

## THE BATTLE OF LIFE

WORDS OF CHEER FOR WOMEN WHO  
WOMEN.

Dr. Talmage Preaches From the Text,  
"Every Wise Woman Buildeth Her  
House" Honest Independence Better  
Than Uncongenial Matrimonial Bonds.

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Washington, Jan. 16.—This sermon of Dr. Talmage is a great encouragement to women who have to earn their own living as well as to all toilers with hand or brain; text, Proverbs xiv, 1, "Every wise woman buildeth her house."

Woman a mere adjunct to man, an appendix to the masculine volume, an appendage, a sort of afterthought, something thrown in to make things even—that is the heresy entertained and implied by some men. This is evident to them because Adam was first created and then Eve. They don't read the whole story, or they would find that the porpoise and the bear and the hawk were created before Adam, so that this argument, drawn from priority of creation, might prove that the sheep and the dog were greater than man. No. Woman was an independent creation and was intended, if she chose, to live alone, to work alone, to act alone, to think alone and fight her battles alone. The Bible says it is not good for man to be alone, but never says it is not good for woman to be alone, and the simple fact is that many women who are harnessed for life in the marriage relation would be a thousandfold better off if they were alone.

### Unfortunate Wives.

Who are these men who year after year hang around hotels and engine houses and theater doors, and come in and out to bother busy clerks and merchants and mechanics, doing nothing, when there is plenty to do? They are men supported by their wives and mothers. If the statistics of any our cities could be taken on this subject, you would find that a vast multitude of women not only support themselves, but masculines. A great legion of men amount to nothing and a woman by marriage manacled to one of these nonentities needs condolence. A woman standing outside the marriage relation is several hundred thousand times better off than a woman badly married. Many a bride instead of a wreath of orange blossoms plights more properly wear a bunch of nettles and nightshade, and instead of the wedding march a more appropriate tune would be the dead march in "Saul," and instead of a banquet of confectionery and ices there might be more appropriately spread a table covered with apples of Sodom.

Many an attractive woman of good sound sense in other things has married one of these men to reform him. What was the result? Like when a dove, noticing that a vulture was rapacious and cruel, set about to reform it, and said, "I have a mild disposition and I like peace and was brought up in the quiet of a dove cote, and I will bring the vulture to the same liking by marrying him." So one day, after the vulture declared he would give up his carnivorous habits and cease longing for blood of flock and herd, at an altar of rock covered with moss and lichen, the twain were married, a bald headed eagle officiating, the vulture saying, "With all my dominion of earth and sky I thee endow and promise to love and cherish till death do us part." But one day the dove in her fright saw the vulture busy at a carcass and cried: "Stop that! Did you not promise me that you would quit your carnivorous and filthy habits if I married you?" "Yes," said the vulture, "but if you don't like my way you can leave," and with one angry stroke of the beak and another fierce clutch of the claw the vulture left the dove eyeless and wingless and lifeless. And a flock of robins flying past cried to each other and said: "See there! That comes from a dove marrying a vulture to reform him!"

Many a woman who has had the hand of a young inebriate offered, but declined it, or who was asked to chain her life to a man selfish by of bad temper and refused the shackles, will bless God throughout all eternity that she escaped that earthly pandemonium.

### Decreed to Celibacy.

Besides all this, in our country about 1,000,000 men were sacrificed in our civil war, and that decreed 1,000,000 women to celibacy. Besides that, since the war several armies of men as large as the Federal and Confederate armies put together have fallen undermanned and distilled spirits so full of poisoned ingredients that the work was done more rapidly, and the victims fell while yet young. And if 50,000 men are destroyed every year by strong drink before marriage that makes in the 33 years since the war 1,650,000 men slain and decrees 1,650,000 women to celibacy. Take, then, the fact that so many women are unhappy in their marriage, and the fact that the slaughter of 2,550,000 men by war and rum combined decrees that at least that number of women shall be unaffiliated for life, my text comes in with a cheer and a potency and appropriateness that you may never have seen in it before when it says, "Every wise woman buildeth her house"—that is, let woman be her own architect, lay out her own plans, be her own supervisor, achieve her own destiny.

