The People's Advocate.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents Per Year. | PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN; BUT MEN AS THE REPRESENTATIVES OF PRINCIPLES. | Price, Five Cents.

VOL. V. | WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1881. | NO. 31.

THE DOLLAR CREED.

BY N. Y. BACCHUS.

Show a bold but honest youth
Who can pleed his hope upon a maiden's truth,
Show a maiden well cream, her vows with ease
Of a wore roseate hues whose charms are these,
Hollow heart and an empty head,
Nose well tinged with the brandy's red,
Soul well trained in Villainy's school
Of cash, sweet cash—he knoweth the rule:
Dime and dollars, dollars and dime,
An empty pocket is the worst of crime.

Show a poor but honest man,
Who strives to live upon Christian's plan,
But poor he is, and poor will be,
Is scorned a hated wreck to be.
At home he meeteth a starving wife
Abroad he leadeth a leper's life,
And they struggle against a cruel cold
Who will not bow to the people's god—
Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes,
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes.

To get your wealth no matter how,
No questions asked of the rich I trow,
Steal by night and steal by day
Doing it all in a legal way
Join the church and never forsake her,
Learn to cant and turn your Maker—
Be liar, hypocrite, knave and fool,
(But don't be poor) remember the rule:
Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes,
An empty pocket is worst of crimes.

NOTES TO GIRLS.

NO. 6.

BY "JUTCK."

"Life is real! Life is earnest!"

Because it is prosaic reality, and not an "empty dream;" it is essential that we awake to the fulfillment of our duties, and

"—own man born to live as well as die."

We can render ourselves utterly unfit for earnest workby expending our sympathies and energies on people and things of our fancy's own creation. The lady, reading in the parlor, weeps over the sufferings of the Claudo and Isabelle of novel life; while all around her, in this "workaday world," are "duties and dinners and darns" awaiting her touch. It has been truly said that one-half of the people of the world know not the life of the other half. Pretty little miss Simplicity, treading on some rose leaves, sipping the dew, raises her hands in horror at the recital of some tale of life in the world's basements. She never did hear of such "disagreeable" things, of poverty and crime and misery; you must be just trying to make her "uncomfortable."

Better, my dear girl, to know of such things be, and to strive to alleviate them; than to seek or fain an ignorance of what so nearly concerns the well-being of your fellow creatures. "Whatever thy hands find to do, do it with thy might"—is the divine injunction. If it is honsehold work, seek to excel in it; if thy working sphere enlargen, know

"Better far
Pursue a frivolous be serious mind,
Than a sublime art frivolously."

Girls should learn more of independence, more of self-reliance, than they usually possess. Never we may love the timid le[illegible] who screams at the sight of a mouse, and who must always hide herself behind a masculine presence; it is the noble woman who works her own way with courage and dignity, that calls forth our strongest admiration. You will not let father work himself into the grave, trying to enable the family to live in style and the daughters to dress well. If you exert not yourself to do something, he cannot refrain from watching your suitors with mental anxiety, and inwardly wishing you would consent for one of them to take you off.

Perhaps you will, after a time, discover this state of affairs; and, with the wound of the revelation fresh in your breast, revenge your pride by giving your hand where your heart may not be. In vain you attempt to console yourself with the reflections that after all it was a good chance, you couldn't expect do better, really it was in act of generosity to pa, and you like your husband well enough. You are likely to meet some day him who will touch the strain in your heart, [illegible] before awakened. Sad for you, [illegible] you must, for duty's sake, turn adeaf [illegible]ear.

Seet something to do that will give added weight to the family purse, and cease to be a burden to those around you. If your parents are wealthy, of course you do not need to encounter the world as one of the working class. You will do the most pleasant thin of staying home, and learning whathome life can teach you. Even the, you will lose the discipline of mind, the expansion of latent powers, but a life of self-dependence does not fail to confer. It is well too, to grow proficient in some part cular directh; for fortune may not always favor you as now.

Whatever be our work, you can be a lady. I wonlnot use this word to mean a delicate, drinking, fastidious creature; but express the purity and refinement it should lnto a woman. A teacher, a shop girl, a writer, a seamstress, singer, a washer; these, and more an these, need but the one principle right to actuate them, to produce level.

A knowledge of soothings should be common to you all. The sick room has no more welcomesitor than a woman who knows how adapt herself to the surroundings. It enters not with screeching boots & all the intricacies of fashionable fire, which weary the feverish gal. Nor does she, in shrill key, gossip city talk; nor assume the doleful expression many deem fit for a pat's beside. In gown of soft folds & soothing tints, she moves with noiless tread; and does for you just thing you felt you needed, but knew how to express. When she addres you, it is with a cheerful expressl and a voice ever

"—gentle and low:—an excellent in woman."

