WOMAN

Edited by Mrs. E Day MacPherson

Melons precede and berries follow breakfast.

To succeed be ready when opportunity comes. — *Disraeli.*

Henry Ward Beecher said "I have sympathy with an eight hour man with a seven hour wife."

A pleasant and very healthful summer drink is a mixture of lemon juice Jamaica ginger and oatmeal water.

Mrs. George W Kidder of Wilmington has been elected vice president of the board of managers of the World's Fair North Carolina.

Dr. Ida C Hultin confesses that she has come to think "that "women can do any work when they choose, and successfully when they will."

The following inscription is found in an Italian graveyard "Here lies Estelle, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

Woman is alert in this day Man is everywhere recognizing her as a co-worker in large enterprises, and she need lose none of her womanliness in such work — *Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.*

You can renovate those little illusion veils when they have lost their crispness by dipping them in weak mucilage and water and stretching and pinning them to dry in the way lace curtains are done.

The New York Health Board has appointed two women physicians on the "Summer Corps," who are to inspect tenement houses in the city during July and August, and give free medical advice to the mothers of sick children.

The women printers in a Chattanooga office walked out recently, rather than handle a business card with an indecent picture on it. One wouldn't expect women to do otherwise but does it not show the need of women in all such establishments? —*Indiana Organizer.*

One of the notable guests at the reunion of the old-time telegraphers in Washington will be Mrs Boswell Smith, wife of the President of the *Century* Company. Mrs. Smith, then Miss Ellsworth, sent the first telegraph message over Morse's line between Washington and Baltimore.

An old negro at Weldon, N.C., at a recent lecture, said "When I sees a man going home with a gallon of whisky and half a pound of meat, dat's temperance lecture enough for me, and I sees it ebery day. I know dat eberything in his home is on the same scale—gallon of misery to ebery half pound of comfort."

An interesting letter from Henry [illegible] Jr., describes in the Chicago News the condition of politics in England, the main feature of present interest being the potency of woman's influence owing to their organization into the Primrose League and The Women's Liberal Federation.

A clever graphologist was saying a few days ago that the chief thing he was learning from handwriting was the absence of enthusiasm in young people, especially in young women. The signs which he takes to indicate that quality are almost never found, according to his showing, in the handwriting of women under thirty-five. If there's anything in graphology and in his statement we are indeed far gone in ennui. But why at thirty-five a change? Is it the coming of the babies?

We congratulate our English sisters and suffragists everywhere on the fresh impulse given to their cause by the announcement of Lord Salisbury, the British Prime Minister, that the extension of the Parliamentary Suffrage to women should become a Government measure. The fact is a great gain to us on this side of the ocean. It measures the growth of public sentiment, and is significant of the near coming of the day when the political degradation of women will cease —*Woman's Journal.*

At the World's Fair women's work will be placed side by side with that of men, excepting when a preference is expressed for exhibiting it in the Woman's Building. The merit of the article will receive its credit regardless of sex, and women will have the right to award some of the prizes. In the Woman's Building there will be rooms of public comfort for those women who visit the Fair alone or with children. It will be a place to rest or to obtain information about accommodations, and will be of especial advantage to those with limited incomes.

Miss Florence Balgarnie contributes an interesting sketch of London's famous labor leader, John Burns, to the Toledo, O., *Commercial* of June 28th. She says "Burns never forgets that he had a mother, and for her sake the interests of all women are sacred to him. His spare moments are devoted to helping a band of devoted middle-class women to organize the factory girls of East End London. He is truly in his element with an army of girls at his command. 'I'd rather manage 100,000 girls than 100 men on strike,' he remarked, 'for the girls attend to duty. They mind their pickets, and do not run around the corner to the saloon or tobacconists, or after the first newsboy who brings the latest sporting paper within hail, as too many of my brother men do.'"

A NEW GAME.

