

THE JOURNAL'S COZY CONVERSATION WITH THE FIELD GLASS

EDITED BY ELEANOR F. BALDWIN

THE BOOK SHELF

On the editorial page of last Tuesday's Journal, Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes to a correspondent who quotes some lines of verse and inquires the name of the author.

Mrs. Wilcox says: "I do not know, but for years I kept the verse pinned in a conspicuous place on my desk as a spur to action."

The lines cannot be repeated too often:

"Lose this day lettering, 'twill be the same old story
Tomorrow, and the next morn' dawns;
Each decision brings its own delays
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute
What you can do, or think you can, begin it—
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.
Only engage and then the mind grows heated;
Begin it, and the work will be completed."

The above is a translation from the writings of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, the great German poet, writer, scientist and philosopher.

So far as I know, it is the only popular quotation from his works.

A LOOK BACKWARD.

If we prize the work of artists and sculptors who preserve for us the features and peculiarities of days, scenes and the people long dead, we also prize the work of those who preserve with printer's ink these days for us. Yes, even more should we prize these, for they are within the reach of all.

A valuable work of this kind is "Colonial Days of Old New York," by Alice Morse Earle.

So charming in her description of the life and times of the early Dutch settlers before their conquest by the English that we almost regret that conquest.

It looks very much as if the stern, abstemious Puritans were by some mysterious psychological law, attracted to a land of such sterility that it yielded very grudgingly of its bounty, while the gentle, generous and comfort-loving Dutch were attracted to a land of such marvelous fertility as the valley of the Hudson at the time of their arrival on its shores.

The writer opens her book with a description of a day in old Albany: "At the first break of day, every spring and summer morn'g, the quiet Dutch sleepers in the old colonial town of Albany were roused by three loud blasts of a horn sounded far and wide by a sturdy cowherd, and from street and dooryard came in quick answer the jingle-jangle, the kingle-klangle, the rattle-rattle of toud-ton-gud brass and iron bells which hung from the necks of steady-going Dutch cows who followed the town herder forth each day to pastures green.

On the broad town commons, or the fertile river meadows, Ulrick Heyn and his 'chosen proper youngster, his legally appointed aid, watched faithfully all day long their neighbors' cattle, and as honest herdsmen earned their scanty wage and their 'choicest' of butter, dallying not in tavern and drinking not of wine, as they were sternly forbidden by the schepens, until when early dews were falling they quit their meadow grasses meadow, and at the close of an hour before the sun goes down the cattle shall be delivered at the church."

The entire description of this almost communistic life in old Albany is as delightful as a study of old Dutch paintings—and more so.

The original meaning of some words is cleared up for us, incidentally. The word "boorish" was not a term of reproach, nor was the frequent appellation "Dutch boy" which, says Miss Earle, "some historians of the colony have seen fit to make merry, both boor and bore meaning boer, or farmer."

"Knaive meant once, no more than lady; villain than peasant; a boor was only a farmer; a varlet was but a serving-man; a churl but a strong fellow."

But the miracles of toil accomplished by these Dutch housewives in these days of ready-to-wear clothes and ready-to-eat food.

Miss Earle says: "The endless round of domestic duties which these Dutch women are put to, as Howell says, would prove a very full list when made out from the life of one of these colonial housewives.

It seems to us, of modern labor-saved and drudgery-void days, a truly overwhelming list; but the Dutch did not stagger under the burden nor shrink from it, nor, indeed, did she deem any of her daily work drudgery.

"The sense of duty, of plenty, of capability, of satisfaction, was so strong as to overcome the distaste to the labor of production."

Looking back to those days of simple abundance before monopoly, greed and graft had embittered the minds of men with ignoble ambition and doubled the cares and the exertions necessary to maintain the desired standard of living, one looks through the lattice into the garden of one of these Dutch housewives and sees her placid content with a half sigh for the days that are no more.

Send this and see if it isn't a pleasant picture to put away in one's mental gallery.

"She had as a recreation, a delight, the care of

"A garden through whose latticed gates The imprisoned pinks and tulips gazed, A trim little garden, which often graced the narrow front door yard; a garden, perhaps, of a single flower bed, surrounded by aromatic herbs for medicinal and culinary use, but homelike and beloved as such gardens ever are, and especially beloved as such gardens are by the Dutch.

