



"Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

SOME THINGS THAT HAVEN'T CHANGED

AN Old Woman one day found a Rude Girl sitting in her favorite Apple Tree, enjoying the delicate flavor of Stolen Fruit. "Rash Maid," exclaimed the Old Woman, "do you not know what happened to your Grandmother for eating Fruit without permission?" And then, in soft and persuasive language, somewhat dislocated by the instability of a misfit Upper Set, the Old Woman kindly requested the Young Scapegrace to come down and receive the worst Trouncing she ever danced under. But the Rude Girl, who was one of the Tulu tribe, and could whistle tunes like a Boy, replied that it was yet several hours to Train time, and, beside, she was not going that way. "Then," said the Old Woman, for it was she, "if Soft Words have no effect upon you, I must resort to Violence." So saying, she whistled in an asthmatic, sibilant manner for a Large and Ferocious Dog, which she said was kept unchained behind the barn. At this Dire Threat, however, the Rude Girl, who was well acquainted with the premises, and knew there was not an animal about the place except a toothless Cat, much older than the Woman, laughed in derisive accents, and started in on another Apple. "Oho," quoth the Old Woman, "You will not come down for threats? Then, your Bumps be upon your own Head." With this, she gathered her apron full of stones, and proceeded to bombard the Tree. The first stone went wide, and broke a window in the School-house over the way. The second described a reversed curve and smote the Cat, which was purring in the sunshine on the door-step. Taking deliberate aim at the Marauder, she fired a third stone, which met the School-Ma'am as she came running out to see what was the matter, and catching her under the trimmed side of her hat Grassed her. At this, the Old Woman shrieked and ran into the house, while the Rude Girl, overcome with Convulsive Laughter, fell backward from the limb, and dropping heavily to the ground, would have Broken her Back, had she not leaped so quickly to her feet to see if anybody was looking. Having assured herself that He was Not Looking, she burst into tears, and wept all the way Home.

Moral—This fable teaches that with the Changed Condition of Things, and the altered Relations of the Sexes, in practical life, Woman still retains unimpaired many of her Superior Qualities.

WHAT TO EXPECT FROM ME

WOMAN YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY



DO YOU know—but of course you do; at your time of life people know everything—but do you believe, which is quite a different thing, that a sermon which has been delivered before an audience of convicts in the penitentiary is the sermon to preach to the congregation of the most fashionable church in America? Well, it is. And the little talk your superintendent made to the boys in the reform school is the very thing for the Sunday-school in which you are a teacher, and I expect it would do your class of girls ever so much good. You see, I have made a study of this thing for more years than you have been going to church, and I went into it more profoundly than ever before assuming charge of a special department in an able and influential journal. The result of observation has convinced me that the population of this world is made up largely of people. If that be the rankest heresy that ever broke up a church fair, I will maintain it, though I be cast out of the synagogue for it.



HERE was a time, not a century ago, when women were considered a race of beings altogether different from men; when no woman could sharpen a pencil, tie a parcel or sing bass; when about the only out-of-door game—it was called a "game" in bitter derision—in which young girls, between the ages of twelve and forty-two, were permitted to indulge, was a melancholy performance called "grace-hoops." Boys were sometimes compelled to assist at this lodge of sorrow, but only in case of a dearth of girls, and in the presence of the old folk, who had grown tired of playing "Copenhagen."

