit of washing soda the size of your thumb's end in a basin of water, as hot as can be borne. Soak the feet in this ten minutes, rinse in clear hot water, wipe dry and rub and knead with the bare hand for five minutes. For perspiration—especially offensive perspiration—never let hot water touch your feet. Bathe nightly in cold water, with a little chloride of lime in it. For tender or burning feet nothing is better than a strong ses-salt bath, either hot or cold.

BUTTERMILK AS A COSMETIC.

There is nothing that equals fresh butter-milk for removing tan, freckles, sunburn or moth spots. It has the great advantage that it does not injure the skin, but renders it soft, like a little child's. Take a soft cloth or sponge and bathe the face, neck and arms thoroughly with buttermilk before retiring for the night; then wipe off the drops lightly. In the morning wash it thoroughly and wipe dry with a crash towel. Two or three such baths will take off all the tan and freckles. It will keep the hands soft and smooth. The acid of the buttermilk answers a far better purpose than any powder or paste that is in a drug store. It is a simple remedy, but effectual.

NINE RULES FOR BATHERS.

Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal.

Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause.

Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration.

Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if after having been a short time in the water it causes a sense of chilliness and numbness of the hands and feet.

Bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water.

Avoid chilling the body by sitting or

standing undressed on the banks or in boats after having been in the water.

Avoid remaining too long in the water; leave the water immediately if there is the slightest feeling of chilliness.

The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach. The young and those who are weak, had better bathe two or three hours after a meal—the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast.

Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe.

HOW TO AIR A BED.

It is not everybody who can make a bed well. Beds should be stripped of all belongings, and left to air thoroughly. Don't, however, leave a window open directly upon the bed and linen with a fog or rain prevailing outside. It is not uncommon to see sheets and bedding hanging out of a window with, perhaps, rain not actually falling, but with ninety per cent of humidity in the atmosphere, and the person sleeping in that bed at night wonders the next day where he got his cold. A room may be aired in moist weather, but the bedding and bed must not absorb any dampness.

WHEN YOUR SHOES ARE WET.

Girls and ladies, and for that matter their husbands and brothers, are all liable to get their feet very wet, at the sea or on the mountains. Then they come home, throw off their boots, forget them, and when next they are wanted, they are hard and dry, or moldy, and only fit to be thrown away. Even if they are remembered, very few know what to do with them. Stand them up, put them in shape, and then fill them with oats, such as they feed to horses. This will, in a few hours, draw all the moisture out of the leather, keeping the boot in shape meanwhile, and leaving it soft and pliable. The oats can be used again and again. This is a relic of the days when no railroads existed, and traveling was done under difficulties, and in weather the present generation has no conception of.

How to Dress the Children.

Your baby and mine wants to think of summer time as the beautiful period of the year when the flowers and the grass spring up in answer to the invitation of the sun, when the skies are blue and the sun is so golden; when the birds are singing because the waves are dancing so brightly; when everything in nature is happy and baby is, too. No small person can be happy who is uncomfortable in her clothes; and no small person can see any pleasure in life if it has to sit up primly on the chair and "look nice."

How to dress the little girl? Put on her a gingham frock, smocked if you like, made with a full skirt, not long enough to let her stumble over it, and yet not short enough to look like a frill to her bodice. Put on her a thin, cool pair of drawers and one petticoat, a little bodice that both of these are guttoned to, a pair of black stockings, and a pair of shoes that are soft, sufficiently large, without heels, and comfortable. I say "without heels," and yet I mean that where the heel usually is there should be sufficient thickening of the sole to be of as much as the ordinary heel is to you or me. Put on her a big hat that will keep the sun from her eyes, and, no matter if you do sacrifice beauty to comfort, braid her hair and get it out of the way. Then let her go out with shovel and bucket, and dig for diamonds and find wriggly worms and queer bits of wood and funny-colored stones,

and never come across a single diamond except that Kohinoor among them—good health. You can give as many gingham gowns as you like, but don't make the poor little dot's life unhappy by scolding her for getting sand and dust on her clothes, and don't scold, for one single minute, all the marvellous weeds that she may designate as flowers and bring to you as the result of her morning's work. Of course, if you are staying where it is cooler, a flannel petticoat will be required, and under any circumstances it is just as well to have them along with you, for you don't know when they will be needed.

If there is anything nice in this world, it is a boy about five years old who thinks he knows all about the country, having been there for two weeks, and who is willing to instruct you in the ways and manners of birds, pigs, dogs and horses. He is still in skirts, but there is no reason in the world why his skirts should not be comfortable ones, and why they should not be limited to one. Dress him like a little man whose life this summer is going to be blissful. A wise mother has bought a quantity of blue flannel, light in weight and not expensive, and of this there has been made tiny little pairs of knickerbockers, kilt skirts, and shirt waists. Some are a little finer than others, having cuffs with white feather-stitching and sailor collars with anchors on them, but these will be reserved for special occasions. But my little gentleman can have his knickerbockers put on, his kilt and his blouse, and nothing underneath them but a calico shirt; he wears with them dark-blue stockings. These flannels wash as well as if they were cotton, for the first washing given them is very careful, and they do not shrink. The hat to be worn is a big blue sailor one that could stand being left out all night, and the summer dew would not hurt it.

"Oh!" says somebody who adores picturesque children, "are there to be no pretty clothes?" My dear soul, these clothes are pretty. They are suitable and they are comfortable, and when Jack and Margy come in from playing, and Margy's gown is decorated with studies in black and white, the result of a great desire to see how the roots of the trees look, and Jack's kilt is rather off color in its appearance because he has been out in a boat with the man who goes after the crabs, and he has brought you home some seaweed and a choice collection of clam shells, there won't a sigh arise; but you can greet your little lovers with a laugh, trot them off to be freshened up and put in new clothes that, except for their cleanliness are exactly like the ones just taken off. If, when going to church, they wish to look a little finer, Jack can be gorgeous in white pique knee breeches, kilt and little outaway jacket, showing a white shirt and flaring white collar. Then he may have black stockings, patent-leather shoes and a white straw sailor with abroad blue ribbon about it. As for Margy, she can have a pale-blue zephyr made just like her everyday gowns, very daintily smocked; while on her head should be a shirred hat of the material like her dress. She can wear her best black stockings, and patent-leather shoes with buckles on them, and you will have two of the most picturesque-looking people who ever sincerely said "amen" in the wrong place, and told you afterwards, very confidentially, that somebody laughed in church and it wasn't polite. Dress your little people so they will have a good time; and when they grow up they will ever remember the summer days.

The Duchess of Castro Erianuez is at present in prison in Madrid, awaiting her trial on the charge of having treated with great cruelty a young maid-servant in her employ.