

WOMAN AND HOME.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF CO-OPERATION IN A COUNTRY HOME.

A Physically Perfect Woman—What Children Should Learn—A Lazy Husband. A Point on Dress—Educational Hints. Comfort for Wives—Items.

An illustration of home co-operation has recently come to my attention, which has interested me, especially since it illustrates the possibilities of the many homes as contrasted with the exceptional opportunities of the few.

In a quiet country home of which I know, there are nine children, from a youngest boy, their ages range from 1 to 14 years. City conveniences of sewerage, water works and gas have not yet lightened household work, but there are broad fields all about them, and the breezes of the fields and dells and sweet fresh winds and flowers. There is a vegetable garden to be cared for, and a cow to be milked. The father's business takes him from home a large part of every week, so that more care than is usual falls upon the mother. But what a genius she is, indeed, for ordering the household forces! How clear headed and wise she is in the management of her home department!

Several of the children are physically delicate. They vary widely in temperament, and so many children must, but, as you know, they all cheerfully wiled into line, and the entire family work goes on quietly, regularly, and apparently without friction. There is no maid in the kitchen, but each daughter takes her turn in the various departments of work. She serves her apprenticeship as cook, or chambermaid, or seamstress, and is left, after a proper start therein, to the unassisted conduct of her own department, learning by the failure how to better plan and execute next time. Since there are only "themselves," all can bear with equanimity the sometime dispensation of an overdone roast or an underdone omelet, and if the work of the "evening meal" smokes around the table, Jessie or Alice or Arthur will be pretty sure to try to finish the next morning.

Even the very little ones feel their responsibility in the family plans. One has in charge the sweeping of the veranda, and the bringing of the "killings" on another week the vegetables. On Mondays the work of washing is so divided that it is not over wearisome for any. There are two clothes wringers, at which the larger boys officiate. One sister attends to the washing of the mother to the rinsing, etc. The care of the lamp falls to one little girl, and so on. Then the mother has a sewing school, where even the boys are enthusiastic learners. The baby constitutes a divided right. I suspect that many hands have the benefit of him, but as he has been a feeble child he has chiefly fallen to his mother's tending. In this family there are pleasant literary plans and readings. Music and art do not have the go by either. In short, it is a well ordered, public, with no superfluous citizens.—Rebecca Perley Reed in Christian Union.

A Physically Perfect Woman.

If any woman wishes to know whether she is a perfect specimen of her sex she has only to apply the rules which follow. First, as to the fact and figure on the results. First, as to height, tastes differ, but the Medicean Venus is five feet, five inches in height, and this is held by many sculptors and artists to be the most admirable stature for a woman. As for coloring and shape, here is a code laid down by the Arabs, who say that a woman should have these things: Black—hair, eyebrows, lashes and pupils. White—Skin, teeth and cheeks. Round—Hips, neck, arms and waist. Long—back, fingers, arms and limbs. Large—Forehead eyes and lips. Narrow—Eyes, nose and feet. Small—Ears, bust and hands.

For a woman of five feet five, 138 pounds is the proper weight, and if she is well formed she can stand another ten pounds without greatly showing it. When her arms are extended she should measure from tip of middle finger to tip of middle finger and five feet five, exactly the same height. The length of her hand should be just a tenth of that and her foot just a seventh, and the diameter of her chest a fifth. From her thighs to the ground she should measure just what she measures from the nape of her neck to the head. The knee should come exactly midway between the thigh and the heel. The distance from the elbow to the middle finger should be the same as the distance from the elbow to the middle of the chest. The top of the thigh should be just the length of the foot, and there should be the same distance between the chin and the armpits. A woman of this height should measure twenty-four inches about the waist and thirty-four inches about the bust, if measured from under the arms, and forty-three over them. The upper arm should measure thirteen inches and the wrist six. The calf of the leg should measure fourteen and one-half inches, the thigh twenty-five and the ankle eighteen. There is another system of measurement which says that the distance twice around the thumb should give one around the wrist; twice around the wrist, once around the throat; twice around the throat, once around the waist, and so on, but the first is the measure used by sculptors, who have gained them by measurements of the Greek statues. New York World.

What Children Should Learn.

