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What a Moth-Miller Saw.

A tiny moth-miller was flying about in a closet looking for something to eat.

Now, there chanced to hang there among the other garments a little pair of queer, old-fashioned boy's trousers. They were cut in an outlandish shape, plaited full into the waistband, and they were very much worn. There were holes in both knees, and even the patches on the seat were worn quite through.

The little moth thought that surely nobody would begrudge her those, so she went to work at them.

First she ate a lot of little holes in one knee; then she went toward the top, nibbling here and there as she went. Finally she found a cosy little place under the seam, and she determined to make her nest there. She had hardly gotten herself comfortably settled when she heard a woman coming.

Now, the moth was afraid of women. They hunted her and her friends without mercy. Men were different—they shook the moths out and frightened them away sometimes, but very often they brought nice powder for them to eat, and put it all about where they could find it easily.

So it happened that when the moth heard the woman coming, she knew that everything would be taken out of the closet into the dazzling sunshine where the poor moths could not see at all; and that the woman would catch and kill every one of them, so she flew out of her nest and hid in a dark corner.

The woman began at the end of the row of hooks and took each garment down and laid them together in a pile upon the floor. When she came to the trousers where the moth had been, she did not put them with the rest, but stood and held them in her hands; and she touched them as though they were something precious. Soon she saw where the moth had been at work.

She put her hand inside the leg and stretched the cloth over it, that she might see the holes more plainly, and her white fingers showed through in many places. She looked very sad, and the moth-miller felt ashamed and half wished that she had eaten the new frieze greatcoat instead. Then the woman sat down on the floor and began to look through the pockets. Out of one she took a ball of string, a key, a couple of marbles, and an odd copper cent. She looked intently at them for a long time; then she put them all back where she had found them. Next she felt in the other pocket, and she drew out a little, shiny, black book. She did not open it at first. She turned it over and over and sighed.

The moth-miller heard the sigh and very cautiously she flew out of the closet. The woman did not notice her, so she flew quite near where she could see over the woman's shoulder, and she read "Diary" on the cover of the little book.

Pretty soon the woman opened the book. There was a stubby, little, ivory-tipped pencil tucked into the book; the point was blunt, and the lead worn down on one side, just as it had been used to scrawl upon the blue-lined pages. On the fly-leaf was written: "To Willie from Mother." The woman turned leaf by leaf and the moth could see what was written there.

The entries were short and in the cramped, odd hand of a 10-year-old boy. They were chiefly records of his conduct and of the weather.

One week was like this:
"Mon. I was good."
"Tues. Pa is afraid it will rain. I was good."

"Wed. I was real good."
"Thurs. It snowed. I was good."
"Fri. I made a snow-ball. I was good."
"Sat. I was very good to-day."

"Yes," said the woman aloud, "he was good." Then she covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly.

The moth wondered why she wept. Willie was not dead nor even ill. He had just been home on a visit and never had he looked so strong, and well, and handsome.

And he was making lots of money, too. The moth had heard the man next door telling a friend about it as she had fluttered about his window one night trying to get

