

WOMAN'S REALM

The Interfering Husband.

A lady writes: I would like to say a word or two about the husband who goes beyond his sphere; many married ladies will know him too well. He may be called "the interfering husband," the one who will poke his nose into household and domestic matters which in no way concern him.

He is a kind of general walking encyclopedia on all matters connected with housework; thinks nothing of instructing his wife as to how she should perform her duties; he frequently goes the length of lecturing the "general" on the most trivial points of housewifery. No true wife cares for a husband going about the kitchen; in fact, it is no place for a man. Yet the kitchen is a kind of happy hunting ground for the interfering husband.

He drops in of an afternoon—why on earth is the floor not scrubbed yet? He demands an explanation and is told that the "missus" said it wasn't to be scrubbed that day.

This won't do for the interfering man, however. He hunts out his wife and informs her that the kitchen looks like an old clothes shop. Can she not keep his house in a cleanly state? Is he to pay for a servant standing about doing nothing when she might be well employed scrubbing floors? And so he goes on.

Such a man is more than a nuisance, he is an infliction, and the household over which he presides is rarely a happy one; it cannot be when the man goes on like this.

But the same individual won't only meddle with household affairs; he will also dictate concerning the children, and this no true mother will tolerate.

Suppose the month of May comes in and is raw and cold. Have the children stopped wearing their winter flannels? No? Well, they must do so at once. So orders the interfering husband, heedless of the fact that the mother ought to be the judge as to when children should put off or on certain articles of clothing. And thus he dictates, always interfering with the wife's duties.

Naturally trouble is ever to the fore; it could not be otherwise. Suppose such a man gives his wife a certain sum monthly as a private allowance. Why, it isn't private at all; she really has to account for every penny spent, and a woman of spirit will not meekly stand this sort of thing long; open rupture follows almost as a matter of course. I wonder if the interfering man is aware of the fact that he is known all over his neighborhood as such? If there happens to be a servant in the house it won't be kept dark; all his little peculiarities will be discussed with Mary next door, and Mary, if she happens to be on free terms with her mistress, will not hesitate to speak of "that man" up the street, mentioning a few facts concerning him. Her mistress will, if she be of the average female type, most certainly hint to some of the ladies of the neighborhood about Mr. So-and-so and his goings on, and thus his name is handed about till he is well known in his real colors half a dozen streets away.

The interfering husband, however, takes up other duties. For instance, he acts as a kind of censor over his wife's friends and acquaintances; he lays down the law as to who shall or shall not visit the house, and, in very truth, his wife is sorely tied down.

The interfering husband, in short, is a wife's sorest trial. A woman cannot respect a man like that. But then he is no man, and the woman who has such a husband deserves our pity.—Knoxville Sentinel.

A Gentlewoman.

Never indulges in ill-natured gossip. Never forgets the respects due to age.

Thinks of others before she thinks of herself.

Does not measure her civility by people's bank accounts.

Does not forget engagements, promises or obligations of any kind.

Is never argumentative or contradictory in conversation.

Never makes fun or ridicules the idiosyncrasies of others.

Does not bore people by talking constantly of herself and her affairs.

Is always as agreeable to her social inferiors as her equals and superiors.

Has not two sets of manners—one for "company" and one for home use.

Will never attract attention by loud talk or laughter or show her egotism by monopolizing the conversation.—New York American.

How Society Discourages Matrimony.

"One is sometimes led to speculate upon the very apparent subsidence of the sentimental relationship of the sexes in our age," says Mrs. Burton Harrison in Everybody's Magazine. "Certain it is that the young man who dares not, and the girl who cares not, to achieve matrimony, are a frequent spectacle. In the man's case, who can blame him, acquainted as he gen-

erally is with the stress of money-getting, and informed on every side of the expectations and the necessities of a wife 'in society'? As for the girl, it is the habit of well-to-do American parents so to equip and prepare their daughters for life among the highest; they so commonly provide her with luxuries unknown to their own youth, with suites of rooms, maids, horses, vehicles of her own; they carry her so much abroad that she cannot find herself tempted to give up this ease and variety for the humdrum estate of marriage and a husband who must daily work down town. Such a state of things seems abnormal, but is not unusual. And while I am quite unprepared to accept H. B. Marriott Watson's declaration in the Nineteenth Century, that the American woman is anarchical; that she is undermining the sociological foundations of the state—I think in this matter of wanting to remain single because she is better off than if married, there is a menace of grave import to the nation."

