

IF I WERE A MAN.

BY ELIZABETH B. CUSTER.

have been asked to join the recent discussion on what women would do if they were men.

For my part, there are many things!

In the first place, I would be fair and square with my wife and start out by telling her enough of my circumstances to enable her to gauge her domestic and personal expenses by my income. I would be patient with her and teach her to manage an allowance. Without doubt, if a man marries a girl for whom everything has been bought previously, he cannot expect a financier all in a minute.

I know a woman who fell short in making her allowance answer, although she had fixed the sum herself, first one year and then another. She announced to her liege in telling him this fact that "there was danger ahead, a strike was imminent." The man said that every one in these days of anarchy ought to protect themselves against the rising of the masses, even when the first signs were discovered in one small woman. The third year after the increase, the Madame was triumphant and even bought her husband a present, the pleasure of which was not marred by the fact that she had been obliged to go to him for the money.

The papers announce an embezzlement and facetiously call out "where is the woman?" But these occasions where men appropriate other people's money would not be half so frequent—that is, where crime is committed to obtain money to meet the extravagant demands of a wife,—if there were only more fairness on the part of husbands to their better halves. A woman is a good deal of a failure who will not be willing to retrench if her husband reposes sufficient confidence in her to explain reasons for economy.

Again, if I were a man I would not risk the contempt of women by ignorance of things her strength renders it often a physical impossibility to undertake. If my parents had prevented my learning to swim, to ride, to drive, to fire a gun, I would not rest until I had achieved those necessary accomplishments, even in maturer years. I know a man who is way up near the head in literary life who confessed that he was afraid of the water to-day as he was in boyhood but he had been fighting this dread all his life, compelling himself to battle with the waves whenever he was in their vicinity; for he was intensely ashamed of the weakness and believed that no man had a right to live who would not possess himself of this and kindred manly arts.

It is as much a part of a man's duty to learn how to swim that he may rescue lives, to know and be fearless with a horse that he may save imperilled people, or should the bridle or lines be in his own hands, to conquer and control a stubborn or frightened beast, as it is to speak the truth, or be honest in his avocations. In our law-abiding land the use of pistols is rarely necessary, but I would not rest until I knew how to load and manage a weapon and practice at a mark enough at least to "hit the side of a barn" in the words of the old saying. When that rare occasion does come where the accurate shot from a pistol is the only possible alternative, the admiring eyes of women ought to be enough to reward a man for having made himself familiar with fire arms.

If men only knew how we women admire them when they do something which nerve and strength render it a physical impossibility for us, there would be fewer of them who neglect these qualifications for our admiration.

Then, too, if I were a man I would cry. After having won the right to tears by a courageous, successful, self-reliant life, and thereby cleared myself of the accusation of weakness, I would boldly unfurl a large sized handkerchief whenever I felt a coming moisture in my eyes at the play, or listening to music, or to an eloquent sermon; reading a touching story or seeing a pathetic sight. Instead of sniffing, looking up at the ceiling, winking very fast to keep the tears from forming into drops, I would bury my face in my handkerchief and bo-hoo.

A sensible woman is not prodigal of her tears. She sheds them in public only when the deepest fountain of her feeling is moved. If society or public opinion is changed by this timely (!) suggestion, it does not follow that men need plunge wildly into this privilege and cry often, but I contend, that whenever an ordinarily self-contained woman weeps, a man may be allowed also to shed his quota of tears. It is written that "tears are to a man what prayers are to a woman" and thereby we infer that they are too sacred, holy for every day use, but I would see the pathetic places in the play responded to by a courageous display of something trangible to cry on instead of staunching the flow, which is so creditable to a tender heart, by gloves, by surreptitious movements of the fingers, or accurate imprinting of the cane in the midst of a globule that threatens to spatter the breast of a manly coat.

