WOMAN AND HOME.

A SACRED PRIVILEGE THAT IS TOO OFTEN NEGLECTED.

Jennie's Dainty Appetite—Talking to Invalids — The Jaded Wife — Kitchen Aprons—Romps—A Sulky Belle—The Teacher—Cheap Living—Notes.

An acquaintance of mine who had removed from Newport, R. I., to Cambridge, Mass., was asked what was the social difference. He said that he could perceive none except that there were fewer handsome equipages, and that young mothers wheeled their own baby wagons. This last point of observation quite restored the balance, for what gorgeousness of livery can compare with the proud faces of such parents, and what occupants of a phaeton or a barouche-landau can have such felicity as beams in the face of that rosy little creature, to whom every individual atom of the great universe is an inexhaustible novelty? My friend's remark was, I fear, a just one; I can recall but two young mothers among my immediate circle of acquaintance in Newport who habitually took out their own babies for an airing, while in Cambridge I can not think of one who does not, except one who mentioned this to me as the greatest privation of a long illness, and the one loss that she never could replace. I can remember one who did it in New York, and when her father, a clergyman, was congratulated on the good sense of his daughter, he replied, "In our family we believe in the natural affections."

It would, of course, be very unfair to deny an ample supply of natural affections to those who habitually send out their young children with a nurse; there are many preoccupations, many inconveniences, that may be in the way. The thing of which one may justly complain is the tradition prevailing among the well to do circles of many cities, east and west, north and south, that the mother is never to take out her child. This seems to me a wrong both to parent and child, as much a wrong as the habit still lingering in France of sending a young child to dwell with a nurse, the mother only visiting her occasionally; or the habit formerly prevailing in the English upper classes, which forbade a mother's suckling her own child—a habit so fixed that when Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, broke through it, the poet Coleridge wrote her a resounding ode, as if she had done some great deed:

O lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Who taught you that heroic measure?

In the present case the "heroic" young mother who wheels her own baby wagon gains the felicity of the fresh air, to begin with; she shares the happy little cooings and pointings of her young charge; she is associated with its first contact with the world outside; she will never forget these sweet and simple associations, and she will always be a part of them to her child. She has, beyond this, the inestimable satisfaction of knowing that her child is cared for; that it is not wheeled against the broad sunlight till its eyes water, or pushed backward till its brain whirls; that it is not left to cry unheeded while the nurse gossips with her fifth cousin, or taken furtively into some basement kitchen reeking with tobacco or onions, and not unsuspected of diphtheria.

I read the other day in a woman's essay, which had many good points in it, two assertions which seemed to me very wide of the mark. The first was that there is now hardly such a thing in America as a fresh, simple, unspoiled child; to which statement I should oppose the objection that there are at least a dozen of these rare beings in the one short street where I happen to dwell. The second point was that we should find a remedy for this alleged evil in introducing the English system of keeping children as much as possible in nurseries, and having them as little as possible in contact with the family life. Had this statement been turned just the other way it would have seemed more reasonable, for surely it is where there are most nurses and nurseries—in America at least—that one finds the artificial and self conscious children, while the simplest and most genuine are in those households where servants are few or none. This whole philosophy seems to me far less sensible than that of a little boy of my acquaintance, who once made a protest against the whole race of nurses in these plain terms: "Mamma, I do wish I could be taken care of by somebody that lives in the front part of the house."

This criticism involves no injustice to those kindly and child loving races who supply nine-tenths of our nurses—the Celts, the negroes—and one sometimes finds among them individuals of a quality so superior that they are wholesome and innocent companions for any child, and even ignorance forms no bar to a life long and genuine friendship. But what risks are run to temper, to health, even to morals, in the effort to find this paragon! How many poor little things owe horrible, frightful terrors and nightmare superstitions and manifold lasting injury to being intrusted almost unwatched to persons to whom no one would intrust the training of a pet animal! One may see households where a man servant who should kick a favorite dog, or even speak angrily to a high bred horse, would be dismissed instantly, and yet where delicate and sensitive children may be scolded and twitched about and even chastised by nurses of no higher training and principle.

