

Wives * and * Daughters

Women's Future Position.

Dr. Wallace, of England, who, since Darwin's death, has been regarded the greatest authority on natural selection, has been giving his views in regard to the reforms in women's education, by which she is being taught more self-dependence. He argues that important good results will come from this in the future of our race. Here are some extracts which we clip from Lady Somerset's Women's Herald:

He says:

"Yes; the hope of the future lies with women. When such social changes have been effected, that no woman will be compelled, either by hunger, isolation, or social compulsion, to sell herself either in prostitution or uncongenial wedlock; when all women alike shall feel the refining influence of a true humanizing education, of beautiful and elevating surroundings, and when there is an educated public opinion, we must have an educated public opinion which shall be founded on the highest aspirations of the age and country; then the result will be a form of human selection which will bring about a continuous advance in the average status of the race. I believe that this improvement will be effected through the agency of female choice in marriage. As things are, women are constantly forced into marriage for a bare living or a comfortable home. They have practically no choice in the selection of their partners and the fathers of their children, and so long as this economic necessity for marriage presses upon the great bulk of women, men who are vicious, degraded, of feeble intellect, and unsound bodies will secure wives, and thus often perpetuate their infirmities and evil habits. But in a reformed society the vicious man, the man of degraded taste or of feeble intellect, will have little chance of finding a wife, and his bad qualities will die out with himself.

"On the other hand, the most perfect and beautiful in body and mind, the men of spotless character and reputation, will secure wives first, the less commendable later, and the least commendable latest of all. As a natural consequence, the best men and women will marry the largest families. The result will be a more rapid increase of the good than of the bad, and this state of things continuing to work for successive generations, will at length bring the average man up to the level of those who are now the more advanced of the race. I hope I make it clear that women must be free to marry or not marry before there can be true natural selection in the most important relationship of life. Although many women now remain unmarried from necessity rather than from choice, there are always a considerable number who have no special inclination to marriage, but who accept husbands to secure a subsistence or a home. If all women were peculiarly independent, and all occupied with congenial public duties or intellectual enjoyments, I believe that a large number would choose to remain unmarried. In a regenerated society it would come to be considered a degradation for any woman to marry a man he did not both love and esteem; in consequence, many women would attain from marriage altogether, or delay it until a worthy and sympathetic husband was encountered."

Protection of the Sexes.

In the Woman's Herald, Lady Henry Somerset's English paper, there recently appeared the report of an interview with Dr. Wallace, who has credit of being Darwin's successor as an authority on the subject of natural selection. Reference was made to the fact that there are far more women living than men in the world and the causes for it. His ideas on this curious subject, we of interest, and we give some of them here. He does not attach sufficient importance, in our opinion, to the fact that so many men use alcoholics and tobacco, and that so many women are abstainers from both. It has a good deal to do with the large excess of deaths among adult men.

Dr. Wallace said: "As a matter of fact, there are more boys born into the world than girls, but boys die so much more rapidly than girls that when we include all under the age of 5 the numbers are nearly equal; for the next five years the mortality is nearly the same in both sexes; then that of females preponderates up to 30 years of age; then up to 60 that of men is the larger; while for the rest of life female mortality is again greater. The general result is that at the ages of most frequent marriage—from 20 to 35—females are between 8 and 9 per cent. in excess of males. But during the ages from 5 to 35 we find a wonderful excess of male deaths from 20 preventable causes—'accident' and 'violence.' The great excess of male over female deaths, amounting in the year to over 3,000, all between the ages of 5 and 35, is no doubt due to the greater risks run by men and boys in various industrial occupations. We are looking forward to

a society in the future which will guard the lives of the workers against the effects of unhealthy employments and all preventable risks. This will further reduce the mortality of men as compared with women. It seems highly probable that in the society of the future the superior number of males at birth will be maintained throughout life, or, at least, through the marriageable period."

Mother's Love Letters.

Probably all parents passed through nearly the same kind of sentimentalism in their younger days, however foolish such things may seem to them now, in the younger generation. We clip the following from a wide-awake Canadian exchange and will not vouch for its truthfulness, but it is very likely true:

"A school girl found a package of love letters written to her mother by her father before they were married. The daughter saw where she could have a little sport read them to her mother, pretending they were of recent date and substituting her own name for that of her mother, and that of a fine young man who was well known to both of them for that of her father. The mother jumped up and down in her chair, shifted her feet rapidly and seemed terribly disgusted, and she forbade her daughter having anything to do with a young man who would write such sickening, nonsensical stuff to a girl. When the young girl handed the letters to her mother to read the house became so still that one could hear the grass growing in the back yard."

