

WOMAN AND HOME.

THE RESULTS OF TOO CLOSE CONTACT WITH THE WORLD.

Closets and "Clutter Places"—Rudeness of the Fair Sex—Care of the Sick—Home Conveniences—Table Adornment—Various Hints for the Household.

Leaving out the question of equal compensation with man for her services, I would ask, is the feminine organization and nature as well fitted to work as man works in any calling? Is it good for a sensitive, refined girl to be placed in any position where she must come in contact and deal with all manner of men, the coarse, rude and overbearing, as well as the gentleman? Do we not see women who have long filled such positions covered as to manner, bearing and even sentiment, with a sort of masculine armor which strikes one somewhat unpleasantly? Such covering becomes for them a necessity, a matter of self protection. It is often unconsciously acquired.

Perhaps you say "a lady can be a lady anywhere and possess all the peculiar charm of femininity and womanliness." I beg leave to differ. Place a refined girl in a position where she must, month in and month out, deal and come in contact with coarser natures—non-feminine of the time and one of these two results will follow: She will either be unable to endure the position, or she will unconsciously acquire and take on some of the coarseness by which she is surrounded. We are all affected and influenced by our closest surrounding of everyday association. If you are compelled to live for months in a coal mine and among miners and see, hear and speak with only that class, you might be surprised on emerging and going into different social order. You find how much of coal mine thought, idea and phrasology you had unconsciously acquired.

On the other hand, a refined woman's presence in store, office, or any place where men mostly congregate, has a softening and refining influence. It checks the coarse word and vulgar jest. It puts men on their good behavior. But is this always gained without a certain loss to the woman? Where coarseness thought has long been rampant, it is only suppressed, not destroyed, and the woman's more sensitive nature will feel such thought, and feel it oppressively, and such feeling either becomes in time an injurious shackle or she will to some extent give way to it and unconsciously become a part of it.

I do not think that woman is well fitted, physically or mentally, to go into the rough and tumble of the world's business and fight it out alongside of the man. I mean by "rough and tumble" any occupation she may engage in, be it teaching, clerking, book-keeping, anything where she labors as long and as arduously as the man. That does not seem to me her place, for she has a place of a "sphere" as man has his place and sphere. Man did not make this place for her. Nature did. As man's "helmet" she should be man's rest. If the two—man and wife—are both participants in what we call "the struggle for existence," they both are equally tired with the struggle. If both are weary, they can only give each other weariness. If one is rested, that one can give the other rest. The rested one should be the woman—the wife. If she has a wife, a real wife, she will, through such rest, give her companion strength, cheer, courage and inspiration for the next day's effort. If she has been in the office working at the desk all day, she cannot. There is a great factor in social matters known as the home, and it is woman only who can make the home. At present there are relatively few homes, though many houses, where men and woman eat and drink together. A real home, with a bright, cheerful, rested woman in it, is worth far more to a man, even in dollars and cents, than anything the woman may earn by any other effort.

Now, you say, "But what are you going to do with all the single women who must earn their bread?" I don't know. I think it is a very unnatural and unnatural state of affairs that there should be so many single women. I find in all nature where man has not mediated that birds and animals are generally found in pairs, and they pair off at an early age, too. With us it is different. Many never do pair at all. I cannot look upon a woman as a whole woman, or a man as a whole man, until they are paired—really paired, I mean—alike in sentiment, taste, aims, motive and inspiration. Then the man and woman find their "respective spheres" of action as naturally and easily as you find air to breathe. Perhaps you say: "But this is not dealing with the present situation." I think it is. I think the present is always dealt with best by indicating the certain possibilities of the future. When you know a possibility, when it strikes the chord of truth within you and you know it for a truth, you are on the road and are making your path toward such possibility.

There is a "place" and a "sphere" for the feminine nature and feminine mind which have thus far been little recognized. She is the source, and only source, of man's inspiration. By "inspiration" I mean plan, idea, device, scheme and invention in any calling. Man cannot live without the feminine spiritual element about him. When you put hundreds of men together, as they are some times placed in armies or settlements and separated from the other sex, they grow not only coarse, but stupid and dulled in intellect. Where you find women best cared for, best shielded from the world's roughness, and at the same time most respected, you find the most masculine power and the most rounded out masculine nature. Why? Because the feminine nature belonging to that man, and that man only, when so protected as you would protect any delicate instrument, is then in the position to give him that strength which he uses as his rougher plane of effort.—Prentice Mulford in New York Star.

