

Woman's Sphere.

By One of the Sex.

THE CHILDREN.

I am asked if I am in favor of telling children fairy stories. I think I shall have to answer that question with a decided "no;" that is, I do not think it wise or necessary to tell such things to the children of Latter-day Saints. Surely there is no need for thus entering the domain of what might be called by some fancy, but is in reality the dominion of falsehood and unreality. Notwithstanding the eloquent appeal made for such things by the gifted Charles Dudley Warner, and many others, who assert that a child is robbed of one of its greatest charms in being denied the recreation of fairy stories, yet I still protest against them. I have read many of these arguments, and to me they were full of sophistry. What if there is moral in the tale of Bluebeard! that is small excuse for making every child a coward and filling hours of happy childhood with grim visions of horror and bloody strife. If children must needs have stories of horror, let them have the story of Nero and the Christians, for the moral is still there and there is no necessity of telling the child afterwards that "it is not a true story." It has always seemed to me as something ridiculous for parents to tell their children not to tell lies, and then for mothers to tell impossible stories of Jack and the Beanstalk, of the Giant Killer and all the rest of the lot. The Bible, the Book of Mormon, discoveries, science and literature are full of material with which to weave the most entertaining and moral stories. Then, adds my questioner, do you object to fiction or stories that are the result partly of imagination? That is quite a different matter. Our gracious Savior taught most of His lessons and precepts by the aid of stories, or as they were called, parables. But mark the distinction! A parable or a fictitious story is always one of probability, is one that could easily be true. The fairy story could never by any possibility be true. Indeed, I should object to telling little children even stories that were not true. Let them wait until their minds are capable of judging and measuring standards, and then if fictitious stories are read, see to it that they are of the right kind.

READING FOR GIRLS.

If we are going to allow our older children to read fictitious stories, let the reading be entirely under the control of the parents. Young people who attend school, study hard, and who are developing into manhood and womanhood, certainly crave some lighter food for the mind. And I notice that in these days they get it. Some parents are so strict, or so prejudiced on this point that they will not let their children read anything but the papers and church works. Such parents may be sure, if their children are intelligent and inclined for study, that these very children will by some means or other get light literature, and if not read openly, it will be read just the same. Is it not better therefore for parents to give such light food as the mental system craves, and control the food supply in this way? Then the next question is, what books

shall we buy for our young sons and daughters growing up around us? Again comes this terrible prejudice, which now takes another form. Says the too-conservative parent, a dull book must be a moral book. If sermons are moral, are they necessarily dull? Again we find another sort of parent, who reads a book himself and if the heroine is made to appear as a martyr to her mother-love, or a mother is introduced who gives up honor, wealth, a decent life and even life for a worthless child, this one grain of truth is deemed sufficient to leaven the whole tissue of false sentiment and the book is handed to the girls and boys to read. The truth is, that the whole tone of a book must be moral and virtuous, must be so faithful a picture of life that the reader arises with a sense of his own duty stronger within him, or it is false. A book that makes girls think love is worthless unless gilded by a title, or unless that love is proved by the sacrifice of honor or life, such a book is false at its core and is a poisonous weed to plant in the minds of our youth. Some of our good parents will be wanting to get presents for the holidays for their girls. Let me offer a few suggestions as to the selection of books. If you will buy the books written by Louisa M. Alcott, Miss Mulock, George Eliot, Walter Scott, Dickens, and Lew Wallace, you need not fear to see your children read and re-read them. Of course these are not the only good writers, but, if you must have fiction, they are of the best and safest.

MOTHERS.

I wish mothers could be made to realize their great need for sleep. Women who get along with six, and sometimes less, hours of sleep, broken oftentimes with the calls of their children, drag themselves around day after day, and year after year, with tired eyes, wrinkled faces and a general feeling that life is almost too heavy a burden to be borne. Such mothers live on the stimulus of tea, and think they would die without it, and they certainly live a death in life as it is. Do you know mothers who pride themselves on petting their children, on not having a good night's sleep in twelve years, who allow their children to sap every nerve and fiber of their beings and glory in their martyrdom? Oh, if such mothers could be made to love the immortal souls of their children as well as their mortal bodies; could quietly impress upon the little ones that night was made for sleep, not for innumerable drinks and even bits to eat; if they could sleep every night at least nine long unbroken hours, you will find them in the morning cheerful, bright, hopeful and good-tempered. I know one woman whose children are all glad to let mother sleep in the morning, for she is so much easier to live with through the day. Mothers, if you would keep the Word of Wisdom, sleep nine hours a night, and open your windows to breathe fresh air: you will need small doctoring in your families, and would bear your burdens with glad hearts.

OUR HUSBANDS AND FATHERS.

Have we got anything to say to them? Yes, one thing. Let us have fresh air to breathe. We go to meeting to hear you preach, and after you have a few hundreds of us shut up in a stove-heated room, you carefully close all the windows and leave us to breathe poison over and over again until we return home

sick and with a most dismal headache. I heard a wise physician say the other day that he was asked why he did not attend his meetings. He replied he should, when houses were built in which he could sit for two hours without jeopardizing his life and health. If the air in our close houses could only be colored when it becomes poison, what a mass of color would float about! And bedrooms! Let the colds, catarrh, and various diseases of the winter testify to the need of fresh air in bedrooms. And one inch of lift for a window, let me tell you, will not supply enough air for one human being, let alone six or eight. Be generous with that which God gives so freely. And when we have caught poison from foul air, let us call it poison, not colds.

COLDS AND CATARRH.

This certain physician of my acquaintance is a most peculiar man, and his greatest peculiarity is that he dares to tell the truth. He saw me buying some heavy winter underclothing the other day, and laughingly said that I was laying plans to give him plenty of work. His family, he said, never wore heavy clothing, but he was always delighted to see other people put on heaps of woollens, it made business for him. He did not care to doctor his own family, he said sarcastically, but of course others—well, I knew his business. I did not buy the woollens. A gentleman who stood near was speaking about colds; the doctor remarked that one of our leading men sent for him some time ago who was very ill indeed with a heavy cough and "cold." When the doctor was asked what should be done, he offered to cure the invalid in forty-eight hours. "Oh, yes," said the invalid, "you will feed me on opium." "No, I won't," answered the doctor, "I won't give you anything. You must fast and pray for forty-eight hours, and as you are in the country and get fresh air, you will get well immediately." The man took the advice, and was completely cured in the time specified.

The gentleman by my side listened to that story, and then said unbelievably, "Well doctor, what would you do for me; I have the catarrh exceedingly bad. What can I do to cure it?" The doctor laughed cynically, and answered, "I know of only two things that will cure catarrh, and those two things are death and fresh air. People are about as afraid of one as the other."

Address:

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The Clothes We Wear.

Says a London letter in the *New York Recorder*: "Present fashions in feminine attire are more graceful and attractive than those of any other period in the century."

Inasmuch as these are the words which Alma Tadmora uttered only a few days ago we must all accept the verdict as a foregone conclusion, and which I am quite willing to do on the strength of my own judgment as well, for the grace and elegant simplicity of this season's gowns and garments appealed to me long before the great artist gave me his pleasant opinion on the subject.

There never was a time, moreover, when so little material was required to make a gown, skirts being so sharply gored and bodices so short that only