VERY EASILY TIRED.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE ACKNOWLEDGES HER SEX'S WEAKNESS.

The Helplessness of Women—Their Hereditary Inequality — How Argument Worries Them—The Estimate of Men. All For Love—A Close Analysis.

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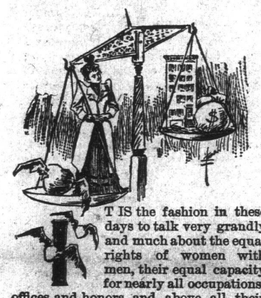


IT IS the fashion in these days to talk very grandly and much about the equal rights of women with men, their equal capacity for nearly all occupations, offices and honors, and above all their right to regulate and control their own affairs, whether political, financial, social or domestic. I, as a woman, stand up stoutly for my own sex; I do most firmly believe them to be in all but brute strength the equal of man, and in spiritual and moral strength very frequently his superior. I admire women, I love women, I long and work for the advancement of women; but, as a woman not without powers of observation and a wide experience of the world, I cannot but see a certain side of the truth not often brought forward by women and not at all understood by men, and this is the inherent helplessness of woman in a struggle with man.

Possibly this helplessness is largely due to hereditary prejudice on the part of man, hereditary self distrust on the part of woman, but it is also largely due to the inherent natures of the two sexes. Every virile man has a vein of brutality in his composition, more or less deftly buried beneath the surface of his civilization, and every woman is at heart timid of encountering this brutality—that is to say, every womanly woman is.

Almost any man brought into business relations with a woman not his employee meets her propositions or arguments with either an air of good natured tolerance, or disquieted contempt of skeptical scrutiny, or of magnanimous acceptance, perhaps harder to bear than any other of the demonstrations of his superiority.

Let a woman try to argue a political point, or a point of statecraft or political economy with a man, and she usually receives some such answer as the famous insult offered by Gladstone, I think, to some titled woman who earnestly implored him to advocate some measure. Listening with an amused smile to all she had to say, he simply ejaculated at the end, "Oh, you darling!" and passed on as carelessly good humored as if he had been listening to the prattle of a pretty child. Or, if the man is not as benevolent as Gladstone, he may reply in the spirit of Napoleon, who assured Mme. de Stael that the most valuable woman in his empire was the one who has borne most sons for France, or again, after the manner of Henry VIII of England, who bade the nuns who tried to argue for their right to live their own lives in their own way: "Go spin, you jades; go spin!"

To epitomize the three utterances, women in general are to men in general either "darlings," or mothers of children, or household and domestic machines. Within these limits woman receives admiration, protection and a certain amount of appreciation from every grade of men, but let her step outside these limits, let her try to meet man upon his own intellectual or authoritative platform, and her disadvantage is at once made apparent, and her helplessness to overcome it stares her in the face.

No man ever meets her and converses upon momentous subjects precisely as he does with another man, and until this is the case there are no true equal rights for the woman. The woman seeks an interview with her business man or lawyer; she wishes certain things done and done at once; the business man or the lawyer assures her with an air of indulgent patience that what she suggests cannot be done, at least not in her way and at her time; that to sell, or to buy, or to invest, or to do whatever it is she wishes to do is not possible, or if possible not desirable, and she had better leave it all in his hands and rest secure that he will do what is for the best. Now just here comes in the helplessness of which I speak. The woman feels confident that the thing she wishes *could* be done, and that it would be well that it should be done, but she lacks the habit of command, the self confidence, the weight of will, that would enable her to hold her own without agitation or struggle.

A woman can no more hold her own against the well trained masculine mind in matters of business, the law or politics, than she can against the well trained masculine muscle in a pugilistic encounter, and this is what I mean by the inherent helplessness of woman. She may be better informed than the man, she may have a deep rooted conviction that she is right, but she does not dare to take the thing into her own hands and manage it in a manner contrary to that advised by the man who claims to know that she is wrong.

Another point of a woman's inherent helplessness is her sensitiveness. The man's sneer, or his half veiled contempt for her opinion, or his exaggerated politeness and deference, all tell upon her courage and beat it down as if with blows of a fist or the stinging cuts of a whip. She feels wounded, hurt, ashamed even, while remaining sure that she is in the right. She withdraws from the contest apparently defeated; but, like Galilei, secretly murmuring, "But nevertheless it does move."

