

WOMAN and HER WORK.

What a dismal day it was for all woman-kind when electric lights came into use! I don't suppose we realized it then, and perhaps we are scarcely aware even now of the disastrous effects that most harsh and cruel light has had upon our good looks. Once upon a time the girl who was not a beauty, but still who possessed youth, freshness, and a tolerably clear complexion, even if she had not much color, was always certain of looking her very best in the evening, especially when in evening dress. It was a common thing to hear people say of some girl—"Well, perhaps she is not exactly pretty by daylight, but you ought to see her at an evening, she does light up so well that she is a perfect beauty then!"

And it was quite true; gaslight or lamp-light was merciful, and dealt tenderly with us and seemed to bring out all our best points while hiding any defects we might possess. The sweet girl with the dear little pug nose, whose clear skin was marked with very perceptible freckles in the daylight, became a perfect little Hebe the moment she put on her white and green dress with its low neck and short puffed sleeves, and stepped into the fall glare of the lamp, or the gaslight. She was sure to have the whitest of necks and arms, a delightful tinge of red in her brown hair, and the artificial light seemed to make her freckles disappear as if by magic, and the ordinary maiden of the morning, or afternoon, is a queen of the ballroom.

And the tall slender girl with dark hair and eyes whose color was not bright enough for her to lay claim to the title of a brunette in the proper sense of the word, indeed, whose enemies would have called her sallow; whose neck and arms were just a little too thin for artistic beauty, and not quite as white as marble, when seen in the harsh light of day—she too became metamorphosed as soon as the lamps were lighted, and looked just as charming as the fairest blonde in the room. The kindly lamplight softened her defects also, and made up for all her shortcomings. The pale complexion seemed to take on a ruddy glow, provided there was a little bit of rose, or scarlet about her dress, the neck and arms looked creamy, instead of sallow, and if there were any prominent bones they did not show, while the shadowy circles beneath the eyes only enhanced their brilliancy and made them look larger, so the lamplight gave another belle, to the ballroom, in place of an ordinary dame! But now all this is changed, and to look at all well in an electric lighted ballroom, or even in a concert room, public hall or church, where the electric light is used a woman, or even a young girl must have some genuine claim to beauty, in order to look at all well under the very trying circumstances by which she is surrounded. In the ballroom even the rose-pink shades by which the lights are generally surrounded cannot entirely neutralize the ghastly effect of the deadly electric light, and few indeed can come through the ordeal with anything approaching triumph. The very slightest depression in a rounded cheek even if it is scarcely more than a dimple, is emphasized into a hollow; the faintest shadow under the lovely eyes becomes a black circle which disfigures the whole face, and if there is the least tint of sallowness in the complexion the unfortunate owner is sure to look a sickly green that reminds one of nothing but a corpse; while as for the neck and arms that are not models of plumpness and whiteness, I almost shrink from the task of describing them! Every tiny bone which never showed before seems to stand out in cruel relief, and if there be the slightest suspicion of "salt cellars" they will sink almost out of sight into caverns dark and deep; and the girl who looked only slender by daylight will shrink in some inexplicable manner until they are positively skinny.

Oh, no, girls, there is no possibility of blinding ourselves to the fact that unless you are young and plump and pretty beyond your neighbours there is no hope of your looking well beneath the cruel, searching rays of the electric light. I am sure most people have noticed with surprise how few pretty girls there seem to be in any a ballroom where electric lights are a prominent feature of the landscape; and above all how few young-looking ones they all seem to have a faded, tired look and their faces show lines that never used to appear on young faces a few years ago. Can it be that our girls are beginning to follow the example of their American cousins and fade early? I think not—the girls are just as fresh and fair as ever, but they place themselves under a very great disadvantage and do themselves an injustice they little dream of when they face such a crucial test of beauty as the fierce white light of electricity.

And if it is hard on young girls, what must it be for those who are no longer young, and whose countenances really show some of time's cruel traces? Well, for them it is simply martyrdom, that is all. Whichever way one looks at the matter, we have little to thank Mr. Edison for, as far as the light is concerned, because even if he did confer upon us a lamp that had no chimney to clean, and that did not require trimming, what boots it that that same lamp is going to ruin our good looks, and what righty constituted woman would not

prefer washing a dozen lamp chimneys a day and trimming the same number of lamps, rather than lose even a little of her beauty?

I don't imagine there would be any use in suggesting a remedy even if I could think of one, because the electric light has come to stay, and no feeble protests of ours can change things! Do you think, girls, if we represented the manner in its true light to Mr. Edison, he would set his inventive powers to work in our behalf and try to introduce some ingredient into the light in future, which would make it a little more becoming. Suppose we send a deputation to wait on him in the interests of suffering femininity and try!

