

The Home

The Remedy within Each Gate

There is no one subject discussed among people of refinement and of limited incomes with more earnestness than that of the beauty of simplicity in living. It is urged from the highest moral grounds; it is needed because the elaboration in forms of entertaining is killing the spirit of hospitality that was one of the chief graces of our ancestors. The elaboration of dress destroys leisure; elaboration in furnishing homes makes such inroads on incomes as to prevent such enjoyments, whether of recreation or of study, as would minister to the growth of the family intelligence. There is no subject that finds the same unanimity of opinion as this. Limitations amounting to slavery are imposed by that tyrannous "They" whose identity has never been established, and whose impersonality defies the courts.

The remedy is in the control of every woman who believes that the beauty of living to-day is being marred because a weak imitation of wealth in the homes of too many becomes vulgarity. Courage has its place as truly in social life as in military life, and more than one private has changed the result of encounters. All that women—for they are the social leaders everywhere—need is the courage to entertain within the limits of purse and strength; the courage to decide how they shall clothe the spirit of hospitality which dwells in every well-regulated home, and keep it ever visible to the busy world, making a resting-place where men may find that which they most need—entertainment that does not impose a burden, and companionship that means refreshing of the very springs of life.



Social Training of Children

By Sarah Bain

The imitative faculty is the first to develop in the child; therefore the wise educator begins the training of his morals and manners through association with the people most highly cultivated in both.

But how few wise educators there are! Most children under the age of ten in the wealthier classes are consigned to the close companionship of an ignorant nurse, with the occasional and somewhat haphazard supervision of parents. The cleverness and culture of the father, the gentle breeding of the mother, count for very little in the up-bringing of the young child, because he comes so little in contact with them.

The claims of business, society, philanthropy, and religion are all so many ropes drawing parents and children apart from each other. The father returns from his day at the office with irritated nerves and exhausted physical powers. The first command of the considerate wife is: "Nurse, take the children away! Papa is tired."

It is a different picture that Burns draws of the home-coming of the Scotch peasant, when "the toddlin' weans in muckle din" rush out to climb into the father's arms. But exhausted vitality is one of the penalties that outraged nature exacts from the dweller in cities who overworks his mind and underworks his muscle; and to nervous exhaustion the romping play of childhood is often acute torture.

Thus much of the father's influence is missed from the child's daily life. How is it with the mother's?

"Oh dear!" said a little girl. "There's company at luncheon to-day, and we children don't know where to go or what to do." The coming of the guests meant to these poor little exiles banishment and solitude, while their elders were making merry in the midst of good cheer. It is all wrong.

Many a nursery is practically an orphan asylum, presided over by a young, untaught, untidy Irish girl. How can it be expected that from such an institution will emerge well-mannered, well-groomed young people with social intuitions? Darwin himself never claimed for the principle of heredity that it had force enough to conquer hostile environment.

Do not deceive yourselves, O parents! You have not done your duty by your children unless you have given them *yourselves*. No legacy of wealth or social position will take the place of that great gift.

It is you who must teach them, from the cradle, the social obligations devolving on dwellers in a community, even a nursery community. It is yours to see that the earliest motives to which their infant minds are taught to respond are high and not paltry; that they learn that they must be clean and quiet and orderly and cheerful, not in order to be liked or commended or admired, but that they may contribute their share of comfort and well-being to home and society.

It has been said with equal wit and wisdom that the keynote of good manners is—B natural. The worst social faults of childhood are affectation and self-consciousness, both of them often the direct result of their training. "Robert, do not drum with your feet! Mrs. Black is not accustomed to little boys who do so. Her little nephews always sit still at table." "Sally, do tie up your shoe! Here comes Miss Brown, and you know how particular she is."

The clear, direct consciousness of the child is grievously confused by such directions as these, which seem to imply that it is the presence of the visitor which makes noise and untidiness wrong. Nor is this the worst effect. The child at once receives the impression that he is to be the subject of criticism, and, instead of welcoming the guest with spontaneous pleasure, he comes forward with the shyness born of self-consciousness; and this is often increased by finding himself the subject of conversation.

Nothing is more common or more cruel than this focusing of the attention of a company upon a shy child who experiences untold suffering at finding himself in the pillory of public notice.

In the parlor of a summer hotel the other day I saw a timid little girl of five years creep up to the chair of a lady who, loving children cordially, said, in that unmistakable tone of encouragement which goes straight to the childish heart, "Come, Toddlekins, jump up here into my lap!"

