

LOVE A MODERN INNOVATION; IS UNKNOWN IN MANY PLACES

Saddest Part of Humanity's History—A Time When There Was
No Conjugal Love—Strange Marriage Customs
Among Asiatics and Other Races.

During the centuries man has led and woman has followed, he has commanded and she has obeyed, he has flourished and she has cringed. She yielded to his will not because she feared him or she knew she must, but she realized that she was the mother of the race, and without this submission all would be lost. It was for her children and home she gave up all rights until she was reduced to a mere chattel. Sadder and more shameful than have been the horrors of war and religious persecutions are the cruelties and insults woman has endured.

No less a scholar than Herbert Spencer said: "In the history of humanity the saddest part concerns itself with the treatment of women. Cannibalism, the torturing of prisoners, the sacrificing of victims to ghosts and gods—these have been but occasional, but the treatment of woman has been universal and constant. The amount of suffering she has borne is beyond the imagination."

This only is a part: there are many countries where baby girls come into the world unwelcomed, and when their children are considered too plentiful the girls are left to starve. Their childhood is filled with hardships, and they are betrothed when still children. Marriage does not bring them joy, freedom, and leisure; they merely exchange the word of their parents for that of a master.

WITHERED, FADED, FORGOTTEN.

In certain countries they are considered mere chattels, while in others they are confined in a harem. They serve as toys, things of amusement to their masters. They win favor as long as they charm their husbands by their beauty and grace, but when they wither and fade they are forgotten.

Even in many parts of Europe today the husband considers himself the natural master and the head of the household. He commands and counsels and the wife and children must obey his words. In Britain and in America men are awakening to the truth that love and a proper respect for woman have their influence on the home and count in the making of society. This claim may be large, but in proportion to its existence does society evolve.

Certainly there is a long gap in evolution between the man who gets his wife by courting her and the one who steals her; there is a great difference in culture shown by the husband who considers his wife his truest and most trusted comrade, and the one who rules her with cuffs and blows. The history of woman, how she sank into slavery, suffered and yielded, developed, and gradually came to her own, is one full of deep interest.

TRADES SISTER FOR WIFE.

It is hard to picture the time when there was no conjugal love, when no woman called a man husband, and no child a parent-father. Still this condition once existed. It is harder to picture a time when the only way a man got his wife was by stealing her, or by carrying her away from her parents, sacrificing her parents by paying them a price in food or cattle. Still this practice was once almost universal, and is practiced in many parts of the world today. The Australian knows no other way than to steal a wife, or give a sister in exchange. The parents care little how their daughters are treated. In New Zealand the father or brother, in giving the girl away, tells her husband, "If you are displeased with her sell her, kill her, or eat her."

In Kouranko young girls usually are sold to a man because they can pay better prices; when the husbands die the young women are permitted to marry whom they will.

Parents are often so eager to dispose of their daughters that they betroth the girls before they are grown. In New Caledonia the children are betrothed by the parents almost from the moment they are born. In Assam little girls of 10 and 15 are sold in marriage, though they do not leave their mother's home until some years later. In Polynesia the fathers, mothers, and relatives arrange matches for the girls when they are 5 and 7 years old.

GIRL OF TWENTY MARRIED TO BOY OF FIVE.

Among the Reddies of India a young girl of 15 or 20 frequently is married to a boy of 5 and 6. She then goes to live with the father or the uncle of the future husband. Child marriages still are common in India, especially amongst the Brahmins. It is not unusual for a man of 60 to marry a girl of 6. Among the Russian peasants it is common for a boy of 8 or 10 to marry a woman of 25 or 30.

In spite of the notion held by the modern man that a wife today usually is a great luxury there are countries where women are considered good investments.

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compromise with barbarous and feudal customs.

In Italy a girl has little choice as to whom she would marry—her parents decide this question for her. And she is taught that she must yield to her husband as willingly as she has done to her parents. To his pleasure, not hers, that counts, and if she courts his anger she may have to pay for it with his stiletto. Though married women in Germany and France have more rights and command some respect it is taken for granted that their husbands' pleasures and comforts are more important than their own.

