

# H·O·M·E·

I was sitting in my cozy parlor, one evening last month, when the door opened and young Mrs. Hapless came in. We call her "young Mrs. Hapless" because her husband's mother lives in the village also. If I had not been accustomed to her appearance I should have supposed some dreadful thing was the matter. She had on an old calico wrapper which never was pretty, but by frequent washing had become faded and streaked; half the buttons were gone, the sleeves and waist in rags and the skirt torn. Her hair was "done up" in a hairpin screw; she wore no collar, and over her head she had pinned a faded plaid shawl which I had seen more than once doing duty as an apron while she washed dishes.

She nodded to me without a smile, and, sinking down on a chair, looked dismally round my pretty room. I went to her ways, so only said "Good-evening."

After a few moments she began in a fretful voice to speak.

"Oh, Mrs. Sunny, how comfortable you do look! You never have any troubles, do you?"

A shiver ran through me as I thought what my troubles had been, but I knew the little woman had come to speak of herself, so I just said, quietly:

"Doesn't every one? Don't you?"

"I? Oh, I am full of trouble! But where is your husband this evening? He is always at home."

"Oh, no, not always," I answered. "This evening he has gone to a political meeting, and there are other evenings when he goes to two different lodges he belongs to."

"But surely, Mrs. Sunny, you don't like him to go to lodges? Why, I think they are horrid! Nobody knows what they do."

I laughed, she looked so tragic.

"Well," I said, "I don't want to know, for I suppose I should not understand. I urged him to go to this political meeting because he wanted to."

"Urged him to go! Well, I call that queer! Why, I coaxed John—John is her husband—to stay with me, and we had a quarrel. I think a man ought to find pleasure in his home sometimes, but John goes out every evening; he goes to his mother's often."

"You never accompany him?" I asked.

"Oh, dear, no. I'm too tired. Why, I haven't been to see Mother Hapless for a whole month. She's dreadfully smart and has everything just so; it's just spoiled John. He seems to think every one ought to be like his mother; he doesn't say much, but he just looks around so, and then goes clearing off a chair to sit down. He hardly says anything but to ask if supper is ready, and then, soon as it is over, he puts on his hat and I never see him till bedtime, and not then often, for I go to bed 'cause I'm lonesome."

I could not but pity the forlorn little wife, left alone all the day and evening; but I knew that she made no home for her husband, while at his mother's he found everything bright, the house orderly, and the still pretty mother prettily dressed and only too glad to have her boy with her. I had often pitied his wife, even while I blamed her. However, now that she herself had broached the subject, I felt that I might offer some advice and assistance, so I said:

"Would you like me to help you to keep your husband at home?"

She opened her big brown eyes as she answered:

"Of course, I would. I often wonder why Mr. Sunny seems to really enjoy his home so much."

I proposed going over to her house, and with a blush she consented, saying wearily:

"It doesn't look like yours."

No, it did not, I acknowledged to myself as we entered the sitting room, passing through the dining room on our way, where the supper dishes were spread on the table, just as she had dumped—I can think of no more fitting term—them after they were washed. There was no table in the middle of the sitting room, but on a small one in a corner an oil lamp burned with a one-sided flame, which partly smoked the chimney. Every chair in the room had something on it, for Mrs. Hapless said she had been looking over her "dresses and things." There was a litter of scraps, spools, pincushions and other paraphernalia for sewing on the table, two fashion magazines, and a paper pattern unfolded; the fire was low and the room chilly. I suppose the contrast to my own made it appear more uninviting to me, and I could not but wonder where John could have sat.

I cleared part of an old dress off a chair and sat down by the almost cold stove; then I asked the poor little shiftless woman if I might tell her a story. She looked as if she thought me crazy, and said, hesitatingly:

"Yes."

"It is the story of my own life," I be-

gan. "I was the daughter of a man who never could stay in one place, so we were always moving; if it was not from one town to another it was from one house to another; therefore I grew up with no sense of real homelike feeling. I married very young, and was charmed to find that my husband not only took me to a snug home, but also that he owned the house and expected to live in it, as he said, always."

"At first we were very happy; the novelty of having a home of my own gave to housekeeping a charm. I had a neat tea table, flowers, plenty of light, music and everything as in our courting days, and Henry seemed as pleased to be with me as he had been before we were married."

"As long as summer lasted all was easy enough. We had agreed that we'd keep no servant; a woman came every day and did the rough work and I did not mind the rest. But when winter came I gradually left off using my best things on the table; it was too much trouble, and as my hands chapped easily I left the dishes for the woman to wash, and that meant to break; so I bought common white ware. I saw Henry make a wry face, but I took no notice."