ABOUT THE BABY



In artificially fed children the bottles should be boiled daily, and the tubes and other rubber parts should be soaked for one hour, in water containing 25 per cent of pure glycerine.

Oil stoves should be banished from the nursery. They foul the air to such an extent as to render them unfit for use in any room not provided with a free current from open door to open window, or ventilator.

Watch the babe's position; should be rest with face downward or repeatedly bend the thighs on the abdomen there is some intestinal disorder. It is a bad sign for the child when lying on his side to have the head greatly drawn back. When in this position, and the breathing is hoarse something ails the throat. If the breathing is normal the mischief is in the brain.

When your babe is asleep watch his face. If the eyelids are not perfectly closed suspect weakness. If you see a furrow passing from either side of the nose round the mouth there is probably something the matter with stomach or intestines. A furrow from either mouth corner, passing outward, may indicate something wrong with the throat or lungs. None of these signs is conclusive; but they are infinitely valuable in causing the careful parent to investigate the state of the child's health.

What Noted Men Have Written.
If woman lost us Paradise, she alone can restore it.—J. G. Whittier.

What is woman? Only one of nature's agreeable blunders.—Bulwer.

All women are good—good for something, or good for nothing.—Cervantes.

A curious fact—Satan deprived Job of everything except his wife.—Observer.

A beautiful woman is the only tyrant—man is not authorized to resist.—Victor Hugo.

Unhappy is the man to whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable.—Richter.

They say man was created first. Well, suppose he was—ain't first experiments always failure?—Anon.

The best thing I know of is a first rate wife. And the next best thing is a second rate one.—Josh Billings.

A man never so beautifully shows his own strength as when he respects a woman's weakness.—Douglas Jerrold.

A beautiful woman is a practical poem, planting tenderness, hope and eloquence in all whom she approaches.—Emerson.

One can, to almost a laughable extent, infer what a man's wife is like from his opinion about women in general.—A. R. H.

They govern the world, these sweet-voiced women, because beauty and harmony are the index of a larger fact than wisdom.—O. W. Holmes.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both by the beauty of the covering.—Dr. Johnson.

Like a Bargain
"Well, anyway," he said, during their little spat, "when I proposed to you you took me promptly enough."
"Yes," she replied, "I was only a woman and you did look so cheap."—Philadelphia Ledger.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Age of Retirement.

WE live rapidly in the telephonic age. It has been truthfully said that we can crowd much more work into the day than our most industrious forbears did. Invention has given us many hands. Time and space have been conquered, so that the modern man of 60 has accomplished infinitely more than the man who lived to the patriarchal age, and, from this point of view, has earned the rest which his grandfather would not have dreamed of enjoying at threescore. Whether this be so or not, many of the finest achievements in business, statesmanship, literature, in all activities, have been wrought by men long past 60. No strong man will accept 60 as the arbitrary limit of his ambition and working ability.

Writers who have discoursed most knowingly on the obligation of the aged to leave the active scene have not undertaken to fix the year for retirement. The youth who is anxious to push his way into the working world thinks that a man is old at 40 and should be preparing to go on the retired list. In the fierce competitions of modern life it is probable that the age of retirement is gradually falling. The theory is worth the investigation of the curious statistician. Asked when he considered a man to be in the prime of life, Palmerston replied: "Seventy-nine, but as I have entered my eighty-third year, perhaps I am myself a little past it." Such is the view of old men on this delicate subject.

Many men retire too early, and, like the old war horse, yearn for the march and the battle. The habit of work holds us to the accustomed cares and tasks. This explains why the great lawyer or the multi-millionaire merchant remains at his post long after his prime. The powers of men whose lives have been very active are likely to decline rapidly in retirement, the result of idleness and ennui.

"Nothing is so injurious as unoccupied time. The human heart is like a millstone; if you put wheat under it, it grinds the wheat into flour; if you put no wheat it grinds on, but then 'tis itself it wears away."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mistakes in Life.