The mother of the child, sitting near with her fancy-work, remarked, without looking up: "She gets to be a dreadful bore after a while. Don't hesitate to push her off when you get tired!"

If that girl should make the same remark about her mother twenty years from now, she would incur the censure of the world as an undutiful and brutally inconsiderate daughter; but would it not be the natural outcome of such a training? A child is a composite photograph, and will surely represent every shadow passing before the sensitive plate of its mind. If you would have your children courteous, you must treat them with courtesy.

Cardinal Newman never wearied of dwelling on the necessity of holding up a winning example to draw men to a higher life. If it be the wisest way of lifting up men, still more is it the wisest, in fact the only, way of teaching children.

Give them the *best* of yourself, of your friends, of books, of opportunities, of example. Courtesy cannot be taught like grammar or arithmetic. It must be breathed in with the atmosphere of the home.

Good manners, after all, are only the conventionalized golden rule, and there is no law for childhood that is not the law for grown-up-hood as well.

Courtesy is the natural expression of the genial, gentle soul at home in its social environment:

For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal natures and of noble minds.



The Dual Development

The hardest to accept of all the changes through which a child passes from infancy to middle life are the transition periods. It is so hard to accept that first change, when the baby rebels at the mother's arms, and wishes to use the freedom that has come to it since it found its feet and their use; when, instead of the brain of the mother governing its movement from place to place, it chooses to differ with her. The mother shows by her decisions, even at this early period, how far she recognizes the individuality of the child—its right to decide within the sphere of its intelligence. If the child is only an object of discipline, there is no recognition of its heaven-given right—the right to use its intelligence and gain its experience within the range of that intelligence. Wisdom at this point is the guarantee of the true relation between parents and child. The second transition period comes when the child passes not only from the arms, but from the room, and goes into that outer world where the range of choice is larger. How often our sense of justice, even of righteousness, is violated when we see children made the slaves of a nurse's whims, restricted where liberty is their right, and given their liberty when life and limb are threatened by the freedom! This is the period attended with the greatest danger. Usually a smaller resident is in the nursery, and the mother is held in bonds. There is no doubt that the development of moral weakness in children frequently begins at this period. To the mother who can and does give the care that her child needs, the test comes in recognizing that the period of youth is fast approaching, that strength and intelligence are both rapidly advancing, and that she can produce irritation by failing to recognize this, or can grow through it in her development as a mother. There is something better than obedience secured through outward control, and that is the control that comes from an inner consciousness of the limit of personal liberty. No moral growth begins until freedom of choice and desire are controlled by that moral intelligence which shows that lawlessness is not liberty, but revolution, and brings punishment. The nation that controls the lawlessness within its bounds by guns and ammunition never knows a moment of safety. The nation that is controlled by the education and experience in each citizen can spike its guns. So with parents. The children who are controlled by fear, by sternness, by habits of obedience that are the mere outward expression of lack of freedom of choice, can never know the forces that are accumulating and will find their freedom sooner or later in the life they have marred. The parents who give liberty, and watch to discover the character of the child they are training, are the parents who guide into the realms of spiritual growth. Such a child learns in a natural way its rights as well as its duties, and brings its will into harmony with its intelligence.



The Vacation Fund

The Outlook is read by many working-girls; and this column has become a point of more or less interest to them. One of the causes of unnecessary burdens in the lives of many working-girls of refinement and sensitiveness is the attitude of their companions. The vacation work among working-girls is a comparatively new one, and is still in the experimental stage. The need of vacations for working-girls was recognized many years ago, and steps were made to provide them. No sooner had this begun than a difference of opinion as to methods sprang up, and now we have many houses set aside for the use of working-girls, administered on many systems. Cherry Vale and Craigville, and the houses hired by the Working-Girls' Vacation Society of New York, are administered on the broadest co-operative principle. Every girl who can pay a whole or a part of her board does so; the deficiency is met by the friends of the working-girls, who, through The Outlook, or directly to the Society, send money to be used for the purpose. The pity of it is that the girl who cannot pay