I was very glad to see by the strong letter written by "Reform" which appeared in PROGRESS the week before last, that the subject of the Protestant Orphan asylum had attracted some attention. If it be an actual fact that there are bright, cheerful, and sunny rooms perfectly available for the use of those poor little creatures, and they are deliberately kept empty when not required for the use of the matron and her assistant, while the little ones are condemned to spend their lives in back, and basement rooms, it is nothing short of iniquitous, and the matter should be investigated at once. When I think of the brick walls and asphalt floor so graphically described by a correspondent of mine a few weeks ago, I feel as if I want to go and tell no less a person than the Governor General about it, at once. It is simply scandalous!

The inexorable wheels of time have rolled on regardless alike of those who have tried to hurry them, and others who have yearned to stay them in their relentless course, and once more they have brought "the penitential season," when all good church people who have eaten meat until they are very tired of it and ready to welcome any change, adopt a fish diet with eager cheerfulness and almost succeed in convincing themselves that they are really mortifying the flesh by so doing. Well, fish is very nice indeed when it is properly cooked and either reasonably fresh or tolerably well salted, so we might do much worse than to conform to so light a penance for our numerous sins of omission and commission, so here are a few penitential dishes which will, I think, be found sufficiently palatable to temper the dust and ashes of a Lenten conscience with a certain degree of chastened enjoyment.

Biscuits of Clams.
One quart of milk, 12 clams, a small onion, salt, egg, a large pinch of salt, 5 tablespoons of flour, half teaspoon of cornstarch, a little parsley chopped fine. Put clams and onion, with the milk, in a double boiler, let them simmer slowly for an hour, mix the cornstarch and flour with a little milk, beat until it is light and foamy, then stir into the simmering milk, continuing to stir them until it is cooked. Add the salt and a beaten egg, strain the soup and sprinkle the parsley over it.

Boiled Trout.
Brown one onion sliced, one small carrot sliced, and one leaf of celery in one tablespoon of butter. Put two quarts of water in the fish kettle; add the browned vegetables, one cup of vinegar, four cloves and one sprig of parsley. Bring to boiling point, skim; add one tablespoon of salt and lay the fish carefully in, after rubbing the skin with lemon juice. Simmer gently ten minutes to every pound. When cooked, drain; garnish with parsley leaves and tarragon or cucumber sauce.

Lobster Salad Without Lettuce.
One can of lobster chopped fine, twelve hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, one cup of vinegar, one tablespoonful of mustard, one tablespoonful of pepper, piece of butter the size of an egg, half cup sweet cream, two raw eggs beaten with the ingredients. Heat until boiling, and pour on the eggs and lobsters, garnish with parsley leaves and eggs cut in thin slices.

Potato Puff.
Two cups mashed potatoes, hot or cold, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons of cream, a tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Put the potatoes in a frying pan, add the yolks of the eggs, cream and seasoning. Stir over the fire until well mixed. If the potatoes were used cold, stir until hot. Take from the fire; add carefully the well beaten whites of the eggs. Heap on a greased baking dish or in gem pans. Bake in quick oven until a nice brown.

Chesse Toast.
Make some slices of toast, cut off the crusts, then butter, cut some cheese into thin flakes, and put in a saucepan with a piece of butter, and a little made mustard if desired; the last named ingredient must be added cautiously. Place the pan over the fire, and stir until the cheese is melted, and the whole is well mixed and smooth; then pour the mixture on the toast and serve hot.

Baked Omelet.
Heat 3 cups of milk, melting in it a bit of butter as large as a walnut. Beat well together 5 eggs, a teaspoon of flour and a scant teaspoon of salt and add to the hot milk, stirring as rapidly as possible. Turn into a hot, well buttered frying pan and bake in a quick oven one quarter of an hour.

Sturgeon Steak.
Skin the steaks carefully, and lay in cold, salted water for an hour, to remove the oily taste of the fish. Then wipe each steak dry, salt, and broil over hot coals on a buttered gridiron. Serve in a hot dish, first buttering and peppering to taste, garnished with parsley, and accompanied by a small glass dish of sliced lemon. Or you may use the following sauce: Put a tablespoonful of butter into a frying pan, and

stir until it is brown, not burned. Add a half teaspoonful of boiling water in which has been stirred a tablespoonful of browned flour, previously wet with cold water. Add salt, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce or anchovy, the juice of a lemon, and let it boil well. Pour over the steaks when you have arranged them in the dish, and serve hot.

