

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE SISTERHOOD.

Pursuant to announcement, the Social Science Sisterhood met at their rooms last week for the purpose of discussing the "Bill for Women's Rights," about to be presented to the legislature. The President, after calling the meeting to order, said that the time had come for a decided stand to be taken regarding the object nearest their hearts, and she wished to inform her sisters that she was so deeply interested in the movement she could neither eat nor sleep in her anxiety to have something done about it at once. The youngest Sister, a blushing young creature of forty, here arose, and said that before proceeding any further she wished to have the question satisfactorily settled, "What is the object nearest to every woman's heart?" For her part, she had always understood the dearest object to any woman was a man, but—Before she could say another word cries arose from every portion of the room of "that's so," "no, no," "shut up," and "you're right." The President, with a majestic wave of her hand, silenced the uproar, and said she was surprised that any Sister could be so foolish as to introduce what she must know was a forbidden subject in their deliberations, for once get on the subject of "Man" and they might bid farewell to any other being discussed. The offending Sister apologized, and said she would not have mentioned the forbidden topic, only that it was ever uppermost in her thoughts, and every one knew that "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." She was sternly forbidden to say another word by a hard-visaged Sister, who said that she pitied her ignorance, for no woman who knew anything of men could speak as she did. To her sorrow, she owned a man of her own, but that for all useful purposes she had much better be without, for she could not place the slightest reliance on him. For instance,

she had that very morning requested him to see about getting the children ready for school, while she studied up the subject they were now assembled to discuss, but so far from acceding to her very reasonable desire, he told her he thought women's rights began at home, and that she ought to be satisfied in attending to home duties, instead of spending her time in inciting a parcel of silly old women to make fools of themselves. [Cries of "shame!" "old fool himself!" "home duties, indeed!"] Now the question she wished settled was, "What are women's rights?" Several sisters rose to reply, but the President said only one could be heard at a time, whereupon much wrangling ensued as to which should have the floor, each insisting that she was the first one on her feet. An amicable solution of the difficulty appearing to be impossible, the President ordered them all to their seats, saying she herself would answer the question. "What are women's rights?" She had given the subject much thought and was sure she would be sustained in what she said by every sister present. She had jotted down a few of her ideas, and she would now let them hear what they were, and drawing a voluminous roll of papers from her pocket she proceeded to read them aloud: "The first right of every woman is to have her own way in everything." [Applause.] "Secondly—It is the right of every woman to get a husband, by fair means or foul, only get one." [Prolonged applause.] "Thirdly—It is the right of every woman to keep her husband—when she gets him—in a proper degree of subjection, and to make him bear his share in what is called 'home duties.'" [Applause and cheers.] "Fourthly—It is the right of every woman to insist on her husband—when she got one—accounting to her for every cent he spent, after allowing her a fair proportion of his income—say two-thirds—to do as she pleased with unquestioned." [More cheers.] "Fifthly—It