In addressing those women who have to fight the battle alone, I congratulate you on your happy escape. Rejoice forever that you will not have to navigate the faults of the other sex when you have faults enough of your own. Think of the bereavements you avoid, of the risks of unassimilated tender which you will not have to run, of the cares you will not have to carry, of the opportunity of outside usefulness from which marital life would have partially debared you, and that you are free to go and come as one who has the responsibilities of a household can seldom be. God has not given you a

hard lot as compared with your sisters. When young women shall make up their minds at the start that masculine companionship is not a necessity in order to happiness, and that there is a strong probability that they will have to fight the battle of life alone, they will be getting the timber ready for their own fortune and their saw and ax and plane sharpened for its construction, since "every wise woman buildeth her house."

### Should Learn Self-Support.

As nobody ought to be brought up without learning some business at which he could earn a livelihood, so no girl ought to be brought up without learning the science of self-support. The difficulty is that many a family goes sailing on the high tides of success and the husband and father depends on his own health and acumen for the welfare of his household. But one day he goes his feet wet, and in three days pneumonia has closed his life, and the daughters are turned out on a cold world to earn bread, and there is nothing practical that they can do. The friends come in and hold consultation. "Give music lessons," says an outsider.

Yes, that is a useful calling, and if you have great genius for it go on in that direction. But there are enough music teachers now starving to death in all our towns and cities to occupy all the piano stools and sofas and chairs and front door steps of the city. Besides that, the daughter has been playing only for amusement and is only at the foot of the ladder, to the top of which a great multitude of masters on piano and harp and flute and organ have climbed.

"Put the bereft daughters as saleswomen in the stores," says another adviser. But there they must compete with salesmen of long experience or with men who have served an apprenticeship in commerce and who began as shopboys at 10 years of age. Some kind hearted dry goods man, having known the father, now gone, says, "We are not in need of any more help just now, but send your daughters to my store, and I will do as well by them as possible." Very soon the question comes up, Why do not the female employees of that establishment get as much wages as the male employees? For the simple reason in many cases the females were suddenly flung by misfortune behind that counter, while the males have from the day they left the public school been learning the business.

How is this evil to be cured? Start clear back in the homestead and teach your daughters that life is an earnest thing, and that there is a possibility, if not a strong probability, that they will have to fight the battle of life alone. Let every father and mother say to their daughters, "Now, what would you do for a livelihood if what I now own were swept away by financial disaster or old age or death should end my career?"

"Well, I could paint on pottery and do such decorative work." Yes, that is beautiful, and if you have genius for it go on in that direction. But there are enough busy at that now to make a line of hardware as long as von Pennsylvania avenue.

"Well, I could make recitations in public and earn my living as a dramatist." I could render 'King Lear' or 'Macbeth' till your hair would rise on end, or give you 'Sheridan's Rides' or Dickens' 'Pickwick.' "Yes, that is a beautiful art, but ever and anon, as now, there is an epidemic of dramatization that makes hundreds of households nervous with the cries and shrieks and groans of young tragediennes dying in the fifth act, and the trouble is that while your friends would like to hear you and really think that you could surpass Ristori and Charlotte Cushman and Fanny Kemble of the past, to say nothing of the present, you could not, in the way of living, in ten years earn 10 cents.

My advice to all girls and all unmarried women, whether in affluent homes or in homes where most stringent economies are grinding, is to learn to do some kind of work that the world must have while the world stands. I am glad to see a marvelous change for the better and that women have found out that there are hundreds of practical things that a woman can do for a living if she begins soon enough, and that men have been compelled to admit it. You and I can remember when the majority of occupations were thought inappropriate for women, but our civil war came, and the hosts of men went forth from north and south and to conduct the business of our cities during the patriotic absence women were demanded by the tens of thousands to take the vacant places, and multitudes of women, who had hitherto been supported by fathers and brothers and sons, were compelled from that time to take care of themselves. From that time a mighty change took place favorable to female employment.

