# POOR DOCUMENT

### THE SEMI-WEEK! Y TELEGRAPH. ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 15, 1899.

#### HOME, SWEET HOME.

TEMPORARY STOPPING PLACES CON-TRASTED WITH DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

HOME VS. BOARDING HOUSE.

Well-to-De to Give Up the Pleasures

amilies, such as those whose business keeps them migratory, such as those who bught not for various reasons of health

these boarding houses or hotels has been kindly watched and nursed; and by the memory of her own sufferings and losses the lady at the head of such a house has the lady at the head of such a house has done all that a mother could do for a sick child, and the slumberless eye of God sees and appreciates her sacrifices in behalf of the stranger. Among the most marvelous cases of patience and Christian fidelity are many of those who keep boarding buses enduring without meantment. ing houses, enduring without resentment the unreasonable demands of their guests for expensive food and attentions for which they are not willing to pay an equivalent—a lot of cranky men and equivalent—a lot of cranky men and women who are not worthy to tie the shoe of their queenly caterer. The outregeous way in which boarders sometimes act to their landlords and landladies shows that these critical guests had bad early rearing and that in the making up of their natures all that constitutes the gentleman and lady was left out. Some of the most princely men and same of the most pleasant women that I

houses.

But one of the great evils of this day is found in the fact that a large population of our towns and cities are giving up and have given up their homes and taken apartments, that they may have more freedom from domestic duties and more time for social life and because they like the whirl of publicity better than the quiet and privacy of a residence they can call their own. The lawful use of these hotels and boarding houses is for can call their own. The lawful use of these hotels and boarding houses is for most people while they are in transitu, but as a terminus they are in many cases demoralization, utter and complete. That is the point at which families in-There never has been a time when se many families, healthy and abundantly able to support and direct homes of their own, thave struck tent and taken per-manent abode in these public establish-ments. It is an evil wide as Christendom,

ments. It is an evil wide as Christendom, and by voice and through the newspaper fress I utter warning and burning protest and ask Almighty God to bless the word, whether in the hearing or reading. In these public caravansaries the demon of goestp is apt to get full sway. All the boarders run daily the gauntlet of general inspection—how they look when they come down in the morning and when they get in at night, and what they do for a living, and who they receive as guests in their rooms, and what they wear and what they do not wear, and how they eat, and what they eat, and wear and what they do not wear, and how they eat, and what they eat, and how little they eat, If a man proposes in such a place to be isolated and reticent and alone, they begin to guess about him: Who is he? Where did he come from? How long the guing to gray? Has he raid his is he going to stay? Has he paid his board? How much does he pay? Perhaps he has committed some crime and does not want to be known. There must be something wrong about him, or he would speak. The whole house goes into the detective business. They must find out about him. They must find out about him trept away. If he leaves his door about him. They must find out about him right away. If he leaves his door unlocked by accident, he will find that his rooms have been inspected, his trunk expiored, his letters folded differently from the way they were folded when he put them away. Who is he? is the question asked with intenser interest until the subject has become a menomania. The simple fact is that he is nobody in particular, but minds his own huginass. particular, but minds his own business.
The best landlords and landladies can-The best landlords and landladies can-not semetimes hinder their places from becoming a pandemonium of whisperers, and reputations are torn to tatters, and svil suspicions are aroused, and scandals started, and the parliament of the family is blown to atoms by some Guy Fawkes who was not caught in time, as was his English predecessor of suppowder repu-

English predecessor of gunpowder repu-sation. The reason is that while in priv-

will.