"Many were the tulip bulbs and 'coronation' pink roots that had been brought or sent over from Holland and were affectionately cherished as reminders of the far-away fatherland.

"The enthusiastic traveler, Van der Donck, wrote that by 1653 Netherlanders had already blooming in their American garden-borders white and red roses, stock roses, cornelian roses, egg-lantine, jonquills, gillyflowers, different varieties of pink tulips, crown-imperials, white lilies, anemones, violets, marigolds.

And there were native flowers, side by side with these importations.

Where one finds the Dutch one expects windmills, and they added their

picturesqueness to the colonial landscape in the New Netherlands.

From what one can gather of child life in these old days it must have been under a stern and rigorous rule almost inconceivable now.

This quotation from an ancient statute book will give some idea of this: "If any child or children above 16 years of age and of sufficient understanding shall smite their natural father or mother, unjustly provoked and forced for their self-preservation from death or maiming, at the complaint of the said father or mother, and not otherwise, they being sufficient witness thereof, that child or those children so-offending shall be put to death."

But this statute was placed on the books after the rule of the English had displaced the gentler sway of the Dutch, and here is a little letter written by a maiden of 11 years: "Ever Honored Grandfather—Sir, My long absence from you and my dear grandmother has not been a little tedious to me. But what renders me a vast deal of pleasure is being intensely

"For all young ladies who are going to be married."

SACK-POSSNET. From famed Barbadoes on the western main.

Fetch sugar half a pound; fetch sack From Spain

A pint, and from the Eastern Indian coast.

Nutmegs, the glory of our northern coast.

O'er flaming coals together let them heat Till the all-conquering sack dissolves in the sweet.

O'er such another fire set eggs, twice ten, New born from crowing cock and speckled hen;

Stir them with steady hand and conscientious picking.

To see the untimely fate of twenty chicken.

From shining shelf take down your brass skillet, A quart of milk from gentle cow will fill it.

When boiled and cooked, put milk and sack to egg.

Unite them firmly like the triple league. Then covered close, together let dwell Till Misa twice sings: You must not kiss and tell.

Each lad and lass snatch up their murdering spoon.

And fall on fiercely like a starved dragon.

The going-away fashion of the marriage.

The Quiet Hour

BE STILL.

It is of the greatest importance that you teach your body to keep still. Unnecessary motion means a waste of the energy that generates personal magnetism.

Teach yourself not to drum idly with your fingers; not to tap the floor with your toes; not to twist a bit of paper on a string or do any of the hundred and one things that have been taught to consider mere harmless indications of absentmindedness.

When your hands and feet are not in use directed by your will, teach them to keep still. You know how and why.

You know how disagreeable to you are the annoyances made by even the one you love best—provided you can't get away from them; but have you thought that you may have habits that are quite as annoying to some one else?

Many of these annoying habits with great personal magnetism. It requires but little study to appreciate the absurdity of the proposition, and so the occult reason why you should break yourself of these habits may not look as absurd to you as it otherwise appears.

I had a Calcutta friend who taught me that aimless actions dissipate the magnetic force surrounding the individual, thus rendering it weak and ineffective. Some occult teachers speak of this force as the electricity of the body.

In persons of strong personal magnetism this force is strong, steady and undiverted. Some have it so strongly that they can induce a magnetic field of performance without much harm resulting; but to the person having a small amount of such magnetism they are harmful.

I know one girl who was constantly made unhappy by the knowledge that she was not popular in the social world. She became a pupil of this man from Calcutta, who immediately undertook to teach her the art of keeping still and he began by refusing to let her occupy a rocking chair.

His labors were successful and today she is teaching his doctrines by telling her friends, and she went to work to gain her wonderful popularity.

Be still. Control yourself. You will have to learn to do it before you can hope to control others, and to control others is what personal magnetism implies.

We hear a great deal about the hypnotic gaze and the ruin it sometimes works. The gaze that spells personal magnetism to the initiated is a very different thing. It cannot be simulated by one who has not an honest regard for his neighbor, for altruism is its keynote. When teaching your body to keep still be sure to include your eyes in the part to be instructed. Do not wink too often.

Learn the direct look of a little child. This may seem very foolish advice to you, but watch your friends and see for yourself if those among them who are continually winking are the forceful ones whom you consider magnetic.