### Appropriate Occupations.

Among the occupations appropriate for woman I place the following, into many of which she has already entered and all the others she will enter: Stenography, and you may find her at nearly all the reportorial stands in our educational, political and religious meetings. Savings banks, the work clean and honorable, and who so great a right to toil there, for a woman founded the first savings bank—Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield? Copyists, and there is hardly a professional man that does not need the service of her penmanship and as amanuensis many of the greatest books of our day have been dictated for her writing. There they are as florists and confectioners and music teachers and bookkeepers, for which they are specially qualified by patience and accuracy and wood engraving, in which the Cooper Institute has turned out so many qualified, and telegraphy, for which she is specially prepared, and thousands of the telegraphic offices will testify. Photography, and in nearly all our establishments they may be found there at a useful work. As workers in ivory and bone, pearls and gulls' waste and tortoise shell and gilding, and in chemicals, in porcelain, in terra cotta, in postmistresses, and presidents have given them appointments all over the land.

As proofreaders, as translators, as modelers, as designers, as draftswomen, as lithographers, as teachers in schools and seminaries, for which they are especially

## K RAILROADERS TELL OF IT'S WONDERFUL CURES

THE  
NEW  
INGREDIENT  
WORKS STARTLING  
CURES

### TWENTY YEARS OF LUMBAGO.

I, JAMES MUIR, of the City of Hamilton, Co. of Wentworth, residing 243 Emerald Street N., do solemnly declare that I am at present employed as night baggage master Grand Trunk Station, Hamilton. I was troubled for over twenty years with lumbago, and at times was so severely afflicted that I could not walk. Twice a year during the time the attacks were very intense, but the pain was constantly with me, and for about ten years I could not stand straight for a longer period than about fifteen minutes, when I would be compelled to lean over or stoop forward in order to relieve myself.

After using nine bottles of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure I am free from lumbago and consider myself completely cured. I told Mr. Ryckman that if I felt no pains for one year after taking his medicine, that I would give him a testimonial, and as the time expires this week, I came to him without solicitation to give this sworn declaration. I conscientiously consider Kootenay Cure one of the greatest and best remedies for back or kidney trouble ever used by mankind, and wish my case to become generally known, as I doctored with five different medical men and was told by some of them that they could do nothing for me; others said, "Go to bed and stay until I get better," but that would have been giving up all hope and confessing myself a hopeless invalid. Kootenay Cure was my salvation, and I believe it only right that medical men, universities and hospitals should use the remedy extensively.

Sworn to before WM J. ROSS, Notary Public.  
HAMILTON, 15th Dec., 1896.

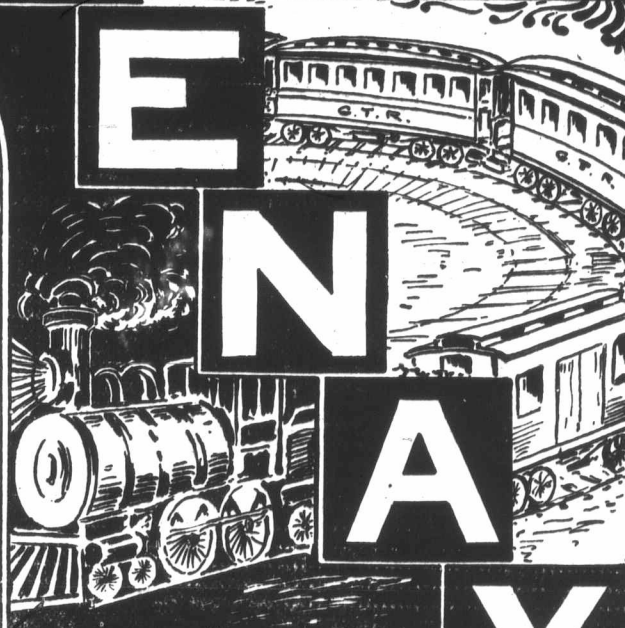


### RAILROAD KIDNEY.

I, WILLIAM WALKER, of the City of Hamilton, do solemnly declare that I reside at 84 Colborne Street, and am employed as passenger brakeman on the G. T. R.