Besides that, the children will go out into this world without the restraining, anchoring, steadying and all controlling memory of a home. From that none of us who have been blessed of such memory have escaped. It grips a man for 80 years, if he lives so long. It pulls him back from deors into which he otherwise would enter. It smites him with contrition in the very midst of his dissipations. As the fish already surrounded by the long wide net swim out to sea, thinking they can go as far as they please, and with gay toss of silvery scale they defy the sportsman on the beach, and after awhile the fishermen begin to draw in the net hand over hand and hand over hand, and it is a long while before the captured fins begin to feel the net, and then they dart this way and that, hepling to get out, but find themselves approaching the shore and are brought up to the very feet of the captors, so the memory of an early home sometimes seems to relax and let men out farther and farther from shore—5 years, 10 years, 20 years, 30 years—but some day they find an irresistible mesh drawing them back, and they are compelled to retreat from their predigality and wandering, and, though they make desperate effort to escape the impression and try to dive deeper down in sin, after awhile are brought clear back and held upon the Rock of Ages. If it be possible, oh, father and mother! let your sons and daughters go out into the world under the semiomnipotent memory of a good, pure home. About your two or three rooms in a boarding house or a family hotel you can cast ne such glorious sanctity. They will think of these caravansaries as an early stopping place, malodorous with old victuals, coffees perpetually steaming and meats in everlasting stew or broil, the air surcharged with carbonic acid and corridors along which drunken boarders come staggering at 1 o'clock in the morning, rapping at the door till the affrighted wife lets them in. Do not be guilty of the sacrilege or blasphemy of calling rapping at the door till the affrighted wife lets them in. Do not be guilty of the sacrilege or blasphemy of calling such a place a home.

A home is four walls inclosing one

side inquisitiveness. The phrase so often the dark days come, and the lights go used in law books and legal circles is out, and the laughter is smothered into a mightily suggestive—every mans' house is his castle. As much so as though it had drawbridge, portcullis, redoubt, bastion and armed turret. Even the officer of the

have whelmed thousands of husbands with as good intentions as yours. Neither should the husband without imperative reason consent to such a life unless he is sure his wife can withstand the temptation of social dissipation which sweeps across such places with the force of the Atlantic ocean when driven by a September equinox. Many wives give up their homes for these public residences so that they may give their entire time to operas, theaters, balls, receptions and levees, and they are in a perpetual whirl, like a whiptop spinning round and round and round very prettily, until it loss its equipoise and shoots off into a tangent. But the difference is, in one case it is a top and in the other a soul.

Besides this there is an assiduous

des this there is an assiduous

ate homes families have so much to keep them busy in these promiscuous and multitudineus residences there are so many who have nething to de, and that always makes mischief. They gather in each other's rooms and spend hours in consultation about ethers. If they had to walk a haif mile before they got to the willing ear of some listener to detraction, they would be cut of breath before reaching there and not feel in full glow of animosity or slander, or might, because of the distance, not go at all. But rooms 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25 are on the same corridor, and when ene carriea crows hear it and flock together over the same carcass. "Oh, I have heard semething rich! Sit down and let me teil you all about it." And the first guffaw increases the gathering, and it has to be told all ever again, and as they separate each carries a spark from the altar of Gab to some other circle until, from the coal heaver in the cellar to the maid in the ter chiragraphy of its own, speaking out.

Well-to-De tick Up the freeze and the Well-to-De tick Up the Freeze and the Well-to-De tick Up the Freeze and the Well-to-De tick Up the Section of the S

of the distinguished person who had about four times the size of an ordinary drunk from it. And that cup which we drawing-room, filled with boys—or rather offer to others in Christian hospitality, though it be of the plainest earthenware, is a royal cup, and God can read on all sides the names of those who have takes from it refreshment, but all this is im-

Young married man, as soon as you can, buy such a place, even if you have to put on it a mortgage reaching from base to capstone. The much abused mortgage, which is ruin to a reckless man, to one prudent and provident is the beginning of a competency and a fortune for the reason he will not be satisfied until he has paid it eff, and all the household are put on stringent economies until them. Deny yourself all superfluities and all luxuries until you can say. "Everything in this house is mine, thank God!—every timber, every brick, every foot of plumbing, every doorsill." Do not have your children born in a boarding house, and do not yourself be buried from one. Have a place where your children can shout and sing and romp without being overhauled for the racket. Have a kitchen where you can do something toward the reformation of evil coekery and the lessening of this nation of dyspeptics. As Napoleon lost one of his great battles by an attack of indigestion, so many men have such a daily wrestle with the food swallowed that they have no strength left for the battle of life; and though your wife may know how to play on all musical instruments. Young married man, as soon as you of life; and though your wife may know how to play on all musical instruments and rival a prima donna, she is not well educated unless she can boil an Irish potato and broil a mutton chop, since the diet sometimes decides the fate of families and nations.