But now, woman can do anything she tries, even to singing bass in her own quartette of girls, so that weak man is a superfluity in the choir. She has harnessed her grace-hoops tandem, and made a bicycle of them; she rows, she fishes, she shoots, inasmuch that all men, and it may be that some game, fear her shooting (joke); she wreath her brother's hat, and his outing cap; his shirt front, his four-in-hand tie, and many things that are her brother's. She is stronger than her mother, and can stand a great deal more rest; she is quite as happy, and far more independent. She hangs on to the strap in the street-car when her mother had a seat in the omnibus if every man rode outside in the rain. She gets jostled and pushed about in the crowd, when some bare-headed man, bowing low, used to make way for her grandmother. With weary patience she stands in line at the ticket-office; woe is she if she presume on the privilege of sex to step in ahead of a man; she gets hustled back to her place. Much she hath gained by freedom; somewhat, also, hath she lost. She cannot eat her cake and keep it. Still, if she didn't eat it, it would become fearfully stale, or somebody else would get it. And cake is only good to eat, anyhow. Scarcely would she exchange her independence for deference and helplessness. Her loss is more in form than fact. Men are more unselfishly chivalrous toward her than ever their fathers were; but this hurrying age of gallop and gulp has trampled upon the deliberate grace and studied elegance of a lazier day, when men bowed lower and did less; when men abandoned loafing and went to work, they quit wearing lace at their wrists and rapiers at their side; they ceased to talk in blank verse, and conversed in plain prose; they cut off their long ringlets, and the curling-tongs were dethroned by the clippers.

HER LOSS AND HER GAIN

IN all these changes woman has had to yield something good for something better. "Woman's sphere," whatever that ever was, has almost disappeared, and our sister can claim scarcely a place in the world's work and thought that is exclusively her own. She has no monopoly in dressmaking and millinery; the animal who used to make Rome howl every time he missed a shirt button is no longer dependent upon her for one item of his raiment. Oh, once in a while a man comes to town whose wife makes his pantaloons and cuts his hair: but he is usually sent to jail for it and warned not to do it again. In some countries he would be beheaded, but in this Christian land the law is merciful. The "Poetess" should be laid away with the "Female Seminary," which in the backwoods still lingers superfluous on the stage. "Out west?" Yes; out west. And down east. Did you think all the backwoods were out west? You will run into them in the suburbs of Boston, a little way out of Washington, and around New York and Philadelphia. Also, right in town. We have, in the national councils, a board of "Lady Managers," although why there is no board of "Gentlemen Managers" does not appear. If this sort of thing should get fairly started, we may yet have a "Female Columbian Exposition," which may the gods forbid. In these days when the fields of thought and labor for men and women lie so close together, are so often identical, a poet is a poet, and an editor is an editor. It is perfectly natural that Edward W. Bok should be the editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, while Mrs. George Archibald is editor of "The Young Men's Journal." Woman has entered the bar, but there are no female courts in which she may practice female law. She stands in the pulpit, but there is no female gospel for a preacheress to proclaim to female sinners. She dresses almost as sensibly as the men, although she makes more fuss about it. When the wisdom of Chautauqua finds a tunic which the men threw away centuries ago, she hails it as a "discovery" in dress reform, and bids the world behold, admire and wonder. We are ready to behold, willing to admire, but there's nothing wonderful about it. Your grandfather wore one just like it at threshing time, and a very good raiment it was to keep him from making a porcupine of himself with wheat beards.

NOW, I have traveled a great deal, and travel, as every one knows, corrects one's judgment, enlarges one's views, and broadens one intellectually. People who travel always say that to people who stay at home; then they quote a remark about pagan Rome from the guide book, and look "broad," and stand quite still to let you admire their breadth, which is sometimes a breadth that would look better turned, and would be broader measured lengthwise. But I have been about a goodish bit—doesn't that sound English and traveled? Well, it is; it has been around the world and back several times before I got hold of it. I have traveled considerably, and ought to know, and really do know, a great deal; I am afraid to tell you how much, lest you should feel too keenly your own narrow limitations. I have been to Kickapoo Town and Harker's Corners; once I drove to Toulon, Stark County, and in all these countries I found scarcely a living human being except people. People! why they're common as grass. Peoria County used to be full of them when I was a boy. I've seen hundreds of them; I suppose that is one reason why they never awe me any more. Great people—that is, people who look wise and talk bass, and lift their eyebrows, and say "Ah!" except at other times, when they say "Ah?" with a circumflex that fairly runs up and down your back; people who are afraid to walk very near the edge of the earth lest they should tip it over and slide off. I used to be afraid of these people, and take off my hat and say "Sir," and "Ma'am," to them. But soon I observed that they were the same kind of people I had always known. Just like the man who kept store in Mossville, and the woman who run the church fairs out on Orange Prairie, and the girl who taught school at Richwoods.