An exhibition was lately given in London of a new game recently introduced and likely to become popular. The game, which can be played with equal enjoyment by both sexes, possesses many claims to popular favor. It can be followed in any season, and by as few as four or as many as fourteen persons at once. Skill, agility and a good eye are far more requisite than mere physical strength and the proper manipulation of the wand by means of quick wrist turns develops and renders flexible the muscles of the arms and wrists. A screen of wood or canvas fixed on a light frame and having in the centre a circular aperture eighteen inches in diameter, is erected. Behind the hole is a bag net, and the main object of the players, who stand some distance away, is to throw a number of colored balls by means of the wand into the bag. The wand has at one end a peculiarly shaped crook for holding the ball, but some little skill is necessary to retain the ball in it for the purpose of making the throw. The number of "pot balls" to be scored by each side before it can complete the first stage of the game corresponds with the number of players on each side. When either side has scored the number of "pot balls" agreed upon it enters upon the second stage and it at once obtains a single "zoned" ball. Whichever side then first succeeds in scoring its "zoned ball" wins the game. The public exhibition of the new pastime was witnessed with interest, and a favorable opinion of its merits was expressed by many of the spectators.

WOMEN POSTMISTRESSES.

The answer given by the Postmaster General on the subject of postmistresses was very satisfactory, the more so as Mr Raikes is well known to be a strong opponent of women's rights. He bore his testimony in the House of Commons to the successful work which women do in the Post Office, and declared that, speaking for the United Kingdom generally, he was glad to say that the Post Offices which were presided over by women were by no means the least efficiently managed. The House generously cheered this statement, and it ought to settle for ever the controversy about the employment of women both in the Post Office service and elsewhere. Side attempts are constantly being made to get rid of the women, but they have always failed. Every Postmaster General has encouraged women since Mr Fawcett began to employ them, and we may take it that their position is now secure. Surely if women can do such good work in this department they would do equally well in many other offices and places of business. The world little knows what it loses by refusing to make the best use of the talents of women —*Woman's Herald, England.*

SUMMER FASHIONS.

A wide difference usually exists between dress as written up and dress as seen. Dress as written up this summer is notable for idyllic and picturesque qualities that would recommend it to the favorable consideration of Watteau shepherdesses. Dress as seen this summer is notable for ragged and untidy hems, for hats that have a queer "wobbly" motion to their front brims, for sleeves that are balloon-like to the elbows and leave red marks of pressure on the lower arms, for hipflounces that rise in every breeze that bloweth and make a woman look as if she were sitting in a dish pan, and for eccentric and crumpled and inartistic wisps of gauze that swathe the throat and call themselves fichus.

"Will you listen," said a women yesterday, "to three words on dress from my uncomfortable experience?

"I grew very tired of having people turn to look after me on the street because I wore the short walking skirt of two years ago. So I went to my dressmaker and ordered something in the mode. I have worn it three weeks and it has gone back to the dressmaker to be cut off three inches at the bottom. In the three weeks I dragged it over flagstones and cobblestones. I wore it to tatters at the hem. I wore it gray with dust and crusted with mud. I wore out my gloves trying to hold it up, and I wore out my patience and my temper tumbling over myself every time I went upstairs. The long dress is filthy, and, come what may, my first experiment will be my last one."

The long dress is not prepared to fly before the reproaches hurled at it; on the contrary, it is making preparations for a siege. It is dispensing with the foundation skirt, and thus it thinks to gain two objects—there is but half the mass of draperies to lift at a crossing, and the lifting shows the short silk petticoat, which thus is encouraged to take heart of grace and make itself very gay. —*N. Y. Recorder.*

LETTERS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

The July number of *Macmillan's Magazine* contains a second instalment of "Extracts from Some Unpublished Letters of Charlotte Bronte." Like the instalment that preceded them in a former number of the periodical, they are selected from her correspondence with Mr. Nichols, a valued friend of her early years, to whom she wrote with the grave sincerity which was so characteristic of her genius, and, like everything she ever wrote, they are revelations of her sensitive but unflinching personality. Beyond most of her womanly contemporaries, she cared more for her art than for herself, and while she was always ready to defend her work as she conceived it, and meant it to be understood, she courted rather than deprecated criticism.

"You do very rightly and kindly to tell me of the objections made against 'Jane Eyre,'" she wrote to Mr. Nichols; "they are more essential than the praises. I feel a sort of heartache when I hear the book called 'Godless' and 'pernicious' by good and earnest minded men; but I know that heartache will be salutary, at least I trust so." She expresses herself more fully in another letter, which few authors could have written without affectation: "I glanced over the list of notices you sent, and I see much tact has been exercised in the selection. Shall I tell you what you have done? You have just culled the best sentences in each review as if you had been gathering flowers in a parterre, rejecting what was superfluous and unsightly like weeds; you have made them up into pretty little bouquets of praise. I do not care for the sight or scent of them, but call them artificial.

