

## TO KEEP MEN AT HOME.

### WHEN NIGHT COMES HUSBANDS GET RESTLESS.

It Is Pretty Hard for Wives to Manage Them—Don't Lecture Them—Be Sympathetic and Bright—Play Cards, and Give Them Music and Kisses.

[Written for The American.]  
BY SELENE.

The feminine mind all over the country seems to be at present engrossed with the problem, "How to keep a husband at home." To those who believe that it is possible for a woman to have an opinion on the subject without having a husband I would make a few suggestions:

First of all be sure that you never let your husband know that you object to his going out in the evening, for if you do he will be sure to go, even if he did not intend to do so before he thought you wanted him to remain in with you, for you have to treat a man like the Dutchman did his pig that he was taking to market—be pulled in the opposite direction from the one he wanted the pig to go (I hope the simile will not be taken personally), or he never would have arrived at his destination.

Most men, particularly Benedicts, object to being "bossed." Lovers rather enjoy it, from the proper source, but husbands reserve the privilege of obeying the dictates of their own wills, and of trying to make their wives do the same. Therefore, a woman who would rule her husband had better learn to hide the scepter, if she hopes for success. If you feel particularly social some evening, and crave a quiet hour beside your own fireside with your better-half for company, in place of your lonely musings, which you have had thrust upon you unwillingly for several nights past, don't fail to ask your husband while at tea if he would not like to go pay the party call he has been owing Mrs. Slowcoach for many weeks. Tell him that politeness demands that he should go. The more he demurs the more you must persuade, until he ends it by settling himself in his comfortable "sleepy hollow," with a promise to pay the call some other night, for few men are willing to be taught etiquette by their wives, or started off on a round of duty calls to satisfy the demands of politeness as indicated by them.

There are many husbands who remind me of the man who said he would not get married because if he did he would not have any place to go in the evenings—with this difference, however, that they find some other place to go every evening, and they are not at all particular that their wives should be there, as they seldom asked for their company. They get so in the habit of going out every night while the courtship lasts that they find it difficult to shake it off after marriage. It is a poor compliment to a wife, indeed, when her husband seeks entertainment in the society of others during the evening after the necessary absence of the day from her side, and when he does so I am strongly inclined to believe it is the wife's fault, for a woman who is smart and attractive enough to get a husband should certainly be clever enough to hold his affection and interest.

#### TRY CARDS AND MUSIC.

Married men are often much to be pitied, from the fact that their wives pay them so little attention and take so little interest in their pleasure that they are driven from home to seek enjoyment, which is one of the needs of a man's nature.

It often happens that a man who is fond of a game of cards has a wife so narrow-minded as to forbid a pack of the devil's tools to come within the sacred abode, forgetting that the harm is not within the colored bits of cardboard, but rather in the hearts of the players who make sin of them. I am no advocate of card-playing in general, but I do think that many a woman could save her husband from the sin and excitement of card-playing in public places, by learning his favorite game and playing it with him innocently and pleasantly at home, where there would be no temptation to turn the game into one of profit or loss. If women would have their husbands stay at home in the evening, they must be willing to entertain them. If their husbands are musical, they should be as quick to sing and play for them as readily as they were before marriage. There are many wives who neglect the graceful and entertaining accomplishments which were their first attraction in the eyes of the men they married, and more than one husband has begged in vain for a song when his wife could have gratified him as easily as not, and at the same time increased his admiration for her talent. I asked a married friend a few days ago how she kept her husband at home, for he always impressed me as happier there than at any other place. She smiled, and said: "Selene, my rule is a simple enough one, but it may help others as it has me during the past fifteen years, so I will give