ONCE met a real "lord." He was the living image of Bud Jennison, who used to come to Peoria and hold auction sales of rare paintings by the old masters. I've seen him knock down a genuine Raphael, or a Paul Veronese, for two dollars and eighty cents, without the frame, that you couldn't buy in New York to-day for five dollars. He was bald, too, the lord was. I was bitterly disappointed with him, but as I grew older I became reconciled to him, because I knew that neither peer nor auctioneer could help being people. Then I was introduced to a French nobleman. He was an ambassador of some kind: I forget just what his title was, that is, I don't just forget it, but I can't exactly spell it, in print. I can spell it easily enough in writing, where I can make all the letters alike, but it is different in print. Well, I told him he reminded me so much of a friend, Hi Olmstead, who run a fish-boat down at Copperas Creek. He is dead now—the ambassador. I thoughtlessly spoke French in conversing with him, and he killed himself trying to understand me. It was my fault. I did not think that he hadn't been here long enough to learn our French.

SO observing more and more that people everywhere resembled people in other places, I fell into the habit of regarding all men and women as people. If I had my life to live over again, and if I have anything to say about it, I certainly won't, I think I would not go outside of Peoria County in my travels. They have about the same kind of people there you will find anywhere. A man who understands all the people in Peoria County can teach school anywhere. You understand, then, that when you come into this corner of the JOURNAL, you are never to expect anything unusual, or especially adapted to any special class of people. Very well, then; we are glad to see each other. You are welcome; sit close to the door; there are no cushions on those pews, but you can sneak out if you don't like the sermon. That's why they come so much higher.

ADJUSTABLE NEW YEAR RESOLVES



I WILL get up and dress when the breakfast bell rings. I will not complain when everything goes to suit me. I will treat my wife as politely as though she was a perfect stranger. I will strive to be more thoughtful for my own comfort, that others, seeing me happy, may also endeavor to be contented, and thus I will be a missionary for good. I will not spend so much money this year on the useless frivolities of Easter bonnets, spring wraps, and other vanities that draw the thoughts of my wife and daughters from better things.

I will remember the poor if I have to make a memorandum to that effect every morning. The memory can be greatly strengthened by practice; it does not cost anything, and brings a pleasant glow to the approving conscience.

I will endeavor to impress upon my family the duty of greeting, with cheerful voices and laughing faces, the father of a family when he returns home, wearied with the depressing cares and labors of a long business day.

I will go out by myself oftener, in order that my family may enjoy the tranquil and improving pleasure of a long, uninterrupted evening in the quiet sanctity of a happy home. It will be a great sacrifice, but I must think of them first.

I must be more unselfish, and take better care of myself that I may long be spared to be the joy and light of the home which it has pleased an appreciative providence to bestow upon one in every way worthy of the blessing so wisely ordered.

I will pay my pew rent this year, if I have to deny myself a new overcoat, and my children have to go without shoes. I feel that we have not heretofore sufficiently denied ourselves in little luxuries for the sake of maintaining a good appearance at church. In my luscious mellow mood I am beginning to think differently about it.

I will be, in all things, an affectionate husband, a loving father, a good provider; and I will rear up a family that will love and respect me, and render to me prompt and cheerful obedience, with perfect deference to my wishes and thoughtful regard for my comfort, or I will break their backs in the attempt.

THAT PECULIAR KIND OF SILENCE

ALFRED," said Mrs. Lovidovie, "you do not love me as you did in years gone by; you no longer call me pet names; you have ceased to coin new terms of endearment for me; years ago all the newspapers in the world could not have kept you from my side for one evening. In those happy days you were—"

"I was a young ass," grunted Mr. Lovidovie, from behind his paper.

"True! true! true!" sighed the neglected wife, "that's just what I was going to say." And a long time afterward she added, "You are older, now."

And Lovidovie read the same paragraph in the paper over and over, and tried hard to think of something to say, and couldn't just think of it right then, and so kept on thinking, and thinking and thinking, and thinking, and wanted to peep over the paper and look at her, but was afraid she might be looking at him. And he couldn't think of anything to say back until some time the following day, and then something told him it was too late.