"I had kept the sitting room bright with flowers, my piano open and books scattered about, for Henry often read aloud; but the cold was intense, and I had generally spent my winters South, so I felt too miserable to care for any of these things. Often I did not change my dress, and after supper would wrap myself in a shawl and go to sleep on the sofa; then Henry would go out—at first I did not notice how often—but when I did I upbraided him for leaving me alone, and took to asking every time he came or went where he had been or where he was going. As he was out so often I did not light the big lamp, so there was no brightness."

"I had never cared in the first days of my married life to ask any friends to call in the evening, but in my loneliness and annoyance I invited several young people. When my husband found that out he also stayed in and seemed to enjoy the company. Then the demon of jealousy entered my soul. Every time Henry spoke to a girl, sang with her, or played a game, I sulked for hours, or, perhaps, days. No man will endure that, and every good girl resents such a suspicion from his wife; so soon I was again left to my long, lonely evenings."

"My husband was never unkind, but he seemed quite indifferent to me. Just then the bric-a-brac craze began, and for want of better amusement I collected a lot of useless stuff, made crazy patchwork cushions and chair backs, had little gilded tables scattered round, and all the other fads of the day. When Henry tried to move about he was always knocking down something, and I flew to the rescue with a cross or peevish word to him. He never answered, but he kept more and more away from home."

"I was out of health and out of spirits; but he seemed not to notice, and I thought he did not care to know. No one can tell what my dismay was when one day he came home and began hastily packing a trunk, telling me that his business would take him away for two months, and I had better get some friend to stay with me during his absence."

"I did so, and a very kind and judicious friend she proved to be. She soon found out the state of affairs, and also that I loved my husband passionately, while he seemed to be slipping away and forgetting me. He wrote once a week, a cold, short, dull letter, and I did not write at all; I could not. I felt as if my heart were breaking."

"After eight weeks had dragged their weary length along Henry wrote that he would be at home on such a day. The day came, and I was in a nervous fever of anticipation when, without any warning, a neighbor rushed into the house to tell us there had been a fearful railroad accident, and many were killed. It was the train on which we expected Henry!"

"In my weak, over-wrought state the shock was too great, and before many hours had passed I was lying almost at my last breath, and the little baby from whose advent I had hoped so much was dead. For two days I knew nothing, then I opened my eyes to see my husband by my side, love and anxiety in the dear face and eyes. I was too weak to think, to remember the accident, to know or to feel anything but the joy of his presence, and I fell asleep with my hand held in his."

"I was young, and the happiness of seeing how much Henry loved me was my best tonic. We began new life with my good friend for an adviser. She spoke kindly and openly to each of us, and the result was that we tried to put ourselves in each other's place. I once more made home attractive, and knowing that after a day of hard work a man needs relaxation and amusement, I tried to make him find it in his own house. The friends who had been driv-

en away by my jealousy were kind enough to forgive and forget. At this day I doubt if there is a happier home anywhere than ours. Henry goes to his lodges, secure that I trust him, and therefore he has no temptation to remain over hours for fear of an unpleasant scene on his return."

Mrs. Hapless listened intently to me, and when I had finished she sat down on the floor at my feet, rested her tired head on my lap, and cried. I patted the untidy hair and let her have her cry out. She made no promises, but as I was coming away she squeezed my hand and thanked me.

Since then I have often run over there in the afternoon and helped her "tidy up." This evening I have just come from her house, and this is what I saw: A large lamp with a pink shade burning on the center table. Books, magazines, the evening paper ready to be taken up. On the small side table were cards and games. Near the low rocker placed for Mrs. Hapless stood a neat sewing basket stand. On the opposite side of the table a comfortable arm chair was drawn up for "John," while his slippers were warming near the well-heated stove. Two or three pots containing flowering plants stood on the side window sill. In the dining room was set a pretty, orderly table, with nice china and bright silver, lamps with ground glass shades throwing a subdued light over all. From the kitchen came an appetizing odor. The hall was brilliantly lighted, and the little wife, as she accompanied me to the door, looked sweet and womanly in her neat dress. The rippling hair and soft curls on her forehead seemed to catch a dancing light; her eyes were bright and happy as she shyly kissed me and whispered in my ear:

"John has been at home every evening this week."—Hearthstone.

## SHOES OF THE "CELESTIALS."

Comfort and Healthfulness of Their Woven Straw Sandals.