I know a family whose sweet faced nurse was the admiration and envy of all who came to the house; it was nevertheless not intended for an instant that the power of punishing should be placed in her hands; nor was it discovered until weeks after she had left the family that she had been in the habit of taking her little charge privately into the pantry and putting mustard on her tongue by way of punishment for such sins as can be committed at 3 years old. The inhumanities of parents, on which a brilliant American woman once wrote an essay, may be bad enough, but it has always seemed to me that the worst inhumanity, in the long run, was to leave a child to the unwatched control of a hired attendant. I say "unwatched," but, after all, how can any watching be more than superficial?—T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazar.

The Tired Out Housemother.

And when you go home at night and find her jaded and worn, think of some way in which to help her, instead of finding fault with your surroundings and hurling harsh words at her, if you do not sometimes break the third commandment in your zeal to be emphatic. She is just as tired as you are and has worked as many hours at home, battling with the children and the servants, or, when there are none of the latter, battling with the monotonous housework, doing the same things today which she did yesterday and knows she will have to do to-morrow, until it is not strange that she becomes disheartened and thinks her life is "one eternal grind," like poor Mantilini, who, however, used a stronger adjective than I have done.

And while she has been so busy, with scarcely a thought beyond the kitchen and the cook stove, you have been out into the world and heard what it was doing and felt its pulse beating against your own, and mingled with your kind, and in one sense you so can at least give a loving word, which is of more importance than you think for. You little dream how hungry she gets for some sign that love is not dead, although it may be so crusted with thoughtlessness and self that it is seldom seen. Kind words cost nothing, and if they were more frequent love and happiness would linger longer by the hearthstone, where now there are bitter repinings for the past, and hard, resentful feelings as the wife bears her burden alone, uncheered, unhelped and, as she believes, uncared for by her husband.—Mary J. Holmes, in New York Mail and Express.

Diet of Cake and Pickles.

"My Jennie has such a dainty appetite I don't know what to do with her! She just won't eat anything but sweetmeats and the like!"

Thus exclaimed a foolish mother in my hearing the other day. Yes, lamentably foolish is she for allowing such a condition of things to exist. We are told by the matchless bard that desire grows upon what it is fed. The child desires dainties, and the mother oft gratifies that desire. Soon the mischief is done, for the dainty appetite is quickly formed. Apropos of this: A ruddy German girl of seven summers was adopted by childless people of means. The indulging process was early begun by them, for it was a pleasure to give the child all the goodies that she could well eat. Ere long a scorn for substantial food possessed her, and the mere thought of the plain but healthful fare of her German home excited great disgust. Dainties formed her daily living, but think you that her robust German parentage preserved her from paying outraged Mother Nature's penalty? No, indeed! She fell a victim to consumption while yet in her teens. The poor, abused digestive apparatus could not manufacture good blood; the great waste was not supplied, and "galloping consumption" claimed another victim.

While on the cars, en route to one of Minnesota's beautiful lake resorts, I was attracted by an anxious mother and her unfortunate invalid daughter who occupied seats near mine.

The wan cheeks, the hollow eyes and the languid air all told their own sad story of disease and death. The weary one oft had access to the stimulating flask to sustain her to the journey's end. At length the mother and child partook of a morning meal. A large lunch hamper indicated a long journey. I did not observe the mother's choice of fare, but the delicate girl who had so aroused my sympathies made a hearty(?) meal of rich cake and pickles. Yes, she devoured three whole pickles and a piece of cake. Think of it, mothers—of supplying the enormous waste that was apparently going on with only cake and pickles! Could one drop of good blood emanate therefrom? Would disease have attacked the poor child had the mother prevented such unnatural appetite? She seemed a woman of culture and refinement—not always accompanied with common sense, it seems—and I would fain remind her that she could take her loved one to the most healthful clime of earth, but she would not keep her long if her diet consisted of cake and pickles. Indeed, in this instance I fear that nothing could avail, for the blood—which you know, is the life—had already become impoverished.

See to it, mothers, that your children are not forming pernicious habits of eating what will perchance take them to early graves or render them dyspeptics for life.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Hurtful Speech in Sick Rooms.

The horribly brutal speeches to invalids that are made by visitors apparently friendly and apparently sane, are inexcusable. Some of them are so horrible that one must laugh at the very remembrance of them.

To a dear old gentleman who had been confined to the house for some time, came the cheerful inquiry: "Does the grave look pleasant to you, Mr. ——?"

A lady sorely and dangerously afflicted with dropsy, unable to breathe except in a sitting position, worn out by sleeplessness and suffering, was thus comforted by a sympathetic neighbor after viewing her with eager curiosity: "Well, Mrs. ——, you do look awfully! I do hope you will die before you burst!"