Though you may never be hospital nurse, you may never go among strangers to risk your life for theirs; at some time, those will bearer you, for whom it will be your to perform these tender offices. Seeing noble acts of self-denial, so mes here comes to us a faint conjion of what the poet meant, in say

"We can make our lives sublime."

OUR DUTY TO THE POOR—HOW WE OBSERVED IT ON CHRISTMAS.

For the Advocate:

The Old Year draws rapidly to close. A bld storm of wind snow heralds the approach of New Year. All day long the s has been falling heavily, flake flake,—

"——keeping fold and gateway
With a silence deep and white."

* * * * * * *

Every plze and fir and hemlock
Wears ermlan too deer for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the oldest tree
Is ridzed lich deep with pearl."

Looking out over streets and fields and the near hills, all robed in wide spreading mantle of snow, we can hardly believe that this is omces, usually mild-tempered capital. Bendy the chilling breath of bleak, rugged New England has descended upon us. How piercing is this icy wind, how bleak these dreary wastes of snow! Close the shutters,—draw the curtains tight. Let us gather around the cheerful open fire, with hearts glad and grateful that we are not obliged to brave the stormy night. How pleasant, in warm houses, are these long winter evenings. How bright and cheery with books and work and games. But does no shadow come over the brightness, no cloud over our gayety, when we think of the many poor and destitute ones; those who have no homes, or who live in places so miserable that they do not deserve the name of home? Those who are perishing with hunger, shivering with cold; who know nothing of the comforts which seem simple necessities to us! Let us not, amid our own enjoyments and occupations, sat in h ppy, comfortable homes, forget these needy and suffering ones. "Freely ye have received, freely give." Let us remember this admonition, and try to give to others some of the cheer and comfort which gladden our own lives. First let us give—according to our ability—material gifts,—food and fuel and clothing. These are essentials. No amount of sympathy, no pleasant words, no kindly smiles, no sensible advice, can take their place,—as some persons seem to imagine.

No matter how high our aspirations are,—mentaly, morally, spiritually for ourselves or for others, we all "need the lower life to stand upon," and absolute, physical needs must be attended to. Then all are better fitted to appreciate the higher, richer gifts,—loving sympathy, kind, cheering words, wise counsel, tenderest pity. Let us give these fully and freely. Let them supplement all that our slender purses try to do. Let the recipients of our bounty feel that our hearts go with our gifts. In Lowell's exquisite poem, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," he poet makes our Savior say—

"Not whatsoe give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver, is bare.
Who gives himself with his gift feeds three,
Himself, hungering neighbor, and Me.

And how greatly are we all blessed in our efforts to help others. Deeper and sweeter becomes the happiness of the light-hearted and happy, and those to whom sorrow has come, out of whose lives much of the brightness has gone, never to return in this world,—even these find their burden greatly lightened by thinking of and working for others, as nothing else can lighten it.

It is a proof of the good and generous impulses that there are in human nature, including all our selfishness, that it gives us so much pleasure to hear of any incident of special liberality and thoughtfulness for the poor. Such an incident occurred, in our city on Christmas Day, when two noble Christian women gave a beautiful dinner to a number of very poor aged women. The table was laden with all the good things of the season; and the wrinkled, care worn, weary old faces gathered around it beamed with a pleasure and satisfaction such as had rarely, if ever, been reflected upon them before. One old woman exclaimed that that day and the day on which she was emancipated were the two happiest days of her life!

Rev. Mr. Grimke, having been requested to ask the blessing, made a few remarks, of which the following is the substance.

"My dear old friends, I have been invited to ask a blessing upon this feast. Before doing so, however, let me wish you a merry, merry Christmas, and congratulate you upon being here under such pleasant circumstances, and that your lives are spared to see this day,—a day which commemorates the advent into our world of One who, I trust, is not a stranger to any here; and the noble life of whose life has come down through the centuries, fulfilling the prophecy of the angels—'Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace and good will to men.'

