

Woman and Home Supplement.

RICHMOND, VA., SUNDAY, JUNE 3, 1894

READING FOR WOMEN.

THEIR WORKS—THEIR FADS— THEIR INTEREST.

The Spring Street Home for Fallen Wo-
men—Catherine II. of Russia a Great
Politician—The Bride's Veil.

Woman's Sphere.

They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a unit.
There's not a place in earth, or Heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes, or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

A WORTHY INSTITUTION.

The Spring Street Home—The Work it is
Doing.

Of all the charitable institutions in the
city, none does nobler work than the
"Home" for Fallen Women, at the
southwest corner of Spring and Belvidere
streets.

Last Saturday the Times, accompanied
by two ladies, rang for admittance at
the tightly belted gate, and the ring was
promptly answered by Mrs. Wentworth,
the motherly old lady in charge, in snowy
cap, herchief and big white apron.

She was extremely cordial in welcoming
us, and told us that visitors were appre-
ciated as extreme rarities.

There are but two young women in
the "Home" at this time, and they were
standing in the doorway, as we approach-
ed the broad old fashioned porch, through
a garden so abundant in green and frag-
rant growth as to suggest the typical
country garden. The illusion was sus-
tained by the quaintness of the house and
the utter quiet.

One of our party remained upon the
porch with the two girls while Mrs.
Wentworth escorted the others through
every room in the rambling and roomy
building, from kitchen to attic.

First we must see the parlor, which,
like all the other rooms, is large, and
furnished with tasteful simplicity. An
organ stands against one wall, and Mrs.
Wentworth invited us to play and sing
for her. We were both, however, too
mindful of the unhappiness we had left
upon the porch to have much music
in us, and neither played nor sang, but
it occurred to us that it would be an
admirable thing for some of our gifted
women to visit the home once a week
and enliven the quiet house and its in-
mates, with the divinest of all arts. Why
don't some of you women of leisure think
over it, or better still, do it? No work
would receive more sincere appreciation
or confer more pleasure.

After the parlor we were shown Mrs.
Wentworth's bed room, and then a small
beautifully clean and neat one just ad-
joining, into which we were ushered
with a half apologetic—"I thought I'd
bring — in here by me because I
felt sorry for the little thing," the "little
thing" signifying the younger of the two
girls, a gentle voiced pretty sinner from
the far South, who came to the institu-
tion to hide the disgrace attendant upon
the one misstep of a very young life.

The half apology came with great
sweetness from the old lips, and made
us feel that — was in the right hands.

The other inmate of the house is a
young woman in ill-health, resulting from
a life of continuous sin, but who is
greatly improved by her stay at the
"Home." Uneducated, unable to even
read, can you conceive of villainy mor-
cowardly than that which fixes itself
on defencelessness so absolute. It makes
one feel murderous to think of it.

The bedrooms, like the rest of the
house, are exquisitely sweet and clean,
well lighted and ventilated.

The kitchen and dining room are lo-
cated on the basement floor, and one of
the girls said with grateful face—"Mrs.
Wentworth is so nice; she always tries
to find out what we like to eat, and
have that for us."

A swing and a hammock are hung be-
neath the broad porch, and whatever
conduces to the comfort and happiness
of the inmates is provided so far as the
means at disposal will permit.

After going through the building we
sat for a while on the porch with the
girls, who showed us some fancy work
they were doing for Mrs. Chalkley, and
talked in an interested way about the
"Home."

We were unable to talk long, for it
was fast getting dark, but when we said
"good-bye" it was with a burning sense
of the falseness of some social stand-
ards.

"It was a pretty boat," says the great
writer apropos of lovely Hetty Sorrel;
"It was a pretty boat as it lay, the sun-
light glinting its white sails, bright in
the quiet harbor.—The sin be to that
man who tossed it from its moorings!"
And yet there are no "Homes for Fallen
Men." Society takes care that they shall
not be needed.

It is to the honor of womanhood all
over the country that it has arisen to re-
sist this false and illogical standard, and
to demand equal punishment or an equal
freedom from it, for equal sinners. If
the man goes Scot free why are homes
of refuge for the woman a necessity?

A Great Woman Politician.

A book just appeared in Paris, a history
of Catherine II., of Russia, is worth
women's noting for its aid towards in-
spiring respect for the feminine intellect.

It is called "Antour d'un Trone," and is
written by Walliszewsky, others of whose
works on Russian history have been
crowned by the French academy.