Closets and "Clutter Places."

Can we not slightly modify an old and wise adage and find that "woman is known by the closet she keeps" for a closet indicates to a greater or less extent some traits in the average woman's character.

Have we not seen all kinds? Look into this one—we do not need to open the door, "his never shut—not a hook is visible, each one being covered with a double or triple layer of garments, skirts hung by their bindings; waists suspended by their collars; gowns to the fit—winter and summer clothes promiscuously mingled; soiled aprons, all go to make up a part of the general confusion. On the floor boots and shoes; cast off pairs; old, new, litching about any way; the shelves, if there are any, crowded with empty or useless bottles, or piled high with boxes or baskets. Perhaps our own closets may contain one or more of these evils. How shall we remedy them?

In the first place, keep the closet door shut during the day, for an open door is one thing that gives an air of untidiness to the whole room. On the other hand, always leave the door open at night. That is the proper time to air the closet; "is there that the chamber is the coolest, and the daily or rather nightly—change of air prevents any mustiness clinging to the garments hung there. Do not hang your winter and summer gar-

ments in the same closet. In the fall put away the summer dresses—the cotton ones washed and rough dried—folded in an empty trunk or box or hung in a disused closet kept for the purpose. In the spring, do the same with the winter garments. One will find it refreshing, after a putting away of this kind, to be able to catch sight of a hook or two that has nothing on it.

Hang up waists and skirts by loops properly attached. This is not always as convenient, but it repays in the end. Keep soiled clothes from the closet, unless in a laundry bag.

It is a great deal more convenient to take a pair of shoes, polished and clean from a shoe bag of linen or ticking, hung on the inside of the door, than it is to strain one's back stooping over and picking among half a dozen dusty pairs—to find the mates—on the floor. If one has a shoe bag she will intuitively keep cast off shoes out of it. Some of these bags are made to cover nearly the whole door; then the upper pockets, made any size convenient, are used for soiled collars, cuffs and handkerchiefs, and the score of little necessities. Keep only the bottles and boxes needed on the shelves. This prevents one of the disagreeable features of house cleaning, overhauling the closets.

In a house recently built, the linen closet had three or four immense drawers, each large enough to hold two pairs of blankets or the same number of quilts, placed on rollers; so there is no back breaking strain in opening the heaviest of them.

My mother told me she learned when she was first married never to put anything away without a purpose; for, by a little thought and a little careful engineering at the proper time, she was saved the horror of the annual clearing out of a "clutter place."—H. T. W. in Good Housekeeping.

Rudeness of the Fair Sex.

No one will deny that most men treat pleasantly the clerks who wait upon them. I think for the most part men deal with clerks on a basis of equality for the time being, intending to what they say, treating their remarks with respect, asking their advice and interjecting in the business conversation more or less of pleasant chat about the weather, the news of the day, the state of business, or whatever. It does not matter who the men are, whether they are millionaires, officials, petted clergymen, would be aristocrats or what; thus men treat men when business brings them together. The main exceptions to the rule are those in which we find the male customer familiar, jocular and even confidential in his manner to whoever is serving him, man or woman. With women the case is different—very markedly, and I think strangely different.

Your lady customer, your woman making purchases, "puts on an air," as the phrase goes, when she confronts her server. She may have been at the instant smiling and mirthful with her companion; perhaps it is her nature to be frank and lively and engaging with every one of her friends and acquaintances, yet she is almost certain to adopt either a cold and haughty or at least what is called a thoroughly practical business like manner as she prepares to address the clerk, always if the clerk is a female; every time in ten in my experience if the clerk be a male.

She permits no polite exchange of pertinent comment, no familiarity or departure of any sort from a fixed adherence to the mechanical duty of serving her on the part of the clerk. If she has what humble folk call the "mark of the quality"—that is, the fashionable manner—she will be able to remind the clerk of her place with a sentence or a look or a gesture in which will be found the refinement of coldness, of rudeness and of assumed superiority. And how many men are there who will not recall that when they have whispered "Why make that poor creature pull down all that stuff if you don't mean to buy?" the answer has been something like this: "Why should she not do what I ask?" "Why should I not see things if I want to?" or, "What else is she paid for?"

This unwarranted behavior toward a large class of humanity is a conspicuous feature of what is called shopping, and women tell us—though perhaps they don't need to—that they prefer shopping to almost every other joy on earth.—Julian Ralph in The Epoch.