her board sometimes has to bear a burden, that is unnecessary and cruel, imposed by her companions. She is made to feel that in accepting her vacation, or, to put it more truly, in becoming the guest of an unknown friend, she is accepting charity. This is an untruth; the girl who makes such a charge, who thinks it even, is woefully ignorant, blindly cruel, or vulgar. There are very few working-girls who could not pay their own way if they kept their wages for their own use. When we remember the scores of girls who never think of such a thing as keeping one penny of their wages for their own use—girls whose wages keep a roof over the heads of widowed mothers and younger brothers and sisters; girls who know what hunger and cold are even when they are earning wages, because there is no other wage-earner in the family, and who never know one moment of regret except the one that hears the awful sentence, "We are going to shut down," by that ruler of their destiny, the "boss"—that such a girl should have to bear the sidelong glance, the cutting words, the implied loss of respect, from a girl whose fortunate circumstances enable her to use her wages for herself, or the girl, too often, of still greater arrogance and less sympathy, who may need her wages only for her clothes, makes one who knows the working-girls' world blush with shame. Every girl who pays her board for her vacation helps to meet the expenses of the houses, and helps in turn to make a vacation possible for the girl who bears the burden of the support of others, the sick girl, the discouraged girl.

This is not a plea to the well-to-do working-girl, it is a statement of facts. The clearer-headed a working-girl is, the better business woman she is, the more clearly she will understand how much \$3.50 per week will pay for when it includes railroad fares, rent, food, fuel, wages for servants, care of property, light, repairing and replenishing of furnishings. It is time the mists about the word "self-supporting" were cleared away, when it is found to change the relationship between girls in the same class, when it makes the one arrogant and self-sufficient, and causes, for a time, the other to have a feeling of dependence—and all because the whole question is not frankly treated. To be independent is a good thing when it does not interfere with another; it is brutal when it is made the means of attack upon another whose very unselfishness is the cause of her inability.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ," which is the law of love.

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An Invaluable Discovery

The discovery of a remedy for diphtheria, if used within thirty-six hours, is one of the most important of recent discoveries. Dr. Cyrus Edson, of the New York Health Board, is urging the granting of an appropriation for the purpose of placing this remedy within the reach of physicians. Dr. Biggs, the bacteriologist of the department, has just returned from Germany, having carefully investigated the new method. The discoverer is the famous Dr. Koch, and the method is known as the antitoxine treatment. To secure the antitoxine, the diphtheria poison is given to large animals in small doses, gradually increased. There develops in the blood the cure for diphtheria, called antitoxine. With this the patient is inocu-

ted, and if the inoculation has been made within the limit of time it is claimed that there is no danger, or little danger, of death. The results in 250 cases have been tabulated, showing that all patients treated within twenty-four hours recovered, 87 per cent. of those treated the third day, 76 per cent. of those treated the fourth day, and 59 per cent. of those treated the fifth day. The average of deaths from diphtheria is now 27 per cent.

The value of this discovery will be fully appreciated; there is scarcely a hamlet in the country that has not, at some time in its history, suffered from this scourge. The means for securing this remedy should be at the command of every health board in the country; and will be if the people demand it.



The Old Clam-House

By W. Bert Foster

In Two Parts—I.

May the fifth never comes round without recalling to my mind the occasion on which my chum, Ferd Perry, and myself met with what was certainly the most exciting and dangerous adventure of our boyhood.

Ferd and I were very fond of aquatic sports, and had few equals among the boys of our acquaintance in either swimming or rowing. The similarity of our tastes on these lines had first drawn us together, and was the means of cementing a boyish friendship of more than ordinary strength, which ripened later into a lifelong fellowship.

We were the first boys to seek the waterside in the spring, and the last to give up our daily swim in the fall. Fully a fortnight before other boys were allowed to go in swimming Ferd and I would have our first dip, and it is a wonder to me now, as I look back upon it, that we did not get our deaths by such proceedings.

But boys are tough. At least, boys who have plenty of healthful outdoor exercise are.

The spring I have in mind was late and extremely cold. We had a light snow on May Day, and everything was exceedingly backward.

But the sun came out warmly the day following, and for several days in succession. Ferd and I, who had been a good deal down in the mouth over the lateness of the season, began to brighten up once more, and when Ferd came over to my house on the morning of the fifth and proposed that we have our first dip that afternoon, I eagerly agreed.

It happened to be Saturday, and both my chum and I were always engaged on that day, all the forenoon at least, in "choring round" for our respective parents. Ferd had to wash his mother's kitchen floor every blessed Saturday, and I—well, I had to perform quite as disagreeable tasks.