## GADABOUT GOSSIP

It is a common saying that with th for action comes the man—a pun which gains him, by the way, a consi degree of credit from an appreciative. But woman, in the role of a reformer apostle, is not so fortunate; for, by strange fatality, she and her hour seem to strike in happy harmony. I dent championship of her mission, or i or crass, according to the point of vie which it is taken; together with her impulse to make a martyr of herself her to throw herself into the breach delay, and when there isn't any, she st way starts to make one in the solid prejudice, and gets not credit for he age, but ridicule for her unsuccessful If the subject involved is one of com interest to both sexes, as the ballot or legislation, men have, naturally, a gre to say, and even when they display irr and illiberality in their arguments, th hardly be blamed for saying it. But, s to say, their most vehement and angric nunciations do not seem to be inasp such agitations as these, but, rath those relating to matters directly and within a woman's province, and which it might reasonably be posed any male interference was me pure and simple. Especially in the of costume, and yet any unconventi in female dress, a hint of coming changes, will drive the average man. There may not always be method in hi ness, but there is plenty of aggressiv and he will apply to that particular th amount of printed and oral virtuous in tion that if concentrated on his own comings would make him a "creatu too bright and good and for human u daily food." Some years ago a well- contributor to the popular magazines t state's evidence against his sex, an nounced what no man had confessed t "Men have always constituted them and often impertinently, the advic women." A sin against convention is easily pardoned in a woman as a sin a virtue in a man, and the man who st ballot-box or bribes a jury is not consi half so dangerous to the welfare of s as the woman who inveighs against skirts, and advocates the inaugurat another era of bloomers.

Talking of those much-abused and i ridiculed garments, it is only fair to sa, the female sense of beauty came shudder to the aid of masculine prejudice, and common cause with it in the ensuin sate. To overcome the opposition c men to such a style of dress was by fa easiest part of its advocates' unders but to ask a pretty woman to make h hideous for the sake of benefiting her Well, not even a modern Hercules trample on such an impossibility as tha feminine instinct of self-sacrifice, strong is, yet has limits. So the Bloomer cos like many another reform, perished miniously under the abuse and ridicul ished on it by the press and public o continents. But a fact not generally k is that, like this particular continent, it re its real discoverer of the glory her name have acquired by attaching to it. Accordi a letter recently written by Mrs. A Bloomer, the Americus Vespucci of woman's world of trousers, the darling Co bus was Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller, a e of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who visitd latter at Seneca Falls, where Mrs. Blo was then publishing a progressive jou poetically styled *The Lily*. With Mrs. t ton she fell a victim at once, and in the number of her flowery sheet announced she had adopted the style of dress to w reference had been made in previous cies. She says she gave it no name, and n claimed the merit of its invention, but ply wore and defended it on the grou ease and comfort. The New York Tr noticed her article, took it up, told the v the thrilling tale, and like Byron, one morning she woke up to find herself fan The next prominent convert to the time was Lucy Stone, who traveled, tured and finally married in it. Mrs. Blo wore it at home and abroad on all occas and clung to it in the days of its decay, w ing it about six or seven years after the ot had abandoned it. She declares that not them lectured on, or advertised, it; but ply wore it for their own personal conv ence, never attempting to introduce it general fashion. The letter concludes

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If the neglected wives in our land would follow my friend's rule, may we not easily believe that fewer would be left to spend their evenings alone?

#### A WOOD FIRE AND SMOKING JACKET.

But there are men who will go out just for the sake of going, and not because their wives are particularly unattractive, these are the hard ones to deal with. The woman who has such a husband must do more than make herself pleasing, she must make the home so bright and comfortable that my lord must needs stay from preference. I do not know of any one thing that would go further towards accomplishing this than an open wood fire in the library, with a large rocker in front of it, and slippers and smoking jacket temptingly near at hand. I very nearly agree with the bride who, lately, assured me that "the husband who could not be kept by a wood fire wasn't worth keeping."

I know of one family, where the husband has become such a devoted fire-worshiper and stay-at-home, that his wife will not allow the logs to be lit when she wants him to go out with her in the evening.

Another way to keep a husband at home is to encourage him to invite his friends there; make him feel that his home is his castle, where his wife is the beautiful princess. Suggest to him, occasionally, that he might bring one or two of his friends home to dinner, and when they come, make the evening a pleasant one by a good meal and a cordial manner. Let a man feel that he has liberty in his home, teach him to know that any of his favorites will always find a welcome smile and a clean cloth, and his house will become doubly interesting to him, and he will soon feel that it is not only his privilege, but his pleasure to be there as much as possible. I would be very glad if the husbands who will not stay at home in the evening, would give us the benefit of their experience, and tell us how they could be kept in.

