

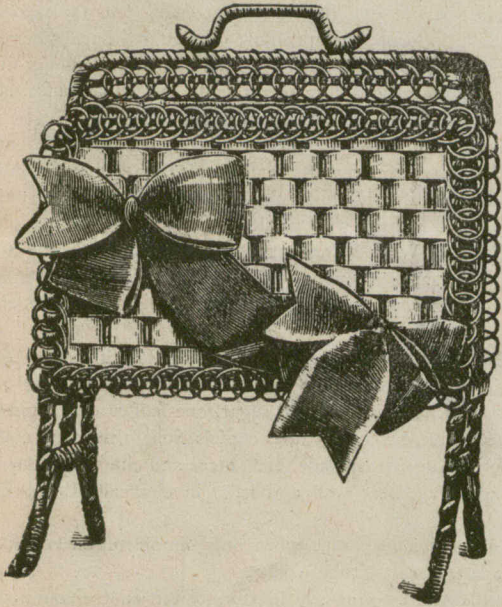
Handiwork.

"The lily may grow, but man must fret and toil and spin."—DRUMMOND.

Any question of general interest regarding home decoration will be answered in this column. Any suggestions, contributions or letters from those interested in this department will be welcomed.—Ed.

Music Rack.

The music rack here shown is made in the same manner as described for the waste-basket, as far as the weaving of the basket is concerned. The foundation can be purchased at almost any store where willow goods are manufactured or sold, and it can be made at home, by preparing a regular saw-horse, paint with English enamel, a pretty shade of old rose, measure the width and length of the sides, and cut strips of pink and white celluloid and weave together as described for the basket. Punch holes in the bottom strip of celluloid about one inch apart; also repeat the operation in the top strip. Across the sides of the saw-horse, top and bottom tack a narrow cleat of inch stuff; to this strip fasten the woven celluloid,

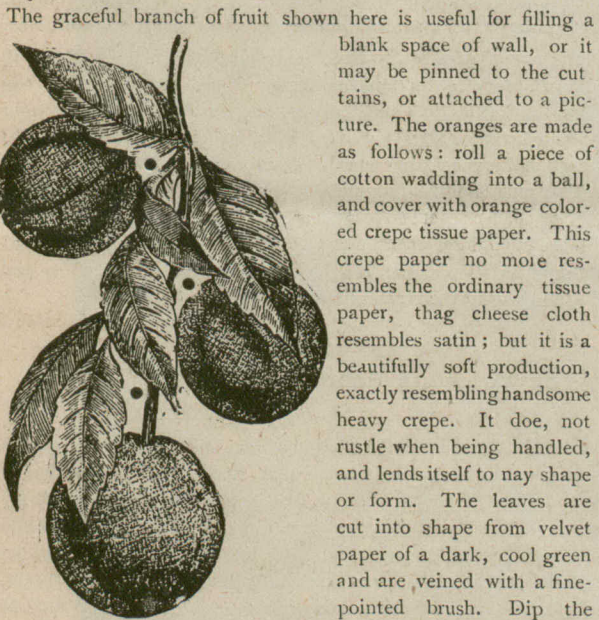


MUSIC RACK.

by passing hair through the holes in the celluloid and around the cleat to cover this part of the work fasten all around a trimming made of macrame cord crocketed, tied or woven into any odd pattern that fancy may suggest, stretch it on a board and paste over with gum Arabic. After it has thoroughly dried paint over with liquid gold. Willow trimming can be purchased by the yard at the factories where willow and bamboo articles are made.

Branch of Fruit.

Directions for making simple and inexpensive articles for home use are always eagerly sought for, and we here illustrate several pretty novelties.



brush into the bottle of liquid gold and draw along the the cut-out leaf, and down the centre.

Sachet Bags.

The two sachet bags here illustrated are made from crepe tissue paper. The larger one is made from two colors, a deep shade of old rose and a pale shade of the same color. To make, cut two squares, one of each shade, place them together, the lighter color to form the inside of bag, the darker color for the outside; in the centre of the square place a ball of scented cotton wool; draw the ends of the squares up around the cotton, and fasten close to the ball with a piece of fine wire. Fold edges of outside square downward over the ball, and the edges of the inside square arrange to stand upright, as illustrated. The effect is strikingly quaint and graceful.

The smaller of the two illustrations is made in the same manner; the only difference being the size of the squares and the disposition of the edges. The colors used in the model were, cream white and pale heliotrope, in crepe tissue.



SACHET BAG

Tobacco Pouches.

Figures 1 and 2 show two different designs for tobacco pouches. The first is made of olive brown plush, lined with chamois skin,

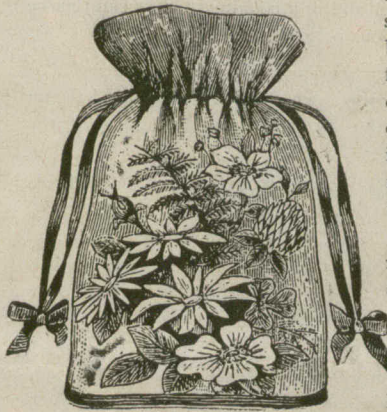


FIG. 1.

bottle of liquid gold paint, paint both sides of this strip, after which slash it into strips, leaving a space of about one-half inch at the top for a heading. The lettering should be outlined with etching silk. The pipe and bowl would look best painted. For the clouds mix cobalt blue with zinc white; for the bowl and pipe use raw umber shaded with yellow ochre; or, if preferred, the entire design may be outlined with silk.

SOME of the tall floor-lamps, of a novel style, show the Eiffel Tower, which, when the lamp is lit, appears to be illuminated.

