

Wichita Daily Eagle

WOMAN AND HOME.

THE HARD WORK THAT FALLS TO THE FRENCH WOMAN'S LOT.

Worth While—Improving Our Talents.

Woman's Place in the Family—Well Known Women Swimmers—When the Baby is Teething—It Happened.

A multitude of observers have noticed a vast difference in character between the Frenchman and the French woman. So little does this difference appear to be related to the common distinctions of sex that it has often been said that in France the woman is the man and the man the woman.

Woman of perverse nature, and whom society has spoiled, still represent but a small minority of their sex in France. The majority of whom the world knows very little, and cares to know little, because they belong to the humdrum level of humanity, are endowed with admirable qualities for fighting the battle of life.

The wives of small tradesmen very frequently do all the bookkeeping in addition to their household duties; the wives of peasants work in the fields from sunrise to nightfall, and the wife of a mechanic or town laborer is expected to bring nearly as much money as herself to the house by dressmaking, artificial flower making, darning or some other occupation.

A famous woman was one day talking over old and new times with a friend of her childhood and youth. "You must be a proud and happy old woman," said her old friend.

"That is pleasant, of course," was the answer, "but I shall soon be forgotten. Let me tell you the greatest satisfaction of my life, the only deed I have ever done which can be remembered with a perfect joy."

"When I was making my first hand struggle in my profession here in the city my mother was living in a dull country village, trying to outdo the ground underneath."

"Such a sight was never seen in the village before, and my mother was the heroine of the hour. Through the excitement of that blossoming time she actually forgot to write me. I believe she did her much good as a trip to Europe."

"She is not here now, but I would rather have given her that great pleasure than to be famous from one pole to the other."

Woman's Place in the Family.

Woman was not created to be an ornament to man, nor to be his slave, for a woman to be a slave is to be a slave as much as to be his wife.

When Baby is Teething.

A young mother who at one time was describing the illness of her 18-months

"Puzzled The Doctors."

MOST of the cases cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla have been given up by the regular practice. Physicians are recommending this medicine more than ever, and with satisfactory results.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price 25 cents per bottle.

baby with teething mentioned accidentally had been a kind of leader the day before because he "cried so for them."

Some Well Known Women Who Swim.

Among the swimmers who have acquired wonderful proficiency are Miss Alice Belknap, daughter of the ex-secretary of war, who astonished the timid bathers at Manhattan beach in 1859; Mrs. Berry Wall, who exhibited her fairness and skill in the Long Branch breakers; Miss Morett, generally conceded to be the most graceful lady swimmer at Manhattan beach, and who on one occasion won a medal for swimming; Miss Alice Ward, particularly noted as the successful contestant in an ocean race of three-quarters of a mile, defeating the Misses Blumley, also excellent swimmers; Mrs. Dr. Gray, Miss Agnes Aronson, Mrs. Love and Miss Frank Orr, of the Philadelphia society; Miss Belle Wharton, a famous long distance swimmer, often racing from two to three miles; Miss Martineau, who has frequently swum five miles; Miss Fowler, conceded to be the longest distance swimmer on the Atlantic coast, and a number of members of the theatrical profession who have taken to the water from love of it, and have acquired additional fame thereby, notably Annie Adams Tiffany, "our Mary" Anderson, Madge Bacon, Helen Gray, George Caplan and Bessie Darling, all excellent swimmers.—New York Press.

Something Happened.

It is little wonder that many country people are greatly impressed with the dangers of city travel. There seems no good reason why estimable people from the country should be so much afraid of the city.

Value of Massage.

Massage is worth every dollar that it costs for the nervous relief it gives. Many women never know for years what it is to feel rested and soothed till they come under the hands of a masseur.

Improving Our Talents.

I heard a lady of wealth say in reference to her child that she was a "diamond in the rough." She was a woman who had had her education, and then she had had an especial talent and had been cultivated; she also intended to have her taught some useful art that would serve her in case she should ever have to make her own living.

To Purify the Sick Room.

The utmost cleanliness is essential in a sick room. Water should always be at hand, and the sponge freely and frequently used. Everything offensive should be instantly removed. A little aromatic vinegar, or lavender water, or other perfume, may be employed, according as they are grateful to the patient, but these should never be employed to disguise odors that would otherwise be offensive.

The Difference in the Sexes.

Girls are members from their babyhood. They are coaxed with comfits to do what boys are whipped for not doing. They play at tea parties before they can talk. A boy runs away and goes in swimming, and his hair in the city and comes home again as good as new. A girl surreptitiously helps herself to jam and cookies and steals away somewhere for plonk, and when her mother doors her for cold at night she wonders what makes her so deli-

cate she wants to be real naughty. A little girl's pocket is a kind ofarder full of sweets and goodies. A boy carries marbles and strings, or may be worms for bait and snails. At school or college, when a girl would be widely despised, she gathers in her chums, corks up the crack of the door and makes Wicks up the crack of the door and makes Wicks up the crack of the door.

A Tribute to a Noble Woman.

There is no surer sign of a more liberal civilization and a wiser world than the perception that the bounds of legitimate womanly interest and activity are not to be set by men as heretofore, but mark their own convenience and pleasure. The tradition of the lovely incapacity of woman reflects either the sensitive apprehension or the ignoble abasement of man. I have heard Margaret Fuller keep company of young persons on a journey constantly cancelled by her rainy and unpropitious intelligence.

Making a Keg Into a Seat.

A plush sofa cushion placed on the top of a keg turned it into a very comfortable seat. The keg is covered with blue denim, or Kentucky jeans, laid on in box planks by means of heretofore to mark their own convenience and pleasure. The tradition of the lovely incapacity of woman reflects either the sensitive apprehension or the ignoble abasement of man.