In fact, Galilei is a conspicuous illustration of my theory. He had quicker perceptions and a keener insight, more courageous theories and more faith in his own intuitions than the whole college of cardinals with the pontiff included, but when he propounded these theories he found himself opposed to the solid phalanx of the ages in the form of a governing class, who intended to remain governors. He was defeated by frowns and sneers and smiles and jeers, behind which lay the power of life and death. Beaten down and overwhelmed, he signed the recantation of his profession of truth, made a humble apology for having been brighter than his masters and went away muttering the re-recantation which we have quoted. I wonder how many women have walked out of the office, the study, the back parlor, the vestry when they have held an interview with some male arbiters of their destinies, their heads upright, their cheeks glowing, their eyes bright with anger and unshed tears, their hearts hot with defeat and humiliation, muttering to themselves in one form or another, "But for all that it does move!"

Another element is woman's helplessness in her relations with man in her love of being loved, and this desire in its various developments is perhaps *the* root of a woman's nature. Every woman has it, even the coarsest termagant, the hardest and boldest wrangler for her rights—every one of them in the core of her heart longs to be loved by somebody, to be the first object in somebody's life, to have some one to whom she may turn and be sure of welcome and of sympathy. It is one of the very best and most precious factors of womanhood, but, alas! it is one of its most terrible dangers.

A woman with no one to love her is the most miserable of creatures. She loses half her value in her own eyes. She is unable to do justice to the best of her nature. She either hardens and becomes cold, defiant, bitter and narrow, or she withers and languishes like spring flowers in an east wind. Perhaps she does not know her own need. Perhaps she scoffs at love and declares herself strong enough to live without it and says, as did a famous literary woman:

"I am of the oak oaky and do not understand women who are of the vine viney and must have something to cling to."

And yet this very woman clung to her kindred and her adopted child with a really noble devotion. Sometimes a loveless woman cherishes a dog, a bird, a cat, and bestows upon the little brute a wealth of love enough to enrich a monarch; sometimes she buys the love of a companion or of a servant; sometimes she becomes a philanthropist and distributes her unused affection over whole armies of orphans and phalanxes of widows; sometimes if she is of a certain temperament she becomes "a religious" and joins a sisterhood devoting their lives to good works and their hearts to God. In that case she tells herself that she needs no earthly outlet for her affections; that her entire nature is turned into the channel of adoring love for the Divine Being, and she probably feels that she thus secures a higher place in his affections than her more mundane sisters can hope to hold.

It is a heroic choice, a noble life, but who can doubt that it must hold moments of chill disappointment, of withering insufficiency, of terrible despair? In this world human creatures live in bodies. They are surrounded by earthly needs and cares and sympathies, and to deny or to starve all these is to defeat the very purpose of our being. A mortal woman needs mortal love, and she will seek it in one form or another, if she is at liberty, as surely as a housing pigeon seeks her dovecote or a perishing deer seeks the water.

I do not say that this all powerful thirst applies always or entirely to the love of man and woman naturally terminating in marriage. A woman cares for the love of her own sex, for the love of her employees, for the love of her friends, her circle, her society, be it a large or a small body. Men say women have a passion for admiration, an appetite for flattery, a thirst for applause. True, true enough! But all these cravings are but forms of the great craving for love which lives at the root of all. One who loves *does* admire, *does* flatter, *does* applaud. These are some of the almost invariable signs and signals of love, and the instinct of the woman leads her to seek these signs and signals, although her reason whispers that they are false lights, mere igni fatui poorly counterfeiting the real sun and moon of her existence and very likely to lead her into a dark and dismal bog whence she issues mired and torn and weary.

It is not well to accept these shams, even though we bitterly tell ourselves that since we cannot have the real thing we will take what at least resembles it. If a person cannot have diamonds, she had better not try to persuade herself or the world that rhinestones are just as good, although she may choose to wear them; but, just as there are women who *will* glitter, though it be in rhinestones, so there are women, and probably the majority of the sex, who will have that ornament more precious than diamonds—that crown of love which proclaims its wearer a queen indeed, and if it be but a pinchbeck and tinsel crown she will wear it all the same, although her own aching heart cry incessantly:

"It is no crown. I am no queen. My kingdom has gone from me, and I am desolate."

Well, to come back rather tardily to our muttons—to the discussion of woman's helplessness in her relations with the other sex.

