

# Wives \* and \* Daughters

## A Certain Kind of Social Pique.

A paragraph has been going the rounds of the papers concerning a certain famous author which states that, having achieved social position and success for herself after a long and disheartening struggle, she snubs right and left the people who, neglecting her in the days of obscurity, would be glad to know and honor her now. It is probable that the paragraph is untrue, say the Interior, but, if it is true, it shows a spirit wholly unworthy of the noble spirit which animates the writings of this lady.

For suppose that when she was working along the ranks of mediocrity, some people, indeed it would not be strange if the majority of people, failed to perceive the promise she gave of her future success and eminence. Suppose, as is too often the case with persons of conscious talent working unrecognized, that she adopted toward them that repelling air which says, "I am as good as you are, if my position is inferior!" It is probable then that good people who would be very glad to recognize genuine talent would indeed pass her unnoticed by. But that would be no reason why she should resent this negligence when circumstances had proved her worth and power, and to manifest such resentment would only indicate a really narrow mind and selfish spirit. Rather in such cases, when the recognition came it should be gladly and cordially accepted. Instead of saying: "You did not care for me when I was poor and unknown; therefore I scorn to receive your attention now," the sweet, generous spirit of true humanity would respond warmly to the proffered kindness, and the sentiment if expressed at all, would be, "I am glad that I have been able to prove myself worthy of the recognition which you once failed to accord me." The effect upon those whose treatment might thus be complained of would be far better than that produced by the contemptuous rejection of the proffered kindness.

A similar kind of pique is often manifested in society, which is equally beneath the dignity of ladies who sometimes indulge in it. Persons who have onerous social or family duties fail, for instance, to call upon some new-comer into their church or society. But it may be that in course of time they learn that these new-comers are delightful people, and then, even at a sacrifice of convenience, the call is made.

Such a call tests the genuineness of the claim of the parties called upon to high standing. If there is no affected coolness of manner, no air of injured dignity, but only a cordial responsiveness, it shows that there is a character of dignity and worth beneath which deserves our sincere regard.

A late article in the London World upon "Apologies" says that of all social apologies that one is the worst which apologizes for not calling or failing to return a call. The writer says, and truly, that no lady lays herself so open to a cut direct as she who says, "I have been intending to call upon you," or "I have been intending to return your call." For the party addressed, if disposed to give offense in return for the offense implied, could easily say, "It is no matter, thank you." Or in case a lady apologizes by saying that she is sorry she has so long been tardy in this social ceremony, the party addressed could say, "Ah, indeed, I had not noticed your absence." To be sure this would be an inexcusable piece of rudeness, but it may well be questioned whether genuine politeness would not dictate a different form of address or way of putting it than the usual one. To apologize for not calling, or returning a call, implies that the person offering the apology regards such call as honoring the person addressed. This is not really polite. The writer in the World queries what would be a suitable and proper form for making at once an explanation and a suitable apology for such remissness. We would suggest that a suitable form of expression for such an occasion would be, "I regret that circumstances over which I had no control have so long deprived me of making your acquaintance." This certainly implies that the compliment, if there is any, is on the other side.

But in that society whose basis is genuine worth and congeniality no such occasion for pique at small remissness in social etiquette can find a place. When one human soul meets another human soul and each looks at the other with honest eyes, querying, "What treasure of mind and heart hast thou to bestow on me?" there is no standing on ceremony. There is no account made of the order of calls, there is no alteration of visits required. They seek each other because each has something of mental or spiritual riches to give or take. There are no considerations of differences in social rank or style of living. She of the palatial mansion may find her most congenial and helpful friend in the small, poorly furnished tenement. The penetration that guides and directs such association is of the loftiest order, and in such association is found the most helpful, the most delightful and the best society in the world.

## Rev. Anna Shaw Answers.

That energetic little woman, Rev. Anna Shaw, talked to the Equal Suffrage convention at Ann Arbor, Mich., a few days ago, saying a good many pertinent things and spicing her speech with more or less of epigram at which she is a mistress. She has been a perennial puzzle. She said:

"The reason women never tell their ages is because, however old they get, they are still infants in law, and every year adds to the shame of it?"

How a solution so simple and reasonable as that failed to occur to the logical-minded lord of creation is hard to understand. Miss Shaw has had a rod in pickle for Talmage and she laid it on in a way that made the dear sisters shout with joy:

"He speaks of the great distance—can a woman pass it?—from the cradle to the ballot box. He has recently forced the creditors of his church to settle at 32 cents on the dollar. He should know that from the cradle to the ballot box is not nearly as far as from God's ministry to forcing the church's creditors to settle at 32 cents on the dollar."