"The censure and condemnation were probably equally well founded. I shall ever entreat my just critic to be as impartial as he is friendly; what he feels to be out of taste in my writings I hope he will unsparingly condemn. In the excitement of composition one is apt to fall into errors that one regrets afterwards."

VACATION HINTS TO BUSINESS WOMEN.

In the first place, says a writer in the New York *Recorder*, don't delay your vacation too long. You are apt to do this with a feeling that the heat will be all the worse when you come back into it, and that it is best to wait until the latter part of August, or even September. This is a mistake. It is better to make a break nearer the middle. You may feel the heat afterwards, but you will have more vitality to meet it. It won't "take as much out of you" as when you go through it day after day without a break for several months.

Then, too, you miss the cream of the summer if you wait so long, and in August all the resorts are uncomfortably crowded.

In regard to the clothes you shall buy, and which of them you shall take with you, and how you shall pack them, and when you shall put them on, this deponent saith nothing. Are not scores of columns written already upon these subjects?

But here is a suggestion of a way to supplement a short vacation, or perhaps to get along without one. If you are boarding, try the experiment of going to board in the country for a while, and coming in every day to your work. There are plenty of places within three quarters of an hour of your office—hardly more than you spend on the horse cars—where you could "pitch your tent" for a month or two.

To be sure, there is the difference in travelling expenses but you would very likely save on board. It is worth considering.

A half-hour's sail up the river or down the bay will cool you off after a hot day, and the same time on a train past daisy fields would rest you better than a ride through tiresome, dusty, too well-known streets. You will have your mornings and evenings. You can take country walks in the twilight, or before breakfast, if you get up early enough. You will be wakened by the birds instead of steam whistles, and lulled to sleep by the katydids instead of the jingle of car bells.

But if you are forced to join the stay-at-home club, don't forget that there are compensations. If you are debarred from ocean and river, it is something to have unlimited cold water to take a dip in twice a day, and the order of the bath is mainly a city one.

Then there are the parks and the open cars. The Health Board, and people subject to rheumatism, frown upon these latter, but sometimes they are the only places where you can get a breath of air.

As for fresh fruits and vegetables, Gail Hamilton observes that it is a mistake that they grow in the country. They [illegible] flourish only in the city markets.

"NOT ALL THERE."

THE INNOCENTS OF WHOM THE SCOTCH SAY "THEY ARE NOT ALL THERE."

Something short in the making
  Something lost on the way,
As the little soul was taking
  Its path to the break of day;

Only his mood or passion,
  But it twitched an atom back—
And she, for her gods of fashion
  Filched from the pilgrim's pack,

The Father did not mean it,
  The Mother did not know,—
No hun an eye had seen it—
  But the little Soul needed it so!

Through the streets there passed a cripple,
  Maimed from before its birth;
On the strange face gleamed a ripple,
  Like a half-dawn on the earth.

It passed and it awed the city,—
  As one not alive nor dead.
Eyes looked and brimmed with pity—
  "He is not all there," they said.

Not all! for part is behind it,
  Lying dropt on the way.
That part could we but find it,
  How welcome the end of day!

—*Selected.*

SWITZERLAND TO THE FRONT AGAIN.

By a sufficient majority to show that the people at large know what they are about the Swiss voters have carried the excellent democratic measure that when any project of law has the support of 50,000 adult males this proposal must be entered upon and fully discussed in the legislature. Such a measure, combined with the popular referendum already existing, gives great and increasing power to the democracy. It is high time that we followed the lead of the little Swiss Republic in England, and that in more than one direction. True, capitalism is still rampant in Switzerland as elsewhere, and the small peasant farmers are being crushed by competition; but the means for a peaceful transformation are now almost fully provided, and—every citizen is a soldier. It would not be possible to burke the Eight Hours Bill, to slave-drive little children or to break up legal public meetings if we had the same provisions here. Unfortunately the English workers themselves are very slow to adopt new methods of political procedure, and seem as yet scarcely to understand even the advantages of the second ballot. —*London Justice.*

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