The Care of the Sick.

Most young women think that to smooth the pillow poetically, to carry cooling drinks to the lips, to arrange flowers on the table with the vials at the head of the bed, to sit beside the bed and read verses in a gentle voice, to move about the room in flowing robes with noiseless grace, is the sum total of nursing the sick; and they are quite ready to begin a life in which they undertake all womanly duties, when they cannot make a cup of gruel so that it shall not be lumpy. The care of the sick in the real experience something immensely different; life and death hang in the balance, and all the powers of life, all the interests and loves of life, the sufferings of the dying, the hopes and fears and terrible sorrows of the living. Any serious illness is a fight all the way through between doctors and nurses on the one side and death and dissolution on the other.

It is, then, one of the shameful things of our civilization that our daughters are brought up to chatter French, to take the last now dancing step, to talk critical jargon concerning the merits of this and that style of painting, to discuss theories and philosophies, mathematics and metaphysics, and to remain utterly ignorant of those things which are the most vital to every woman, to every one also with whom they are connected, the things of which both they and others are the surest to have need. And we venture to predict that in days to come no girl will be thought to have finished her education in its chiefest point who has not spent the nights and days of some months at least in hospital duty, learning how to make a patient as comfortable as fate permits, not to leave one in discomfort a moment, as unlearned in hospital arts, she must, and to keep the sick alive in some other way than that which might be adopted by a savage, by sheer force of vitality and letting alone.—Harper's Bazar.

Conveniences in Small Homes.

In small houses, where closets are not abundant, many convenient receptacles for certain things can be made to answer other purposes as well. An ottoman, for instance, tall enough to serve for a seat, may have a top provided with hinges, which on being raised discloses a partitioned box for hats and bonnets. A long window seat made from a pine box and covered with figured jute makes an admirable place to lay away clean sheets and aprons; and one as long and only half as wide is a great convenience in a dining room for the table cloths and napkins in use for the day. Hanging shelves such as are used for books, when furnished with curtains, may be appropriated to cester, tumbler and other appointments. A bachelor friend might be tempted to take care of his slippers when there was a certainty that there was an appointed place where they would be found when wanted. A slipper case is not a difficult thing to make. The prettiest ones are made like a huge bath slipper, that is, with a ramp, but no sides. The slippers are cut in pastebord and covered with closely quilted satin. The toe, which makes the pocket for the slippers, is lined with thick linen of the same color,

if possible, as the satin. The slipper is hung to the wall by the heel, at the back of which a loop should be made for that purpose.—"W. W." in Detroit Free Press.

Adornment of the Table.

For the ordinary devotee of modern life the table adornment becomes an element more important than even the selection or management of the materials of the meal. Scrupulous cleanliness and neatness are of the first consequence. No attention to these details can be considered unnecessary or unimportant. Flowers, of course, are the ready suggestion and resource of the house-keeper who purveys for worn appetites. Cut the brightest flowers of your conservatory with unsparing hand. Better to sup the stars which support the pride of the greenhouse than to daily see the richer and more precious growth of a beloved life starving, withering and falling under the shears of fate.

Don't be chary of the best china and the company glassware. Let it appear not at stated intervals, or on special occasions, but at such odd and freaky times that it may, perhaps, give unconscious zest to some older member of the family, or may provoke a smile from some child who has temporarily fallen out with his appetite. If you recognize the need for a cheerful and tempting table do the best you can with your resources.—Ruth Beecher in Good Housekeeping.

When Papering a Room.

A small room can be made to appear large by being covered with a paper of subdued color, and without any definite design. A sitting room can bear a shade that has a cooling effect, delicate gray, with a splattering of red or pink. In almost any case soft shades of olive are restful to the eye and form a good background for pictures. For this, also, there is the plain gray paper which is neutral enough to show off almost any picture to advantage. Blue tints with yellow or black are hard to handle, and it requires much more artistic placing to harmonize carpets and curtains and walls. A frieze of small Japanese fans on a white wall makes a pleasant relief from the "frozen" ones we are often supplied with.—St. Louis Republic.

A Lemonade for Invalids.

Such a lemonade is prepared by cutting four lemons into halves, squeezing the juice into three pints of boiling water, then taking half a pound of sugar in pieces, and rubbing the peel till the sugar is yellow, so as to get at the essential oil of the peel, and then pour the whole into a jug, cover, let it cool, and then strain. It also may be kept. When the patient is not recovering, it is well to add the white of an egg, and then froth up. So prepared, a nutritive drink is furnished to the patient.—Herald of Health.