She paid her compliments to the man-made laws, too, and there is something in her remarks that should be considered by administrative officers not only in the States, but in Canada. It is tersely put in this illustration:

"I had in mind a man who had come home drunk a few nights before, dragged his sick wife out of bed by the hair and kicked her until almost unrecognizable. The law gave him three months on an island summer resort with everything furnished. Identically the same sentence is given to a man for removing a milk can from the place where the dealer puts it on the sidewalk. How much better be a milk can than a woman in Massachusetts?"

## An Energetic Philanthropist.

Appropos of a recent article upon Mexico devoted especially to the description of woman's work, it is interesting to note that our neighbor republic secured 415 awards in this branch of its exhibit—more than double the number made to any other foreign country, indexed under the same schedule. The collector and patroness of this exhibit is Madame Carmen Rubio de Diaz, the gracious companion and helper of the Mexican President.

Diaz, himself, is an astute and autocratic ruler—the latter through necessity. His country has been permeated with a revolutionary spirit, incited largely through the greed of foreign powers, and the President's constant effort is to obtain for Mexico, under these unfavorable conditions, the rank among nations to which her race, her wealth and her resources entitle her.

Not a whit behind her husband stands Lady Diaz, who is greatly beloved and admired throughout the Mexican States. A woman of rare refinement, keen to discern the requirements and capabilities of her people, she holds with firm hand a white scepter, which she wields with a woman's tact. Hundreds of helpful opportunities are opened to the Mexican women, headed by efforts of this lady. For the benefit of American women—the leaders of the world on schemes for the advancement and enlightenment of their sex—I will enumerate a few of the institutions Madame Diaz has founded and in which she is an active and daily worker:

Asilo de probas, an institution where girls can always find employment.

Asilo para ninos de obreras, a nursery where mothers can have their children cared for while at work during the day.

Casa amiga de las obreras, a society where women are taught and employed in every branch of suitable work, as making of cigarettes, covering of furniture, embroideries, sewing uppers of shoes, cooking, general housework, etc. This society teaches and employs throughout the republic some 20,000 women.

Asilo de Arrepentidas, a home where the unfortunate are cared for and encouraged to a better life.

There are many other institutions for which Madame Diaz stands patroness and in which she acts as co-worker. These societies are supported by private subscription, encouraged by Mexican ladies through her inspiration. These various philanthropies indicate in a measure the energy and ability of this young woman of 32 summers.

## Dosing Puritan Children.

In the colonial days of New England, families of from fifteen to twenty children were common; but the mortality among infants was large. Judge Sewall—he who helped to burn the witches, and then publicly confessed that he had been guilty of a grave error of judgment—had fourteen children. A majority of them died in infancy, and only three survived their father. That renowned divine and statesman, Cotton Mather, had fifteen children, and only two survived him. Infants, in those days, quickly retired from the struggle for life. Only the fittest survived—a fact which may account for

the toughness and endurance of those New Englanders who stamped their ideas and customs upon the north and the west.

Mrs. Alice M. Earle, in her recent book, "Customs and Fashions in Old New England," suggests one or two explanations of the readiness with which, in those days, babies yielded up their lives.

Linen was the chilling substructure of their attire. They wore little, thin, short-sleeved, low-necked linen shirts, and shapeless, large-necked sacks of linen or dimity. In summer and winter the baby's head was covered with a cap, or "biggin," warmly wadded.

Worms, rickets and fits were the common diseases of infants. For these the baby was dosed with various nostrums—"Daffy's Elixir," a sort of "soothing syrup," snail pottage, and concoctions of senna and rhubarb and snails mixed with prunes.

The baby wore "anodyne necklaces" to make teething easy, as children now wear strings of amber beads to avert croup. His gums were anointed with an unguent made of a boiled hare's head mixed with honey and butter, and scratched with an osprey bone. Around his neck was hung a necklace of fawn's or wolf's teeth.

We laugh at the queer compounds which Chinese doctors prescribe for their patients; but our Puritan fathers made their children swallow quite as nauseous mixtures.

## Economy for Other People.

Next to the management of other people's children, the management of other people's incomes is the field in which we best display our genius. Judging from the comments made financial embarrassment would disappear from the circle of our friends if only they would expend their incomes in accordance with our wise opinions.