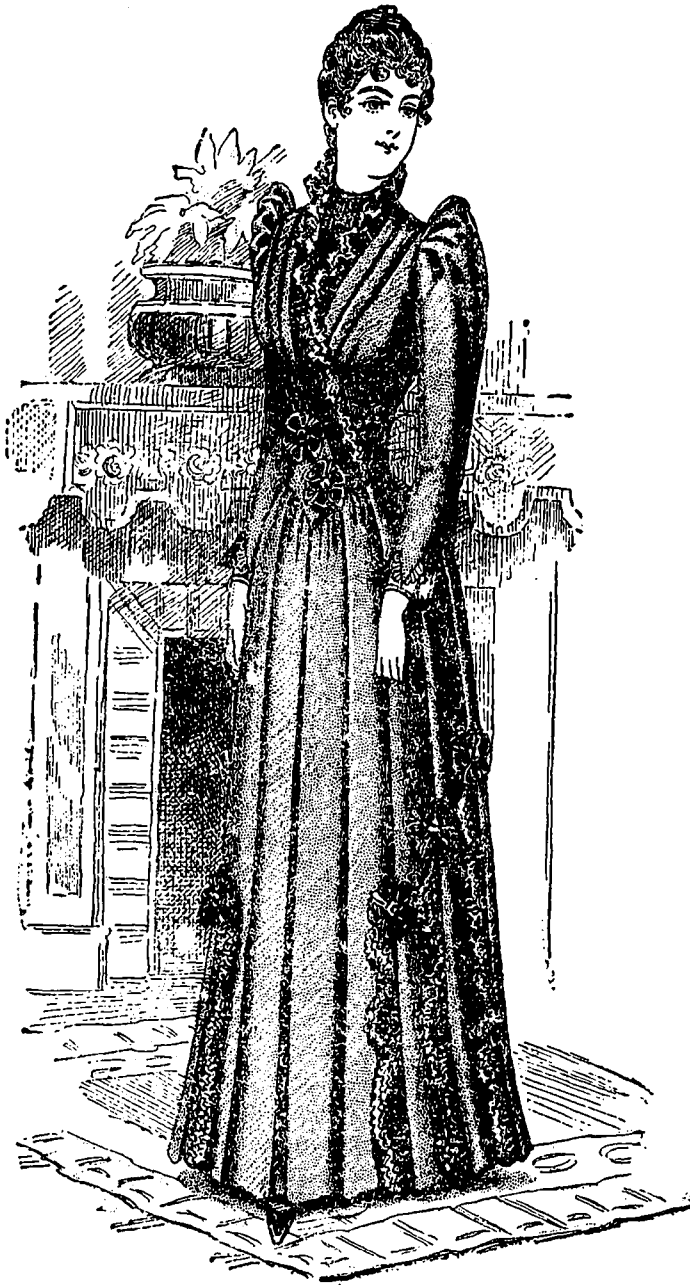


FIG. 68.—No. 4742.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30 inches, 4 yards; 32, 34 inches, 4½ yards; 36, 38, 40, 42 inches, 4¾ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 2 yards; 32, 34 inches, 2½ yards; 36, 38, 40, 42 inches, 2¾ yards.

Each size will require ¾ of a yard of silk for pleating and 5 yards of narrow ribbon for rosettes.

No. 4743.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 22, 24 inches, 12¾ yards; 26, 28, 30, 32 inches, 12¾ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 22, 24 inches, 6¾ yards; 26, 28, 30, 32 inches, 6¾ yards.

Each size will require 4½ yards of 18-inch silk for knife-pleating and 10 yards of narrow ribbons for rosettes.

FIG. 68.—Basque No. 4742, price 25 cents, and skirt No. 4743, price 30 cents, are stylishly combined to form this costume, and are shown separately elsewhere in this issue, where a back view may be had. Any woolen or silk goods are appropriate for the model, with a trimming of black lace, or black over white lace gathered, or silk knife-pleated frills and velvet rosettes. The skirt is laid in wide kilt-pleats turned toward the centre-front, and then gathered at the top, facing the pleats half-way up with thin crinoline, and pressing—not tacking—them in position. The frills are sewed lengthwise under three of the pleats on either side, and finished with rosettes, the front row being a shorter one. The sleeves are full over the shoulders, pointed at the wrists, and edged around with a frilling to match that on the skirt. The front is in folds from the shoulders, lapped at the waist-line, and forms a sharp point, with a frill around the neck, and opening up the front. A V-shaped plastron is gathered, and worn to fill the space between the softly falling frills. Two velvet rosettes still further trim the lower portion of the front.

through the screen. And they had said something about "gay," and "wild oats," and "pretty actresses." The moth had not understood what they meant, but she was sure that it was nothing bad, for the men had laughed and joked about it, so she could not see why his mother should cry so.

At last the woman stopped sobbing and was quite still, except that her lips moved softly.

And the moth-miller knew that she was praying, for she heard her whisper: "Dear Jesus, keep him pure."

Cost of a Family.

What does it cost to bring up a family? A gentleman, whose experience will be recognized as having points in common with other householders, has preserved an account of the expense to which he has been in rearing a family of four children. To-day he entered the following statement in his diary. It might be a valuable fact for the census takers:

"To-day I close my diary. Twenty-six years ago to-day I undertook to keep an accurate statement of all my earnings and expenses, so that I might know actually how much it costs to live in a married state. Then all was anticipation. I and my young wife counted our resources and our expectations. I received \$15 a week, with the promise of more. I owned a house comfortable enough for frugal young people to begin life in. We were spared house rent, therefore, and our expenses have never included this item. Retrospectively, I see that we have brought up four children in comparatively easy circumstances. My health has been good, and my earnings have been constantly received. I now receive \$30 a week, and we still own the homestead, without any great additions to its wealth except in an increased amount of furniture. I have little more money than I had when first married. Perhaps, all told, I have \$3,500 now of assets, then I had perhaps, \$2,500. We have never wanted for bread. Sometimes we have felt in need of more money. Three of the children are now making their own way. Next week the fourth graduates at the high school, having received the same schooling that the others have had, and will begin to look out for himself.

"I shall not necessarily be at any more expense on account of my children, and the diary properly ends now. Would I be able to go through the same experience again of raising a family? I asked my companion, who had borne the greater part, this question, and I know that she spoke with a heart full of love, but was compelled to say: 'Not for all that money could buy would I go through again what has been necessary to rear a family.'

"Expressed in dollars the totals are these: In twenty-six years we have received from my wages and incidental moneys that came through my wife and the children, \$40,900—or, say \$40,000—besides the amount of increase in the permanent assets. Given a plant of about \$3,000 and two employees, a man and wife, it has taken, therefore, about \$10,000 or each man produced. This, of course, included all employees' expenses. The plant is slightly enhanced in value, but the employees have seen their best days. The quality of the goods is yet to be demonstrated. Prospects happily point to cessation of labor and an increase, of receipts, but there is no certainty about this.

"Some of the items of expense have been these: Doctors' bills (twenty-seven years), \$2,100 (and all paid, probably the only instance on record); groceries, average per week first five years, \$7; next three, \$9; remainder of the twenty-six years, \$43 a week. For ten years it has taken on an average one pair of shoes per week for the family, including myself and wife. The most annoying thing I have ever known is the rapidity with which children wear out shoes. Only one thing approaches it—the high price of children's shoes. I never could understand how, with all the civilization of the age and the demand for cheaper results, children's shoes have not been reduced in price. The human shoe is a failure. No man not rich can afford to buy shoes for a family, and if I had it to do I would go to Timbuctoo, where neither horses, mules, camels, nor men are shod."