Manners, Good and Bad.

First impressions are always important, and a girl can scarcely be too careful of her conduct during her first season. The world forms its judgments rapidly, and it would be a pity for a girl to get the name of being awkward or eccentric for the want of a little care. Anything out of dress or manners should be avoided, for it is not well for a girl to make herself conspicuous. She should not avow a preference for the society of gentlemen, or look bored in the company of her own sex. She should not behave in public so as to attract attention, or be seen eternally walking up and down any public promenade. She should not make herself conspicuous with any one admirer, or flaunt her little attentions in the face of the little affections of the Indian carrier scalps at his belt.

These habits may seem unimportant to the person who indulges in them, but the world has only one word for such manners, the crushing expression "bad style."

Self-restraint is requisite for success in society, and a good reputation can never be preserved by those who only consider the pleasure of the moment. If we are to live in the world we must abide by its rules, and if we set up our own standards we shall be looked upon as Bohemians and outsiders. Society is not a means as strict as formerly, and girls have a far pleasanter time than they used. But there are certain rules which must be kept, and which no one may transgress with impunity. A girl will do well to be guided by the advice of a good and gentle mother so that if she is sometimes advised or renounced something which she would have liked she may feel content to resist it, even if she does not quite understand the reason. If she is not sure that a thing is wise, she had better be on the safe side, and let it alone. And she must be specially careful in regard to her choice of friends, or the world judges us largely by our friends, and it is always more easy to take acquaintances than to drop them.

We cannot all be beautiful or accomplished, but we can all be well-mannered if we take trouble to try. Especially are the manners of a girl tested by the way in which she behaves to her elders, and she must remember that no attention is too great for the young to pay to the old. Young people are happier together without the constraint of elder company, still they should not openly void that company or make themselves feel out in the cold. There is a certain type of girl to whom an elderly person is always a trumpery or a toy, an object of ridicule and to be avoided or ignored as much as possible. Selfishness is necessary to make youth tolerant of age, but the attentions of youth are so welcome to the elder that this is a virtue which may be said to bring its own reward. The young girl must listen patiently to the old man's story, though it may possibly be a little prosy, and she should be careful to give precedence to married ladies and to those who are older than herself.

Courtesy to interiors is also an important part of good manners, for it is very ungenerous to be rude to those who cannot resent it. If a young lady makes an appointment with a dressmaker or shopkeeper, she should be as careful to keep it as though it were made with an equal—in fact, almost more so, because the time of such people is their money. It is wrong to be inconsiderate of the feelings of

trades people, and it is a deplorable waste of feeling when young ladies waste the time of such persons by inquiring for things which they have no earthly intention of buying. A shop-girl is often exposed to a sharp reproof from her master because her customers have left without buying anything, and it is very ungenerous to cause such trouble merely for the sake of passing the time. It is a bad sign when a young lady is disliked by the servants in whatever house she goes to, when she speaks roughly to them, or causes them unnecessary trouble by careless and untidy ways. Good manners are the outcome of a kindly disposition, and politeness to her inferiors is one of the surest signs by which we may know the woman who is a lady at heart.

Boasting is one of the worst pieces of bad manners, and no matter how skillfully it is wrapped up, the intention is always obvious. The person who boasts is not sure of herself, and desires to create an impression by adventitious aids. It is bad manners to take all the conversation, and to attempt to play the hostess in another person's house; bad manners to interrupt a speaker, even if he is telling a twice-told tale. We should all have opinions of our own, and be able to maintain them when necessary; but what can be more unmanly than the contentious person who springs up like a Jack-in-the-box to contradict an assertion almost before it is out of the speaker's mouth? "Do you like that?" "I don't," is forever on the lips of the ill-bred person, who forgets that it is desirable in society to find points on which we can agree with our neighbors.

Personalities should always be avoided, and there are certain subjects on which it is never desirable to joke such as anyone's nationality or religion, or any personal deformity.—[From Etiquette for Girls.]