When noon came, the sun was almost hidden by heavy, windy-looking cloud-banks, but it took more than that outlook to discourage us—that is, when sport was in question. We slipped away from our homes right after dinner, and met according to agreement at Hill's Wharf, where dwelt a man who kept boats for hire, whom we always patronized. Many a hard-earned dime or quarter went from our boyish pockets into those of that rascal Jerry.

Jerry was an old wreck of a sailor, with an enormous red nose (which, by the way, he often told us, most solemnly, was caused by "chronic erysipulous"), who obtained a fair living from his boat-letting in the summer months, and just managed to keep soul and body together, and the latter well preserved in alcohol, in winter.

"Yes, you kin have a boat," Jerry said, with a leer, when we presented ourselves before him. "But see't you git back afore it storms. Where ye goin'—down ter Sas'-fras P'int?"

We assured him that that was just our destination.

"Wa-al," pursued Jerry, cocking his bleared eye knowingly at the sky, "don't ye go b'low that 'ere, an' if ye take my advice ye won't go in swimmin'."

"We'll see," said Ferd, carelessly, as we stepped into

the boat. Ferd never would take advice from anybody, and it's not likely he would from Jerry.

We each had a pair of oars, and, after getting the stiffness out of our joints a little, we made the dirty old boat fairly fly through the water. Sassafras Point, our usual rendezvous during the summer months, was about three miles down the river, and, with the wind in our favor, we made it with comparative ease.

All the while the sky was growing more overcast, and the wind was by no means balmy. But Ferd made no move toward the giving over of our plans, and I was too cowardly to suggest it, although I knew well enough that it was no time to go in swimming.

We beached the boat and stepped out upon the sand. I can remember now just how viciously the little foam-crested waves slapped upon the strand and drove a ridge of small, smoothly worn gravel-stones before them.

There was a fringe of bushes back a trifle from the shore, behind which we were in the habit of dressing and undressing. Ferd scurried behind these at once, and I, not to be behind him, followed suit. In five minutes our naked bodies flashed across the bare strand in a wild rush to see which should plunge in first.

And oh, that plunge! It was deathly cold, and as I rolled and tumbled in the shallow water it seemed as though I was being chilled to the very marrow of my bones.

"Ju-ju-pe-ter! ain't it c-cold!" gasped Ferd, his ardor as surely quenched as my own. "Who'd ha' thought it?"

I had no reply to make, and simply tried by frantic kicking and plunging to get my blood to circulating. But my attempts seemed resultless, except inasmuch as I managed to bark my knees and elbows on the sharp gravel of the river bottom.

At last I got upon my feet, determined to give it up despite any ridicule on my chum's part. But Ferd was before me.

"Let's get out of this," he cried, through his chattering teeth. "Fun is fun, but this isn't to my taste."

I made no verbal reply, but I believe that we made even better time getting ashore than we had on going in. How the wind did whistle around our bare wet legs as we struggled into our shirts!—for, boylike, we scorned such toilet requisites as towels. I shook so that my knee-joints ached.

"This isn't just what it's cracked up to be," Ferd declared, as we finally shoved off again, and headed the boat up the river. "I believe we were fools for going in on such a day."

I did not gainsay him, but remembered with satisfaction that it was he who proposed it.

We soon had something else to think about, however. The wind, which had assisted us on our row down from the wharf, had not obligingly shifted to the opposite direction, but was now, as the sailors express it, "dead ahead." The tide, too, was going out rapidly, and with both these elements against us we seemed hardly able to force the boat through the water.

I never pulled a pair of oars so hard in my life as I did on that afternoon. We didn't say much, but I could see that Ferd, who had the stroke, was working quite as desperately as myself. Every ounce of our boyish strength was thrown into our muscles as we strained forward and back on the rowers' seats.

After half an hour of this pulling I began to be really frightened. Sassafras Point was but a short distance behind us even then, and I began to wonder where we should spend the night if the wind and tide should succeed in driving us back upon the shore. It was time to think of that, too, for, because of the cloud-shadowed sky, it was almost dark now.

"Don't give an inch, Jeff!" Ferd exclaimed, in a sort of gasp. "Pull!"

I saw the necessity for that, without his telling me. If we eased up and lay on our oars for a moment we would lose all the work of the last ten minutes.

Every muscle of my body ached from the unaccustomed strain, for during the winter we had had no opportunity to