I suffered intensely with what is called Railway Kidneys and also had Sciatica, which became so severe that I had to leave my work. I had medical treatment, was fly blistered and had hot irons applied, but without success. I took a great quantity of medicine and when I began the use of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure I thought it was only another experiment and could hardly trust my own senses and could hardly trust my own senses when I began to get better. The pain gradually left me, my kidneys began to act with regularity and promptly, my appetite returned, and now I am cured. I am forty years of age, have been with the G. T. R. for twelve years, and am now able to work every day, thanks to Kootenay Cure, which I have pleasure in recommending to everyone suffering with Rheumatism or Kidney Trouble, and especially to railroad men, who are all more or less subject to disordered kidneys.

Sworn to before J. W. SEYMOUR CORLEY, Notary Public.  
HAMILTON, 30th Dec., 1896.



CURE.

endowed, the first teacher of every child by divine arrangement being a woman. As physicians, having graduated after a regular course of study from the female colleges of our large cities, where they get as scientific and thorough preparation as any doctors ever had and go forth to a work which no one but women could so appropriately and delicately do. On the lecturing platform, for you know the brilliant success of Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Halliwell and Miss Willard and Mrs. Lathrop. As physiological lecturers to their own sex, for which service there is a demand appalling and terrific. As preachers of the gospel, and all the protests of ecclesiastical courts cannot hinder them, for they have a pathos and a power in their religious utterances that men can never reach. Witness all those who have heard their mother pray.

Oh, young women of America, as many of you will have to fight your own battles alone, do not wait until you are flung of disaster and your father is dead and all the resources of your family have been scattered, but now, while in a good house and envied by all prosperities, learn how to do some kind of work that the world must have, as long as the world stands. Turn your attention from the embroidery of fine slippers, of which there is a surplus, and make a useful shoe. Expend the time in which you adorn a cigar case in learning how to make a good, honest loaf of bread. Turn your attention from the making of flimsy notions to the manufacturing of important somethings.

### Practical Education.

Much of the time spent in young ladies' seminaries in studying what are called the "higher branches" might better be expended in teaching them something by which they could support themselves. If you are going to be teachers, or if you have so much assured wealth that you can always dwell in those high regions, trigonometry of course, metaphysics of course, Latin and Greek and German and French and Italian of course, and a hundred other things of course, but if you are not expecting to teach, and your wealth is not established beyond misfortune, after you have learned the ordinary branches take hold of that kind of study that will pay in dollars and cents in case you are thrown on your own resources. Learn to do something better than anybody else.

"No, no!" says some young woman. "I will not undertake anything so unromantic and commonplace as that." An excellent author writes that after he had, in a book, argued for efficiency in womanly work in order to success, and positive apprenticeship by way of preparation, a prominent chemist advertised that he would teach a class of women to become druggists and apothecaries. They would go through an apprenticeship, and do, and a printer advertised that he would take a class of women to learn his trade. If they would

apprenticeship as men do, and how many, according to the account of the author, do you suppose applied to become skilled in the druggist and printing business? Not one!