Queens Toast.
The special merit of queens toast is that it can be made with a fresh fire when, from lack of live coals, the ordinary toasted bread is an impossibility. To a well beaten egg add a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of sweet milk; stir thoroughly and dip it over the bread. Melt enough butter to grease the bottom of the frypan thoroughly, but be careful not to scorch it. Add enough bread to cover the bottom and cover quickly. It can be browned on one side or both sides, as preferred. Be careful not to burn or fry hard and serve on a warm dish.

Potatoes au Gratin.
Slice your cold potatoes and stew gently in milk or broth. Season with pepper and salt. Grate some cheese and some bread, and sprinkle over the potatoes. Brown in the oven.

Stewed Potatoes.
Heat together a tablespoonful of butter and a cup of milk. Season with pepper and salt. Hash the cold potatoes, add to the milk, cover and simmer gently until the milk is about absorbed.

One of the scornful sneers that the celebrated Frenchman Voltaire, cast at the English people was the fact that they were "a nation with 40 religions—and but one fish sauce." I wonder which particular sauce the great philosopher had in his mind just then, whether it was anchovy sauce, egg sauce, or just plain melted butter? I really do not know which of these three old sauces is the most ancient, but I fancy the latter. The reproach has been removed since then, however, and English speaking people have as many as six or seven fish sauces to choose from now. Here are two excellent ones which will make even boiled salt cod taste quite aristocratic and expensive, but to be quite candid, the first one is of French parentage, and is called—

Allemande Sauce.
Melt a good tablespoonful of butter with one of flour, and add half a pint of white stock, salt, pepper, and a dash of grated lemon peel; simmer for ten minutes and stir meanwhile; add a half pint of milk or cream, and the yolk of one egg. Do not boil after the egg has been added. Finish the seasoning with a little lemon juice. Many cooks use the yolks of three eggs in this quantity, but it is rich enough with one. The broth can be made from the merest trifle of chicken, or veal, or trimmings.

Caper Fish Sauce.
Melt a tablespoonful each of butter and flour together; add a cupful of milk or cream; another tablespoonful of butter cut in bits and one of capers, season to taste and send to table in a boat, or if the fish is boneless pour it over.

All these dishes are suitable for luncheon, tea, or plain dinner dishes, and I will think some of them will be found invaluable on washing days.

HELEN KELLER.
Blind, Deaf and Dumb, yet she has a Wonderful Mind.

The resources and possibilities of modern methods of intellectual training have found another marvelous instance in the case of Helen Keller, an instance fully as wonderful and conclusive as that furnished by the famous Laura Bridgman. The interesting fact is now about 14 years old. She became deaf, dumb and blind in infancy, and yet she has been educated up to such a point that she has enabled, at 12 years of age, to write, by means of her own typewriter, a sketch of her having been led forth from darkness into the light of knowledge. Her sketch is beautifully composed, and is said by the editor of the paper in which the composition has been published to have been free from errors of spelling and the like.

In view of the child's dreadful afflictions, the mere mechanical work of the achievement is remarkable enough; but when to this is added a distinctly fine quality of literary skill, the mental attainments acquired by the girl are quite amazing. We cannot resist the temptation to quote a portion of her recital of her first perception of the sea.

"Suddenly we stopped," she writes, "and I knew, without being told, the sea was awful! and for a moment some of the waves seemed to have gone out of the day. But I do not think I was afraid; for later, when I had put on my bathing suit, and the little waves ran up on the beach and kissed my feet I shouted for joy, and plunged fearlessly into the surf. But, unfortunately, I struck my foot on a rock and fell forward into the sea. The salt water filled my eyes and took away my breath, and a great wave threw me up on the beach as easily as if I had been a little pebble. For several days after that I was very timid and could hardly be persuaded to go into the water again, but by degrees my courage returned, and almost before the summer was over I thought it the greatest fun to be tossed about by the sea waves.

"Oh, the happy, happy hours I spent, hunting the wonderful shells! How pretty they were with their lovely, fresh hues and exquisite shapes! It was so pleasant to sit on the sandy bank and braid the sea grass, while teacher told me stories of the sea and described, in simple words that I could understand, the majestic ocean and the ships that drifted in the distance like white-winged birds!

"People sometimes seem surprised that I love the ocean when I cannot see it. But I do not think it is strange. It is because God has planted the love of His wonderful works deep in the hearts of His children, and, whether we see them or not, we feel everywhere their beauty and mystery enfolding us."—Illustrated American.

A Great Chronometer.
An interesting event in London recently was the dedication of the new clock in the southwestern tower of St. Paul's Cathedral. The clergy proceeded with the choir to the tower, where psalms were sung, and the

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