

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 is she 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 little 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 Monday's 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 gleeks of the eye. Red—Tongue, lips 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 navel to the top of 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 arm to the tip of the middle finger 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 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 tailor's 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 studies 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, 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."

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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.

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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 nor 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 so 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 confidence and success. 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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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 Y's abroad. The hostess went down stairs and greeted the guest cordially.

"We are so accustomed to travelers here," she said, "that we know just what to do with them. We expect everybody to arrive fatigued and exhausted; and we let everybody take a bath the first thing. I spoke to the servant before I came down, and everything is all ready."

"But," stammered the stranger, "I cannot take a bath; I have a headache." "Oh, I know just how you feel," interrupted Mrs. Y. "A bath is the only thing that restores me to my normal condition when I've been traveling, and you have come right through from Boston to here. The guest demurred, but Mrs. Y. was too executive and too truly hospitable to allow his scruples to prevent the carrying out of her kindly intent. The Englishman was shown upstairs to the bathroom, where it is so presumed he combined with the progress of his toilet reflections upon the originality and practicality of American hospitality.

In due time the guest descended again to the parlor, where Mrs. Y. awaited him. "I hope you found everything to your mind," she said. "Oh, yes," he replied, "I have had a delightful bath, and now I must bid you good afternoon, as I have to catch a train." "What?" cried the hostess aghast. "You're not going?" "Unfortunately, I must. I only stopped over a train to call on you."

"Mercy!" she exclaimed in dismay. "I thought you had come to remain. You can't really must, was the reply. "But I assure you I have had a most refreshing bath, and I always shall remember with sincere pleasure your unique hospitality." The story was too good to keep, and Mrs. Y. told it at her own expense, greatly to the amusement of her friends, who declared that his fashion of entertaining callers was one which deserved to be widely introduced. It would solve many a perplexing question of the proper method of disposing of guests who were not easy to amuse.—Boston Cor. Providence Journal.

A Fatal Bath of Speech.

I heard on State street the other day an authentic story of detective acuteness. Everybody is familiar with the trick that many men have of capping whatever they hear, when they do not dissent, with some favorite expression. Thus one man says "precisely," another "exactly," and there is a considerable faction for whom the words "just so" or "to be sure" seem to fill the required need. Not long ago a Boston man was talking to a man in the street, who was a large sum of money from his employments and fled to the west. A description of him was sent to detectives and police superintendent generally, and about a month after his escape a Minnesota officer telegraphed that he thought he had his eye upon the person wanted. His appearance, however, was very different from that described in the circular. The situation was a pressing one; if the supposed criminal was such in fact he might at any moment fly to Canada; on the other hand, to arrest an innocent person would be a good deal of trouble.

The object was to identify the man if possible within a few hours. In this emergency the Boston detective in charge of the case examined and cross examined the man's employers as to his peculiarities. They could find upon nothing distinctive till finally the detective inquired in a moment of inspiration if he had any particular way of expressing himself. "Yes," was the reply; "I never know how to follow talk three minutes without saying, 'I believe you.'" In half an hour the information was telegraphed to the west; within four hours the Minnesota detective had a lead which he passed with his neighbors the thief was arrested.—Boston Post.

Emerson as a Lecturer.

His lecturing was forced upon him more and more. His family was increasing. He had to open a house. 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. His management might have made them. He writes to Mr. Alexander Ireland in 1847 that the most he ever received was \$270 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.

Prosperity of the Hebrews.

"Nothing has impressed me so much," said one of the prominent dry goods merchants the other day, "as the way in which the Hebrews have multiplied and prospered in this country. Not further back than 1845 there were only 50,000 Hebrews here. Today there are nearly 750,000. So you will see that while the population of the country has increased threefold in forty years it was 20,000,000 in 1845—the Hebrew population has increased in every larger proportion. Of course there are more Hebrews in Russia, Austria and Germany than there are in America, but we come next. If the figures which I have given may be taken as a basis for estimating the future growth of the race, it will not be long before this country will be led by Israel. I asked my friend to what he attributed the success of the Hebrew, and he said: 'His spirit is proverbial, but I have yet to meet a man who will deny that he is public spirited and generous in the support of benevolent and worthy institutions generally. Certainly he is a life abiding.'"—Rambler in Brooklyn Eagle.

Ancient Climate of America.

Goldsmith's Geography, published in 1824, describing the United States, says: "Europe be old in America sooner than in Europe. Still more sensible. When young the earth was generally warmer, 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 geographies were, to be sure.—New York Tribune.

GREELEY'S DISCOVERY.

HOW THE TRIBUNE PHILOSOPHER FOUND AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

The Typesetter'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. 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 typesetter. He then lived in Newark. One afternoon The Evening Telegram published a report that the Rev. Amos Cummings, 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 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."

Cummings, with his sleeves rolled up, and still wearing his ink smeared apron, walked into the sanctum of the Sage of Chappaqua, and in his blunt way said: "Senator Billy Wright is not dead." Looking up, Greeley, in his peculiar falsetto voice, exclaimed: "Who in the name of the devil are you?" "I work upstairs in the composing room," was the quiet answer.

"Young man," squeaked out Greeley, "you're not Greeley." The young printer said not another word, but walked upstairs and finished putting in type the editorial sermon over the living senator's body. Two days after this the Tribune was obliged to correct its false statement of Wright's death. It did not take Greeley long to find that Cummings was not a fool, and it was not very long before the typesetter was city editor of the great journal. That time there were two New York congressmen bearing the name of James M. Humphreys. One was from Buffalo, and a Democrat; the other was from Brooklyn, and a Republican, and was at one time postmaster of that city. The news editor of the Tribune, in recording in the columns of The Tribune their votes on important public measures almost invariably led them up in one way or another and named Mr. Greeley into mistaken criticism that filled him with agony.