

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

EDUCATED WOMEN UNFIT FOR WIVES.

By Dr. A. Lathrone Smith.

We are affecting the homes of two nations. We are sapping the physical strength of two peoples, and going at a headlong pace which must some day bring us to a realization of the mistakes that are being made. Higher education unfits girls for motherhood. The mental strain affects the nerves and makes them dread matrimony more than did the girls of another generation, because they realize that their physical systems are weaker and less able to endure the strain and responsibilities of motherhood.

What plan have I to suggest to change this? It is simple and I think would be effective. Cut out Greek, Latin, mythology and algebra, and turn them out of school at an earlier age. Give the girls an opportunity to rest after a schooling that is practical and useful and let them build up their physical systems for the trials of wifehood. Youthful love founds a stronger home and produces more healthy children. Young married couples who are not overeducated have the healthiest children. That is what is needed.

My observation is that the American nation is drifting to marriages at the age of 38 to 40 for men and 30 to 35 for women. Nature never intended them to mate so late in life. Happiness cannot be the outcome of marriages of that kind.

Then education, as has been pointed out often, makes a woman independent and crowds men out of employment. It reduces wages and makes it more difficult for men to take wives. But that is the economical point of it, and has no bearing on what I desire to convey. Overstudy in school, then more study in music, painting, and perhaps something else, stunts the girl physically, although it may improve her intellect. It ruins her for motherhood. Earlier marriages, I have noticed, are less liable to bring about divorces.

I think a girl should have an ordinary education, such as our grandmothers had, and be satisfied to enter into her home and rear a family of say eight or ten children.

GIRLS, BEWARE OF PLAYHOUSE HYSTERIA.

By Keble Howard.

Hysteria of the playhouse is quite a modern malady. The old-fashioned play-going girl was a healthy person, who regarded the theater as a place of entertainment. The modern girl seems to be amused at the theater. She wants to probe as deeply as possible into the mysteries of life; she wants to be depressed rather than charmed to tears; she wants, in short, to experience the hysterical distress of the mental dyspeptic.

If you don't believe me just run your eye along any row of the parquet during the performance of a problem play. You will find the greater part of that row given up to pallid young women between the ages of 20 and 30. Their hair, you will observe, is lank; their expression strained and eager; their dress severe; their fingers inclined to twitch; their lips compressed. The picture is a pitiful one, but it is still more pitiful when you contrast it with the appearance presented by the mothers of these girls when they, in their turn, went to play. That, you must remember, was forty or fifty years ago, when laughter was considered jolly, and tears the essence of sentimental delight. Rosy cheeked playgoers those, with dangerously bright eyes and ensnaringly gay frocks. Little they troubled their heads about ugly sins and nauseating problems. So long as the curtain was up they lived in a world of gallant deeds, courtly speeches, sly glances, merry coquettings, harmless intrigues, cruel injustice, righted wrongs. The stage heroine beloved of our mothers was a roguish, dimpled creature, who laughed at love until she cried, and exacted the utmost homage from the man of her heart.

The playgoing girl, so long as she selects with discretion the plays to be visited, and regards the various themes therein set forth from a level headed point of view, is edu-

cating herself in a sound school. But when she begins to develop a tendency for straggling hair, and when she feels the least bit inclined to take a gloomy view of life, and when she sits down to pen a gushing little note to an actor, then let her beware! For, deny it as she may, these are the first signs of that distressing malady known as play-going hysteria.

THE CHAPERON AT HOME AND ABROAD.

By Della Austrian.

The chaperon these days does not play an important part in America, but she is an important factor in European social life. She is constantly in demand at house affairs and theater parties, and considers herself a great authority on all questions concerning etiquette.

Narrowly circumscribed as the German method of it is broad in comparison with the limitations that the Italian girl suffers. In Italy it is unusual for her to accept any attention from a man until she is married. The girl from the homes of the rich go to few dances, and when they do they go with their parents. If a young man wishes an invitation to call he must get it from her father, not by asking her. Two young people often marry without having met a dozen times. A man will not court a girl by taking her to dances and theaters even though he should invite a chaperon to accompany them. He usually serenades her at a balcony, and she shows him by a simple wave of the hand whether his attentions meet with approval.

