

Woman's Realm

Bishop Potter on Women.

The Right Reverend Henry C. Potter, Bishop of New York, is writing for Harper's Bazar a remarkable series of papers on women—their recreations, their progress, and the rest. Concerning the progress of women, Bishop Potter says:

"In a word, no more tremendous change has come to pass in the last half-century than that which has occurred in the realm of woman. That change has not, of course, been so great in Western as in Eastern lands; for, in the former, those great ideas which had been at work, as in England, from the times of King John and the barons, have produced their appropriate results in the emancipation not alone of men, but also of women. But whether in Europe or America, two forces have been at work in connection with the status of women, one of them progressive, and the other conservative—one of them demanding for both sexes equal rights and privileges, and the other appealing to the Bible for the Scriptural warrant for regarding woman as an inferior and for keeping her in bondage. A Chinaman, when remonstrated with for holding the women of his house fast bound to the ancient custom of deformed feet, replied, 'My wife can't walk, and so she stay at home,' and even an Apostle, in reciting, as becoming in woman, graces which he accounted as pre-eminently praiseworthy, brackets with some of chiefest value the words 'keepers at home.'"

"In other words, it is undeniable that half a century ago the ideal woman was domesticity; and the virtues which find their fittest sphere in the retirement of the home were accounted of pre-eminence. But all that is changed, and it can never be forgotten (and I pray Heaven that it never may be!) that such services as Dorothea Dix and Florence Nightingale and Sister Dora and their kind have illustrated were not rendered by staying at home."

New Use For Chicken Feathers.

That it pays to breed the best fowls, and only the best, true to color and shape, is truly exemplified by the latest law of Dame Fashion. Some time ago the Audubon Society, with a great amount of zeal and the fanning of trumpets, succeeded in having passed a law which prohibited the wearing of wild birds' feathers upon women's headgear. Their great hue and cry about depleting the woods and forests of their gay plumaged and sweet songsters to supply woman's vanity, which they declared was both unnecessary and cruel, led to the passing of the law that forbids woman from adorning her crowning creation with the pretty and fancy feathers which added so much to her appearance.

While the gay and happy wild birds are singing their lay, and gaily hopping from tree to tree in the woods totally unmolested by the millinery hunter, the chicken, which is really a bird, but not considered as such by the mandates of the law, and is scorned by the members of the Audubon Society, has been literally pounced upon by the millinery hunter as an able substitute for his erstwhile prey, the bird of the forest. How well the chicken, the ordinary "bird of commerce," has succeeded in fulfilling its mission may best be seen by the innumerable number of "chicken feathers" being worn on the new spring hats. A prominent milliner is authority for the statement that the feather decorations on the fall and winter hats will have to be supplied by the hitherto despised chicken feathers. Several unique and very pretty specimens of fall styles were shown by this dealer and possibly the most "chic" confection was one which was covered with the body of a pure white Wyandotte, all of the plumage being used except the head. The wings and breast were strikingly pretty and the whole so arranged as to form a "dream in white."

The average person has no conception as to the beauty of the fowl's plumage—particularly the residents of New York City, who see fowls only in their market state. The innovation bids fair to become popular, and in so doing will add a material side line to the poultry business. This will be felt only by the breeder of pure blooded stock, as the requirements of the milliners demand that the plumage must be perfect and of a certain color. The possibilities of fowl plumage are numerous and the changing tastes can be gratified by various colored and bi-colored plumage of the pure bred fowl.

Social Changes in London.

George Cornwallis West, formerly better known as Lady Randolph Churchill, has an interesting article in Harper's Bazar in which she tells about London society as it was and is. Certainly no one should understand the subject better than she, and she says some very interesting things—this, for example:

"If material London has changed, so have the habits and tastes of the social world. The season proper, as formerly understood, began on the 1st of May and ended on the last day of July. The winter season, which usually assembles in February and sits for six weeks, brought to London

the legislators and their families, but from October to February the town was a desert with the exception of a few people hurrying through or doing some Christmas shopping. As a winter resort London is becoming most popular, not to say fashionable. Amusements of all kinds are provided, an opera season, promenade concerts, skating rinks and exhibitions bring people up from the country. The restaurants are crowded, and when an autumn session is provided by a Government and party greedy for work, it is not to be wondered at that many prefer the winter in London to the bleakness of the country at that time of year. Reversing the old order of things, people are beginning to let their town houses for the summer, that they may enjoy the natural beauty of the country in preference to the heat, dusty and noisy pleasures of the town. Two principal reasons can easily account for this; one is the material discomfort of London with its increasing traffic and noise, and the second is the growing love for open-air life and pastimes. Motors have made the country so accessible that it has opened the eyes of all sensible people to the folly of wasting weeks, if not obliged to, in a hot, evil-smelling and noisy metropolis. Even during the few weeks when the Season with a big 'S' is at its height, the fashionable world flies from it every Saturday to Monday. Innumerable are the week-end country house parties, with golf, lawn tennis or the river to amuse and keep one out of doors. Mothers with broods of unmarried daughters find this kind of entertainment a better market to take them to than the heated atmosphere of the ballroom, which the desirable partis shun for the greater attractions of fresh air and exercise.

"The lovely gardens which formerly were left by their owners to bloom unseen are now eagerly sought and revelled in. Consequently, the craze for gardening is much on the increase. Every one aspires to be a Miss Jekyll or a Mrs. Boyd, and the merits of rival Japanese, rose, and friendship gardens form a favorite subject of discussion.

"There is no doubt that luxury is greatly on the increase, although it may take other forms; the mode of living is becoming more extravagant every day. The young people who were thought to be well provided for with £2000 a year barely subsist now on £4000 or £5000. Every one lives well, a bad dinner is a surprise. Houses are better and more artistically furnished, and every one entertains more or less."

Facts About Child Labor.

Dr. A. S. Daniel, of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, has dug up some facts about child labor that make a man's blood boil. In the New York sweatshops he has seen children required to sew on buttons at the age of three and to hem trousers at the age of six. He asserts that he found an eighteen-months-old baby earning fifty cents a week; the baby was sick, but its mother wouldn't let it be taken to the hospital, as she "needed the money." Dr. Daniel reports that "children of three and four years work with their parents, the elder children, and possibly lodgers in the tenement work-room. Children of six stitch the hems of trousers, and those of three or four, when not sewing on buttons, pull out the basting threads.

"These little ones, in artificial flower making, put the strings through the petals and leaves, do the pasting of boxes, and put the paper over the rough cardboard. Then, too, they press tobacco leaves, generally standing up to do it, and this work they do for hours at a time. The child labor laws do not protect these children, as they are not employed in shops or factories. Tenements are supposed to have a labor license, but it would require an inspector at the entrance and on the roof of every tenement to prevent work going on in unlicensed tenements. The only remedy is absolute prohibition of any but factory work."

This damnable outrage defies the utmost resources of imprecation. It lifts Hood's "Song of a Shirt" to the rank of a lyric. It makes Victor Hugo's chapter about the Thénardiens and little Cosette a dainty pastel in prose. Nothing that was ever written compares for grim horror with those awful sentences, so artlessly put forth by Mr. Daniel, and if New York hasn't manhood enough left in it to put a stop to this crime against childhood, it doesn't belong in America.—Boston Transcript.

German and Other Warships.

The revelation of the general trend of naval policy in the United States, Great Britain and Japan toward unparalleled concentration of fighting power in colossal ships has been unwelcome in Germany, because the policy of construction followed in the case of recent American, British and Japanese ships bids fair to render the German navy obsolescent long before even the scheme of augmentation passed in 1900 is actually complete.—A. S. Hurd, in Cassier's Magazine, London.