The Beauty of Apology.

Scarcely a day passes but each one of us is guilty, through carelessness, ignorance, or perhaps intention, of some unkind, hasty word or act against another. We misjudge another's word or deed, and, with angry motives, we try to write ourselves and assert our injured dignity. When our better nature is restored, we regret that we were not slow to anger. We are mortified that our own perceptions were not keen enough to see the word or deed from an impartial point of view, and often we feel true contrition that we have cherished unjust suspicions, and voiced our thoughts indignantly and harshly. There is an uneasy tugging of our conscience and a hurt spot in another's heart—two discords where all might have been harmonious. Or we are so busy with our duties, so wrapped up in our efforts to get what we wish, that we hurry along roughshod over any thing or person that checks our hasty pace. We are not unkind, but careless of another's share in the daily doings. We are self-assertive, and we imagine every one else equally able to maintain himself. We are surprised to find ourselves charged with indifference and selfishness, and to see another indignant at our self-centred course; or we are ignorant of the tender spot, the sensitive nerve, in our neighbor's more high-strung nature, and with idle or best-intentioned chat we press clumsily the place we should avoid.

All this is annoying, and we who conscientiously live to do good rather than evil, feel discouraged with our tactless selves, and often justly with those whose feelings are apparently "always on draught." But how many of us are willing to apologise? How many cheerfully use this, the first, means of righting wrongs? Just why should false pride succeed in convincing us that to assure another that we regret the wrong, and are minded not to repeat it, is humiliating? The humiliating part of the matter is our own shortcoming in tact and thoughtfulness, not the fact that we say we see our blunder. The offence is two-fold—our part and our neighbour's—and it is not enough to be mentally resolved that the trouble shall not arise again. The neighbor should share this resolve, this mental apology. Not that apology is the whole of repentance, genuine turning from past acts, but it is the first chord that leads quickly, naturally back from discordant keys to past or higher harmonies.

To know the beauty of apology in its fulness, it should be met in the same spirit of frankness. To receive an apology in a doubting, grudging, ungracious way is a disgrace. It is ill-bred, ignoble, unchristian. We are all liable to grievously offend at any moment, and when our brother says, "I was wrong; let me try again," let us not chill his frank impulses. Let us add our share to the beauty of his apology by a trusting, hearty God-speed.

Danger in the Fans.

Did woman ever stop to think of the direct result of her fan-waving when in a heated condition? writes a medical man. Attired in a low necked evening dress, it may be, she seats herself in some quiet nook after becoming thoroughly heated up and begins to fan herself vigorously, or gets her escort to do the work for her. In a very short time she begins to feel comfortable, and then cool, and finally chilly. Still, from habit more than anything else she keeps the fan going, unless she is positively cold, and wonders where the draft comes from. The next day she has a cold and cannot account for it. A fan makes a current of wind the same as an open door, and when it is used vigorously must cause such a sudden cooling down of the body temperature that a chill is experienced. The fan on hot days is an indispensable article, but there is danger in its extreme use. A little fanning when hot may produce good, pleasant results, but if used too much and continually, colds, influenza, pneumonia and consumption may be traced back to its inordinate use. Besides, some less strong person next to you may suffer from the cool air which the fan makes. The fan is used more as a habit than for real need, and it is this which should be deplored and discouraged by all, especially in public places.

The Perfect Dancer.

The talent is inborn, not to be acquired. People are born dancers, as they are born singers and mesmerists. Training is necessary to strengthen and make flexible the muscles of the body,, as training is necessary to give the singer control of her great voice. But you can no more make a dancer by training than you can a prima donna. The raw material must be there—sometimes to let itself be shaped and subdued by cultivation, sometimes to submit to it impatiently, and, the beat of the music calling, to cast away the restrictions of training, and plunge into the exultation of the dance with the spontaneity of one who was created a dancer by nature.

About the talent of the real dancer there is something of mystery. A pulse beats in her feet that gives her a mystic grace awarded to no other. In the rise and fall of the music she finds woven paces that no other eye can see. With a weird intuition, incomprehensible to herself, she is able to interpret into movement the secret spirit of the melody, to give form and color to the composer's fantasies, richer and more beautiful than any he had ever dreamed of. The gift has come to her from what unknown sources? perhaps heredity.

Is Beauty A Blessing?

Of the beautiful women that I have known, but few have attained superiority of any kind. In marriage they have frequently made failures; why, I do not know, unless the possession of great loveliness is incompatible with the possession of an equal amount of good judgment. So much is expected by the woman accustomed to admiration that she plays and palters with her fate till the crooked stick is all that is left her. This we see exemplified again and again. While the earnest, lofty, sweet-smiling woman of the pale hair and doubtful line of nose has, perhaps, one true lover whose worth she has time to recognize, an acknowledged beauty will find herself surrounded by a crowd of showy egotists, whose admiration so dazes and bewilders her that she is sometimes tempted to bestow herself upon the most importunate one in order to end the unseemly struggle.

Then the incentive to education and to the cultivation of one's especial powers is lacking. Forgetting that the triumphs which have made a holiday of youth must lessen with the years, many a fair one neglects that training of the mind which gives to her who is poor in all else an endless store-house of wealth from which she can hope to produce treasures for her own delectation and that of those about her long after the fitful bloom upon her handsome sister's cheek has faded with the roses of departed summer.

MRS. CARNEGIE uses dead white linen paper with her initials, "L. W. C." and her address in blue across the top of the sheet. On the flap of her envelopes is a plain C.

A VERY attractive note is that which Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew writes. She uses a small, rather thick sheet. At the top of the sheet is her address, stamped in simply formed letters in relief.



FIG. 2.