A home is four walls inclosing one family with identity of interest and a privacy from outside inspection so complete that it is a world in itself, no one entering except by permission—bolted and barred and chained against all outline inspections. The phrase so often

First, last and all the time have Christ in your home. Julius Caesar calmed the fears of an affrighted boatman drawbridge, portcullis, redoubt, bastion and armed turret. Even the officer of the law may not enter to serve a writ except the door be voluntarily opened unto him. Burglary or the invasion of it a crime so offensive that the law clashes its iron jaws on anyone who attempts it. Unless more and there are thousands of instances in which it is necessary, as I showed you at the beginning—unless this exceptional case, let neither wife nor husband consent to such permanent residence.

The probability is that the wife will have to divide her husband's time with your ploise moking or reading room or with some coquettish spider in search of units with a good in the soulestide, and "the old man eloquent," and who was formed the search of units and thus is bound to produce the best results. It is a matter of regret that University College Residence is not large on the same poar to poerty may strike your home all is well as long as you have Christ the king on board. Make your home so far-reaching in its influence that is housed to accommodate hundreds rather than ten of the students.

The probability is that the wife will have to divide her husband's time with your down to the last moment of your childence.

The probability is that the wife will bave to divide her husband's time with some coquettish spider in search of university college of the standard of the sta the entire group of precious ones, of whom we must say in the werds of transporting Charles Wesley:

One family we dwell in him One church above, beneath; Though now divided by the stream-The narrow stream of death; One army of the living God.
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the fleed
And part are crossing now.

## A UNIVERSITY LIFE.

WHAT IT WILL COST IN CANADA IN THE CITY OF TORONTO.

Years Term Is Principally of Value

young men. There are a few young women present, and they sit apart. Colwomen present, and they sit apart. Col-lege songs are sung, jokes are cracked, and "Good-morning; have you used Pears' soap?" is chanted, as some one drops in late. The professor is greeted with a volley of stamping feet, and if he makes even a semblance of a joke in his lecture the stamping is resumed. Yet many graduates have fragrant recollections of their former professors and friends, and when the old boys meet and crack a bottle, the peculiarities of their univers-ity mentors are recalled and happy days are lived again.

are lived again.

The kernel of college life is contained The kernel of college life is contained in the cordial associations that spring up among students. The lectures, the class societies, the at homes, the literary society, the campus games, the college dinners, the convocation and the conversation all cater to the official element in the student's nature, and while makthese entrance is gained only by the payment of a small fee, and strange payment of a small fee, and strange though it may seem, many students fail to take advantage of the social privileges thus offered on account of this bar. That is where they miss it. For what does it profit a man to be erudite if he does not know how to present himself before society? Too many students magnify the mental side of college life to the absolute extinction of the social. And vice versa. It is the happy mean that prevents the student from benefiting to the full from the social influences at college is the living in boarding-houses, where the society is far from academic. His surroundings are not congenial and he forgets them by burying Have a sittingroom with at least one easy chair, even though you have to take turns at sitting in it, and books out of the public library or of your own purchase for the making of your family intelligent, and checker boards and guessing matches, with an occasional blind man's buff—which is of all games my favorite. Rouse up your home with all styles of innocent mirth, and gather up in your children's nature a reservoir of exuberance that will pour down refreshing. There some 40 boys dwell in harmony together. Each student has his own room or suite of rooms, which he furnishes to suit his taste. Life is delightfully bohemian there, and no restraint is placed upon the student, except a few rules that are more honored in the breech than the observance. Life in Residence combines the academic and the social,

water that, happily for the poor but ambitious boy, have found no lodging place in Canada's college corridors. There is no likelihood of the fees being

greatly increased, as President Loudon so well said in his recent convocation address: "Any movement to the direcaddress: "Any movement to the direction of withdrawing the privileges of university education from the poor, and placing them in the power of the rich, is a national mistake. It is surely undesir-

able to bar the intellectual progress of

the talented son of the poor man by the prohibitive fee, it is surely wrong to set up a standard which discriminates against up a standard which discriminates against the poor and in favor of the rich, and it is just as surely a national loss if the talents of any man fall short of their legitimate development. . . Of course itilis a rough and ready way of meeting ebjections to say, 'If people want higher education, let them pay for it.' Many of those who use this argument are the very persons who have everything to lose those who use this argument are the very persons who have everything to lose and but little to gain by its application. If education were a possession which a man might acquire and use for himself alone, the argument might have some force, though it still would be a mistake and an injustice to bar out the poor man's sun; but in education no man liveth to himself, and what he acquires redounds indirectly to the profit of the community and the nation as a whole."