The Greeks and Romans were wise in many things, but they had little real appreciation for womanhood. The Greeks considered woman a thing; her father had the right to sell her to a husband, and the latter could sell her or give her away. He also could bequeath her with his fortune. She was not considered a part of the household in Rome except as a slave. Her husband had the right to sell her, give her away, and flog her at his pleasure. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine says: "The Roman marriage was only a contract for a slavery."

MUST HAVE SONS' CONSENT TO REMARRY.

With the Saxons, Burgundians, and the Germans, as soon as a son passed his 15th year his mother, if a widow, was put under his charge; she could not do anything, not even remarry, without getting his consent.

Certainly poets have sung women's praises from time immemorial, but they meant not what they said; they wanted something to romance about, and they thought of women as a thing, not as an easy theme. Women have been considered and still are too often considered property, objects to be tolerated, but worthy of little respect or genuine love.

The last century has done much for woman. It has taught the thinking world the woman is more than a property, more than a toy, more than a home-maker. She is placed on earth to be man's comrade and his source of highest inspiration—a soul that loves and awakens love—this is the mark which makes the whole world one.

THE PEOPLE BEHIND BECAME IMPATIENT

DELAY CAUSED BY LADY FROM SHEEPSHEAD BAY.

She climbed the stairs of the elevated station at Park Place very slowly. She wore a black suit and a large black picture hat, trimmed with big black tips. She carried a number of packages neatly wrapped up in white paper, and in her right hand a small black leather handbag.

When she reached the top of the stairs she stopped a few moments to rest and recover her breath. The other people who had followed her up the narrow stairs rushed past her, for it was growing late in the afternoon, and a train was nearing the station. By the time her turn came to purchase her ticket there was a long strip of people back of her, but she paid no attention to them, and took things very leisurely. First she placed one of her bundles on the little shelf which protrudes out from underneath the ticket agent's back, and then she extracted her purse from her leather handbag, and opening it, she took a crisp \$5 note from outside of a large roll of greenbacks.

Shoving the bill through the hole in the ticket agent's window she demanded one ticket. The ticket agent took the ticket from a long strip and set about to make up her change.

First came out nine nickels, then followed five dimes, then came a silver dollar and last of all three single dollar bills. It took her some time to gather up the change with her gloved hands and put it into her handbag. In doing so she knocked her ticket off the shelf.

The ticket fluttered to the floor and a man stepped forward to pick it up in the line, picked it up and returned it to her. By this time the train had pulled into the station and the people behind the woman began to get impatient. One man glanced at his watch and two or three others made remarks which the woman did not hear.

"Do these trains all run up Sixth avenue?" she inquired of the ticket agent.

"Yes, they do. Some run to Harlem, while others go north as far as Fifty-eighth street," answered the ticket agent.

"Well, I'm from Sheepshead Bay, and I only want to go to Thirty-third street to do some shopping," she continued. "Can I get there by taking one of these trains?"

"Yes, take any train at all. Ride up until you come to the Thirty-third street station and then get off," directed the ticket agent.

"Well, I'm very much obliged to you," she said.

In taking up her bundle from the shelf she knocked her purse off, and the silver contents scattered around the floor. Two or three men helped to gather them up.

"Harlem train, all aboard!" shouted the guard on the car.

Then the gates were closed with a bang, the guard pulled the bell rope, and the train started out of the station, leaving the woman and the rest of the would-be passengers behind.

"Just like a woman," remarked one man to another after he had just missed boarding the train by a hair's breadth. "Now we will have to wait another five or ten minutes before another Harlem train comes along."

The woman who had caused all this delay walked up to the forward part of the station, and sitting down on the old wooden bench contented herself with rearranging the contents of her leather handbag.—New York Sun.

The 220,000 miles of main track of the railways of the United States represent property to the extent of \$15,000,000,000, or as much as the value of all the property in the country in 1860, the year of Lincoln's election. Their income of over \$1,000,000,000 a year is very nearly four times the annual revenue of the United States Government. The number of men on their rolls is 1,500,000, an army as great as the combined forces that Genghis and Linevitch had in Manchuria at the time of the peace of Portsmouth. —[Leslie's Weekly.]