The Pulpit

A SERMON BY THE REV. IRA W. HENDERSON

Subject: Profanity.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Preaching at the Irving Square Presbyterian Church, Hamburg avenue and Weirfield street, on the theme "Profanity," the Rev. Ira W. Henderson, pastor, took as his text Exodus 20:7, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." He said:

"It is anything that is disgusting it is unbridled profanity. And the prevalence of unbridled, pointless, unjustified swearing merits the attention not alone of the Church but also of the civil authorities whose duty it is to keep the moral atmosphere of this and every other community free of verbal pollution. The commandment ought to be obeyed and the civil law on the point ought to be enforced. The silly fool who spreads the germs of diphtheria or typhoid or smallpox broadcast throughout the community will soon feel the iron hand of the law laid heavy on his shoulders and he ought very properly to be put under lock and key until sanity has returned; but any man without a sense of moral respectability or even elementary decency may saturate the moral atmosphere in which we have to live and to read, and to work with all manner of verbal disease and the average policeman will but smile or perhaps add to the sum total of uncleanness. The man who has such poverty of language and such an absolute lack of common sense that profanity is to him the one way to dignify his expression, the expression of ideas, should be jailed with that other man who endangers our physical health. The third commandment has, we know from experience, a very practical and forcible application to this day. Nowhere may we escape the man of unwholesome speech. Men with gray locks and boys just out of kilts, men who should know better and boys who must learn the disgrace of profane language if they are ever to amount to much in life, both and all are guilty of the most shameful depravities of speech. As things stand to-day, no man can rear a child with a pure mind. We walk our streets and curses everywhere fill the air and fall upon our ears. Does a horse balk the Almighty in his work? Is the Almighty man delayed a moment by the curses of the fellow just ahead? It is impossible to sit by an open window on any prominent thoroughfare without being morally poisoned. Does the boss in the shop wish to hurry up the men the vilest of language is the means he uses to set speed to hand and mind. Not once but hundreds of times I have seen foul mouthed inspectors, overseers and gang bosses invoke the maledictions of heaven and hell upon poor dumb driven brutes made in the image of the Maker, lest forsooth they straighten weary toil bent backs to seize a moment's rest.

Of course these very men will tell you that they have no desire to dishonor God nor to offend our moral sensibilities. They lay it to habit, to thoughtlessness and a hundred other causes. I am convinced myself that much of the swearing of the day is due to thoughtlessness rather than to wilful sin. And yet I have seen the same men take more liberties with the name of Almighty God than I would dare to take with my name—either thoughtlessly or wilfully.

Thoughtlessness is no excuse. God gave us brains and tongues, and it is our duty to exercise our wills and to use our tongues for the expression of worthy thought alone. Of course men don't think, that is to say, the most of them do not, for if they did swearing would go by the board to a short and sure death. To plead thoughtlessness in excuse for the use of sin is to play the baby-act. Men should think and cut the cursing out.

The third commandment has solid sense behind it, as have all of God's commands. The misuse of the name of God, or of the name of our Lord, profanity, swearing, cursing, all should be abhorred for several good and sufficient reasons.

Profanity is unnecessary, unmanly, indecent, immoral, ungodly. There are five good reasons why it should be put aside.

Profanity is unnecessary. A curse never proves a point. It rather demonstrated the paucity of thought of the swearer. Oaths never convince a person of the validity or strength of an argument, but they do show up the poverty of language of the man who uses them. Curses never make any workman do better work; they have, however, been the excuse for many a murder. Sense and no swear words will unravel many a perplexing problem. The name of God is to be hallowed not hooted on the streets. The name of Jesus is worthy of reverence and adoration; its misuse damns not the man who is maligning but the curser. There is no problem in life that can not be solved without curses. Sense, industry, wise reasoning and good judgment will settle any difficulty. Profanity is useless, unnecessary and wholly unprofitable.

Then, too, profanity is unmanly. Many boys seem to have the idea that the one sure sign of manliness is to be able to swear with vigor, proficiency and volume. There never was a greater mistake in the world. Instead of being a sign of manliness it is a sure mark of moral instability and bad manners. It reflects small credit either upon the youth himself or upon the family whom he represents. For an educated youth it is a denial of the value of education and mental growth. In any man, educated or ignorant, it is degrading and altogether unmanly. Manliness is purity, efficiency, power, forcefulness. The curse is impure, inefficient either for expression or proof, powerless to do productive work, forceful in no way. By these tests it is unmanly.