—Toranto Sunday World.

WEBS OF MEMORY

Woven in the Flickering Light of the

-Toronto Sunday World.

was talled, and the husband was sitting in the cozy front parlor of their happy little home, reading by the soft light of the flickering gas burner, and resting his slippered feet upon the burnished brass fender in front of a glowing fire of rosy ambars.

embers.

"Mildred!" he called again, as when a lover he breathed her name, the sweetest in all the world to him. But there was no answer.

"Ah!" he murmured, "the dear girl does not hear her husband's voice," and he lay back in his easy chair and watched

the blue flames dance in and out among the sparkling coals. At such a time memory weaves cunning webs of softened colors and sweet designs, and the young husband's thoughte flew backward and forward in the loom of the past.

Three years ago he had been a mother petted darling, with no wish ungratified, no comfort neglected, no luxury forgot-ten. Yet he felt within his heart a tender

nging, an empty void, which so far in his happy life had remained unfilled. Mildred Ray came, and the mother's heart knew that the wife was greater than the

wife. Gentle, loving, beautiful, he took her to their new home, and for two years she had filled his mother's place, and made his home a beautiful ideal, a fourwalled paradise upon earth, yet far above it. He was serenely happy and peacefully comfortable. Mildred had given him her thought, her energy, her time, her en-deavor—and he was at rest. He awoke from his reverie with a start.

answer from a sofa in the corner.
"Oh!" he said, in a tone of relief.
"Are you there, darling?" "Yes, hubble mine."
"Well, love, the fire is going out

"Well, love, the life is going out; won't you go and get some more coal?"
"Not much, petsey! I'we been doing the loving-wife slave business long enough, and if you want any more coal you'll have to get it yourself!"
Mildred's memory had been weaving a few webs itself while that fire was slowly setting cold.

Some Dialect Stories. veal its quaintness. Mr. Torrey has re corded this Florida dialogue: "What time might it be?"

"Six o'clock."
"Lan' sakes! I didn't know it was sune as that."
"Soon" in this case probably mean early. He has also put on record the answer of the North Carolinian who was

asked if he had been at the Worlds Fair.
"No; I'lowed for to went, but I didn't git to go."

I have lately heard a bit of genuin negro English which may do to go with these examples. A young lady of my acquaintance was visiting at a house where a colored lad was kept as a sort of boy-of-all-work. After she had been there

a day she overheard a conversation be-tween the cook and this boy.

"How do you like the company?"
asked the cook.

"I like her right well," said the boy.

"Do you think she's pretty?"
"Wel," said the lad, 'abe ain't 'zackly
pretty, but she' dew well 'nough whar dar
ain't no better at!"

An important discovery was announced in the French Academy of Medicine re cently by George S. Jaubert. He has been experimenting on how to supply air, or renew oxygen in air, for a man in a permetically inclosed space like a diving the coll. The discoverer's hypothesis was that 79 per cent. of the nitrogen contained in respirable air remains intact after 21 per cent. of the oxygen has been consumed, and the same nitrogen, mixed with a new supply of oxygen, becomes respirable air when the carbonic acid and the vapor produced by breathing are re-

correct. The most important question was the generation of oxygen. It appears that he discovered a chemical substance, which, by contact with the atmosphere, clears vitlated air of all impure gases produced by respiration, and refurnishes automatically a requisite quantity of oxygen. The author states that six to eight pounds of this substance will enable a man to live for 24 hours in a div

"I dunno's I exactly agree wif dat speakuh," remarked Mr. Erastus Pinkley, as he was walking home from the lecture with Miss Miami Brown. "At what point does yoh comprehen siveness get stalled?''
"Well, ef he says he favors de policy ef
expansion, I dunno's I un'stan's 'im.
But ef he favors de expansion Q' policy,
I's right wif 'im.''

"Do you imagine the time will eve come when the women will attend to all the business and leave the men at home to do the cooking and such?"