However much we may imagine that French women have many liberties, these only come to them after they are married. In France girls are carefully guarded by their mothers. They are never allowed on the street alone. They accept no invitations until they are introduced to society. A French girl usually makes her debut at a grand ball, when her parents always act as an escort. No man ever looks for this privilege. Though a young man cannot escort a young woman to parties he can invite her mother and herself to the theater, and if the mother refuses, the girl suggests some married friend as chaperon.

In England the chaperon does not hold the same exalted place as in other European countries. Young women do not hesitate to accept invitations to the theater and other amusements from their friends among men; but the parties usually consist of four or more. It is seldom they call for a chaperon. She is only sought when a coaching party is given or if a country house party is being planned.

THE VACATION UNNECESSARY.

By Russell Sage.

During the eighty-three years of my career I have not once taken a vacation. A young man said to me one day, "Mr. Sage, would you not have taken a vacation if you had worked for some one else?" I replied that I would not. I never have been an advocate of what some persons term the "vacation habit."

When I was a boy the practice was not in vogue. As a matter of fact, I was so glad to get a chance to learn business that the idea of asking my employer to make me a present of two weeks' time that belonged to him because he had paid me for it would have been preposterous.

I think the "vacation habit" an outgrowth of abnormal and distorted business methods.

Suppose we were to restore the conventional order of things and, instead of the clerk demanding two weeks' pay gratis, his employer should demand two weeks' work without pay. What a tremendous howl would go up.

It is worry, not work that makes the hair gray. Doctors may recommend a change of air for a man when he is sick. But why be sick? Sickness is an irreparable loss of time. If I had a thousand tongues I'd preach "Save time" with them all. It is infinitely more valuable than money.

"Yes," said Mr. Starline, who was talking to himself in his library, "yes, Miss Witherly is a most estimable lady. Devoted to the church, charitable, energetic, excellent in every way; and she admires—ahem!—that is, she appreciates me.

"How she works among the orphans and the aged poor in the Home; how excellently she manages her Bible class, and how kind of her to bring up that little orphan, Ellen Moore; yes, I shall gain a helpmeet indeed if she will accept me, and," said Mr. Starline, regarding his clerical white tie in the mantel glass complacently for a moment, "and I have no doubt but she will."

Then Mr. Starline put on his best hat and his best gloves, took in his hand the gold-headed cane presented to him by his congregation, and set out in the direction of Miss Witherly's cottage, having quite resolved to waste no more time about it, but to propose at once.

Ah! could Cansalda have known it, nothing would have delighted her more. For two years she had made the capture of Mr. Starline, his big personage, his snug little income, and the honor of the title of minister's wife the object of her soul. With this hope she had devoted herself to church work, to the aged poor in the Home, to the little orphans and to the poor generally. She had given flowers at Easter, and twined evergreens at Christmas, till her hands were full of briars, and oh! how she had listened to the sermons Mr. Starline preached, and borrowed them for private perusal, and wept over the affecting parts, and had striven not to smile, oh, so very hard, because it was in church you know, when he grew witty.

Just at the time he took his evening walk it had often happened that she was hurrying up the road with a jar of jelly for a sick person or a tract for a wicked one. No one could guess how hard she had worked to gain her

point, and now—just as Mr. Starline had made up his mind—poor Miss Witherly began to despair. She had wasted two years upon a clergyman which she might have spent more profitably, for she had driven from her a very respectable farmer with serious intentions, and he had married some one else.

This morning a false report that Mr. Starline was courting Rosa Rhubarb, the doctor's daughter, had reached her, and she was very cross. Moreover, her dear crony, the Widow Lane, had come to stay all day. Every woman has one crony in the world before whom she plays no part. Over a late lunch, Miss Witherly was talking to Mrs. Lane as she talked to no one else, when the clergyman arrived, and a new servant, who was not acquainted with the gentleman, thus announced him:

"A man wants you, Miss Witherly." "Old Hopper, I suppose," said Miss Witherly, "I promised to send his wife some clothes; put him anywhere, Jane, out of the way until I can eat my lunch, for I don't disturb myself for any one to-day."

And Jane, returning to Mr. Starline, escorted him to the parlor, where every word that was spoken in the dining-room was plainly audible.

The clergyman seated himself in the largest arm-chair, which was near the communicating door, and folded his hands and waited. He was composing an ornate proposition. He had got as far as: "My dear and respected Miss Witherly, you may have remarked," when suddenly a sharp voice smote his ear with these words, "Old Starline!" Old Starline! He could scarcely believe his ears. Involuntarily he leaned a little nearer the door and heard the words repeated.