Profanity is indecent. That which is decent is befitting, becoming, honorable. I will leave it to the judgment of the citizens of this or any city to decide how much swearing

befits a normal, rational human being. Creatures of reason as we are, we find that the curse flies in the face of sober thought. Used as we are to logical processes we find the curse devoid of logic. Profanity reeks with sulphur and sends Satan to our hearts. It is utterly unbecoming and unbecoming.

To say that it is dishonorable is just to begin the damning count against profanity. The curse is without honor for it is used only to spread dishonor. It looks never toward God but rather uses His name to invoke the aid of the powers of hell. It is dishonorable from start to finish and indecency marks it as her own.

But one of the two worst things about profanity is that it is immoral, root, branch, tree and fruit. Catering as it does to all that is low in man, hand and bond servant as it is to all the hosts of sin, profanity disintegrates the unity of individual personality. No man can be profane without dishonoring God and damaging himself. We cannot give vent in word to the evil that is in us without spreading contamination not only through our own lives but also through the lives of men and women all about us. Profanity is unclean, it strikes at the foundations of morality. It undermines the sense of honor and destroys the faculty of cool, deliberate judgment; under no circumstances is it susceptible of justification and its immorality is unquestionably a fact.

But the last and the worst charge that may be upheld against profanity is that it is ungodly. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and mind and soul," says our Father. The curse is heartless and it destroys our finer faculties do we give it time. Under its blighting influence the power of mental appreciation of the glories of God will be lost. It is soulless to the last extreme. How can a man be godly while cursing the children of God in the name of the Father who has given them life? How can a man be godly when the springs of sin are rushing from his mouth? Ah, no! Profanity is ungodly. It shames God and disgraces man. It reviles the Father and degrades His sons. God is good but profanity is evil. God is kind but the curse is verbal murder. God is truth but the curse cares not for truth.

Unnecessary, unmanly, indecent, immoral and ungodly profanity is the most frequent as the most insidious of the sins of the tongue. And yet bad as it is when used by men, it is most abhorrent when coming from the lips of a woman. Not that it is morally any worse, but that it sounds worse. If you really want to become positively assured of the horridness of profanity you need but hear a woman curse.

We need to-day a strict insistence upon cleanliness of language. No man can be a friend of Jesus who is ungodly in his talk. Christ proved divinely the possibility of forceful speaking without the use of profanity. And to-day men are most forceful, most manly, most convincing when they do not swear.

Pull Your Boat Up Stream.

To drift with the current or to pull against it—this is the problem which is born anew with each new day. Some of our daily duties are easy to perform. We turn to them as easily and naturally as water seeks a level. There is no conscious expenditure of will-power. There is no resistance in our nature that must be overcome. But these are the duties of the day in whose performance there is found the least merit.

Fortunately for us we cannot, or at least dare not, always drift. Each day has its tasks which test the will and try the heart. Their performance requires stern determination. They afford the best discipline and develop the latent powers of the soul. Inclination is not always—in fact, not often—a true test of the thing we ought to do first.

Sometimes it has been a source of wonder to find a preacher very ready in the use of language, and yet making no headway in his chosen profession. In more than one case the explanation has been found in a dislike of study and reading on his part. To talk has been with him as easy as to drift. To study—well, he has been unwilling to pull against the current, and he has failed.

To pull against the current develops muscle, lung and nerve. It increases the power of resistance and endurance. To do the thing we dislike because we ought to do it, is to give the will the place it deserves to occupy. It is to make conscience a master, and make us conscious of our own power.

The hills—God are up stream, not down. The mount of victory is never reached by drifting. The way of success lies in the "pull"; not the vulgar "pull" of the financier and politician, but the pull against the current.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

Helped by Our Company.

There are some men and some women in whose company we are always at our best. While with them we cannot think mean thoughts or speak ungenerous words. Their mere presence is elevation, purification, sanctity. All the best steps in our nature are drawn out by their intercourse, and we find a music in our soul that was never there before. If to live with men diluted to the millionth degree with the virtue of the Highest can exalt and purify the nature, what bounds can be set to the influence of Christ?—Professor Drummond.

Care of Human Prodigals.