It is pitiable to see people who could have the benefit of our wisdom calmly ignore their privilege, and proceed to expend their money in such foolish ways—ways which force them to embarrassment! We could, if only they would listen, show them the lack of proportion in their expenditures. How much our friend could save if only she would discharge one servant and do that servant's work! True, she does not know how to do that work, and she dislikes that particular branch of housework, but we know she ought to learn. She persists in her own way, and must economize in hats. Then the table expenses. How our wisdom would reduce bills here? We would be willing to make out a menu that would be much more economical than the haphazard arrangement that prevails in her household now! The family might not enjoy it; doubtless would prefer the present variety that is the result of want of system; that is, of course, a secondary matter. Wisdom cannot afford attention to such trifling matters as the palate!

Then in dress. It is a question where our wisdom would be worth most, whether concentrated on the larder or the wardrobe. But we are most unselfish. Unasked we plan the expenses in all departments of our friends' expenditures, and that they are embarrassed is not our fault; at any time the reservoir of our wisdom might have been drawn upon but they would not turn the faucet. Could they have feared a deluge?

The amount of unused wisdom in this world, especially in the management of other people's affairs, forces us not only to doubt our friends' intelligence, but even, at times, their sanity. How well we know that if we had the opportunity we would most gladly avail ourselves of it! Alas! there is no wise friend to help us in the management of our financial affairs. We must take the entire responsibility, because we have outside superior judgment to aid us.

## Pure Food and the Cordon Bleu.

Now that the Wholesale Grocer's Association have wisely come to Washington with an exposition of pure food and have hired the largest hall in the United States for this excellent purpose, it is to be hoped, says Kate Field's Washington, that legislators will study an object lesson of vital importance. Adulterations kill far more than we suspect. There is death in the cruet, in the mustard-pot, in the wine cask and in the demijohn. The adulterator is a murderer in disguise and should be treated accordingly. National disregard of this human vampire has led to such amazing dishonesty in the preparation of foods as to threaten the extinction of the American stomach.

Let law-givers therefore be taken by the arm and shown the difference between pure and impure foods, let them and their wives attend the cooking lectures and learn the difference between a cook who, heaven born, wears the cordon bleu, and one who, devil born, spoils everything she lays her hands on, thereby sowing seeds of crime. When visceras discover that morals are largely an affair of digestion, and legislate accordingly, they will do much toward emptying prisons. Bad

food spoils many a temper and drives many a soul to drink.

It is a cheering fact that all our lecturers on cooking are women. The lecturer of the second annual pure food exposition is no exception. That she is assisted by a "famous chef" leads me to ask how many know that it was the genius of a woman cook that led to the institution of the cordon bleu, which can only be bestowed upon women. Not very long ago I labored under the delusion that this order was awarded to men only. Being set right by a clever correspondent, I want to apologize for an injustice to my own sex and tell an interesting story in the lives of a French king and his favorite.

Louis XV. had no more faith in women cooks than masculine epicures have now. Madame Du Barry, on the contrary, believed in them and determined to convert the king to her way of thinking, not by discussing the abstract proposition of the equality of the sexes but by testing a thick pheasant jelly as the first dish of a sumptuous repast. This argument was followed by the crust of a French roll, filled with livers of eel pouts. Louis XV. awaited the next proposition with impatience; it took the form of a delicious hash of snipe. A supreme of chicken, crayfish cooked in Sauterne, a roast pullet, and kickshaws completed the demonstration. The delighted father of his people confessed that he had dined as became a king, and asked to see the cook. A woman was brought before him, and there was nothing for it but to accept the defeat of prejudice with good grace. He conferred upon her the order of the "Cordon Bleu," which from that time has been the recognized designation of a skillful female cook.

Why cannot some philanthropist found a national cooking school, the highest award of which shall be the transplanted order of the Cordon Bleu? What a glorious chance to save this country in time of peace!

## An Art Kitchen.

Probably the most perfect kitchen in this country is that of Mrs. Norton Q. Pope, of Brooklyn, whose art library is already so famous. During the building of her present residence, Mrs. Pope placed entire confidence in her Yankee chef, and he had confidence in himself, the result being an art culinary department and laundry fitted up with some very original inventions, and declared by those who are interested in such matters, to excel any in New York city. To begin with, walls, floor and ceiling are nicely tiled. No storied Dutch kitchen was ever more scrupulously clean. The range is no ordinary affair, glittering in its bright nickel trimmings, and so vast looking to the housekeeper accustomed to the average set-in range as to seem to need a special functionary to attend to this alone. Not the least special feature of this portion of the room is the Dutch oven reserved for certain kinds of baking. At one end of the kitchen off from the entry, is the most sanitariously planned bread-baking pantry, and refrigerator room, fitted with special appliances; leading off from the other end is the cozy breakfast room, decorated in French style.