"It must be some one else of the same name. I'm not old," said Mr. Starline.

"It's nobody's business, I'm sure," said Miss Witherly.

"But they said so," replied Mrs. Lane.

"I wonder what they said?" asked Mr. Starline of nobody.

"And you've been so active in church," said Mrs. Lane.

"I'm sick of the church," said Miss Witherly. "I never will again if I get out of it. I hate the very sight of old women with rheumatism, old men with wooden legs, and sickly, dirty little orphans with no pocket handkerchiefs. Just as I want to have a little comfort, I have to take a long tramp to read the Bible to some horrible sick person. I am going to move to Rice-town and buy a home and get a dog and teach him to drive all beggars away and bite all the children that open the gate, I am."

The clergyman groaned softly.

"My," said Mrs. Lane, who knew the cause of her friend's disgust. "Why, I thought you enthusiastic about Starline and his church?"

"Old Starline!" cried Miss Witherly; "the old poke! Why, he is more and more stupid every day. Gracious, how I did laugh when I heard he was paying attention to Rosa Rhubarb; the older they get the younger they want," said I, and it is true."

"Well, perhaps it is," said Mrs. Lane, "though I don't see what men want to marry schoolgirls for. And you are not going to have old Starline yourself after all? Some said so."

"I don't want to hear what they said!" cried Miss Witherly, to whom the grapes would have been so sweet, had she known how near her lips they hung that very day. "I detest him! I wouldn't have him if he went on his knees in the mud to me. I am going to the Methodist church after this, if I go to any, and I don't know that I shall. It is all poor box and children here. Money, money, money all the time; you are squeezed like a lemon, and as I said before, I am done with all this poor work and shall take my own comfort. If I'd done it before, I might have had the largest farm in the country for my own to-day."

"Well, I never expected to hear you talk that way," cried Mrs. Lane. "When I was here at Christmas you called the minister 'that excellent man,' and made me tie cedar till my arms ached."

"Well, I've changed my mind," said Miss Witherly. "The less I see of old Starline, his silly congregation and his horrible poor people, the better."

Mr. Starline groaned softly once again. He arose and crept quietly out of the front door, and from the porch to the road, and then he fled. He absolutely believed that evil spirits had taken possession of this lamb of his flock, and could have wept over her. He was a little angry, too—that was but human nature. But his congregation desired him to marry, and a few days afterward he offered himself to little Rosa Rhubarb, and was accepted. And Miss Witherly never knew who was the "man" who disappeared so mysteriously from her parlor, or how near she came to being the minister's wife.—Waverly Magazine.

CURRENCY IS INSURED

Sender Now Protected Against Loss When He Ships Money.

Money is now sent everywhere in single packages containing \$10,000 or less, under policies of insurance protecting the owners against every possible hazard, at rates varying from 15 to 80 cents per \$1,000 of currency insured. Most of the notes are \$5, \$10 and \$20 denominations, besides supplies of \$1 and \$2 for use as "hand-to-hand money" for crop movement purposes.

These transfers go to all sections of the United States, Canada, Great Britain and to continental points, says the New York Post. The business has now grown to large proportions and is written by some of the strongest insurance companies in Europe and America. One very interesting claim paid a few days ago was for the loss of a parcel containing \$2,700 in bank notes shipped through the mails by a Canadian institution. The destination was a small postoffice, where the business was so light that the postmaster, not having the use of a safe in which to store valuables, was forced to take home every night undelivered registered mail that arrived during the day. The package of bank notes was taken out of the office in this way, and just before the postmaster reached home he was attacked by footpads and relieved of the money. The loss was immediately reported and the insurance company at once reimbursed the institution, at the same time offering \$500 reward for the detection of the thief. The case has not been cleared up yet.

Packages containing \$20,000 of insured bank notes were on the train that went through a bridge in a Southern State last winter. New York underwriters were much concerned over the incident until they discovered that the car in which the insured packages were stored remained safe on the rails. The largest single risk ever written was taken in England some time ago, when one package containing \$25,000,000 was insured.

When you meet a friend who is not looking well, what point do you hope to make by telling him so?