Teach young girls and boys less about etiquette for the languages, spirit of love. Teach them not so much to dance and pose and receive gracefully, as to be quick to do a service for any one in trouble or bewilderment, alert to lend a helping hand, even if it be to the girl in the kitchen or the homeless and hated tramp on the street, and be more mindful of other's comfort than their own. Teach them to despise vulgarity and low habits and uncleanliness of body or of mind; but teach them also that poverty is no disgrace and that the measure of a man's or a woman's worth lies never in the pocket or the attire. Anybody can wear fine clothes, but not so many can earn them honestly or go without them if beyond their means. The man or the woman in a shabby coat or cloak is more royal in the sight of honest men than the girl who never pays her laundry bill, or the wife who never lifts her lazy hand to earn her living. If I had the teaching of 100 blessed girls today, I would drop the languages, and the classics and the accomplishments from the list; I would close up the text books and turn the blackboards Ethiopian faces to the wall and give a solid year's lesson in human nature. How they averaged in Latin should be of not so much account as how they averaged in honor and joy and heaven born purity. What tasks they made in algebra should matter little compared to what sweet deeds of courtesy and helpful love they scored from day to day. Their standing in scholarship should pale into insignificance before their standing in the ability to make home happy.—Autour in Chicago Journal.

Wives and Husbands.

They were discussing the awful problem of the inefficiency of so many men. There were three of them—all ladies who had known plenty and now were their own bread winners in consequence of the failure of business. "I believe in setting out the slippers and all that old time nonsense about a wife's duties," said one, "if the husband provides the home and its necessities. But when I am obliged to go out to earn the money, it is my duty to buy his bread as well as my own, as I do now, I give up the practice of setting out the slippers." Another remarked that a married woman made the mistake of her life when she began to do anything to earn money. She said she also believed that the efficiency of woman was creating a race of inefficient, irresponsible men. After talking it over in plain language, in which was found for tremendous emphasis, they all agreed that, as women were, they should be obliged to earn their bread, everything should be made as easy as possible for them; but the old way of the husband earning and the wife expending the money for their mutual comfort was the best, and any departure therefrom showed that there was something radically wrong somewhere.—New York Press "Every Day Talk."

What Do Girls Know?

Most of our boys assume the responsibility of the citizen, and our girls enter upon the duties of the wife and the mother with only the knowledge acquired in the public schools. Now, what do they know? How many of the girls understand the simplest rules of civility, of courtesy or health?

BEAVERS AT WORK.

HOW THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN FAMILY PREPARE FOR WINTER.

An Old Grayback Tugging Away at a Maple Log—The Family to the Rescue—An Unfinished Hut—Habits of Beavers.

"You would be surprised at the intelligence shown by these animals. Some of them seem to be almost human, they are so clever." "And industrious!" "More industrious than many people. Just now they are pecking away day and night. Usually they work at night only, but this is building time, and as there seems to be snow in the air they are hustling double time to get their winter quarters in order. Just look at that fellow trying to roll down that big log there."

And Headkeeper Byrne, of the Zoological garden, leaned over the iron railing round the beaver pond, his fine face lighted up with the same look of interest, and he said, "The creatures so hard at work. The log was a heavy limb of a maple tree. It lay upon the bank a yard or two from the water. It was almost as thick and three times as long as the beaver that was endeavoring to move it. The animal pushed with all his strength, but vainly. He stopped, half hopelessly, walked round and round the log, then squatting resolutely on his haunches uttered a low cry. Instantly the creature poked its snout more up to a woman in going through life.—Mrs. Boyle in Cassell's Magazine.

A Habit to Avoid.

It is a coarse habit of some people to sneer at mothers-in-law, and we often notice such sneers in the papers and in the street. Your own mother, if you have sisters who are married, is a mother-in-law, and so also is your wife's mother. Your daughter, when she is married, will have a husband to whom you will wish to be a mother-in-law. Every man's mother who has ever had a married daughter is a mother-in-law. The vast majority of the well behaved mothers of families are, or will be, mothers-in-law, and nearly the whole of the society daughters upon whom their parents look with pride will some day be mother-in-law. When you think of these things you will see how ill becoming is the habit of sneering at the mother-in-law. Do not, therefore, fall into the baneful custom of speaking slightly of mothers-in-law if you honor the mother who bore you, or the sisters and daughters in whom you delight.—New York Evening Sun.

Advice to Overworked Women.

Mrs. Abby Diaz recommends overworked women to take a good many unstarved articles go rough dried, with only a little pulling and smoothing, to put plain clothes on children, and to quit baking so much cake and pie. The great aim is to gain time. "Let them give up doing those things for their children, in order that they may do better things for those children, such as reading, talking, walking with them, especially walking the woods and fields, such as getting light on matters connected with their proper training. I don't mean to say that we never have a bit of cake or pudding in the house; in fact, we do often have plain cake and gingerbread, and we do not forget about it as well as I could. Well, as I was talking to the class a poor woman near me kept smoothing down the velvet of my skirt; all the time she kept it up, touching it softly. After the regular session was over I asked those that had smoothed the velvet to wait, as I always do. The woman stayed, not saying anything, but going on softly smoothing the velvet. "Do you like my gown?" I said. "Sure, ma'am, we poor folks don't see anything new, and I have not been taught, it has made me feel quieter than anything you've done." "Since that I've made a point of dressing handsomely when I went to Five Points. That's my little contribution to the discussion on dress."—New York Graphic.