To a nervous old man, depressed by a long struggle with disease, and feeble, yet very anxious to recover, came this cheering observation: "Dear me, how you have failed lately! Why, you're as white as a sheet! Your blood is all turning to water! You can't last long?"

By the bedside of a sensitive woman attacked with pneumonia, I heard a most benevolent and truly Christian woman say in clear tones, "There is no hope. I see the death mark on her face."

You will find, if ill for several weeks, that some of your best friend will study your appearance and report with startling frankness: "Why, my dear, how you have changed! I really don't believe I should have known you. You are paler or more naturally flushed, as the case may be, since I was here last; and, yes, you have perceptibly lost flesh. But you must get well. We all love you too much; we can't get on without you." This is said with the kindest meaning, but to the "puir sick body" it means faintness or increased fever, or a cry after the visitor has departed. Whatever may be your disease, the conversation, instead of turning upon the cheerful and engrossing topics of the time, is too apt to be fastened to your own condition, and instances are given of Mr. So-and-So, who died of the same, or Miss This-or-That, who at last recovered, but has never been her old self since. We all know how the imagination acts upon the body, even producing death in a perfectly healthy person. Then how careful we should be in a sick room.—Chicago Journal.

Material for Kitchen Aprons.

After trying many different materials for kitchen aprons I have decided that shirting gingham is the best. Being about three-quarters of a yard wide, one breadth answers very well, thus the time which would be spent in cutting breadths and sewing seams is saved. A small plaid of brown and white, with narrow lines of red to brighten it, makes a pretty apron, which, if washed and dried carefully, will look well a long time, and there is no doubt about its wearing well. I dislike blue in an apron for two reasons, namely: It is apt in washing to stain the rubber of the washing machine and wringer, and a disagreeable odor arises when it is ironed. If one wishes bibs to her aprons, less of the gingham will be left after cutting, if enough for two, four or any other even number of garments be purchased in one piece.

To ascertain the quantity required, measure the length necessary for skirt, allowing for hem and a little for shrinkage; then measure the distance from shoulder to belt. This length of material will make two bibs, unless the wearer is uncommonly broad shouldered, which must be taken into account in calculating the whole quantity; then allow two inches for each belt, as one strip across is about the right length. Any one after a little practice can cut the bib to suit her taste. Ticking is a good material for an apron to be worn when washing.—Good Housekeeping.

Exercise for Growing Girls.

However just much of the criticism upon [illegible] time may be, it is certainly true that in one respect at least modern mothers are wiser than were their mothers and grandmothers before them. It is only in a few homes that girls are now required to "sit still and be little ladies." Why should a healthy, growing girl be expected to sit still any more than her romping brother, about whom no concern is manifested, provided he remains in the house only long enough to eat and sleep? What matter is it if outdoor sports are hard upon dresses and boots? It takes less time and anxiety to mend torn clothes than to watch by beds of sickness and it costs less to pay the shoemaker than the doctor.

The daughters of the present generation are to be the mothers of the next, and they need outdoor exercise and indoor sports to make them healthy in body, gentle in disposition and free from all those nervous affections that are the bane of every woman whose days of girlhood were passed in making patchwork and doing the thousand and one other foolish things commonly denominated "girl's work."—Nashua Telegraph.

A Difference in Dress.

At a dinner and reception a young married belle was in the sulks. She had flounced herself into a chair, and turned her back on her husband, who was angrily red clear over the bald top of his head.

"I'm sure I've got as fine a dress as anybody here," she was heard to poutingly say.

"But you look as wooden as a Dutch doll," he blurted out.

His criticism was sound if not amiable. The young woman wore much fluffiness of white skirt, her bodice suggested sheet iron, so stiff were its outlines and so unyielding its aspect. It was a new thing called the armor waist. It had no sleeves, and over the shoulders were merely ribbons, tied as though to hold up the bodice. No woman could be graceful in it.

Near by sat a willowy girl. Her gown was fashioned of thin cloth, which took its folds from each movement of the wearer, like the garments of the ancient Greeks. The fabric in each fold perfectly adapted itself to the figure, the draperies having actually molded themselves to the form of the wearer. An enwrapping of the slender waist with a wide, soft sash, added to the charming effect of pliability. A demure air was worn with this gown.—New York Sun.

The Teacher's Responsibilities.