Whatever retribution God has for men on the other side of the grave means love, not hate; it means reform, discipline, redemption, not damnation. God is a shepherd. No sheep will wander from His fold in any world that He will not seek, and sooner or later find and bring back. God is our Father. We may trust Him forever, sure that He will watch and wait with deathless love, until the last prodigal among His human children comes home.—J. T. Sunderland.

Heights of Prosperity.

Believer, remember, heights of prosperity are safe, if only God be with you, and the vale of adversity is healthful to the soul, if God takes you down into it.—Gordon Hall.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

The greatest ornament of an illustrious life is modesty and humility, which go a great way in the character even of the most exalted princes.

"How often do you take your child aside and pray with him? You pray for him sometimes, but why don't you pray alone with him?"—Gypsy Smith.

Higher than the question of our duration is the question of our deserving. Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in future, must be a great soul now.—Emerson.

Nothing less than the majesty of God and the powers of the world to come can maintain the peace and sanctity of our homes, the order and serenity of our minds, the spirit of patience and tender mercy in our hearts.—Martineau.

You are a member of a great human society, and that your true interests are with those of the world which go on much the same, however it fare with you. Live the larger life, and you will find it the happier.—Charles Hargrove.

The world has no room for cowards. We must all be ready somehow to toil, to suffer, to die. And yours is not the less noble because no drum beats before you when you go into your daily battlefields, and no crowds shout about your coming when you return from your daily victory or defeat.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

He who believes in eternal justice cannot be beaten in life. He may be stung; he may be half dead with the wounds of life, stricken of heart in the lonely desert; but he is sure to start into energy the moment he sees the fresh sunlight or the breeze of the new impulse, such impulse as God sends a man who clings to him by faith.—Stopford A. Brooke.

HUSBANDS SHOULD RULE.

London Magisterial and Clerical Opinion on Marital Relations.

A remark by Magistrate Fordham during the hearing of a case in the North London police court to the effect that a woman ought to allow her husband to revise her visiting list has led to a burning controversy. Rushing into it, another Magistrate, indorsing Mr. Fordham, says:

"In almost every case of domestic trouble in my court the cause may be found in the husband's submission to his wife. This is a perversion of the natural order of things. Many years' experience has taught me that the Old Testament order is the safest for human happiness. The wife must be subject to her husband, even where the husband is unworthy of respect and veneration. She must yield to him on all points. Otherwise there will be trouble sooner or later.

"It is the fashion to talk about mutual regard and absolute equality, but it rarely works in practice. If the woman was not prepared to honor and obey her husband she ought not to have married him."

A prominent London clergyman concurs mainly in this view, but advocates a mutual understanding concerning men whom the wife is entitled to receive. A lady in charge of the headquarters of the suffragettes emphatically dissented from the magistrate's opinion. She upheld absolute equality between wife and husband. She said:

"The only arrangement is a mutual one. The marriage service, with its love, honor and obey, is an anachronism. The wife is entitled to as much liberty as the husband."

It is noteworthy that the expressers of opinion on the subject are reluctant to divulge their names.—London correspondent of the New York Sun.

Easy Marks.

A man with a mania for answering advertisements has had some interesting experiences. He learned that by sending \$1 to a Yankee he could get a cure for drunkards. And he did. It was to "take the pledge and keep it."

Then he sent 50 cents to find out how to raise turnips successfully. He found out: "Just take hold of the tops and lift."

Being young, he wished to marry, and sent thirty-four one-cent stamps to a Chicago firm for information as to how to make an impression. When the answer came it read: "Sit down on a pan of dough."

Next he sent for twelve useful household articles, and got a package of needles.

He was slow to learn, so he sent \$1 to find out "how to get rich." "Work hard and never spend a cent." That stopped him.

But his brother wrote to find out how to write without a pen and ink. He was told to use a lead pencil.

He paid \$1 to learn how to live without work, and was told on a postal card: "Fish for easy marks, as we do."—Hardware Reporter.

The Original "Charley's Aunt."

When Madame de Stael was staying in London a number of undergraduates invited her to spend a day at Oxford. A large party had been gathered to meet her, and great was the expectation of her coming. At the last moment she excused herself; Christ church was in despair. The play must be acted and a Hamlet found. An undergraduate who knew French undertook to assume the part. The gorgeous robe and the turban were not wanting, the manly voice and masculine manner were no hindrance, the day was a complete success. The guests believed to the end of their lives that they had spent rapturous hours under the spell of the fair Genevieve.—Saturday Review.