The peculiar historical value of the au-
thor's works are said to lie in the fact
that he has been able to publish his
comment on facts that the Russian his-

torian, though having access to the same
documents in the Russian archives, are
prohibited by the imperial government
from publishing. This is why, doubtless,
this writer's work sets forth in clearer
day than has hitherto been done the ge-
nius of a woman whose life has been en-
veloped in clouds and mainly seen
through vague snatches of scandal.

The book is a recognition that the great
man of Russia was a woman.

Catharine stood alone. In the develop-
ment of other States the ministers have
often played greater parts than the sov-
ereigns, as Richelieu than Louis XIII.,
Bismarck than William II., and there
have not been lacking prejudiced sneers
that successful female sovereigns have
owed their greatness to the men about
them.

But around Catharine's throne the chief
men were mere auxiliaries that played a
subservient and feeble role. She could
truly say of herself: "I have made war
without generals and peace without min-
isters."

There was never, perhaps, a more one-

SOCIETY GROWS.

Because Mrs. Cleveland Keeps Close to
the Babies.

There hasn't been so dull a winter in
Washington, socially speaking, since the
beginning of the war. The cabinet have
done no entertaining; they have given a
few dinner parties, with the President
and Mrs. Cleveland and each other as
guests, and have held their regular week-
ly receptions on Wednesdays, without re-
freshments. Pretty Miss Herbert has
given two or three parties to young peo-
ple, but as for general entertaining, the
present administration has done less
than any of its predecessors as far back
as people can remember. Several of the
customary state dinners at the White
House have been omitted, and instead of
the orthodox four public receptions, the
President has given but three, having
yoked the Judiciary of Congress for the
same evening. Instead of doing them
honor separately.

Mrs. Cleveland has not entertained at



-sided idea of a historical character than
has been prevalent of Catharine the
great. She has been represented chiefly
as a woman given up to orgies. This was
the impression I had of her as a child,
and I got it, if I am not mistaken, from
school-books.

A juster presentation of her as one
of the strongest intellectual forces in
history, a woman who definitely placed
her nation in what is known as "the
European concert," should modify opin-
ion concerning her and serve considerably
the political interests of women.

The French, who read everything con-
cerning Russia with avidity, are speak-
ing of her as the modern Semiramis.—
Ada Cone.

The Fun That Adam Missed.

That Adam was a lonely man
I'm ready to believe,
Although his many days were blest
With nature's fairest Eve.
By maidens, aunts, and cousins fair
The man was never kissed,
And thus I often think about
The fun that Adam missed.

It seems to me his life was like
An oft repeated dream.
He never treated girls and paid
Three dollars for ice cream;
He never, when a little boy,
By grownup girls was kissed,
And when he died he never knew
The fun that he had missed.

He never went security
And had the note to pay;
He never saw his bank's cashier
Steal gracefully away.
In all his life he never by
A mother-in-law was kissed—
But why go on and 'numerate'
The fun that Adam missed?

Perhaps if he was living now—
But, then, why speculate?
He'd be too old and not inclined
To play with fickle fate.
For centuries the wanton winds
His unknown grave have kissed.
Perhaps he sleeps the better for
The fun that he has missed.
—New Moon.

The University of Heidelberg has conferred
the degree of doctor of philosophy on
the daughter of a well-known jurist.
It is the first time that a German univer-
sity has granted this diploma to one of
her sex.—Philadelphia Press.

all. She has even omitted the weekly
receptions which she used to have dur-
ing her husband's first term, and which
Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee held so
regularly. The society people complain
that she pays altogether too much at-
tention to her babies and too little to
them; that the President's wife has cer-
tain social duties to perform which need
not interfere with her domestic cares and
responsibilities, and which Mrs. Cleve-
land fulfilled with the greatest tact and
grace during her first season in the White
House, but during the present winter
has entirely neglected.

This is true. Since she returned to
Washington last fall, Mrs. Cleveland
has devoted herself almost exclusively to
her children, and has lived in almost
absolute retirement. The first lady of
the land has been practically invisible,
except to her nearest friends, and there
has not been as much hospitality at the
White House as there was when the
President was a bachelor. This unusual
state of affairs has furnished a topic
for lively discussion among women—
whether Mrs. Cleveland's first duty is
to the babies or to the public; and the
prevailing opinion is that she might have
given one a little more attention without
neglecting the other.—Washington Letter.

(Thomas Bailey Aldrich.)
The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge—his frequent way—
They little knew what man he was!

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low,
All this they saw or might have seen—
But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword hilts plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 'twas the king of England's kings!
The rest with all their pomps and trains
Are moldered, half remembered things—
'Tis he alone that lives and reigns!

The bride's veil is a relic of the "care
cloth," a canopy held over a virgin bride
by our Saxon forefathers to conceal her
embarrassment.—The Household.