Is it not the mother's business to know the skill of her child's teacher as well at least as that of the physician who prescribes for his sore throat or the tailor who measures him for his first pants? It is only in desperate cases that we can bring ourselves to pull the door bell of a strange doctor and summon him to our house. As a rule, he must be known and accredited, even tested, before he receives our confidence. Yet an ignorant or vicious teacher may work immeasurably more harm than any doctor, if we admit that the soul is worth more than the body. We have divine instruction to the effect that we need not fear those who have no power to kill the soul. An unscrupulous teacher has the power to deform—perhaps to destroy—both soul and body.—Caroline B. Le Row in Woman.

Cheap Living.

"As I told you, the secret of cheap living is in having 'no margin for waste.' Now, in my system that is the corner stone. In the first place, every economical housekeeper should learn how to compose her dinners. If one day you have an expensive meat dish, the next day you have a cheap one combined with farinaceous food, such as macaroni or beans, so that both dinners will be equally nourishing and the one balance the other.—New York Evening Sun.

Dressing Well.

Since dressing well stands for duty nothing excuses a self respecting person in any walk in life for offending by careless or slovenly attire; and the employer who allows his help to offend or the mistress who permits her servant to go about in soiled garments or unkempt hair, is himself or herself guilty of offense against others' rights and privileges, for their prerogatives give them the right to expect and demand clean and orderly habits of dress.—Annie Jenness Miller.

Be sure that the water is at boiling point before putting into it the vegetables to be cooked. If it is cold or lukewarm the freshness and flavor will soak out into the water. Place the saucepan over the hottest part of your stove, so that it will boil as quickly as possible, and be careful that the boiling process does not cease until the contents are thoroughly cooked and ready to be dished.

When the plate is sent up for more meat send up your knife and fork with it. It is a breach of good manners to retain it. In Germany, however, where the knife and fork are changed less frequently than with us, knife rests are often provided at each plate.

Hold raisins under water while stoning. This prevents stickiness to the hands and cleanses the raisins. Put the quantity of raisins needed in a dish, with water to cover; stone them before removing from water.

A polish for furniture may be made from half a pint of linseed oil, half a pint of old ale, the white of an egg, one ounce of spirits of wine and one ounce spirits of salt. Shake well before using.

To keep your skin from roughening, find by trial what kind of soap suits you best, and use no other. Frequent changes of soap are bad for the complexion.

For a sore throat there is nothing better than the white of an egg beaten stiff with all the sugar it will hold and the clear juice of a lemon.

Soaking the feet in warm water, in which a spoonful of mustard has been stirred is beneficial in drawing the blood from the head.

A ham for boiling should be soaked over night in tepid water, then trim carefully of all rusty fats before putting on the fire.

When you want to take out a broken window pane heat the poker, run it slowly along the old putty and soften it loose.

A school for wives is about to be established in England, the pupils of which will be instructed in practical housewifery.

The best way to mend torn leaves of books is pasting them with white tissue paper. The print will show through it.

Blankets and furs put away well sprinkled with borax and done up air tight will never be troubled with moths.

Fresh meat beginning to sour will sweeten if placed out of doors in the air over night.

Good fresh buttermilk made from sweet cream is a serviceable drink in diabetes.

Washing in cold water when overheated is a frequent cause of disfiguring pimples.

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NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

HELPING FOLKS TO SEE THEMSELVES AS OTHERS SEE THEM.

How the Scissors and Paste Man Preys Upon Human Frailty—Curious Evidence of the Weakness of Mankind—Gathering Press Notices.

The business of reading newspapers for other people, which was started in this city in a small way not very long ago, is said to be in a fair way to swamp itself by too rapid growth. Two concerns are now devoted to the business, and each claims to have all it can attend to to keep pace with its own growth. The original clipper, Henry Romeike, who experimented with the idea in Paris, and then went into the business in London on a larger scale, has made a stock company of his establishment there, and come to this country to carry out his system here. The promise, he says, is of something gigantic in the line of scissors and paste pot manipulation. Seven thousand papers were read and 9,000 notices clipped from them last week for several hundred clients on his lists.

CLIENTS AND THEIR WANTS.