"I hope so!"

"You hope so? Great Scott!"

"No, not Great Scott, at all! When that time comes we men will be boss of our own homes for the first time!"

A DRAMATIC OLIMAX.

That juries are affected by handsom and languishing eyes is proved by a re-markable experience of the greatest ad-vocate at the New York bar, the late

young woman in a case involving an attempt to break a will. His client sat by his side. She was a very beautiful young woman whose eyes seemed always to rivet the attention of those upon whom her glance fell. There was a pathetic expression which affected every one. She sat watching the jury during the course of the trial, and at last there was some complaint that she was attempting by means of her glances to excite the sym

pathy of the jury.

Then Mr. Brady arose and in one of the most touching and beautiful of all the addresses he ever made in court he spoke of the blessings which every one who had an appreciation of beautiful things and could see them enjoyed, and dwelt for some moments upon the happy lot of the jury who could see the budding of the flowers—it was then spring time—and the charms of nature; then, suddenly turning to his client, he said, "That blessing is denied my client, for, though she has eyes which seem to look upon you, gentlemen, there is no vision in them, for her sight has been taken from her.

She had been, in fact, the victim of she had been, in fact, the victim of total paralysis of the optic nerve, which had not impaired the beauty of her eyes, but had given to them that sin-gular pathetic expression which she was thus falsely charged with employing that she might secure the sympathies of the inw of the jury.

THE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND. Its Abolition Is a Grievous Wrong to

the Children. This is an evil which has crept in with the tendency to centralize the schools. When in any place the schools begin to overflow, a movement to put up a larger building takes place, accom-panied by an effort to create a high school department, not so much the need of the community as the ambitious dream of some principal who would be superintendent or some sort of central sun to a group of satellites.

This dream is too easily realized, be-"Mildred!" he called.

No answer.

He became alarmed. Was it, then, all lic or private, in the place; a temple of vanity. Now is rung the knell of the school," although it will house all the children from 5 to 15, must needs be with shrubbery and threaded by blue-stone roads. The janitor has to employ an assistant to keen the grounds in or

> A shut in, penitentiarylike place has been evolved by the architect and school committee, gratifying to their pride There are many wrongs about it. The one insisted upon here is the abolishing of the recess, that time honored joy of the American schoolboy and schoolgirl.
> —Isabella G. Oakley in Popular Science Monthly.

I dined the other day at a restaurant where the dinner is served to the accompaniment of an orchestra. We had rag time with the soup. Then the or-chestra slid into that always beautiful intermezzo of "Cavalleria Rusticana." They played it much more slowly than I remember ever to have heard it be-fore. The head waiter fidgeted and gnawed his lip. There was misery in his eye. At last he disappeared in the direction of the musicians, and a mement later the intermezzo began to gallop along, presto, prestissimo, and at the and of it the orchestra struck up a two step. The head waiter came back relieved.

madam," he said to me when I asked him about it. "We'd never get through, and I wants to get off early. People eats too slow when they plays slow music."

And when I looked around I saw that knives, forks and spoons were moving to the tempo of the twostep. Everybody was hurrying. The head waiter knew what he was about .-

The Retort Courteous. Father O'Leary, a well known Roman Catholic priest and wit, was on very friendly terms with his neighbor, the Church of England vicar. They met on the road one day, when the vicar said excitedly, "Oh, Father O'Leary, have you heard the awful news?" "No," says the priest, "what is it.

at all?" "Something awful," says the vicar. "The bottom has fallen out of purga-tory, and all the Catholics have tum-

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," says Father O'Leary, "what a crushing the poor Protestants must have got!"—London Chronicle.

An Explanation. Little Dot-Mamma, I was playing with your best tea set while you were away, and when you bring it out for company you'll be shocked, 'cause you'll think one of the cups has a hair in it, but it isn't a hair. Mamma-What is it?

Little Dot-It's only a crack .- Pick Me Up

A Handicay. Uorson-Do you think trained nurses should be pretty?

Hillebrand—Not if they are expected to follow their calling permanently. Philadelphia North American.

And Ministerial Too. The Bachelor-Well, how did your battle with the coquette come out? The Newly Made Benedict—It was a tie.—Syracuse Herald.