Through the center of this kitchen is a long solid oak counter, where the white-capped chef directs the business of the day. All the saucepans and skillets are made to order with long steel handles, one for the vessel and one for the cover. They shine and glitter in a dazzling array instead of being tucked away one above the other in the usual city fashion. The chef points out with pride special ideas of his own, such as the convenient spice-board, dish cabinets within easy reach, the clock set in a sheet iron frying pan and hung upon the wall and the unique match-safe, a shining tin coffee pot, set in the wall. In a cupboard under a closet are two queer looking keg-shaped nickel-trimmed tanks of granite ware, one filled with vinegar, the other with molasses, each fitted with a faucet and supplied with a pint measure. Silver chafing dishes and a silver steak boiler for grand occasions are other curiosities.

Nor is the laundry one whit less pretentious, with its glossy tiles and marble wainscoting, where polished starch pans hang on a crane ready for use and immaculate flatirons stand upon a nickel shelf, or possibly a silver one, for in this artistic basement details have been as carefully considered as in the beautiful rooms above. This is, indeed, a model kitchen worthy of the name.—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

## Result of Sunday Labor.

It is a very sorrowful report which Miss Scudder gives in a late number of the Congregationalist concerning the women tailors of Boston. Not only are there thousands who have barely supported themselves been thrown out by the cheaper labor of the Polish Jews, but by the Sunday labor of classes who work continuously from year's beginning to year's end. The working poor of Boston are beginning to realize at last what is the true "Continental Sunday" their self-constituted leaders have been so anxious to secure for them. With the disappearance of the American Sabbath the last ray of hope will fade from the workingman's horizon.

True and universal temperance is the spirit of obedience to all the laws of man's manifold and miraculous nature.—[WESTMINSTER REVIEW.]

## With the Poets.

### An Antidote to Care.

Think that the grass upon thy grave is green;  
Think that thou seest thine own empty chair;  
The empty garments thou wast wont to wear;  
The empty room where long thy haunt hath been,  
Think that the lane, the meadow and the wood,  
And mountain summit feel thy feet no more,  
Nor the loud thoroughfare, nor sounding shore;  
All mere blank space where thou thyself hast stood.  
Amid this thought-created silence say  
To thy stripped soul, what am I now and where?  
Then turn and face the petty narrowing care  
Which has been gnawing thee for many a day,  
And it will die as dies a wailing breeze  
Lost in the solemn roar of bounding seas.  
—[James Smetham in Littell's Living Age.]

### Soul and Body.

The body says, "I am thirsty,"  
The body says, "I am cold,"  
The body says, "I am weary,"  
And last of all, "I am old."  
And for its thirst there is water,  
And shelter warm in the blast,  
And for its ache there is slumber,  
But it dies—it dies at last.  
But I am a soul, please heaven,  
And though I freeze in my cage,  
Or burn of a sleepless fever,  
I shall live untouched of age.  
—[E. Wetherald in Youth's Companion.]

### Help Thou Mine Unbelief.

Because I seek Thee not, oh seek Thou me!  
Because my lips are dumb, oh hear the cry  
I did not utter as Thou passest by,  
And from my life-long bondage set me free!  
Because content I perish, far from Thee,  
Oh seize me, snatch me from my fate, and try  
My soul in thy consuming fire!  
Draw nigh,  
And let me, blinded, Thy salvation see.

If I were pouring at Thy feet my tears,  
If I were clamoring to see Thy face,  
I should not need Thee, Lord, as now I need,  
Whose dumb, dead soul knows neither hopes nor fears,  
Nor dreads the outer darkness of this place—  
Because I seek not, pray not, give Thou heed!  
—[Louise Chandler Moulton.]

### Progress the Law of Life.

Progress is  
The law of life; man's self is not yet Man!  
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end  
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth  
While only here and there a star dispels  
The darkness, here and there a towering mind  
O'erlooks its prostrate fellows.  
—[Robert Browning.]

### Two Offerings.

The day was Easter; like a dying god in pain  
The organ groaned aloud;  
The while the sunlight, chastened by the window stains,  
Fell on a motley crowd.  
On lord and peasant, prince and pariah,  
Who bore,  
As down the aisle they trod,  
As they had prospered, each according to his store,  
An Easter gift to God.

Among them walked a lordly prince of lineage fair,  
With lip of scornful curl,  
Who laid upon the altar with a lofty air,  
A priceless Indian pearl.

There also came a woman, in whose face was seen  
Shame, sin and sorrow blent;  
A woman of the town, a second Magdalene—  
An harlot penitent,

Who seemed the figure of incarnate sin and vice  
As down the aisle she reeled,  
And on the altar laid, beside the pearl of price,  
A lily of the field.