#### KILLED THREE OF HIS FAMILY.

##### A Michigan Man Murders Wife, Daughter and Grandchild.

ROCHESTER, MICH., December 23.—A cold-blooded triple murder was committed two miles north of Mount Vernon last night by William Major, who killed his wife, his daughter and his granddaughter. Major, who is about fifty years old and a well-to-do farmer, was in Romeo yesterday, and came home cheerful. His daughter, Mrs. Joseph Depew, of Brandon, and her little daughter were visiting the house, and after conversation with them the family retired. The people were

miniously under the abuse and ridiculed on it by the press and public continents. But a fact not generally is that, like this particular continent, it is its real discoverer of the glory her name have acquired by attaching to it. According to a letter recently written by Mrs. Bloomer, the American Vespucci of woman's world of trousers, the darling (bus was Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller, a of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who visited latter at Seneca Falls, where Mrs. B. was then publishing a progressive journal poetically styled *The Lily*. With Mrs. ton she fell a victim at once, and in the number of her flowery sheet announce she had adopted the style of dress to reference had been made in previous issues. She says she gave it no name, and claimed the merit of its invention, but ply wore and defended it on the grounds of ease and comfort. The New York Times noticed her article, took it up, told the thrilling tale, and like Byron, or morning she woke up to find herself fe The next prominent convert to the tume was Lucy Stone, who traveled and finally married in it. Mrs. B. wore it at home and abroad on all occasions and clung to it in the days of its decay, ing it about six or seven years after the had abandoned it. She declares that them lectured on, or advertised, it; but ply wore it for their own personal convenience, never attempting to introduce it general fashion. The letter concludes a rather pathetic remark that the dress tion is not one with which the writer herself and her life-work identified, and such is the irony of fate, on it will re only claim to fame. Mrs. Bloomer is seventies, and is now living quietly home in Council Bluffs, Iowa, her age throat trouble having compelled her to ment from active life.

A movement has been started in New by some sympathetic ladies who under the rare art of putting themselves into sister's place to obtain additional pay for girls in the large establishments who compelled by the pressure of the business season to do additional work. In the in of this scheme they have visited many and secured from the proprietors of such promise to do this act of what on the face it is but ordinary justice. Another object to gain a permanent earlier hour for closing of the stores, lessening the length of that work which is, probably, one of the hardest ways in which a woman can make her living. The women who patronize stores and whose custom is important to a great deal for this class of working-women if they please, and it is pleasant to see of them taking such energetic steps often they are the very ones from whom of the suffering comes. The principle of the convention is as potent in reforms as in thing else, and the leader of this pr worthy crusade would not be far out of way in appealing to patrons as well as proprietors.

A present ation at court is the height of British maiden's social ambition; but it is within the reach of any but a privileged class. Even her greeting to those introduced to the Queen varies with the lady's rank, none but the daughters of a peer being honored with the touch of the royal lips on their fair cheeks. The wives and daughters of tradesmen cannot be presented at court at all. Not because trade is a thing beneath the dignity of royalty to notice, for the Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, business herself, being neither more nor than a cattle raiser, and she sells her stock at good prices, too. But still the daughter of another cattle dealer is debarred, by father's plebeian occupation, from recently pressing to her lips the hand of the royal R. I. It certainly is a queer world.

Among the Nihilists recently arrested in conspiracy is the granddaughter of a famous Russian poet, Pushkin, whose death it occurred fifty years ago, is religiously observed. The fair conspirator is about eighteen, beautiful and talented course, as all Russian heroines invariably are, and the popularity of her name throughout Russia has made the Czar furious at the whole affair; so, it is not beyond possibility that he may cool the burning enthusiasm of her poetic soul by a little sojourn in Siberia, whose atmosphere has before found beneficial in the cure of such disorders.

If war breaks out in Europe, some of the royal ladies there will have a chance of doing off the march of republicanism a little longer by bringing into play the woman's philanthropy with which the press from time to time credits them. The Queen of Hanania has already distinguished herself