In the North American Review for the
current month Ouida has some vigo-
rously expressed views on "The New

Woman," or woman's rights, which she
expressed in part as follows:

"The new woman reminds me of an
agriculturist, who, discarding a fine farm
of his own, and leaving it to nettles,
stones, thistles and wire-worms, should
spend his whole time in demanding
neighboring fields which are not his.
The new woman will not even look at
the extent of ground indisputably her
own, which she leaves unweeded and
untilled. Not to speak of the entire
guidance of childhood, which is certainly
already chiefly in the hands of woman
(and of which her use does not do her
much honor), so long as she makes no
attempt to interest herself in her ser-
vants, in her animals, in the poor slaves
of her tradespeople; so long as she shows
herself as she does at present without
scruple at every brutal and debasing
spectacle which is considered fashionable
so long as she understands nothing of
the beauty of meditation, of soli-
tude of nature; so long as she
is utterly incapable of keeping her
sons out of the shambles of mod-
ern sport, and lifting her daughters
above the pestilent miasma of modern
society—so long as she does not, cannot,
or will not either do, or cause to do,
any of these things, she has no possible
title or capacity to demand the place
or the privilege of man.

WOMAN'S BRIGHT WIT.

A few Women Can Be Epigrammatical,
and Here are Some Samples.

A lady said to Charles Sumner that he
should never have married, as his self-
conceit was so intense as to make it big-
amy.

Rudyard Kipling's mother said of her
son that he was a clever man, but that he
should never be allowed to talk; he
should be used as a dictionary, and con-
sulted when required.

Mrs. Pendleton, when told by a Brit-
isher that America was deficient in an-
tiquities and curiosities, remarked: "The
antiquities will come, as for our curiosi-
ties, we import them."

A minister's wife once said that she
disliked living in a certain town near
Boston because, though it had the quiet
of the grave, it lacked its peace.

Lady Blessington remarked that friends
are the thermometer by which we may
judge of the temperature of our fortunes.

A young woman hunting for some eggs
remarked that they must have been mis-
laid.

When Diderot spoke of the dirty bodies
of the Russian peasants, Catherine of
Russia said: "Why should they care for
their bodies when they do not belong to
them?"

Here are a couple of specimens of
street car wit: A conductor said to a
young woman getting on at the rear end
of a car: "These seats are for smokers,"
and the young woman said, "Dear me,
must I smoke?"

A man rose to get out of a car, and
said to a young woman, "Take my seat."
Her reply was, "No, thank you; I get out
here, too."

If Love Could Rule the World.

If love could rule the universe,
How changed would all things be,
He would remove in language terse
All bars in his decree.
No rank could ever intervene
To stay affection's course,
'Twould bow its head with lowly mien
Before his gentle force.
The earth would be so bright
The radiant sun
Would shed its warmth and light
For every one.

A King might then a peasant wed,
An Empress love her page,
A seamstress with a princess bred
Might throw her winsome gage.
Sweet sentiment would rule the earth,
With banner high unfurled,
And happiness—no more a death,
Could Love but rule the world,
How happy all would be,
An Eden vale
Again the earth would see,
Could Love prevail.
—By Rose Gautier, in Home and Country.

Corporal James Tanner, ex-commission-
er of pensions, has almost entirely re-
covered from the effect of a fourth am-
putation performed recently in Brock-
lyn.

It is said that Herbert Spencer has
invented a pair of iron clappers which
he shuts over his ears when the sounds
of life become too oppressive for en-
durance.

Wells Park, where Mr. and Mrs. As-
quith are spending their honeymoon, is
one of the show places of England. The
original manor house was built more than
four hundred years ago.

When Lord Chief Justice Coleridge re-
tires from office he will be entitled to a
pension of £3,996. He was appointed in
1890, and if he continues in office one
year longer he will be entitled to \$35,000.

King Oscar II., of Sweden, who is said
to be the handsomest, and, in many
ways, the cleverest king in Europe has
composed an ode to the memory of
Gounod. No king has done more for art,
music, and science than has this north-
ern monarch.

M. Blowitz, the Paris correspondent,
recently played the part of the corpse of
Prince Vladimir in "Fedora." All he had
to do was to lie still on the stage and
allow Sarah Bernhardt to weep on him.
The role is greatly coveted at present by
Parisian literary celebrities.

The Browning Society, of Boston, has
passed a resolution publicly rebuking a
society reader and a Harvard instructor
for untimely levity at the public dramatic
reading of "Columbe's Birthday" in
Union Hall on the evening of May 7, the
anniversary of the poet's birth.