"I may seem to be quarrelling with my bread and butter," said an uptown chiropodist to one of his best customers the other day, "but in my humble and somewhat professional opinion the most sensible of all men in the matter of footwear is the Chinaman. Did you ever notice his feet? I don't believe there is such a thing as a corn or bunion in all China. Chiropodists would starve to death there so far as the requirements of the masculine foot are concerned. Whatever the deformities inflicted on the feet of women in China may be, the men certainly enjoy sound and comfortable understandings. Look at the Chinese laundrymen here in Washington; they stand at their work eighteen hours a day. No class of workmen I know of spend so many hours on their feet as they do. Yet they never break down there, and physically they are a wonderfully healthy race."

"Simple living and freedom from the nervous pursuits of our civilization may have something to do with it, but I attribute their exemption from foot weakness and disease to the kind of house shoe so universally worn by them. I have a pair that I have worn for several years, and I wouldn't wear anything else for genuine indoor comfort. They are woven of straw and seaweed and soled with horsehide. There is a thick sole of straw above the leather, and through this the air can circulate freely, keeping the muscles of the under part of the foot always cool. The laundrymen, you notice, are usually barefoot, which is an added advantage in the matter of healthfulness. There is about as little material in the uppers as is consistent with the idea of a shoe, and this is just enough to keep the thing on the foot. This upper, too, is woven loosely of seaweed, so that the air can have access to the foot. Nowhere does this shoe pinch or in the least degree press the foot."

"These are the indoor shoes of the Chinaman. On the street here in the United States nowadays he wears very commonly the leather shoes or boots of American manufacture. That is one of the ways in which he is becoming Americanized. But the outdoor cloth shoe of China is a great deal worn also. That, like the indoor shoe, is very thick and soft in the sole, and the foot is never pinched or strained by it. The healthiest footgear ever known probably was the sandal of the Greeks. It had no upper, and, as you will see in statuary, the feet of men and women were ideally perfect. All the sandal afforded was a protection from the ground. 'To him who wears sandals,' say the Arabs, 'it is as if the world were shod with leather.' The Chinamen seem to follow out this motto, and his shoes are merely soles and nothing more. But the great secret of the excellence of his indoor shoe is the half-inch straw hole."—Washington Star.

**In the Blood.**  
Mrs. Gossipell—"So young Mr. Benedict has taken a wife. Dear me! and only 24! What could have induced him to take such a course?"

Mrs. Gossiper—"My dear, I fancy it runs in the blood. I hear that his father and mother before him were married."

—Judge.

We have heard of several, but never knew a man who could enjoy a joke on himself.

In every family, when kin come they are referred to as "Mother's guests."

## MRS. JOSEPHINE RUFFIN.

Against Whom the "Color Line" Was Drawn at Milwaukee.

At the convention of the National Federation of Women's Clubs at Milwaukee the "color line" was drawn and now the question of the eligibility of colored women to white women's clubs is being discussed throughout the land. The "color line" question was precipitated in this way:

Some months ago the secretary of the national federation sent to the New Era Club, of Boston, an invitation to be presented at the Milwaukee convention. The president and founder of this club is a colored woman, Mrs. Josephine St. P. Ruffin, and believing that the invitation was extended in good faith she went to Milwaukee to attend the convention. The officers of the federation had not known that the New Era Club was one for colored women and when Mrs. Ruffin appeared at the convention there was opposition to her and her club from the Southern delegates and from Southern women living in the North.

The "bosses" of the convention sought to shelve the annoying question by returning the fees of the New Era Club on the plea that the Board of Directors had not approved of the action of the President in having accepted them. By this act the affiliation of the New Era Club with the federation was denied and Mrs. Ruffin found herself without the right of representation. She is determined, however, to have a more formal decision in the matter and has taken legal advice. The question will



MRS. JOSEPHINE ST. P. RUFFIN.

come up again at the next biennial convention and the Massachusetts State Federation, with which the New Era Club is affiliated, will support Mrs. Ruffin, as will, doubtless, other Northern clubs. This may lead to a breaking up of the federation.

Mrs. Ruffin, who is thus the leading figure in this interesting situation, is a woman of good education and of great ability. She is almost white in color and few would suspect her of having the blood of the black race in her veins. She is a native of Boston. Before she was 16 she was married to George L. Ruffin, who was one of the handsomest and ablest colored men in Boston. He was a graduate of the Harvard Law School, served several terms in the City Council, two terms in the Legislature, and when Gen. Benjamin F. Butler was Governor he appointed Mr. Ruffin to a judgeship in Charlestown, Boston, giving him the distinction of being the first colored man to occupy a position on the bench north of Mason and Dixon's line. Judge Ruffin's prominence early gave Mrs. Ruffin an opportunity to see much of life, and before she was 30 she was identified with many movements concerning her sex and race.

**Sagacity of the Sage.**  
"Hello, Di! found that honest man yet?" asked Alexander, quizzically.

"Bet your cothurns," replied Diogenes, gruffly.