I know a manly man who is under process of reconstruction regarding the briny drops that he has exercised his ingenuity over for years. At one time he casually folded his programme and carelessly held it to his cheek or mildly staunched the flow of tears by moving the paper up and down, as if in a fit of distraction. The result was, when he turned to go home, two deep black furrows made by printers ink, extended

from his eyes to his mouth. Then the women with him—women who had faced sorrows, troubles, anxieties, and believed in the relief of tears—said "In mercy's name, do use a handkerchief instead of a programme after this."

The bravest, the most distinguished, the most brilliant men I have ever known have shed tears, and I know that tender hearted women honor them for it and thoroughly believe in the equal distribution of this hitherto one-sided privilege.

Once more, if I were a man I would not be afraid to be seen carrying bundles. He is mistaken if he thinks his manliness is affected, or that the woman who pass him will honor him less.

Every one honors his fearlessness in trying to grasp the hardest object to hold, a round box made glossy and slippery by the highly polished pasteboard of which it is made. It is true the system of delivery from shops and the messenger boy have done away with the constantly recurring necessity for carrying bundles, but there are exigencies such as when a train is to be caught, or the Madame wants to wear something that won't go by the night delivery or some other unforeseen circumstance, where a man can confer great pleasure on his wife by taking a box or parcel himself.

The suburban husband is on the high road to perfection in this respect. If one chances to wait a train at the grand central or a boat at the ferry, watch the miles of married men that rush forward to the ticket office and few there are who do not embrace something feminine in the way of a box, bundle or parcel. There is no mistaking that these traps are for the women at home. If the papers that enclose them are not emblazoned with the shop keeper's name, there is a suspicious shaping to the package that proclaims that it is not for men's use. As this army of bread winners troop by in the station or ferry house, I send a flock of blessings out hoping that they will light on the heads of those men who, having been obliged to take their wives to the country for economical living, are going to reward their lonely days by some little token of their appreciation or bring home the bundle of goods which their generous purse had allowed the wife to buy.

And lastly, if I were a man I would keep holidays with my wife. The anniversary of my marriage would be such a marked event she should imagine another wedding day with its festivities had occurred.

A man of refined tastes must be pretty poor if he cannot once a year mark that happy epoch in his life by a bunch of flowers. If he rhymes, he can tell her in verse what he told her in prose the first wedding day. Perhaps if he fights for the leisure time long in advance, he can get a whole day to go off with his wife for a yearly wedding trip. The grind of life is too severe not to render it necessary for men and women to strive to let in a little extra sunshine on the sombre path by marking the birthdays and the anniversaries, and thus encouraging those amenities that all agree are so soon dropped in matrimonial experience, unless closely watched.—[Ladies Home Journal.

Fun With Peanuts.

A bag of peanuts, some wooden toothpicks, a box of pins and a sharp knife, two or three tiny Chinese parasols and pen and ink for making the faces, are all the materials necessary. These, with a little ingenuity, will make a great variety of peanut people, and almost every kind of animal. A little care and taste in selecting the peanuts will soon show what great adaptability there is in them.

A thick, fat nut, with very little curve near one end, will, with the aid of toothpicks for the legs and pins for the arms, make the "froggy who would a wooing go." Bits of soft dough or putty. Stuck on the ends of the toothpicks will, if held in one position long enough—that is, until it stiffens—make the feet solid and the queer little creature able to stand alone. Plaster of paris will do even better if it is to be had, as it hardens quickly and will hold the doll firmly in place on the cardboard or thin board used for a foundation.

The pugilists are made in the same way; it is better to fasten them securely to the foundation before putting on the knobs of dough which answer for a set of boxing gloves; as these are rather heavy and the people are apt to topple over if they are fastened on at first.

A long, slim peanut should be selected for "my lady" who goes abroad under the shelter of a gaudy Chinese sunshade. A three-cornered bit of colored paper, stiff enough to hold its shape, may be used for a bonnet by fastening to the head with a bit of glue or paste, while the parasol is held in place with tiny threads and glue if needed. A little experience will show how to manage.