To Wash Silk Handkerchiefs.

Put an iron on to get hot, and when ready to use wash the handkerchiefs through a very warm soap suds. If they are much soiled pass them through a second suds. Do not rub the soap directly on the handkerchiefs. Then pass through another warm water without soap and thoroughly rinse, squeeze dry and iron immediately to prevent the colors from running.—"Agnes" in Detroit Free Press.

Do not leave anything standing in a sick room that can vitiate the air. Milk must not stand in a room. It is a bad custom of burning coffee, rags and pasties. Open dishes with evaporating solutions, such as carbolic acid, etc., do no good.

Did you ever go into a small room where a person had been sleeping for even a short time without detecting bad air? How much more important to a sick person, who cannot leave his quarters, that the air should be thoroughly changed.

Ventilation cannot be accomplished by simply letting the pure air in; the bad must be let out. If rooms, especially sleeping rooms, are not constructed on this plan, a little contriving will find a way.

Do not eat too much. Each person can best determine for himself when that amount is reached. Dio Lewis says: "After all, it is not so much the quantity as the quality."

Drink at close of meals, not too strong nor too hot; never a full glass of very hot or very cold liquid to wash down food, as the saliva is wasted and the stomach doctored.

Keep the body scrupulously clean; change clothing often worn next the skin, and do not economize in wash bills.

Eat something within an hour after rising, if obliged to labor or study, or exposed to malaria or contagion.

If possible eat in pure air, and not too fast. Nothing is gained by bolting food, and much harm may follow.

Fresh air is not necessarily cold air. You can bring air in through another room and warm it there.

Absolutely fresh air in a sick room is as necessary as food and medicine, and often more so.

Do not wear tight clothing; the obvious reason every intelligent mind can see.

How shall air be changed? "Doors are made to shut, windows are made to open."

Do not eat hot food, especially bread, and do not eat late at night.

Never sleep in clothing worn during the day.

Fascination of the Pool Room.

There is a fascination in the pool room and the betting stand that few young men can resist. At the races during the week I have seen dozens of boys whom I know can ill afford to honestly risk their money in this way putting up \$2 and \$3 and \$5 on races, and almost invariably losing the amount they wager. During the week some of them have lost \$100 or more, and their salaries do not average more than \$12 a week. I asked several of them how they began this business. The answer was nearly always the same: They went into a pool room one day, bought a twenty-five cent ticket, and won \$40 or \$50, or perhaps more, on a combination—one of them won nearly \$300 the very first day he tried his luck.

The result of the winning in each case was the same. The lucky individual thought he could do the same thing over again, and kept on buying tickets until he got so deep into the game that he couldn't let go. Nearly all of them are in debt, with no hope of paying off their obligations unless they should strike a lucky day and a big stake. But lucky days and big stakes are rare, so they must beg and borrow and worry themselves until the occasion comes, if it ever does. When a young man wins anything, he has to pay it out immediately and begin borrowing over again to play for a new stake. I never saw anybody yet get rich by patronizing pool rooms; on the contrary, I could name many citizens who would be well off if they had let the pools and combinations alone.—A. L. McCord in Globe-Democrat.

POISONOUS COSMETICS.

RISKS RUN BY WOMEN IN TRYING TO BE PRETTY.

Many Devices Resorted to by the Fair Sex—Bleaching the Hair to Give it a Fashionable Shade—Making Up—Terrible Consequences.

"Can I get my hair bleached here?" I asked on entering a well known Chicago hair dresser's establishment.

"Certainly," said the smiling attendant. "What color do you wish?"

"I am rather undecided between a blonde and the new auburn shade," I replied unblushingly.

"You had better decide in favor of the red. That is the shade just now, and your hair would take it splendidly. I wouldn't have to touch the ends at all, just here next the scalp, where it's so dark."

"Don't you consider it dangerous?"

"Well, I've had my hair reddened for six years now, and it hasn't hurt me," she said, smilingly. "There's not so much risk with the red dye as with the extreme blonde."

"Can dark hair be bleached white?"

"Not on the head—at least not in this country. I have heard it could be done in Paris, and a lady buyer for one of our large dry goods firms is going to try and discover the secret for me when next she goes abroad."

"I said I would think it over and would call again."

QUITE BUSINESS LIKE.

