

lend to their power and will, subjected to tyranny and authority—with no voice of redress or remonstrance, we shall see the majority held in bondage and slavery. Women, whose face is their fortune, their forms their charm, whose mission is fashion with admiration—a well replenished wardrobe—a watering-place trip, or a European tour of more importance and weight than the destiny and fate of their own sex. We wonder not such women are the prey of men. They journey through the history of their years merely the idols of society, and the dolls of ball-rooms; hinderances to the earnest little workers who are standing forth amid jeers, to wage war against wrong. It is not strange there are men harmless enough to adore and worship this torn image of woman, who follow the cheats of bliss and the shadows of joy. To place such women on the platform of their nobler, better sisterhood who desire to open wide the gates of competition, who strenuously advocate exaltation and future good would be a farce and a comedy. The restive age demands brains, activity, intelligence, laborers who hold fast together intellect and heart as twins—who never will forget their own individuality or rebel against discretion. Modesty, discreetness, tact and piety, the handmaidens, who ever are ready to tune for others the sweetest songs of the lyre of hope, faith and charity. In the army of men there are as many idiots—silly, effeminate humans—as are to be found in the throngs of women. If it were not for the providence of God and His gracious mercy that has given leaders and guides to command and control, where would the sexes roam and how quickly whirlpools would catch them in their circles. You may separate sex, but there is no possibility of any separation of humanity or of human interests. If there is any superiority it is in favor of women—she was the grand finishing stroke of the creation. The Divine Artist formed her with the finest touches of His hand. He saw no fault in this crowning act of His omnipotence and final completion of His six days' labor. He rested, for creation's work was done. Woman is an improvement on man. The beautiful unfading chromo God thus adorned the walls of Time! Let woman never mar her own beauty or soil her own virtue! Women, who are the victims of the King Solomons of the day, fascinating, beautiful, lovely, never were designed to light the fuel on the altars of reformation, or send forth the fumes of success before courts of equity. A poet's fanciful imagery is beautiful in rhythm and verse—simple pure, is of greater worth and valuation—

“Not a drop of her blood was human,
But she was made like a soft sweet woman.”

Such poetical allusions are not the true womanhood that fain would climb the ladder of elevation and fulfill their Eden inheritance. Raised from the worn paths of listlessness, an ennuied idleness, a stupid indifference; these nothing-to-do-women will eventually desire to imitate genuine worth and usefulness. Men gazing on the spectacle of a progressive womanhood—viewing from every turret of their jealous inspection a loftier, a grander embodiment, seeing no longer laggards and worthless dependents will sing a psalm of thanksgiving over the emergency of women, from her cocoon silk warp to the energies of a Christian worker and holy responsibilities. Byron's queens of beauty, let men bow before in mute admiration, but when they cry for help, sigh over desolations, something is then want-

ing “with meaning and new speech.” The Queens of Souls that stand on God's high pinnacles watching for work, whether it be reformatory, asylum, hospital, prison, home, roadside, or in public, such gladly will become ministering angels and sisters of mercy. At present man sees no further than his prejudices and enmity will permit into the hearts, motives and strifes of progressive women, when in the course of human events, when the common woes and needs call forth for united action, a national reputation is in danger; then the “strong minded women,” armed and equipped by God, will come to the rescue to save both nation and the people. Where then will be the “soft gentle women?” on whose very lips men would press their tenderest kisses! Echo answers where! Those who worked out the ideal of a true womanhood in the furnace-heat of opposition will arise in the presence of man's pressing wants with life's sublimest work, holy, as it will be real. Ornamental women are the flowers of the world, but the useful accomplish the destiny of man and woman's flourish in the gardens of eternity.

S. P. L.

Social Topics.

How New York Spends the Summer.—The dweller in the country revels in the idea that New York suffers during the summer season a premonition of that purgatory to which it is likely to be doomed for its wickedness. Undoubtedly the pent-up denizens of the narrow courts, and lanes and alleys, and single rooms of the over-crowded tenement houses, do long for space, for a breath of untainted air, for shade, and rest beneath it. But New York is not a wilderness, even in summer, and that its stay-at-homes have at least brief seasons of enjoyment, and do what they can to lighten the burdens of their poorer neighbors, a brief summary of some of their efforts and pleasures will show.

One of the small, but important sources of enjoyment in New York through the summer, is the constant succession of fruits. In many parts of the country, and even at the most expensive hotels, fruit is often scarce, of poor quality, and confined to one or two varieties.

In New York the sources of supply are so numerous that scarcity is hardly ever known, and though the prices are always high—the number of hands through which it passes, and the perishable nature of the article, rendering this necessary—yet so greatly is it appreciated, that few, even of the poorest, but set aside some portion of their income specially for its purchase, while not a few relinquish meat in its favor.

This love of fruit and appreciation of its valuable qualities increases in the ratio of its production, and will doubtless continue to do so: so that no matter how largely the market may be supplied, the prices will improve as they have done within the past five years rather than grow less.

A day at the Central Park can hardly be classed as a summer recreation—it belongs to all the year round; nevertheless, it is an always new pleasure, particularly to the little ones, who, on certain days, can romp on such smooth, and soft, and cleanly shaven grass, as you do not often see in the country—ride in quaint little goat carriages (babies in baby car-

riages), sail on the lake, eat ice cream in the rotunda, swing, or ride in the run-arounds, to their hearts' content; and finish up, if they are not too tired, with a peep at the rare birds and animals, and a laugh at the monkey tricks of Jacko.