Educators.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Colorado, founded in 1875, did more to educate the public sentiment in favor of the woman's ballot than any other society in the State.

Courtesy at Home.

A recent writer wants to know why it is so many people keep all their fine manners for the outer world and have none left for home? Why do mothers train their little ones, in every way but by example, to be always courteous, and then wonder that they are sometimes rude? If you fail to say as surely as to their elders "Thank you," "I beg your pardon," or "If you please," to a child, so certain will that ready little wit take on the conviction that politeness is not for everyday use nor for home consumption. No husband has a right to read his wife's letters in justice to the friends who wrote them and the woman who reads. No wife has a right to pour her husband's coffee with her hand entwined in last night's curl-papers. No parent has a right to give away a child's playthings without that child's consent.

"Why should we show our love by our impoliteness? I remember once, when my sister and I were taking our departure, after a call upon two sisters, we jostled one another at the door. Upon our mingled apologies one of the girls broke in with a laugh, 'Do you do that to each other?' she cried, 'I should never think of begging Lily's pardon!' Yet they were well-mannered young persons, too—truly gentlewomen in their relations to the world. 'I have never forgotten an incident of my childhood. I was away from home for a few days, and on my return the younger ones fell on me at once. Letters had come from the absent brothers, they said, and addressed to me; so you all their entreaties to open them for me. But my mother had said no one could do that but myself, and they thrust the envelopes into my hand. Could a daily letter have taught the precept in so sure a manner as that practice!'"

Make a Home of a Household.

Cultivate conversation. It stands among the richest of home talents, and is one of the requisites of social popularity. To descend to vulgar expressions, the man who cannot talk "is out of it," while the fellow who has something to say, no matter what its intellectual value, is decidedly "in it." Not that superficial chatter about airy nothings is to be encouraged. Quite the contrary; but the fact is quoted merely to impress upon the mind that the man who has nothing to say is the man who controls attention and possesses influence. Do not feel that because your ideas are ordinary, and your language plain and ungraceful, that it is your best course to keep silent. No man or woman can become a good conversationalist without first passing through a course of training. That training is found in improving the small opportunities, in rushing boldly into the arena of opinion and discussion, even though you know you will be disarmed, and that defeat is inevitable.

Hold fast to your courage. If your

opinions are honest and your arguments genuine, you will be listened to with respectful interest. A few setbacks must not dishearten you; they should stimulate you to renewed efforts. A strong opponent, steadfastly met, will harden your mental muscle and give you confidence. Keep up the fight and you will soon find yourself a leader in thought and influence.

The place to begin the cultivation of one's talking powers is at home. Do not sit at the table like a spectator in self-satisfied gloom, or in grim silence hug yourself in the cosiest corner of the library fire. Shake off your selfish reserve, and let your conversation enrich the lives of those who are unfortunate enough to have to live with you. Has there not been some event of the day that would interest your family, or some idea that the others would enjoy? If not, for heaven's sake say something commonplace, if that is the best you can do. After that better ideas will come to you, or you will find that some one else has a thought worth listening to. When the ball is once started it will roll of itself. You will be surprised to find out how much is stowed away in the heads of your son and daughter; or, if you are an older brother, you will be forced to confess that so far as brains are concerned, the little fellows no longer merit your lofty disdain. When the bonds of family sympathy and equality are once established, when each learns to be at once a generous talker and an unselfish listener, then will the family be the fountain of greatest pleasure and deepest interest, while, at the same time, it furnishes that training which qualifies the man to strike out into a broader world, and to push his way to the fulfillment of his life's ambitions.—[Charles Emerson Cook, in Boston Budget.]

Domestic Hints.

DEODORIZING.—When anything is spilled or boils over on the stove the bad odor may be counteracted by sprinkling a little salt upon it.

TO POLISH GLASS.—Nothing will give such a polish to glass, even the finest, as slightly moist newspaper to wash it and dry newspaper to give the finishing touches.

TO CLEANSE SHEEPSKIN RUGS.—White sheepskin rugs may be cleaned by scrubbing them with castile soap and water, and drying thoroughly in the sun.

TO WHITEN PIANO KEYS.—Piano keys yellow with age can be cleaned by a dilution of one ounce of nitric acid in ten ounces of soft water. Apply with a brush and wash off with flannel.