How to Treat Children.

A word about nervous children. Never scold them nor "make fun" of them. They suffer enough without your threats or sarcasm. "Fretfulness" is sure to be followed by illness in company with their grimaces when alone. A case was reported the other day of a boy of 10 years who, on being vexed, and without any apparent provocation, will clutch his hands and make the most frightful contortions of the muscles of his face and head till his mother fears he is idiotic. By no means. He is the brightest boy in his class at school, fond of reading and of natural history, but he is of a highly nervous temperament, and he has not been taught to control the little wires, so to speak, on which he is strung. This is no single case. There are thousands of children who give way to their nerves in a similar fashion. Talk to them about these things, and tell them that should be their servants, not their masters. Never whip them. The man or woman who whips a nervous child is on a level with brutes that have no reason. Encourage them. Help them. Encourage them to do things that will give them a sense of accomplishment, and when they will work hard at whatever they undertake. Brace up your own nerves first, and then be indulgent toward the capers of your over-nervous children.—Boston Globe.

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EMERSON AS A LECTURER.

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ANCIENT CLIMATE OF AMERICA.

Goldsmith's Climate, published in 1824, describing the United States, says: "Europe would be old in America sooner than in Europe. Still more sensible. When young the climate is still more temperate, particularly in Philadelphia, but after 30 they begin to lose their fresh color and teeth, and at the age of 35 many of them would pass for Europeans at 25." What funny things those old geographers were, to be sure.—New York Tribune.

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His lecturing was forced upon him, more and more. His family was increasing. He had to support his wife and children. He had to buy more land to protect his view. For the filling of his purse the only means so convenient was lecturing. As his name grew more widely known to the managers of the country lyceums in New England and elsewhere, he could, with much traveling, collect fees enough to fill the ever yawning gap between income and outgo, though never much more than fill it. His fees in those days were small; not so large, perhaps, as now. "Yes," was the reply; "Mr. Alexander Ireland in 1847 for ten lectures; in Boston, \$50; in the country lyceums, \$10 and traveling expenses. Then, from the liberal style of his housekeeping he passed with his neighbors for a well to do man, and paid, his friends thought, more than a fair proportion of the town taxes. So it came about that all these years in the forties were years of unmitigated wealth and sometimes anxiety to keep out of debt.—Cabot's Memoir of Emerson.

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A HOSTESS'S CORDIAL GREETING.

NOVEL RECEPTION OF A STRANGER—UNIQUE HOSPITALITY—A SUGGESTION.

Mrs. Y. is a brilliant Boston woman of abundant executive ability, shrewd wit, and delightful hospitality. The exigencies of her husband's business led to the keeping up of an establishment in the west, where Mrs. Y. passes some months of the year, and where she entertains a great many people. One day there was brought to Mrs. Y. the card of an English gentleman, accompanied by a letter of introduction from friends of the Ys abroad. The hostess went down stairs and greeted the guest cordially.

GREELY'S DISCOVERY.

HOW THE TRIBUNE PHILOSOPHER FOUND AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

The Typewriter's First Interview with the Famous Editor—Something the Tribune Had to Take Back—Reading Dana's Choice Obituaries. The cleverest newspaper men, when pushed into the walks of statesmanship, have rarely fulfilled the promises of their journalistic careers. But I look for a different result in Amos J. Cummings' case. He has an abundance of that rare mental commodity known as horse sense. There is nothing of the theorist about him. He is eminently practical, earnest, energetic, courageous and honest. I know of no young man who ever entered congress with brighter prospects. He was offered \$5,000 a year—as much as his congressional salary—to write over his own signature one letter a week for a newspaper about the doings of the house of representatives. Cummings' name brings to my mind his indirect connection with the newspaper killing of a number of American statesmen for whom the last trump had not been blown—or played, whichever you prefer. When Horace Greeley, one of the best and profaneest of men, was editor of The Tribune, Amos Cummings entered the employ of that newspaper as a typewriter. He then lived in Newark. One afternoon The Evening Telegram published a report that the editor of the Tribune, Wright, United States senator from New Jersey. It was an event in the political world, and Greeley wrote an editorial upon it. It fell to Cummings' lot to place a portion of the report in type. Having just come from his New Jersey home, he knew that the report of Senator Wright's death was untrue, and so informed the foreman of the composing room, who told him that he should go down stairs and "tell the old man."