Wonderful power lies in the reposeful attitude of body and mind when the will directs.—Dr. Es. Lara.

HOME TRAINING.

The meeting last Thursday afternoon was one of the most interesting and greatly enjoyed of those present.

Of course, equal suffrage is "in the air," so it is not surprising that we should hear of it at the home training class.

The ladies of the Home Training association are interested in forming classes for nature study through the month of June.

Miss Bertha Chapman, director of all such work in the schools of Oakland, California, will come to conduct this work if a class of 40, or rather two classes of 20 persons can be formed.

Peace of the silent hills, Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass, And of the good, brown earth— And best of all, along the way, friendship and mirth.

These treasures of the humble heart In true possession, owning them by love.

And when at last I can no longer see Among them freely.

Let me not creep Into some darkened room and hide From all that makes the world so bright and dear.

But throw the windows wide To welcome in the light, And breathe my body back to Nature's care.

My spirit out to thee, God of the open air.

—Henry Van Dyke.

CIRCASSIAN STORY OF A KISS. From a New Englander's Scrap Book.

The following curious bit of literature was sent to me by an eastern lady. It is a good example of the oriental dissection of the feminine mind and shows an infinite resource in the management of detail that strikes the more man speechless with wonder and admiration:

A man was walking alone one road and a woman along another. The roads finally united into one, and reaching the point of junction at the same time, they walked on together.

The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back; in one hand he held the legs of a live chicken, in the other a cane and he was leading a goat. They neared a dark ravine. Said the woman: "I am afraid to go through that ravine with you; it is a lonely place, and you might overpower me and kiss me by force."

Said the man: "How can I possibly overpower you and kiss you by force, when I have this great iron kettle on my back, a cane in one hand, a live chicken in the other and am leading a

numbers of children that attend Saturday matinees in Portland, and regretted it as subjecting them to the impurities of the close air and as being too stimulating to the emotions—a thing to be sedulously avoided in the majority of cases.

Mrs. King says: "I was shocked when my children began to demand, soon after entering the public schools, permission to attend these vaudeville, because, as they said, 'all the girls go, mamma, and I think you're awfully stingy not to give me just 10 cents.'"

"I took much explanation to convince the young lady that it was the 10-centness that was so reprehensible and that a dollar could be expended far more economically in a Shakespeare matinee ticket than for 10 of these vaudeville performances."

"I cannot imagine what the mothers are thinking about to allow their little girls to go from the glorious sunlight and fresh air into an ill-ventilated, artificially lighted room, where they are entertained for two hours by miscellaneous performances of more or less questionable character."

Mrs. King thought many out-of-door solutions of this question could be found if a little thought were expended upon it by the neighbors in cooperation, who could thus provide tennis courts, croquet grounds and arrange for picnics and other healthful recreation.

Mrs. King did not condemn the theatre in toto, but referred to a friend

A MAGPIE EVENING GOWN.

Fine black lace is pleated and laid over a white glaze silk foundation, princess style, and heavily embroidered down in sequins and glittering jet. The corsage berth is beautifully draped and the sleeves arranged to match in fine white lace.

Go back, for instance, to the eighteenth century and ask any writer of romance if he could make a readable story and take for his heroine a "fair young girl" who rides astride a horse, wears a yellow "slicker" in the rain and a soft hat, stands guard while a "narrow-brained" man "mavericks" would "wings" a man with her "gun" because he insists on finding out what is going on.

Add to this that she saunters into the courtroom; tells her story to a "grinning jury" who admire her beauty and her femininity just as men admire the fainting feminine frailties of centuries gone, and what do you suppose a romancer of the eighteenth century would have said to such heroine as that? He would have—'tis the classic language of Dorothy Dix—"thrown a thousand fits."

Yet, just this manner of heroine was taken by a man writer in a recent magazine, and 12 "good men and true" and two eligible young bachelors thought her charming.

Again, since the entry of women into the world of fiction has teamed with the grace and beauty and fascination of the office girl, while those other conservatives who are now fortunately all dead, would have lifted up their eyes in holy horror at the desecrating that would certainly follow the dreadful day when women went into business.