ONE of the most unprofitable ways of spending time is the practice, to which many persons are addicted, of brooding over the mistakes one has made in life, and thinking what he might have been or achieved if he had not done, at certain times, just what he did do. Almost every unsuccessful man, in looking over his past career, is inclined to think that it would have been wholly different but for certain slips and blunders—certain hasty, ill-considered acts into which he was betrayed almost unconsciously and without a suspicion of their consequences.

As he thinks of all the good things of this world—honor, position, power and influence—of which he has been deprived in some mysterious, inexplicable way, he has no patience with himself; and, as it is painful and humiliating to dwell long upon one's own follies, it is fortunate if he does not implicate others—friends and relatives—in his disappointments. Perhaps, as education has never been free from mistakes—mistakes, indeed, of every kind—he imputes the blame to his early training, in which habits of thoroughness and accuracy, or, again, of self-reliance and independence of thought, may not have been implanted. Perhaps a calling was chosen for him by his parents, without regard to his peculiar talents or tastes and preferences; or, if he was allowed to choose for himself, it was when his judgment was immature and unfit for the responsibility. The result was that the square man got into the round hole, or the triangular man into the square hole, or the round man squeezed himself into the triangular hole.

Now, the fact is that, in all these mishaps, there is nothing exceptional. They are just what befall—all, or in part—every man who is born in a civilized country. No circumstances under which any man has been born and fitted for a career have been entirely happy. . . . In view of these considerations, it has been justly said that to see a man, poker in hand, on a wet day, dashing at the coals, and moodily counting the world's mistakes against him, is neither a dignified nor engaging spectacle; and our sympathy flags with the growing conviction that people are

constantly apt to attribute a state of things to one particular condition or mischance, which, sooner or later, must have happened from some inherent weakness and openness to attack. It may be noted that, where men themselves attribute ill success or mischance to separate distinct mistakes—as, for instance, to the choice of a certain adviser, or the engaging in some special speculation—those who have to observe them trace all to character. They see that if failure had not come at such a juncture, it must have come at some other from certain flaws in the man's nature—that mistakes simply mark occasions when he was tested. We see in a career a hundred chances thrown away and wasted, not all from accident, though the actor, looking back, does not know why he chose the wrong—being the last to remember that a crisis is the occasion for hidden faults and predominating influences to declare themselves, so that his mistakes were, in a manner, inevitable.—William Mathews, in Success.

On the Use of the Imagination.

IN a practical age the imagination is apt to get less than its due. We want naked facts, or we think we do, and imaginative people insist upon clothing them in gay apparel; consequently whenever we lose sight of a fact we suspect the imagination of having run off with it, and raise the hue and cry with a fine indignation against the deceiver. Yet to the art of living, as to every subordinate art, imagination is the one indispensable quality. For lack of it we fall not merely in sympathy and courtesy, in toleration, in all the minor graces, but even in actual truthfulness of thought and demeanor. So far is it from reality to consider imagination as the enemy of fact, that without it no fact can be properly apprehended, much less shared with our neighbors. The greatest fact of social life is the fact that we are all different, and it follows from this that without the power to picture a different mind from our own we are incapable of communicating the simplest feeling. . . . If you define imagination as the faculty of seeing what is not there, you may take away its character without contradiction; but this is the perverse description of statisticians; the poet that lives in each of us knows better. . . . And if we come down to the amenities, the small change of life, the imagination calls to us ceaselessly for employment. Formal courtesies are base money, passed about among stupid people only until they are found out; the courtesies that will stand every test, and pass current in all emergencies, must be the fruits of a genuine traffic between mind and mind, in which every interest is active and every want is taken into account. And this can only be got by sending the imagination on its travels for us.—London Guardian.

The Chief Language.