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FANCIES IN FURNITURE.

Mahogany is the popular wood for this season.

A carved footstool has its sides in embossed brass. Fourteenth century chairs are returning to favor. Cabinets and toilet tables of papier mache are once more in use. Parlor suits of six pieces, no two alike, are in fashion and in favor. Furniture carriers should be careful not to make their cutting too deep. Desks for offices and rooms are made to contain a concealed wastebasket. A hat rack is provided with protruding erect oval ends of nickel plated wire for silk hats. Dwarf book cases, elaborately carved and gilded, are to be seen in the most fashionable homes. Table beds are new. They are converted from beds to the other readily, and may be used as either. Brass cabinets are quite pretty and quite stylish; pillars have fluted capitals, panels of antique design, etc. A dressing table has a double top, the upper divided in the middle and opening to right and left on hinges. Furniture may be painted the most effectively by rubbing down each coat, so as to be done in carriage painting. Fautouls of the toniest quality are made from locust wood and upholstered in pink and blue, with golden fringe. Jewel caskets of tortoise shell, with four drawers, are neat and expensive. They make excellent Christmas presents. Drawing room tables of unique appearance are made from coarse Irish staves of light greenish yellow and bound by wiles of red. A new color to stain wood is a rich violet, and the stain is thus made: The wood is coated with a bath of four and one-half ounces of olive oil, same of soda ash and two ounces of water of boiling water. It is then dyed with magenta. Folding beds are selling well about the holiday season. There is considerable mechanical ingenuity displayed in their construction. One house, well known as the residence of a wealthy gentleman, has a folding bed in every apartment, thus making each room a parlor.—New York Mail and Express.

WHAT THEY WEAR.

Watered velvet is the thing in millinery. Rejoice, O womankind; sable is not so high this year. Cloth princess gowns demand trimming as far as their make up forbids drapery. The large pouf at the back, so long discredited, is now pronounced bad style. The very newest seal coats are short at the back, with the long fronts deeply bordered with fox fur. For very little folk, hoods of chinchilla, with lining and loops of silk pink, are the highest fashion. Diamond pins jeweled both at point and head are not fashionable, nor thrust carelessly in the hair. Half low shoes of bronze, patent leather, French kid or suede, are preferred to slippers for evening wear. The merry thought and peacock's feathers in diamonds and emeralds, are among new designs for brooches. A wide front panel, or one at each side, is new and better style than the single one that has become chronic. In front draperies, a go-as-you-please center, with some pleats, either hand, is the correct thing for silk or woolen. A new angle is elastic—opening for the hand, then springing to the arm—yet warranted not to get out of order. Walking shoes of Angora kid, made over lasts delightfully high square toe, are a designer—"for which relief thank you." Hats are segregating themselves into two distinct species—low, with wide brims, and stooped like, with a bare suspension of projection. Smart looking fur capes are either plastrons across the chest or in the shape of a habit skirt, with the epaulets and loops of cord passanteries. Red riding habits are the latest elegant example of Parisian equestriennes, who must otherwise sport the color of the entertainer of the hour.

RULES FOR GETTING RICH.

The best merchant is he whose business talent is of the highest order and improved to the highest pitch. Of all quarrels, the most senseless, the most needless, the most worrying, is a quarrel with your circumstances. Every man has three characters—that which he exhibits, that which he has and that which he thinks he has. Half of the heavy hearts and broken spirits and sleepless eyes among our merchants might be spared were they only willing to conform their appearance to their substance. Many merchants object too much, consult too long, advertise too little, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Some men seem to take failure quite comfortably; they stop and go on again, without changing their style of living or lowering their heads. That is a feat that no honest business man can admire. In business there are many who cannot rise, many who cannot help descending, many who of necessity fall, many who earn their bread, but many who only waste it when they do not succeed. Great merit or great failings will make you respected or despised, but tricks, little attentions, mere nothings, either done or neglected, will make you either liked or disliked in the general run of the world. The true merchant is not the man who best understands his business, and contrives to bargain others out of their reasonable profits, but he who best understands his business and never takes advantage of any man's ignorance or any man's necessity. "Leading articles" in commerce, like leading articles in journalism, are meant to lead a character for the whole. But it is questionable whether the merchant is justified in taking such modes of attracting the attention of the public unless he has actual advantages to offer.—New York Mail and Express.

POLITICAL PICKINGS.

Prohibitionist St. John's wife is making testotal speeches in Kentucky. An active campaign in North Carolina next year is what Republican National Committee member Harris, from that state, promises. Elijah M. Haines, whose career in the Illinois legislature attracted some attention two years ago, is in the field as a candidate for governor.