COOLING A HOT DISH.—If one wishes to cool a hot dish in a hurry it will be found that if the dish be placed in a vessel full of cold salt water it will cool more rapidly than if it stood in water free from salt.

KEEPING TEA AND COFFEE.—It is much better to keep tea and coffee in glass jars with tightly screwed tops than in tin boxes. The flavor of these favorite beverages is easily spoiled by the vicinity of any articles of pronounced odor, such as cheese, bacon, etc.

TO CLEAN OILY BOTTLES.—To cleanse glass bottles that have held oil, place them in each bottle and immerse in cold water, then heat the water gradually until it boils; after boiling an hour let them remain till cold. Then wash the bottles in soap suds and rinse in clear water.

TO CLEAN STEEL KNIVES.—Steel knives or other articles which have become rusty should be rubbed with a little sweet oil, then left for a day or two in a dry place, and then rubbed with finely powdered unslaked lime until every vestige of the rust has disappeared, and kept in a dry place wrapped up in a bit of flannel.

IRON RUST.—This ugly stain may be readily removed by drawing the affected spot over a board so that it will lie smooth, covering it with salt, and squeezing on lemon juice till a sort of paste is formed. Of course a subsequent thorough rinsing is necessary. Cream of tartar will also remove the stain if a small quantity be tied into the stained part and boiled in clear water.

TOAST WATER.—In many cases of illness toast water is recommended by physicians. Stale bread should be toasted until as brown as possible without burning. Break in small pieces, put into a pitcher, and pour on about a pint more of boiling water than is sufficient to cover it. This may be taken either hot or cold, and may be flavored with orange or lemon peel, or some slices of pineapple may be cut into it. This is said to be very cooling and refreshing, and may be taken when other drinks are not allowed.

HOW TO CLEAN WINDOWS.—Simple as the operation may seem, there is a way to clean windows and a way not to clean them. The following suggestions may be of use to some, as they save both time and labor: Choose a time when the sun does not shine on the window, else it will dry streaked, and no amount of rubbing can prevent it. Push off all the dust inside and out; clean the woodwork around the glass first. Use for this warm water and ammonia; do not use soap. Wipe dry with cotton cloth. Do not use linen, as it leaves lint on the glass when dry. Polish with tissue or old newspaper.

A good man is the best friend, and therefore cannot be chosen, longer to be retained; and indeed never to be parted with, unless he ceases to be that for which he was chosen.—[JEREMY TAYLOR.]

With the Poets.

A Retrospect.

She always seemed so bright and fair,
The sunshine lingering round her head,
And rippling through the golden hair,
And mingling with the words she said;
Our voices joined in sweetest song,
The tribute of each glowing tongue.

Her voice was sweet, and warm, and glad;
The beaming eyes had power to charm,
And every look and motion made
A glowing picture bright and warm;
The soul was in the radiant face,
And filled and brightened all the place.

We wandered through the leafy wood,
Along the oft-frequented way,
Our words rang out in merry mood,
And hope gave brightness to the day;
The sweet content, the heartfelt bliss,
Are 'mong life's precious memories.

We gathered 'round the festive board,
And social cheer crowned all the scene,
Her hands the bounteous feast had stored,
With all the grace that love could bring;
And there's no finer form of art,
Than willing hand and loving heart.

—Samuel Trotman.
Alden, Mich., Dec., 1893.

The Children at Home.

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing, go
Tripping lightly by,

I steal away from my husband, as he
Sits in the easy chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces, fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead, that
Once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter, echoing
Boysish strife.

We two are waiting together; and oft,
As the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me: "It
Is night, are the children home?"

"Yes, love," I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago,"
And I sing in my quivering treble a
Song so soft and low,

Till the old man drops to slumber, with
His head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number, home
In the better land;

Home, where never a sorrow shall dim
Their eyes with tears;
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years.

I know—yet my arms are empty that
Fondly folded seven,
And the mother-heart within me is al-
most starved for heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening I
Only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me, a
Vision from the skies;

The babes whose dimpled fingers lost
The way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones the angels
Passed to the world of the blest,

With never a cloud upon them, I see
Their radiant vows;
My boys that I gave to freedom—the
Red sword sealed their vows!