WITH the increasing intercourse of the nations the old question of a universal language comes up—at least in the German mind—affording a topic of discussion. The tendency toward a common tongue is and has been for years most strongly marked by the spread of the English language. Mulhall's statistics of a dozen years old (being the latest available) show the spread of languages for the first ninety years of the last century. At the beginning of the century the languages of Europe were spoken by 161,000,000 people. In 1890 they were spoken by 401,000,000, an increase of nearly 160 per cent. The four principal languages in 1801 were French, Russian, German and Spanish. The French amounted to 19.4 per cent and the Spanish to 14.2. English-speaking peoples amounted to only 12.7. But in 1850 the standing was:

English, 27.7 per cent; Russian and German, each 18.7 per cent; French, 12.7 per cent; Spanish, 10.7 per cent, and the remainder divided between Italian and Portuguese. The number of English-speaking people had grown from 20,520,000 to 111,100,000, German and Russian-speaking people from about 30,000,000 to 75,000,000 each, and French-speaking people from 31,450,000 to 51,200,000.

The English language had risen from fifth to first place, and was spoken by at least 50 per cent more people than any other European tongue. Of the increase of about 91,000,000 English-speaking people, about 70,000,000 were in the United States.—Indianapolis News.

EXPLORING THE NIGER.

In connection with certain French military maneuvers in the Sudan the question was raised not long ago of the practicability of revictualing an army in the region south of the Sahara by means of the Niger. Theorists disagreed. Lieutenant Hourst, who had come down the river, said it could not be done. Captain Tontee, who had gone up, said it could. There was but one way to settle the dispute. Captain Lenfant was ordered to take ten thousand boxes of provisions and two thousand of equipment to the mouth of the Niger, load the material into bateaux, deliver seventy tons of supplies on the bank at Niame, whence it would be borne overland to Colonel Perot at Lake Tchad, and with the remainder to revictual all posts along the river from Say to Asongo, the latter about two thousand miles up and above the last important rapid.

For this tremendous task Captain Lenfant was assigned two lieutenants and about forty negroes, but was able to hire natives at necessary points en route. He was required to fortify a base of operations at Arenberg.

What the intrepid soldier undertook when, with twenty bateaux, he began the ascent of the river, can best be understood when one realizes that the Niger for a thousand miles falls over rapid after rapid. Its waters are torn

to seas of foam by innumerable rocks, and the channel is often lost among dividing islands. Many of these rapids are in deep gorges, and in some of them the river falls one hundred times as rapidly as the Mississippi in its usual flow.

Starting up stream at low water, when the rapids are at their worst, Captain Lenfant urged his boats forward with oars and sails and setting poles. Guided by negroes who proved themselves trustworthy, competent, and at times even heroic, and aided by numbers of friendly blacks pulling on long tow lines, he conquered the obstacles without an accident. All the way up he sounded, charted and photographed the dangerous places, and made a report which would enable an army to follow where he had gone.

At Arenberg he divided his stores, and having assigned his white aids their tasks, went on against the rising flood to Niame, put the seventy tons ashore, and then, with his chart to guide him, shot the rapids down stream to his base. At the falls of Patassi, where his colored guide, Lancine, took the boats through in turn, they were carried seventy-three hundred feet in three minutes and twenty seconds, and accomplished in a few hours what had taken a month in ascending.

On the second trip Captain Lenfant was seriously ill; but although there was a hospital only a few hours down stream, and the nearest up-stream doctor was sixty days ahead, he fought off the fever and accomplished his mission.

On his route and in a canoe trip of the upper river he collected a mass of valuable information, charting the floods and examining soils and crops. He visited cities that were populous three centuries ago, and are just recovering from the prostration which followed when the slave trade swept away their people. He found them—Say, GaoGao, and many others—eager for commerce with the outside world.

How a Chinaman Makes Popovers.

The value of a recipe lies partly in its being accurately set down and followed. Here are the directions for making a breakfast delicacy called popovers, as they were imparted by the Chinese servant to a lady visiting in the family:

"You take him one egg" said the master of the kitchen, "one lit' cup milk; you fixee him one cup flour" on sieve, take pinchee salt—you not put him in lump. You move him egg lit' bit slow, you put him milk in, all time movee. You make him flour go in, not movee fast, so have no spots. Make hot'led pan all same wa'm, not too hot. Puttee him in oven. Now you mind you blisness. No likee woman run look at him all time. Him done all same time biscuit."

Literally True.

"Why, she told me she had a good job in a candy store."

"So she did, but she literally ate her head off."

"How was that?"

"She ate so much candy the boss fired her."—Philadelphia Press.