"Then he was upon the earth he was a friend of the poor and the lowly. He went about doing good, healing all manner of diseases, giving sight to the blind, unstopping the deaf ears, and feeding the hungry; having nowhere to lay his head, and yet bring wherever he went sunshine, joy and gladness. Eighteen hundred years have passed away since, a little out of Jerusalem, on the mount of Olivet, he breathed the parting blessing upon his disciples and ascended on high. But thank God all still feel his presence in a thousand influences that bless mankind,—influences out of which have come that spirit of love and sympathy, which feeds the hungry and clothes the naked and comforts the sorrowing. As I stand here to-day I am reminded of words which fell from his lips, that will convey to you much more fully than my words of mine, how near and dear to him were the poor and suffering and what a large place they occupied in his great and loving heart. 'When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsman, nor thy rich neighbor, but when thou makest a feast call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed. For they cannot recompense thee but thou shalt be recompensed in the resurrection of the just.' And here you have to-day an exhibition of the same beautiful, Christlike spirit in this feast which has been spread for you by these kind friends,—Mrs. Claflin, the wife of one of our distinguished representatives from Massachusetts,—a State dear to all of our hearts,—the home of the great and lamented Sumner and Wilson and Garrison,—the home of Phillips and Whittier and Claflin,—a lady who, in her own home, has made her influence felt as the friend of the poor and the suffering, and who here in the Capital of the nation reaches out to you the same tender, sympathetic heart, and Mrs. Jacobs, the best part of whose life has been devoted to the alleviating of the suffeings of the poor and the oppressed, and to whose great and loving heart no sacrifice is too great to be made in the interest of humanity. And I know, my dear old friends, for I see it in your bright and happy faces, that the blessing promised by the Savior may be fulfilled to these kind friends. I rejoice with you all, and think God for all such evidences as this that the spirit of Christ is still abroad in the world."

How thoroughly the good old souls enjoyed their feast, and how kindly and carefully they were waited upon by the ladies who gave it. To them it was indeed a memorable experience, an event never to be forgotten. The memory of it will keep green and fresh in their minds through all their remaining days—and be to them "a joy forever."

Thursday, December 30.

FAMILIAR TALKS UPON SCIENCE.—NO I

(Copyright by I. Fredrich Wright, 1880.)

There is not, as many seem to suppose, anything peculiarly mysterious in science. Science is nothing but common sense broadly applied. Knowledge is obtained, not only by observation, but also by inference. We see not only with the eye and by means of the rays of light, but still more with the mind's eye, and by the illumination of our reasoning powers. If a person stops to analyze his thoughts the truth of this statement will be apparent. When you look through green glasses upon white paper, what do you see? You see green paper. You cannot see what is not there can you? What the green glasses do is to prevent your seeing a green dent that is there.

Whenever light passes through a prism, which is nothing but a three cornered piece of glass, or, indeed when it is reflected at a certain angle from the drop of rain to form a rainbow, we see that a ray of light is not simple but compound.

There are seven colors in a ray of white light. When we see the colors all together they make the impression upon our senses of what we call white. What the green glass really does is to sift the white light, and let through upon us only the green part of the ray. So, after all, the green we see is not in the spectacles we wear, but is really an element in the color of the paper upon which we look through the eye glasses. This simple illustration shows that the impressions we get of the external world only tell the truth after they have been closely cross examined.

The impression upon the mind, through the eye, is produced not only by the nature of the ray of light which sets out from the object upon which we are looking, it is modified by the nature of the medium through which it passes.

The mistakes into which we fall by following the adage that "seeing is believing" soon teach us not only to "look," but to look *twice* before we leap.

If the water looks shallow we do well to examine it more closely before wading into it, for clear waters, like clear thoughts, are sometimes deeper than they seem. The staff which is partly in the water and partly out of it does not seem to be straight although it is really so. For things are not always what they seem to be. The letters upon the page do not look as large to a near-sighted person as they do to an ordinary reader. The person who complains that the preacher does not speak as loud as he used to do, is, perhaps, growing deaf. The man who complains that the room is growing cold is, perhaps, coming down with the ague.

Thus we see that, to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge, one must think and *compare*, as well as touch and taste, and smell and hear, and see. Science differs from common science only in the meaning with which it observes, and the extent to which it compares one observation with another, and the thoroughness with which it thinks out the consequences. The burnt child exhibits the scientific spirit when it avoids the fire. He has learned to judge how a thing feels from the way it look—something he had not known before. The extent to which we can enlarge our knowledge even with very limited means of observation, by reasoning upon each facts as we have, is illustrated by the following incident: I found myself, at one time a stranger in a large city. A blind man offered to act as my guide and show me the sights of the city. I took his arm and sure enough he led me hither and thither to the places of interest, pointing out with his cane, to this object and to that, and telling me its history and present uses. He finally took an omnibus to go to his house, and knew within a few yards where to get out so as to save the extra fare which would have been charged if we had ridden beyond the city limits. Really this man saw more without eyes as most of people do with them. By reasoning upon what his other senses gave him, he learned nearly all the facts about his native city which ordinary observers learned through sight. He could estimate distance by enumerating streets crossed. His ear distinguished sounds more readily than mine, and his sense of smell was more acute. The inequalities in the ground were also familiar signs to his feet of where he was. As this man went beyond the mere facts of experience in a few things, so the man of science puts this and that together and reaches conclusions which are far beyond ordinary observation. To explain and illustrate these scientific processes for the enlargement of human knowledge is the object of our familar talks.