After women have been enfranchised all the men fiction writers will proceed to sharpen their pencils and fill their fountain pens and stock up with copy paper and tell stories that will "sell" well and "read" well about the delicate femininity, the grace, the beauty of fair voters who win all hearts by that same intangible charm that has swayed the hearts of men since the days of Helen and all this unreasoning dread of the desecrating of woman and the foolish opposition that grows out of it will be forgotten just as of the same opposition to the higher education of woman was forgotten; just as the same opposition to her entry into the business world has been forgotten; and the eternal feminine still persist and prevail just as it always has and always will.

Notwithstanding all this, the present-day conservative will wag a solemn head and say "but this is different."

To which I can reply, it is precisely the same.

But if it's no avail. The conservative revises this old antiquated dread of the de-sexing of women at every step in her progress and actually believed he or she is doing something praiseworthy and original.

"Rosie," a recent writer, reminds me of a good conservative who lived in the small old town of Hatfield, Massachusetts, when it was first proposed to tax the town to provide "schooling" for the girls.

When the question was under discussion at the town meeting, Mr. Conservative arose and bursting with righteous indignation ejaculated: "What! Hatfield school the shees? Never!"

He was certain that to "school the shees" would unsex them for the spheres which men and providence designed them to fill. What would he have said to the women's colleges of today?

And still girls continue to go to college and then go home and fall in love and get married just as they did before. How strange.

But the conservatives will never learn. "Rosie" says: "Just let me whisper in your ear. If each woman would stay at home and hold court in her own house with her own children, herself as judge and jury, and teach her boys good morals and good principles, there would be no need for other juvenile courts and there also would be no men to reform."

Evidently "Rosie" thinks it is a far lighter task to "teach boys good morals and good principles" than it is to vote. What does she mean by "good principles"? How can a woman teach her boys to discriminate between good and bad political principles when she does not know herself?

Of what use is it to teach "good morals" (whatever that may mean) to a boy when he must go out into a world and live his life in the midst of surroundings that make "morals" a practical impossibility?

Yet the mother must be silent regarding these conditions. To want to vote to change them would be unwomanly.

All this talk of a hard and fast division between the home and the political and industrial activities and conditions of the country is simple imbecility first and last.

There is no such division. Political and industrial conditions and influences react on the home with a thousand times more force than the home can bring to bear upon them.

The home of every poor man—every working man in the land—is the poorer for the present monopolies of the necessities of life and women are equal sufferers with men.

Every household in the land is darkened by the debauchery and degradation that descend from the same sources in the legislative, judicial—yes, the executive branches of our government—and women suffer from them not a whit less than men and have therefore the same reasons to wish to assist in their removal, and will be accorded the right to do so.

BABY'S THUMB. I know a bewitching small maiden, With a second birth day yet to come, Who thinks that life isn't worth living Unless she can suck her very thumb.

And when she is weary with playing, And her senses begin to grow numb, She finds her thumb, just to hold it, And slips in one little pink thumb.

Then the look of supreme satisfaction; It would strike any artist dumb With despair, for he never could paint it, That—how when she first tastes her thumb.

She would tell you that barley sugar, And the slices kind of a pinkie, Or the choicest of French confections, Were not half so sweet as her thumb.

That taffy and honey were nowhere, And the best grade of white chewing gum, You couldn't be hired to look at, If you once got a taste of her thumb.

There are people brimful of dark sayings, If mamma don't resort to harsh measures, And embitter or tie up that thumb.

All these prophets we know mean kindly, So we listen with gravity numb; But mamma couldn't be so hard-hearted —As to cut baby off from her thumb.

Indeed, all disconsolate mortals, And good folks inclined to be grim, Might learn a lesson in wisdom From this baby girl sucking her thumb.

When the world seems awfully noisy, And hollow as any bass drum, Over I say "Let me keep forever This baby that sucks her small thumb."

What Lightning Likes. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A German statistician announces that lightning which strikes trees has nine times as many and 22 times as much. Moreover, 54 oak trees and 16 pine trees are struck for every beech tree that the lightning touches; so that, if one is caught out in a thunder storm, and must stand under a tree, it is better to stand under a beech tree which is rooted in chalky ground than anywhere else.

REALIZE IS YOURS. Disease and sickness bring Old Age. Herbing, taken every morning before breakfast, will keep you in robust health, fit you to ward off disease. It cures I say "Let me keep forever This baby that sucks her small thumb."

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