"But," you ask, "what would my father and mother say if they saw I was doing such unfashionable work?" Throw the whole responsibility upon us, the pastors, who are constantly hearing of young women in all these cities who, unqualified by their previous struggle of life into which they have been suddenly hurled, seemed to have nothing left them but a choice between starvation and damnation. There they go along the street 7 o'clock in the wintry mornings through the slush and storm to the place where they shall earn only half enough for subsistence, the daughters of once prosperous merchants, lawyers, clergymen, artists, bankers and capitalists, who brought up their children under the infernal delusion that it was not high time for women to learn a profitable calling. Young women, take this affair in your own hand and let there be an insurrection in all prosperous families on the part of the daughters of this day, demanding knowledge in occupations and styles of business by which they may be their own defense and their own support if all fatherly and husbandly and brotherly hands forever fail them. I have seen two sad sights, the one a woman in all the glory of her young life, stricken by disease and in a week lifeless in a home of which she had been the pride. As her hands were folded over the still heart and her eyes closed for the last slumber and she was taken out amid the lamentations of kindred and friends I thought that was a sadness immeasurable. But I have seen something compared with which that scene was bright and songful. It was a young woman who had been all her days amid wealthy surroundings by the visit of death and bankruptcy to the household turned out on a cold world without one lesson about how to get food or shelter into the awful whirlpool of city life, where strong ships have gone down, and for 20 years not one word has been heard from her. Vessels went out on the Atlantic ocean looking for a shipwrecked craft that was left alone and forsaken on the sea a few weeks before with the idea of bringing it into port. But who shall ever bring again into the harbor of peace and hope and heaven that lost womanly immortal, driven in what tempest, aflame in what conflagration, sinking into what abyss? O God, help! O Christ, rescue! My sisters, get out your time to learning fancy work which the world may dispense with when hard times, but connect your skill with the indispensable of life.

### Successful Women.

But God will arrange all, and all we have to do is to do our best and trust him for the rest. Let us cheer all women fighting the battle of life alone with the

fact of thousands of women who have won the day. Mary Lyon, founder of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, fought the battle alone; Adelaide Newton, the tract distributor, alone; Fidelity Fisk, the consecrated missionary, alone; Dorothea Dix, the angel of the insane asylums, alone; Caroline Herschel, the indispensable reinforcement of her brother, alone; Maria Takrzeswska, the heroine of the Berlin hospital, alone; Helen Chalmers, patron of the sewing schools for the poor of Edinburgh, alone. And thousands and tens of thousands of women, of whose bravery and self-sacrifice and glory of character the world has made no record, but whose deeds are in the heavenly archives of martyrs who fought the battle alone, and though unrecognized for the short 30 or 50 or 80 years of their earthly existence shall through the quintillions of ages of the higher world be pointed out with the admiring cry, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Let me also say, for the encouragement of all women fighting the battle of life alone, that their conflict will soon end. There is one word written over the faces of many of them, and that word is despair. My sister, you need appeal to Christ, who comforted the sisters of Bethany in their domestic trouble and who in his last hours forgot all the pangs of his own hands and feet and heart as he looked into the face of maternal anguish and called a friend's attention to it, in substance saying: "John, I cannot take care of her any longer. Do for her as I would have done if I had lived. Behold thy mother!" If, under the pressure of unrequited and unappreciated work, your hair is whitening and the wrinkles come, rejoice that you are "nearing the hour of escape from your very last fatigue."

The daughter of a regiment in any army is all surrounded by bayonets of defense, and in the battle, whoever falls, she is kept safe. And you are the daughter of the regiment commanded by the Lord of Hosts. After all, you are not fighting the battle of life alone. All heaven is on your side. You will be wise to appropriate to yourself the words of sacred rhythm:

One who has known in storms to sail  
I have on board.  
Above the roaring of the gale  
I hear my Lord.

He holds me. When the billows smite,  
I shall not fall.  
If short, 'tis sharp; if long, 'tis light.  
He tempest all.

At 11:30 Saturday morning Mr. Adolphe Mueller, German and French teacher at the Berlin High School, was found dead in his room at the Walper House. He went to bed in fairly good health the night before. Mr. Mueller, who was one of Berlin's prominent citizens, was 50 years of age and unmarried. He was a German by birth.