While I sat in another fashionable hair dresser's shop, waiting for my hair to dry, I idly watched a little woman through a glass partition as she made up her face. She rubbed her entire face with some fine white powder until she looked like a clown as the pantomime; then she took a chamouis skin and carefully rubbed and smoothed it until only the suspicion of the powder was visible. Next she took a small bare foot brush and dipping it daintily into a box of rouge, proceeded to redden her cheeks. This was then carefully toned down with another dash of white. Then the eyes. She penciled her brows and drew black lines close up to the under lash. Then daintily waiting her finger she drew it over her eyebrows, the moisture evaporating as it were the blackening process. Then she took a hand glass and regarded herself from all points of the compass. The result evidently was satisfactory, for she came out with a gratified smile. She had gone to the little room a dark skinned, rather tallow faced person; she emerged with the pink and white complexion that should belong to a radiant blonde.

This process had been gone through with in plain view of the rest of the people in the room, and with a serious and business-like air that was quite astonishing.

"Do you make up many society ladies?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed, though not here. We are sent for and go to their houses to dress their hair and then make up their faces for them afterward. Oh, yes, we have a great many regular customers in the make up line."

"I suppose you have actresses, too?"

"Well, not so many. You see, they know how to do their own make up. That's a part of their business just as much as fine dressing; but ladies generally make a botch of it—either get too much or too little, so they save themselves the bother and fuss by having it done for them just as much as hair-dressing or manicuring. There, your hair's done—now better let me touch your face up a little—you've no idea how nice your'd look. Not well—good day."

My Turkish bath attendant tells me that she has seen the frightful ravage which cosmetics and dyes have produced.

"I wish ladies would see the results of such follies as I have," she said, "they would not try every vile cosmetic and hair wash in the market."

Hair dressers say that the yellow bleach is not much in demand now. The lemon haired blondes are not in vogue. The red haired girl is the rage. The hair that looks brown in the dark and turns red in the sun is also very desirable.

POISONOUS COSMETICS.

I know a lady who had such hair, or, at least, her back hair that that color. Her bangs were much darker than her back hair, and the contrast was not pretty. Her hair-dresser suggested doctoring them a bit.

"I don't dare," she said.

"I have stuff which will do it—positively harmless," he urged.

"Drink some of it and I'll believe you," she said, and he complied. She argued that if it couldn't hurt his stomach it ought not her head, and allowed transformation to take place. Nor has she ever experienced any ill results.

But it is generally very unsafe to tamper with one's hair. Blindness and insanity are often brought about by this folly. This has been told woman again and again, but they pay no heed and rush madly in where angels would fear to tread. There is no risk a woman will not run, no pain she will not suffer, if she thinks thereby she can be made more beautiful.

I know a woman who has used cosmetics all her life, and those, too, of the roughest and most poisonous kinds. Now she is paying for it. Her skin is something terrible to see. Physicians tell her it's her stomach, but these who have seen her daubing on lotions, pasties and powders know better. She was a handsome woman, too—she had no need of these accessories. Her friends often remonstrated with her, but to no avail. Now she is reaping the whirlwind.

I know of another lovely woman who was sensitive about her freckles. She took some powerful cosmetic and removed them. She never seemed strong after that, and died before she was 30. I know another who would take infinitesimal doses of arsenic. She died with some unknown stomach disease.

But the saddest case I know of was one of a most beautiful, dashing society woman. I remember seeing her one night in her sumptuous, glowing beauty, the queen of an ice carnival, surrounded by flatterers and admirers. I did not see her again until three years afterward, and then she was being led along the street by an attendant—totally blind from the excessive use of cosmetics—and, worse than that, continually subject to terrible epileptic fits.

These are "awful examples," but true ones, and still in the face of these and kindred warnings women will insist upon painting and powdering and dyeing themselves.—Edith Sessions Tupper in Chicago Herald.

The Victory Gained.

Gunnington (appearing suddenly)—Once for all, Clara, will you forgive me? I can't bear to give you up for so trivial a reason.

Clara—No, Henry, nothing but a very strong will power—a power stronger than my own—would make me change my determination, and as Henry turns away a heaven knows you've got it, Henry—Tid Bits.

After the wedding breakfast of Prince Henry and the Princess Irene at Berlin, while the bride was dressing for the journey her garter was cut up and the pieces distributed among her maids of honor, in accordance with an old German custom.

The Plattsmouth Herald

Is enjoying a Boom in both its

DAILY AND WEEKLY

EDITIONS.

The Year 1888

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