"Well, I suppose you've sold your lantern, then," commented Alexander.

"Say, why don't you whitewash your tub with the proceeds?"

"Not by an amphora full, I haven't," retorted Diogenes, emphatically, and ignoring the hygienic suggestion. "But I have contracted for a dozen more and hired a day and a night watchman."

"Why, what for?" cried Alexander.

"Because I'm not going to have him play any 'trusted employe' tricks on me, Sandy," explained Diogenes, sagely shaking his head.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Looking for Rest.**  
"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I want to go to the races again."

"What for?"

"It will be a rest after you and father have been talking finance, as you do by the hour. I want to hear about '8 to 5' and '5 to 3' and '10 to 1' and all the rest of 'em; anything in fact except '16 to 1.' I'm so tired, Charley, dear, of hearing the same numbers over and over again."—Washington Star.

**A Parisian Notoriety.**  
Isabelle, the flower girl of the Jockey Club, a Parisian notoriety of the second empire, died recently in a Paris hospital in great destitution.

A self-closing door spring adds to the anger of the angry man who wants to slam the door.

Pretension isn't natural; nature never pretends.

## WILL HONOR HEROIC DEAD.

Confederates Will Erect a Memorial at Richmond, Va.

The recent convention of Confederate veterans held at Louisville voted to accept with thanks the offer of \$100,000 made by Charles Broadway Rouse of New York, formerly a soldier of the Confederacy from Virginia, for the purpose of erecting a memorial to the Confederate dead at Richmond, Va. The Memorial Committee reported that it had secured pledges of \$124,437.35 in addition, and that the prospect of raising an amount sufficient to make the total, including Mr. Rouse's donation, \$300,000 was excellent. Upon these representations Mr. Rouse has authorized the Confederate Veterans' Association to draw upon him for the amount pledged by him at any time it may be thought advisable to begin the work. The Confederate Memorial Association, which has the enterprise in hand, has elected Judge George L. Christian of Richmond, Va., as its treasurer, and the memorial is to be built in Richmond, the heart-city of the Confederacy and the place where, for four years, the policies and plans were evolved in consequence of which the South was enabled to make so memorable a struggle against inevitable defeat.

The definite arrangements for the construction of the memorial do not yet appear to have been completed by the association, but General J. C. Underwood, the Secretary and Superintendent of the work of raising funds, has prepared plans (with the approval of some members of the executive com-



PROPOSED CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL.

mittee, and these plans were presented at Louisville.

General Underwood says of his plans: "I have designed a memorial rotunda with a mausoleum dome and rooms for each State, wherein relics, records and various other archives may be safely kept for all time to come, and I have further designed suitable hanging space for a portrait gallery of renowned Southern leaders, and I personally purpose to bestow upon the people of the South twenty or more magnificent portraits, full size, in oil, of distinguished Confederate officers, both civil and military, as soon as a suitable place shall have been made to receive them. And, besides, I also present to you for inspection statue models of President Jefferson Davis and General Robert E. Lee, the civil and military heads of the historic Confederacy, for the manufacture of which in bronze I, individually, propose to raise the requisite money, and, as in the case of the portraits, to donate the same to the association, to be placed on either side of the grand flight of steps to the portico of the said proposed memorial building, provided such meets with your approval."

"The maximum estimated round cost of the design I propose is \$300,000, not including statuary and portraits, and calculating upon the building site being donated. With the amount raised, those due, others promised and anticipations reasonably based upon the backing I have demonstrated, I am confident of being able to secure at least \$500,000, and if my designs are approved and authority given me to proceed in accordance therewith I'll obligate myself to construct the memorial building as designed, with such modifications as may be found necessary to suit the building site to be selected and other essential requirements of the case in every particular."

"My general plan includes the placing by each State of two statues, either in bronze or marble, as may hereafter be determined, to suit inside finish of auditorium rotunda, and that the several States shall select their heroes to be immortalized, each State bearing the expense of such statuary (from \$10,000 to \$12,000) representing its own heroes, but the portico statues and two equestrian statues of Generals J. E. B. Stuart and N. B. Forrest I propose to secure by money to be raised from outside friendly sources and already have assurances of material assistance for that purpose."

**How She Got It.**

A little girl who had been told not to ask for anything to eat at a neighbor's came home with a face very suggestive of lurching. When asked by her mother why she had asked for something, she said:

"But, mamma, I didn't ask Mrs. G. I just looked at her and said: 'Can't you see how hungry I am?'"—New York Truth.

There is nothing as stale as an old story, yet half of them are commenced: "You have probably heard it, but," etc.

Some men celebrate every day, about nothing.