Elder New Yorkers prefer to take the Park early in the morning, either for riding, driving, or walking, they having little time to spend away from business, and that little not in the middle of the day.

Long Branch, the summer capital, and the finest sea-side resort in the world, is within easy distance for a day's trip, for the benefit of those who have not “a cottage by the sea,” and neither time nor means to expend upon apartments for the season, at the Ocean House or West End.

Every one ought to go to Long Branch at least once every season, and we presume nearly every New Yorker does. The broad sweep of ocean, and the ocean drive, are not paralleled on this continent, or in Europe. No scene in the world can match the view from the wide central, second-story piazza of Leland's Ocean Hotel; it is worth traveling hundreds of miles to see.

Nor is the Hotel itself unworthy inspection and admiration. Occupying twelve acres of ground, its lawns studded with marble vases, its miles of wide piazza strung with hanging baskets filled with trailing vines and flowers, and in the evening aflame with globes of light; it is one of the characteristic institutions of the American people.

Only from eight to ten weeks does the season last; previous to this it is a waste of land; immediately after it lapses back into primeval desert, the village back of the shore alone preserving evidences of human life and habitation. Yet, for this brief space, genius and enterprise create a paradise of luxury, filled with every evidence of modern skill and civilization.

The trip from New York to Long Branch occupies but two hours—one hour by boat to Sandy Hook, one hour by rail thence to Long Branch—and is not only cheap (one dollar for the whole), but easy, and every way delightful. The boats are luxurious, the railroad comfortable, and with the single exception of the want of a passenger-way on the New York Pier, there is nothing that need deter the most delicate lady from making the trip alone.

Short day trips may also be made to West Point, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, and various other attractive localities. Trips to Saratoga, Catskill and Newport, take a somewhat longer time, though a very charming short trip may be, and often is made to Saratoga “over Sunday,” starting Saturday afternoon, returning Monday morning. For this trip you take the People's Line of boats at 5 p. m., and sleep as sound as if you were at home in your own bed, arriving refreshed, and ready for a whole day of real enjoyment at hotel or friendly mansion, in Saratoga.

On arriving, before eating, we recommend a visit to the Hathorn Spring, only a step below Congress Hall; it is not so well known, but possesses twice the virtue of Congress Spring and retains it when bottled.

From the foregoing it will be seen that New Yorkers have many ways of making life endurable, even during the warm weather, and that if they suffer a taste of purgatory they do not always know it.

Nor are they entirely forgetful of their poorer neighbors, who cannot go even upon “short trips” to Newport, Long Branch, West Point, and Saratoga. Mis-

sions, Sunday-schools, and charitable institutions, have their annual excursions and picnics, and that none may be forgotten, a series of excursions for poor children have been instituted for the past two summers, mainly through the influence and efforts of the New York *Daily Times*, which have been productive of happiness to thousands, and are in the highest degree creditable to the philanthropic spirit of the originators of the movement.

Some half dozen of these excursions have been given in all, and their magnitude may be conceived when it is understood that from one thousand to one thousand five hundred boys and girls participate in them at one time!

Speaking of the fourth of the series, which took place 12th of July, the *Times* of the 13th says: “Generally the children selected for these picnics are of a rough character, but yesterday the little ones, taken from the purlieus of the Fifth and Eighth Wards, were as wild as it is possible for children brought up in the midst of civilization to be. No two of them had even caps or hats alike, except so far as dilapidation was concerned, and in that they were uniform. Their clothing was, in the majority of instances, mere patches of rags, the original color of which it was not only difficult but impossible to detect. Some had shoes, others slippers, but the most of them had easy fitting sandals of mud as a covering, which, if not ornamental were very economical. But then, as some folks say, they are used to it, and therefore do not miss what would be considered an actual necessity by the more favored portion of humanity. Of this ill-clad portion of juvenile society, there were yesterday 1,317 on *The Times* excursion, and with very few exceptions all were boys and girls of the street.

The excursion consisted of a sail up the Hudson, upon a fine boat, provided with a band and plenty of eatables, which were distributed at proper intervals. A visit to a charming grove, a salt water bath—provision being made for the girls as well as the boys, at different points, and games, and dancing, *ad libitum*. The following is a summary of the cost of one excursion:

Barge, tug and boat.....	\$130 00
1,800 rolls.....	18 00
1,200 sponge cakes.....	86 00
320 loaves of bread.....	32 00
110 pounds of beef.....	19 80
225 pounds of ham.....	42 75
35 pounds tongue.....	7 70
53 pounds butter.....	16 96
Half barrel sugar.....	12 00
Band.....	55 00
Punch and Judy.....	12 00
Steward's stores.....	10 00
210 quarts ice-cream.....	73 50
Extra boat.....	5 00
Three cedar tubs.....	3 75
Citric acid.....	3 00
Box lemons.....	12 50
Printing.....	12 00
Ice.....	3 00
270 quarts milk.....	16 80
Cartage.....	5 50
Steward and waiters.....	46 00
Extra help.....	3 50
Coffee and tea.....	3 34
Petty cash.....	9 42
Total.....	\$589 02

This makes the average expense for each child taken about 44½ cents.

PREPARE your clubs for 1874. See our astounding offer on page 364, also illustrated on the fifth page.