The priest blessed him who gave the pearl, said mass an hour,  
That God his soul might save,  
But with contemptuous hand swept to the ground the flower  
The outcast harlot gave.

His piety was praised by bishop, lord and churl;  
'Twas God alone could tell,  
That while he unto Him gave nothing but the pearl,  
She gave her heart as well.

—Longfellow.  
Cambridge, April 10, 1838.

## Etchings.

### OF GOVERNMENT.

One angel met another on the Jasper street taking earthly observations.

"What are you looking at?"  
"Men," said the other.  
"And what do you see?"  
"I see wise men living under laws made by fools and knaves, and submitting of their own wills."  
"Strange," said the other. "And how do they justify such a system?"  
"They don't justify it. They say it's all wrong."  
"And why do they submit?"  
"That I cannot tell."  
"And what do they call such a strange anomaly?"  
"Politics."

### AN OVERSIGHT.

"See here," said Satan to his friend Beelzebub, "we have overreached ourselves. You insisted that we must put it into the brain of man to invent instrument for his destruction, and we have so done. Man has made Gatling guns, mitrailleuse, chain shot, giant powder, dynamite—every day he effects some new combination which insures greater destructiveness."

"Well, then," said Beelzebub, "all is well."

"What a fool you are," sneered Satan, with asperity, "Don't you see that we have made war so costly that these manikins won't fight?"  
"Ah," said Beelzebub in despair, "why didn't I reflect that these people are always calculating expenses?"

### PRAYER.

A monk kneeling in his cell prayed long and earnestly that God would watch over all his children on that night of tempestuous storm; that those who were hungry might be fed, and those who were shelterless might be housed. All night long he prayed, his bare knees on the sharp stones, the wind outside blowing a fierce hurricane.

A wanderer came and knocked at the monk's cell, knocked till he was weary, till his strength gave way, and he fell prone at the threshold. In the morning he was dead. Thus the monk found him. How could he have heard faint knocking who prayed so long and loudly through those hours of the night?

### THE WORSHIP OF IMAGES.

"Go," said the emperor to his courier, "and direct that all those who hold beliefs at variance with the state be thrown into prison. And, by the way, stop at the treasury department on your way out and instruct my chancellor of the exchequer that the new issue of coins be stamped with the image of Liberty, that thus we may please the populace."—[Kate Field's Washington.]

You may desire first to become good.  
That is the first and great end of life.  
That is what God sent you into the world for.—  
[CHARLES KINGSLEY.]

### Drinking and Assassination.

Writing of the recent assassination of Carter Harrison, the late mayor of Chicago, the New York Voice has this to say about Prendergast, the assassin: "He was promised some office during the election campaign and failed to get it. Not receiving the appointment he brooded on his wrongs over a pail of beer every night, and between the brooding and the beer worked himself up into a condition of savage desperation. 'He went out to a neighboring saloon nearly every night for a pail of beer and drank it in his room,' is the statement made by his landlord. On Saturday he went to Mayor Harrison's residence, asked to see the mayor, and when the latter appeared in the hall Prendergast shot him four or five times, then ran away and gave himself up to the police."

Thomas Darcy McGee, it will be remembered, was assassinated at Ottawa years ago by a man who fortified his courage by some heavy drinking, and the same was the case with President Abraham Lincoln. The lives of sober men are all the time put in jeopardy because somebody else has been drinking. And yet some men go right on talking about "personal liberty" in connection with the drink traffic, just as though society has no right to protect itself from the dangers of drinking and drunken men!

### She Solved the Tramp Problem.

Ex-Senator Castle, in the Illinois Suffragist, vouches for the truth of the following: "A Kansas woman who has been elected police justice of her city has adopted a novel solution for the tramp problem. The first tramp who was brought before her for judgment was sentenced to two baths a day for ten days, and to hard labor on the stone pile, with the order that he be fed if he worked, and starved if he shirked. The prisoner survived the ordeal, but now the first question a tramp asks on approaching a Kansas town is whether the police judge is a man or a woman."

DEAN STANLEY'S OPINION.—The late noble Dean Stanley, of Westminster Abbey, was one of those men of whom the Church in England will long be proud. He had not so much doubt about the temperance question as some of the lesser lights seem to have. He once said in Westminster Abbey, in regard to "the prodigious evil of drunkenness," that, "for many there is only one remedy, namely, total abstinence. The one thing needful, in the present distress, is to remove the alcoholic temptations by all the means which lie in our power." That is just what those favoring prohibition in Canada are now trying to do.