LOCKJAW, OR TETANUS, IS CAUSED BY THE DEVELOPMENT IN THE BODY OF THE TETANUS BACILLUS, A GERM LIVING IN THE SOIL IN MANY PLACES, ESPECIALLY IN CITY STREETS, ROUND BARNYARDS AND IN PASTURES.

This bacillus does not grow readily when exposed to the air, so there is usually little danger of lockjaw following large wounds. The danger lies in the punctured wounds, the ragged wounds, and often also the seemingly trivial wounds which heal rapidly, and so seal up the tetanus germ away from the air; there it finds the conditions most favorable to its development and the manufacture of the nerve poison which causes the symptoms of this terrible disease. Such being the case, the treatment of little wounds from pistols, torpedoes and crackers is to make them bigger. This requires some courage on the part of the doctor, and the more courage the smaller and apparently more insignificant is the wound, and parents ought not to increase his trial by pleading against the necessity of cutting deeply into the wound, opening it widely and washing it out thoroughly with antiseptic solutions. It is only in this way that the danger of lockjaw can be reduced to a minimum, and even this in exceptional cases does not prevent the disease.

The modern treatment for this disease is the injection of tetanus antitoxin. Even this may fail if injected simply under the skin or into the muscles, and the antitoxin has occasionally been injected into the sheath covering the spinal cord, or even beneath the membranes of the brain, so that it may the more directly reach the nerve centers chiefly affected by the poison.

WAS NEVER ABSENT OR TARDY.



NELLIE J. McMILLIN.

The proudest day in the life of Nellie J. McMillin of Rushville, Ind., was when the County Board of Education presented her with a gold medal for punctual school attendance. Miss McMillin is 16 and has attended school since she was 5, and in all that time she was never absent or tardy. The last four years she has lived in the country, which made punctual attendance a serious matter, but her record is unbroken. She has graduated now.

English Bard Was Right.

Dramatic critics and commentators have long been puzzled to account for the fact that Shakespeare placed the scene of "Hamlet" at Elsinore, in the Island of Zealand, whereas the Danish prince lived and died in Jutland. But just recently the municipal authorities at Elsinore, or Helsingor, have discovered in their archives that an English company was acting in their town in 1587 or 1588, and among the names of the actors are several of those who were acting with Shakespeare in London in 1589.

Obviously, these actors must have talked about their adventures in Denmark, and so Shakespeare became well acquainted with Elsinore, and, when he wrote "Hamlet," naturally placed the scene in a place which he knew by description rather than in an island of which he knew nothing. The poet was no great stickler for accuracy in geographical matters and this visit of the English actors plausibly explains the reason why the tragedy of "Hamlet" was placed in Zealand and not in Jutland.

Not Yet a Lost Art.

"The art of letter-writing is sadly neglected nowadays," said the man of literary taste.

"That remark," said his more practical friend, "shows that you haven't a son at college who is applying himself to showing you why his allowance ought to be increased."—Washington Star.

The men dislike a man who has pretty pink cheeks, as much as their wives dislike the man whose nose is red.

REALLY AND TRULY SICK.

When I am really sick abed
It isn't any fun.
I feel all achy in my head
An' hate to take my medicin.
Th' sheets get stickish an' hot,
But I am not allowed to kick
'Em off or read or talk a lot
When I am sick.

I hate for all the folks about
To come an' pat me on th' face.
An' say, "Poor child, you'll soon be out,"
An' 'tiptoe all around th' place.
They go when I pretend to be
Asleep—I do it for a trick;
I don't like folks to pity me
When I am sick.

My mother's diff'rent—I don't care
If she sits by me once or twice.
An' says, "Poor boy," an' smooths my hair;
She ain't just tryin' to be nice.
They bring warm squashy things to me
For meals an' make me eat 'em quick.
I'm mis'rab'le as I can be
When I am sick.
—Harper's Magazine.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

MY congregation desire me to marry again, and I think," said Mr. Starline, "that I shall select Miss Witherly."

Miss Witherly-Cansard Witherly, spinster, as she was mentioned in her grandmother's will, was not yet an old woman by any means, and was not exceedingly plain; certainly she was young enough and good-looking enough to match Mr. Starline, who was a widowed clergyman of 45 years, and who was sensible enough to desire to choose his wife for good qualities that would endure rather than for youth and beauty, both of which time must dis-
solute.