She hates to do or say anything to forfeit her position in any man's estimation. Of course she does not expect or wish her broker, her lawyer, her pastor, or her political antagonist, or her intellectual opponent to be "in love" with her in the ordinary meaning of the phrase, but she does want, probably unconsciously to herself, that he should feel attracted to her; that he should like, admire, speak kindly, perhaps tenderly, of her to other persons; that he should be sorry to see her go and glad to have her come again. All this natural and instinctive desire underlies her whole conversation and conduct, weakens the strength of her opposition to what her intuitions warn her is false or dangerous, softens her phraseology and not very infrequently prompts her to say in the end:

"Very well, you know best. I will do what you say," when the indignant common sense at the back of her mind is clamoring:

"That's nonsense! It isn't at all as you say! I shall lose my money, or my case, or my success if I do thus and so!"

Every woman knows that, though she be wise as Minerva, pure as Diana, regal as Juno, or even beautiful as Venus, if she wearies a man, if she claims the time and attention he wants to bestow upon his business, his pleasure, or more especially upon himself, he ceases to wish for her presence—in fact, he grows tired of her—and in the end feels her to be a bore and avoids her. I suppose most women would rather die than to know they were thus regarded by any number, perhaps any one, of the men of their acquaintance, and if they feel themselves in proximity to any such position they will hastily sacrifice any theory, any scheme or any advantage and withdraw from the position their reason bids them hold with tenacity.

And here, of course, is the point I have intended to make. The woman's need of love, of liking or of approval from man is a terrible element of weakness in her nature. She is her own enemy. She is made helpless by her own best and sweetest characteristic. The motto of her career is, after all, no more than this, although the motto must be expanded to its very widest and most general limits:

"All for love, and the world well lost!"

Mrs. Frank Leslie

BELLE ARCHER'S DEPARTURE.

She Has Invaded the Field of the Male Theatrical Advance Agent.

Belle Archer, the actress, has adopted a new line of work and has practically given up the stage to demonstrate that a woman can do as much, if not more, than a man in furthering the interests of a theatrical star. Miss Archer, besides being a professional beauty, is an actress of recognized ability and has supported artists of such magnitude as Jefferson, Nat Goodwin, E. H. Sothern and Alexander Salvini. During the summer she was a member of Mr. Litt's stock company, and, while in St. Paul, told Mr. Saint Maur, manager for Miss Carrie Turner, of her desire to become an advance agent. He was impressed with her earnestness, and after a long talk felt convinced that she possessed business qualifications of a high order and made her a flattering offer to go in advance of his enterprise. Therefore Miss Belle Archer is now a full fledged "advance lady," if such a term may be coined for the emergency.

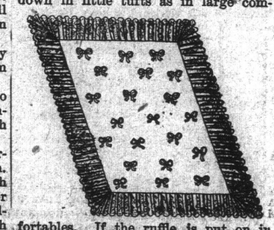
BELLE ARCHER.

Miss Archer is the daughter of James L. Mingle, who was the editor of the Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch for a long time, and many bright articles from her pen delighted its subscribers. In fact, the dramatic column was edited entirely by her.

It can be readily imagined that Miss Archer will create considerable of a sensation in newspaper sanctums throughout the country, and that press agent traditions will receive a shock. It is probable, too, that a pretty business woman calling upon an editor and arranging for the insertion of her advertisements will prove a far more agreeable visitor than the average avant courier of a traveling company. If she combines tact with business ability, there seems no good reason why she should not succeed in a field hitherto unassailed by petticoats. Indeed a pretty woman traveling in advance of a theatrical company may prove a formidable rival of the present male agent.

For Baby's Crib.

Pretty little quilts can be made for baby's crib by taking 2¼ yards of scrim or cheesecloth, putting in the cotton batting smoothly, covering 1½ yards, turning over the other 1½ yards and neatly running it along the edge. If the edge is to be worked of zephyr, take about six strands of germantown wool and tie down in little tufts as in large comfortables. If the ruffle is put on in lace, then little bows are made of baby ribbon and tacked on in irregular rows. These little affairs can be made as inexpensive or elaborate as one wishes. When made of white or colored china silk and tied with ribbon, adding handsome lace, they make an attractive afghan for the carriage.



AGNES GEORGE.

TO A MEDICAL STUDENT AT A CLINIC.

Couldn't thou, fair student, with a heart of stone,
Flay quivering flesh and amputate a bone?
With cool composure whip a cancer out,
And think no more on't than to land a trout?
Art once thy cultivated taste enjoyed,
And oft thy brush was genially employed.
Would'st lose the crowning charm of thy young life,
Or mark unmoved its fairness all destroyed
By blood red stains of surgeon's saw and knife?
'Twere better far to be an M. D.'s wife,
Australia's daughter, with the steel blue eyes,
Recede in time from such a sacrifice!
To painting or to sculpture give thy powers,
And in æsthetic studies pass thy virgin hours.
—New York Sun.