In a tangled southern forest, twin
Brothers, bold and brave,
They fell! and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted away
On the wings of light,
And again we two are together, all
Alone in the night.

They tell me his mind is failing, but I
Smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children, in
The dear and peaceful years.

And still, as the summer sunset fades
Away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing, go
Trooping home to rest;

My husband calls from his corner:
"Say, love! have the children
Come?"

And I answer, with eyes uplifted:
"Yes, dear! they are all at home!"
—[Margaret E. Sangster.]

A Sermon in Rhyme.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.

Why should good words never be said
Of a friend till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.

Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.

Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in
Prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them. And by kindly sharing
Own our kinship with the skies.

Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?
If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.

There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother-workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go.
Leave them. Trust the Harvest
Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So until the happy end
Your life shall never lack a friend.

Morality of Conquest.

So much has been said about the injustice of powerful nations, like the British, conquering and taking into its own control some weaker and less civilized nations, that it may be very well to consider the other side of the question also. "The Spectator," one of the leading English literary journals, had a long article in defense of such conquests recently, from which we clip the following:

"With the single exception of the Ottoman Turks, it would be difficult to point to a conquering race which had not either added to civilization a new dominion or developed in the conquered a new capacity for progress in all the higher conditions of well-being. The world owes to the Romans, who were conscious and willful conquerors that idea of law as opposed to will upon which all modern social progress has been built, and to the barbarians who conquered them all the freedom which it now enjoys.

Without the conquests of Cæsar, Europe might have waited centuries for the extinction of Paganism, and because Europe could not tolerate the earth's surface are still so humanity in a kind of barbaric or tempered social anarchy. West alone has secured for civilization a kind the vast territories comprising the two Americas, and it is in consequence alone that there is any hope of terminating the savagery of Africa, where races left to self-government for ages in regions superabundantly fertile, have positively retrograded, and are now distinctly more degraded than many of the savages of Polynesia.

The most cruel conquest recorded in history, that of the Canaanites by an Arab tribe, saved for the world its only beneficial creed and the double conquest of Britain by two sets of Norsemen enabled the Anglo-Saxon to take his vivifying place in the history of mankind. The evidence which proves that the conquest of the inferior races by the superior has been beneficial either to them or the world at large is irresistible, and, in all who know history, wakes in them a doubt whether assaults upon the system can be either well informed or sincere.

It is certain, however, that they are often both, and that many, whose intelligence is as undoubted as their motives, seriously question whether the new effort of the whites to conquer Africa, which is now going on from all points of the continent at once, is anything better than a huge dacoity, an effort to steal vast resources which properly do not belong to the conquering people.

A man who does not know how to learn from his mistakes turns the best schoolmaster out of his life.—[HENRY WARD BEECHER.]

Vitality in Intellectual Work.

On the whole, not a great many people out of every million injure themselves by too much intellectual work. Those who fear to read or think too much may be reassured by a recent article in that fine literary weekly, the London (Eng.) Spectator, which says:

So far from intellectual work diminishing vitality, the chiefs of all the intellectual professions are, and in recent times have been, men who have passed the ordinary term of years with undiminished powers. In politics the principal leaders whom this generation has known have been Earl Russell, Lord Palmerston, Lord Beaconsfield, and Mr. Gladstone, and every one of them was at 70 in full vigor, while the last, at 83, is still a mighty power in British politics. Prince Bismarck remains at 78 a force with which his Government has to reckon; while the will of Leo XIII., an exceptionally intellectual Pope, at 83 is felt in every corner of the world. The most intellectual and successful soldier of our time, the man who had really thought out victories, Marshal von Moltke, was an unbroken man at 90 or more years. No men dare compare themselves in literary power with Tennyson or Carlyle, Victor Hugo or Von Ranke, and they all reached the age which the author of Ecclesiastes declared to be marked only by labor and sorrow; as also did Prof. Owen, whose life was one long labor in scientific inquiry; and so also has Sir William Grove, one of the most strenuous thinkers whom even this age of thinkers has produced. We might lengthen the list indefinitely; but to what use, when we all know that the most intellectual among lawyers, historians, novelists, physicians, politicians, and naturalists survive their contemporaries, usually with undiminished powers? In all statistical accounts, the clergy, whose occupation is wholly intellectual, rank first among the long-lived.