A glance at his books gives a curious insight into the weaknesses of men and women whose names are familiar in widely different circles of life. The name of each client heads a page, and under it is a brief note of what particular news or information that person wants from the papers. Fully half of the names have after them but the one word, "Personal." Whatever is said about themselves they want. It would be [illegible] satisfaction to scores of snubbed reporters about town to see in these books the evidence of the anxiety of great lawyers who have nothing to say to reporters, city officials who have no time to bother with newspaper men, and society women who wouldn't have their names in the paper for anything to see whatever is printed about them. "Everything about the Sharp case" was an order that drew much money from the pockets of one lawyer last year. "Everything about her reception" is under the name of a leading society woman. "Everything bearing on fraud at elections" is the curious order of a city official. Artists and literary men are the worst. They all want to see everything that is printed about their latest picture or their newest book. About the time the picture is exhibited, or the book printed, they send in an order for all the paragraphs referring to the work, and then probably quit work for a week, in order to revel in the evidence of the tide of popularity that they expect will roll over them. Often there is not a solicitary clipping charged to their account. Many times there are one or two only. If the picture is a daub or the book bad, the paragraphs may run up into the hundreds; but statistics on this point are incomplete, as the order is always canceled after a week of this.

Political men, and especially congressmen, seem to be the steadiest patrons of the institution, but they generally mean business and not vanity. Through it they collect masses of statistics as to some particular interest for which they stand sponsor, or get evidence of the tendency of public sentiment by which they can trim their sails. They all add "Personal" to their order, however. "Himself and the Pacific Railroads" is one order. A senator wants "Himself and the Chinese question." "Himself and Peru" is the order of a well known ex-mayor, Mayor Francis of St. Louis gets lots of complimentry notices now on the subject of the convention and St. Louis, and he wants them all. A common order limits the clippings to "paragraphs attacking him only." Lord Randalph Churchill once gave an order of that sort to the London institution, and his bill the first month was for a 1,000 clippings. "Great Heavens! I can't stand this," he said. Send me the favorable ones after this for a change," and his bill fell to nominal figures.

MEN WHO HAVE HOBBIES.

Men with hobbies are steady patrons. All that is printed about Volapuk goes to one college professor in this city. Paragraphs on the Nicaraguan canal go to another man, and a French official here gets all the De Lesseps items. One engineers wants every reference to the Quaker bridge dam, another paragraphs of the Harlem bridge, and several are getting all there is printed about Hudson river tunnel and bridge schemes. Several leading firms of architects and engineers want the earliest mentions of the proposed erection of large buildings, bridges, dams, or other structures. These are clipped from local papers all over the country, and whenever the firm sees a prospect of a job it sends in an application for the work of designing or constructing. Usually they are thus the first applicants, and have proportionately better chance for the work. Two firework manufacturing companies keep themselves posted in the same way as to the coming celebrations all over the country, the nature of the exercises, amount to be expended, and similar matters Contractors and others with an eye out for new lines of railroad to be constructed, are also patrons of the paper readers. Important events in business are apt to bring patrons around. "Himself and his failure," is a common entry. As a general thing the patrons are only those who think they are likely to get complimentry press notices. People whose notoriety is of an unpleasant nature, do not care to see what the papers say about them. Nobody involved in a scandal, a divorce suit or a similar affair, has yet asked for clippings.

The growth of the business has necessitated the introduction into it of a complicated system and has developed it in several novel directions. The leading topics of newspaper comment, such as art, literate, the drama, politics and similar subjects, are made separate divisions of the business, and everything pertaining to each is clipped by the first readers. These clippings are then gone over by the men in charge of each department, and those which may fit the orders of any patron are sorted out at the close of each day's work and mailed to him at once. He has paid in advance $5 for 100 "clips," or at decreasing rates up to $40 for 1,000, and when he has received the number paid for the service stops until a new payment is made. A man's account may run along for months without his getting over forty or fifty of the 1,000 paragraphs he has paid for, and then he may kill his mother-in-law, or do some other famous thing and get the balance of his "clips" in less than a week.

Clippings are also made on speculation. If a well-know man dies, all his obituaries are collected and afterward offered to some sorrowing relative for a certain amount of cash. Notices of weddings and other events are collected and peddled in the same way, and it is said that the instances are comparatively rare in which a sale is not effected.—New York Sun.

Japanese Seedless Oranges.

The Japanese seedless orange is now being introduced into California, and is attracting attention because this dwarf variety is more hardy than ordinary kinds. The fruit, although small, is remarkably sweet. Should it thrive on this coast it will extend the range of citrus fruits, for it is claimed that it is