A FAIRY STORY.

Hans lived among the mountains in Norway. One day he lay on a sunny bank watching the fleecy clouds, swift messengers of thought, as they sped across the blue ether, and he saw them take on many strange shapes. Now a monstrous troll, as the mountain giants are called in Norseland, would stand out in bold relief, and again curious beasts and birds would present themselves to his eager eye.

All at once he was afloat in folklore land, where he was to meet face to face beings of whom he had heard so much. He was bound to visit the castle of the Mountain King, the mightiest of trolls. The air was full of music, and he heard the birds singing about this king and his treasures.

Hans now heard a whizzing in the air, and there appeared before him the biggest bird he had ever seen in his life. As it plunged down beside him, it almost seemed as though a huge load of hay had been dumped on the ground.

If Hans would get on his back, the bird told him he would bear him to the Mountain King's castle, but the boy must hold fast to the feather at the nape of Bird Dan's neck lest he fall. This feather, you must know, was as big and as tall as a half grown spruce tree.

Hans did as he was bid, and away they went sailing through the air so fast that the wind whistled after them. Presently they reached some noble grainfields, and here Bird Dan paused to fill his crop. It frightened Hans to see how much he could devour. The boy himself sat down to partake of the modest lunch he carried with him, when he saw a man lying with his ear close to the ground.

"What are you doing?" asked Hans.

"I am listening to the grass," was the reply, "My ears are so fine I can hear every blade as it grows. I need less sleep than a bird, and I can see a hundred miles by night as well as by day."

"You'd be a useful man to have on my journey," said Hans. "Will you go along?"

"Yes, if Bird Dan will take me, and if you'll give me some of your lunch."

"My lunch isn't much, but such as it is I'll gladly share it with you," said Hans.

Bird Dan consented, and away they went with the new comrade.

When next they paused, Hans saw a man walking about with his hand over his mouth.

"What is the matter with you?" cried Hans.

"I'm the man that has swallowed seven summers and 15 winters, and I keep my hand over my mouth lest they all escape at once and make utter confusion in the world."

"You'd be a useful comrade," said Hans. "Will you join my party?"

The man was willing if he might have some lunch and if Bird Dan would consent. So it was quickly arranged for him to go.

After Bird Dan had pursued his swift flight for a time with these three comrades on his back, Hans asked:

"How far shall we have to go?"

"As far as the east lies from the west," was the reply.

"How long will it take us?"

"As long as it takes the sun to make the same journey."

At this moment the man whose eyes and ears were so sharp cried out:

"I can see into the Mountain King's castle. There is one who has told him you are coming, Hans, and the king is ready for you."

"I think I'm afraid," said Hans.

"Don't fear," said the man with the seven summers and the 15 winters. "I'll help you."

"We're most there now," said Bird Dan.

Sure enough, there flickered and flamed before them a hedge of fire, and beyond it a castle glowed like the noonday sun.

"Now," cried Bird Dan, "our good friend with the many seasons may let out a piece of a winter."

The man sent forth a chilling blast that quickly parted the flames and made Hans shiver.

"Go boldly into the castle," now said Bird Dan to Hans, "and perhaps the Mountain King will not be so dangerous as you think. His body is bigger and stronger than yours, but you have more sense than he. Keep your wits about you, and if you need help call on your ready helpers."

Hans made his way to the castle. He passed through room after room, but saw no one. At length he came to the great hall where the king sat at a table counting his money.

"Hu-te-tu!" cried the king. "How dare you enter my castle? Don't you know I could grind you to powder with one blow of my hand?"

"That I do," cried Hans in a flattering tone. "But I know you won't harm me for all that."

"And why, pray?" thundered the Mountain King.

"Because I'll make myself so useful to you," said Hans.

"You useful to me!" sneered the mountain king.

"Try me," cried Hans.

"Very well," said the mountain king. "If you're man enough to sit in my smokehouse and tend to the furnace while 300 cords of wood are burned in it, I shan't harm you."

"I'll do it," said Hans, "if I may take a friend of mine along."

"Take all your friends," was the reply, given with an air of assurance.

"May I have a peep at your treasures if I come out alive?"