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one train of ideas excited to prepare you for receiving, in its full force, the shock of the opposite. The ballroom thrown open to you; beauty and chivalry, in all the splendor that should grace the festive hour, presented to you; the voluptuous swell of music awakened for you; your senses, your imagination, and your affections, environed with scenes and images of sweetness, and grace, and loveliness; and you—striking you again with alarm, to bring trepidation and terror before you, in their most appalling shapes and attitudes. The whole scene, as by the waving of an enchanter's wand, changed in a moment!

For smiles, tears; for blushes, pale-ness; for meetings, partings; for the assembly, the cannon; for the ballroom, the battlefield! This is one of the most favorite feats of poetry, and occurs frequently in the works of all great masters. It is a means by which they provoke that agitation and hurry of spirits, which enable them to take possession of their readers; and which consists in bringing contraries into sudden collision. The luxuriant valley opens upon the sterile heath; the level plain borders upon the rugged mountain; you walk in imagined security, and find yourself upon the brink of an abyss; you fall asleep with the languor of the calm, and awaken with the fury of the tempest! Campbell soothes the apprehensions of Gertrude—places Albert and his interesting family in their lighted bower, prolonging the joy of converse—when Outalissi rushes in to tell them, that

"The mammoth comes! the foe! the monster Brandt!"

With all his howling—desolating band!"

Thomson avails himself of the serenity of a placid summer's day, and the security and calm of quietude, happy communing love—to introduce the tempest, whose lightning strikes Amelia to the earth, a blackened corpse! Milton works up his infernal hero to the highest pitch of demonic exaltation, to prepare his exit for the dismal universal hiss, that aptly gratulates his triumph—extends, expands him into the full dimensions of monarchical pride.

HE PREFERS THE FALL.

"The leaves are falling now from the trees in the range of backyards in view from my shady window," said Professor Von Jorgelby, "and that brings to my mind, as it always does, the question of which season I like best. As a matter of fact, I like them all. And here I am reminded of the words of the poet, as to the season he would prefer to die in:

"I wouldn't die in springtime,
In summer or in fall,
I wouldn't die in winter,
I wouldn't die at all."

"You see, when he came to really give the subject consideration he found that he didn't want to die in any of them, the obvious inference being that he liked all the seasons and I am like the poet in this respect, as well as like him in not wanting to die in any season, but I have a choice among the seasons to live in, as indeed, perhaps he did, and for myself I like fall the best."

"If like spring the awakening of nature, the renewal of its youth, the coming of the buds on myriads of plants, and of the buds and the leaves on the trees, and after the rigors of winter I like the soft and balmy air of springtime but I like the soft, hazy, yellow richness of the early days of autumn, of nature's full ripeness, better, and fall I like best of all, when the leaves are going, as they are going now; when, after the languid summer the air is bracing and the winds blow and life is a strong, full joy. I may at some other time have expressed another preference as to my choice of seasons, but if I have done so, please consider that now, revoking all former wills and testaments, I announce fall as my final selection."—New York Sun.

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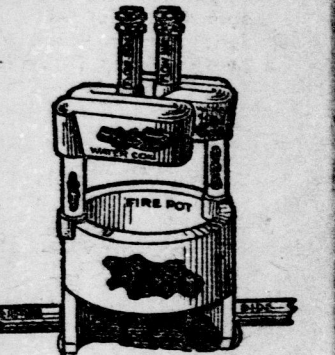
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There are few places more interesting in Chinatown than the Oriental laboratories and drug stores. Quaint and mysterious are some of the prescribed remedies, although many of them are composed of herbs, and are excellent for some maladies. This fact is pretty generally recognized, for the average Chinese doctor who can speak English counts among his patients Americans as well as Orientals. It is a well-known fact that the late Leland Stanford pinned his faith to Chinese herb treatment, and was a regular and unshaken physician of Dr. Wong Woo, a prominent Chinese physician of San Francisco. In one of the large drug stores of New York there are over 3,000 different herbs, roots and berries, all of which are growing in Pennsylvania, from which state large quantities are exported, bringing only 50 cents a pound, while Chinese ginseng sells for \$5 and \$1 a pound. A certain bark, which, upon being broken into pieces, discloses a silvery-colored silken fiber, is much used as a tonic; it is the bark of a tree called Toy-chung. Orange skin, betel nut, licorice, sweet-tasting red berries, bamboo shavings, and all sorts of roots and herbs are used by Chinese doctors.—Leslie's Weekly.

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