Select the largest and fattest peanut for a boat; cut off about one-third, and fasten securely to the foundation before arranging the occupants. Another sunshade, a bit of blue cloth for a pennant, toothpicks for oars, and you have a very amusing toy.

The "little pig who went to market" is easily arranged, as is Little Red Riding-Hood or any other character which chances to please the little ones. One or two trials will show the possibilities of these common materials and will prove most entertaining and amusing.

Cork is another material from which a great variety of creatures may be manufactured. A grinning little darky fashioned out of a champagne cork was

It is Absurd

For people to expect a cure for Indigestion, unless they refrain from eating what is unwholesome; but if anything will sharpen the appetite and give tone to the digestive organs, it is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Thousands all over the land testify to the merits of this medicine.

Mrs. Sarah Burroughs, of 248 Eighth street, South Boston, writes: "My husband has taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for Dyspepsia and torpid liver, and has been greatly benefited."

A Confirmed Dyspeptic.

C. Canterbury, of 141 Franklin st., Boston, Mass., writes, that, suffering for years from Indigestion, he was at last induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla and, by its use, was entirely cured.

Mrs. Joseph Aubin, of High street, Holyoke, Mass., suffered for over a year from Dyspepsia, so that she could not eat substantial food, became very weak, and was unable to care for her family. Neither the medicines prescribed by physicians, nor any of the remedies advertised for the cure of Dyspepsia, helped her, until she commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "Three bottles of this medicine," she writes, "cured me."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

made by my steward one time on shipboard, and made no end of amusement. Into the round, roly-poly body were stuck arms and legs cut of smaller pieces of cork and secured to the body with sharpened toothpicks. The eyes, nose and mouth were painted red, making the little creature a frightful caricature but amusing nevertheless.—*Christian Union.*

Giving Your Photograph.

Learn to say no. There is in that little word much that will protect you from evil tongues. Learn to think that your face is too sacred to decorate the apartment of Tom, Dick or Harry, no matter if each one of the three is one of the pleasantest fellows in the world. When the sun imprinted, in black and white, just how sweet and how dainty you look, it did not mean that the picture should have incense in the shape of tobacco smoke, or dubious praise in the form of a discussion of your points rendered to it. Give away your picture with discretion. Remember that some day will come along the Prince Charming, who will have a right, the right owned by the master of this heart, to ask for the counterfeit presentment of yourself after he knows that he is going to have the real girl for his own. Think how mortified you would be if he should discover that the giving away of your photograph has been almost as general as the invitations to your New Year's party. Think how he will feel if he sees your face looking over the mantel-shelf in Dick's room—Dick whom he knows to be a braggart, and a man for whom he has the utmost contempt! Then just learn to say no. Don't display your photographs to your men friends and you will not have this unpleasant task; but if you should do it and have not the courage to say the little monosyllable, be wise and refer them to papa.

Too Much Flirting.

There is too much flirting among the young people of the present day. Some of them are never so well pleased as when called a flirt, and the style of conversation used by many of them is most disgusting. If in the presence of their parents for a little while, they seem to be under the greatest restraint, and they seize the first opportunity to get away by themselves, where they talk the nonsense which they would be ashamed to have any sensible person hear. There is something wrong when such a state of affairs exists, and it seems as if there should be a remedy for it.

A Costly Night-Dress.

It is related that in 1740, when the Princess Mary was married, she had a night-dress made of silver tissue lace, faced up with pink satin, covered with silver Spanish point, very rich and very uncomfortable.

Silver and gold lace originated, it is said, in Geneva. Margaret of Austria introduced serviettes trimmed with gold-lace, and Spanish grandees had the same expensive ornamentation for bed draperies.

A fashionable French lady of a former century spent thousands of francs annually in such costly expenditure, and she is credited with having had her cherry satin corsets trimmed with gold-lace.—[Harper's Bazar.

A Wedding Present

Of practical importance would be a bottle of the only sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—which can be had at any drug store. A continuation of the honeymoon and the removal of corns both assured by its use. Beware of imitations.