"Aye, truly, if you come out alive!"

So Hans took the man who had swallowed so many winters and summers, and they entered the smokehouse about dusk. There was already a scorching fire in the furnace, and there was no escape, for the king had locked the door.

"You will have to let loose six or seven winters," said Hans to his friend.

The man did as he was asked, and as the night wore on the temperature became actually chilly. Now a few summers were let out, and the friends slept comfortably until dawn.

When the king opened the door in the morning, the man of many seasons blew a cold blast right in his face, so that the royal nose was pinched with frost.

"May I see your treasures now?" asked Hans.

"First you must find my son, the child prince. He is lost, and I mourn for him night and day," declared the Mountain King.

"I'll find him," said Hans.

He now sought the man who could see and hear so far.

"Help me find the Mountain King's son," cried Hans.

The man listened and looked, and at last he said:

"He is on the mountain, 100 miles from here. I can both see him and hear him cry. Bird Dan must carry us to the spot."

So they called on Bird Dan and soon restored the young troll prince to his father. Now Hans was told he might ask for his pay.

"Give me," said he, "the rusty sword that hangs on the wall."

"That you cannot wield," replied the Mountain King.

"Yes, I can," said Hans, "for I will drink of the water of life in the bottle on yonder shelf."

So he got the sword and the refreshing draft that gave him strength to wield it.

"Now," cried he, "for a lamp to light my path, and then I'm off to see the treasures in the cavern beneath the castle."

"The lamp you will find in the chamber of light," said the Mountain King, "but you will be powerless against the dragon that guards my treasures."

"We shall see," said Hans, and finding the lamp he went down into the bowels of the earth, lighted by its bright glow.

The dragon reared its hideous head at his approach, but with one blow of his sword he severed this from its body. Just as the Mountain King came to the door to find out what was going on, the sun burst in full glory from behind a cloud.

Then troll and castle disappeared, and Hans was left alone with the treasures he had so faithfully earned. Bird Dan was quickly summoned, and he bore Hans, with the treasures and the ready helpers, to the place where they could be most useful.—Exchange.

The Rising Generation.

"It keeps one so busy making a living," said a man of family, "that I don't perhaps pay as much attention as I should to the forms of speech, but I think that my children more than make up for anything that I lack in this respect, and I wish they wouldn't insist as they do upon my conforming in this matter to what they call the usages of polite society. The latest phase of this subject occurred last evening at dinner. My wife looked across the table at me and said:

"'Not 'doantchoo,' you understand, but 'don't you,' with the don't and the you pronounced separately and distinctly. Not being prepared for this, it made me laugh, but my eldest daughter frowned, and when my eldest daughter frowns I don't laugh, so I said 'yes' and stopped laughing.

"I've been accustomed all my life to saying 'doantchoo' for don't you, and 'ehtall' for at all, and things like that, but the children tell me that nobody talks that way nowadays, and so I suppose I have got to give it up.

"They had before insisted that I should have my clothes stylishly cut and with the trousers sharply creased; that I should wear stylish hats and fashionable shoes, and now they insist that I shall speak correctly. Take it all together, I think they are making life pretty hard for their poor old father. Still they're nice children, and I suppose I'll have to try to keep up with the procession."—New York Sun.

Rousseau.

Rousseau was a type of the melancholic temperament, assuming sometimes the symptoms of a veritable pathetic insanity. He sought to realize his phantoms in the least susceptible circumstances; he saw everywhere enemies and conspirators, frequent in the first stages of insanity. Once, coming to his sailing vessel in England, he interpreted the unfavorable winds as a conspiracy against him, then mounted an elevation and began to harangue the people, although they did not understand a word he said. In addition to his fixed ideas and delirjant convictions, Roussean suffered from attacks of acute delirium, a sort of maniacal excitation. He died from an apoplectic attack.—New York Times.

A Doctor With Experience.

One day while mending the roof of his house Chodja lost his balance, and falling to the ground broke a rib. A friend of his went hurriedly for a hakim (doctor). "Hakim, have you ever fallen from a roof and broken a rib?" was the first question Chodja asked the doctor. "Thank God, no," replied the hakim. "Then go away at once, please," cried Chodja. "I want a doctor who has fallen from a roof and knows what it is!"—Good Words.

The Limited.

She—Kneel not to me, dear George, but come and sit in this chair, which is large enough for two. Papa had it made on purpose.

He—What consideration! What foresight! How could he have known?