Mrs. Modjeska's Temper.

Mrs. Helene Modjeska never allows her temper to get the better of her. "I cannot afford to get angry," she says. "A woman at my time of life must economize her emotions and her nerves if she wants to hold the remnants of her youth and beauty. Any one can imagine the good woman. Landresses forget to tell me back of the door and lace edged handkerchiefs, light fingered chambermaids steal her shell hairpins, bell boys impose on her and modistes charge her for enough to costume a giantess."—New York World.

An Interesting Part of New York.

All New York has nothing more foreign than the tea wharves of South street. Tea comes in at these wharves in great full cargoes, and is unloaded for days by dozens of coolies. It comes out of the holds in the familiar cubical tea boxes, covered with strips of coarse matting, and wound about with strips of tow or rope. The matting is lettered in English, but every tenth box is damaged, and the tea inside is spoiled. The coolies are on hand to make repairs, and to them the damaged boxes are turned over. When the English lettered matting is stripped off one sees the queer figures and gay colors of China or Japan. The repairing men merely a defiling of the tea with their hands. Each box with its contents weighs about fifty pounds. Of this from forty-eight to fifty pounds is tea and the remainder packing, which includes matting, box and tea lead. The whole wharf is redolent of tea, and standing among the workmen are the tea importers, their black faces concealed by long, cool, clean linen dust-ers.—New York Sun.

Effect of Lighting in Photography.

Some excellent advice is given by a recent writer on the production of artistic effects by judicious lighting in photography. He says that if photography seeks to follow in the footsteps of art it should free itself from the limitations of lighting in portraiture imposed by the narrow confines of skylights and reflecting screens. Were more study given to simplicity in lighting the more successful would be the average portrait. "This is exactly the study of the painter—simplicity in his methods. Why does the amateur often beat the professional? Because he is backed with more artistic judgment and freed from the conventions of the skylight, works with greater simplicity. Wise men made the success of some of the best of our photographers. What has led Sargoy nowadays to discard backgrounds and bric-a-brac altogether? Nothing but this."

AN EPISODE OF A BIG CITY.

The Life of a Semi-Idiotic College Man Brings Trouble to His Mother. There lived in Boston a young man who matriculated at Harvard and then put himself under a tutor elsewhere in order to get all the tuition obtainable in the science of mathematics. His mother, who his father died, his only sister died, and the delicate nature of his own health began to be all too apparent. He was advised that he must go to Colorado during the winter, and somewhere else this summer. But he had nothing—except his mathematics. His mother, nearly per, had taken a place as matron in what I will call the Asylum for Helpless Women in an uptown side street in this city.

The young man got work at accounting and managed to live and save fifty-five dollars. When the work he was employed upon was finished he found two facts that he had overworked himself. He became almost idiotic. Only one spark of his mind remained, a flickering ember of reason in a desolated brain. He knew that he had a mother in New York, that was all. He had no money, and he had no home, or his own name. He bought a ticket to this city, and equine to the Grand Central station said to a bookman the word "book."



Drop a Nickel

in your grocer's hand and get a package of PYLE'S PEARLINE—the original and best Washing Compound. It will save you time, trouble, health, wear and tear, which cannot be computed in dollars.

It's better—easier—quicker than soap for washing clothes and housecleaning; if that's not true, what becomes of the many, many millions of packages sold annually? What induces the hundreds of imitations? Did it ever occur to you as strange that almost every imitation of Pearline is given a name ending in INE? A "wolf in sheep's clothing" trick; depend upon it, their tricks don't stop there. Peddlers and unscrupulous or misinformed grocers will tell you this (an imitation) is as "good as Pearline," "same as Pearline," etc., etc. It's false—there's nothing like Pearline—nothing as good as Pearline. Why?—that's our secret—but you will recognize and share the benefits of that secret when you use Pearline. JAMES PYLE, New York.

great-grandchildren, he had no will in all likelihood answer, "Two," while in reality he had eight, if there have been no intermarriages of relations among his ancestors. In fact the number of male ancestors doubles every generation. Thus, every one has had, two grandfathers, four great-grandfathers, eight great-great-grandfathers, sixteen great-great-great-grandfathers, and fifteen generations back he had no less than 16,384 lineal male ancestors.—Exchange.

Wakeman Holberton, of New York, has completed a book that consists of a single copy that will be duplicated. It is one of 101 quarto pages of imitation parchment, with every word an illustration of the story of the author's experiences with red gum on lake and in field and camp, done with his pen or brush. It was prepared by Mr. Holberton for his children.

"A Large and Illustrious Family. 'Have you a family?' asked a judge of a man who was making final proof in a United States land office. 'Yes, sir,' replied the man. 'Of what does it consist?' 'Well,' said the man, evidently confused, and looking up toward the ceiling as if to refresh his memory, 'it consists of my wife, ten children, two hired men, a gang plow, a seeder, a Bain wagon and a span of mules; I believe that's all.' 'That is enough,' replied the judge with a smile, and the settler got his papers without further questioning.—Crawford (Neb.) Times.

Like Father Like Son.

The girl was alarmed, she ran for the matron. The woman looked at the youth all tattered and stained, like a bit of wreckage of the storm without, and asked him what he wanted. It was a year since she had seen her boy, and this—this thing she saw before her, "don't you know your own son?" She had no money, and she had to take him in and give him a bed in the asylum. The trustees of the institution could not permit a man in a house for women. They had to be sent to the asylum for being unable by reason of his own.—Julian Ralph in Chatter.

Farmer Middings (who has been chased)—There, you 'rascal old picker horned, squint eyed nuisance, you didn't catch me that time, did you?

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