Savory Potato Cakes.

Take twelve ounces of flaky mashed potato and rub through a fine sieve. Add two tablespoonfuls of warm butter, eight tablespoonfuls of flour, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, one teaspoonful of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Blend these ingredients thoroughly and mix into a light dough with one tablespoonful of cream and the yolks of two eggs. Roll out about half an inch thick, cut into little rounds and brush over with beaten white of egg. Bake in a quick oven until a nice brown. Split these cakes in half, butter and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley. Serve very hot.

Baked Beans.

Soak one quart of beans in cold water over night. Pour off the water in the morning, parboil in fresh water for ten minutes, strain through a colander, and place them in the bean pot. Pour boiling water over half a pound of salt pork, scrape well with a knife and cut gashes through the rind; place the pork beneath the beans, leaving on the rind exposed at the top. Mix together a teaspoonful of mustard and salt and half a cupful of molasses, add to this hot water enough to cover the beans, adding more from time to time as is needed. Place a cover over the bean pot, and bake steadily for eight hours in a moderate oven. The secret of success depends largely upon their baking.—Country Gentleman.

Ice Cream Cones.

One-fourth of a cupful of butter, one-half of a cupful of powdered sugar, one-fourth of a cupful of milk, seven-eighths of a cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Cream the butter, add the sugar and cream them well together, then add the milk very slowly, and last add the flour and flavoring. Spread very thin with a broad-bladed knife on the bottom of a square or oblong tin. Bake until light brown, then cut in large squares and roll up, beginning at one corner, like a cornucopia. If the squares become too brittle to roll up, place them in the oven again to soften. The lower end must be pinched together so that the cream will not run out as it melts.—C. N., Michigan in Woman's Home Companion.

"Chicken Pie."

Clean and cut up a pair of tender young chickens and put them in a sauce-pan with just enough water to cover them; add a quarter of a pound of butter, and salt and pepper to taste. Cover the vessel and let them stew until tender enough to remove the bones. Make a rich biscuit dough with one quart of flour, salt to taste, half a pound of butter and quarter pound of lard (or all lard will do), and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted with the flour. Mix with cold milk or water, lightly—not too stiff, kneading just enough to make it easy to handle. Line a deep pan with some of the dough, if an under crust is desired; if not, put a layer of the boned chicken in the bottom of the pan, put bits of butter over it, sprinkle well with sifted flour, and then another layer of chicken, butter and flour until all the chicken is in the pan. For the pie, a gill of flour and a quarter of a pound of butter is enough between layers. Have the chicken broth boiled down to one pint; pour into the pan three gills of rich sweet cream and the pint of broth. Roll the top crust one-half inch thick and lay on the top of the chicken, crimping the edges; cut two slits in the top crust to let the steam out. Bake slowly until done, and serve hot, cutting into suitable sized pieces and dishing, serving the gravy with each piece.—The Commoner.

Household Hints.

Persons who live mostly on vegetables have the best nerves and the best complexions.

Fine table salt rubbed on marble will remove a stain unless the latter be of too long standing.

Fried sausage or force meat balls make an appropriate garnish for roast turkey, capon or fowl.

To remove the odor of onions from a knife, dip it into running cold water, then dry and polish it.

Place on top of fish when baking thin slices of salt pork; it will baste the fish and the seasoning is fine.

Bacon should be soaked in water for three or four minutes before being fried to prevent the fat from running.

Put a few sticks of cinnamon bark and a little lemon juice with crab-apple when making jelly; the flavor is good.

Carrots and onions will be better if soaked in cold water for twelve hours before using, to draw out the strong flavor.

To give an appetizing flavor to a broiled beef steak, cut an onion in half, rub it over the hot platter with the melted butter.

When making tomato soup, add a raw cucumber sliced fine, boil soft and strain with tomato. It gives a seasoning quite taking.

Soup stock is better seasoned by sticking whole cloves and other spices into the meat while boiling instead of using powdered spices.