She—Oh, it is easily explained. We have always lived in a flat.—Detroit Free Press.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

The Antiskirt Crusade Is Moving on at Last.

For the first time there are real signs that after awhile, perhaps even so soon as the beginning of the twentieth century, woman will be released from the terrible thraldom of long skirts outdoors. Physical culture for ladies started the ball rolling, and bicycle riding among our sex has given it a kick that has sent it forward half a century. I am certain that it will not be many years before women bicycle riders will spin along on their wheels wearing the Turkish trousers and leather leggings already adopted for that purpose by Mrs. Lizzie Cheney Ward, a gymnasium teacher of New York city. The trousers are made full and gathered in below the knee, where the leggings meet them. At the top they are buttoned to a shirt waist, the buttons being concealed under a belt or bodice. With the addition of a natty little cap and bicycle shoes Mrs. Ward is equipped for travel and can fly along with swift cyclers without danger of overfatigue or of entangling her skirts in her wheel and getting a fall. She rides through Central park day after day, her husband usually being with her. Perhaps it is owing to this that that frightful demon of timid come-outers, the small boy, seldom annoys her. So light and convenient is the costume that Mrs. Ward has taken to wearing it in the house as well as on her wheel. She only longs for the day when women will be permitted without molestation to wear just such a dress in the street and wherever they need to do walking. In walking a woman's skirts bind her with a bondage unspeakable. Just so long as she must wear them, just so long will she be physically inferior to man. She cannot walk as fast as he. She must drag the demonish petticoats through dust and mud or pinion her arms and expend her strength holding them up. They are a waste of dress material and positively hurtful besides. For the house they are well enough; also for those who wish to wear them all the time. But may a merciful civilization speed the day when women who don't want to wear them, but want free use of their feet and legs, can dress in suitable garments without being mobbed or guyed!

Men who favor dress reform can be of incalculable aid to it. Only for men and boys indeed women could even now wear what dress they pleased in the street without fear of annoyance. It is not women mobs they have to dread. The man who believes in short dresses for women outdoors can accompany his wife, daughter or sister in a gymnasium suit on walks or bicycle trips and show by his presence a protecting care that he at least approves of the antiskirt crusade. More men do approve of the short dress than most people have any idea of.

Low walking skirts are the badge and sign of physical and mental bondage.

The house of representatives in far-away New Zealand has passed a bill giving suffrage to women, not only white women, but also to the native Maori women.

Let no sentiment enter into business matters and appointments, even in favor of your own grandmother. Business is business; sentiment is sentiment.

Elect women on school boards whenever it can be done. Our American school boards have fallen into the control of saloon keepers and political barnacles to such a degree that only women or the Almighty can rescue them. The accounts written by Dr. Rice in The Forum concerning our American public schools show that in some respects they have degenerated instead of keeping up with the times. That children may grow to be intelligent, moral, courteous men and women is a matter nearer to the hearts of mothers than of anybody else. Ladies, see that our sex is represented, and worthily represented, on your school boards.

Keep every promise you make, fulfill every contract and be where you say you will be exactly on time. This stamps you as a businesslike woman.

The best paying building association in Arkansas was organized by a woman and chartered in June, 1880. A woman was secretary of it for nine years. St. Louis has a thriving building association entirely managed and officered by women.

Statistics show that women and girls are more regular and persevering in paying their building and loan association dues than men are. If only these faithful women and girls had more money with which to pay their dues!

Mrs. Lydia Bradley has founded a school for learning watchmaking at Peoria, Ills. It is called the Horological institute. The best point about this school is that it is open to both sexes. Women's delicate fingers seem especially well adapted to the light mechanical work of watchmaking.

New York city has a woman's astronomy club which is a credit to both New York and the ladies. Some members of this club believe they were the first to catch sight of the comet recently seen.

A New York woman artist, Mrs. Cecilia B. Wentworth, has been highly honored in Paris. She paints pictures of religious subjects. One of these entitled "Faith" was exhibited in the salon this year. It was so much admired and spoken of that the French government bought it for the Luxemborg gallery.

On a certain railroad that is claimed to provide Boston with its best service women are employed in the dining cars in the capacities respectively of cashier, cigar dealer, pantry maid and cook's assistant. They are fairly well paid, as women's work goes, and are highly popular.

In the fruit raising districts of California one-third of the ranches are owned and managed by women. How successful a woman can be in any business to which she sets her head and her whole heart is shown by the fact that in Fresno county only one woman has ever failed financially.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.