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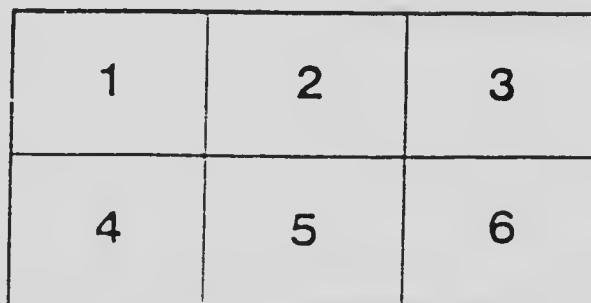
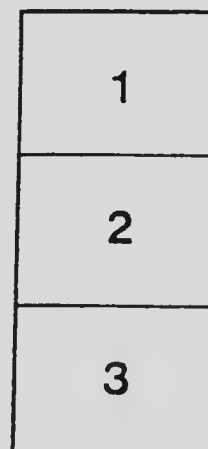
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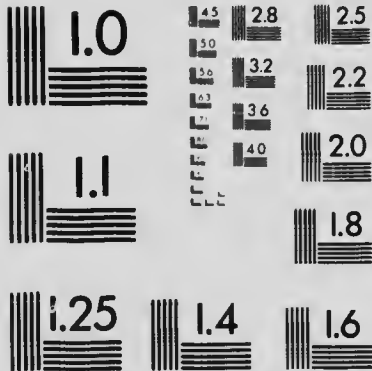
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AN OLD TIME LADIES' AID

BUSINESS MEETING

AT

MOHAWK CROSSROADS

BY

CLARA E. ANDERSON

STRICTLY NON-TRANSFERABLE

OTTAWA:
PRINTED BY JAMES HOPE & SONS

PS 8501

N27

053

1912

“A LADIES’ AID BUSINESS MEETING AT MOHAWK CROSSROADS.”

THE play dates back to the early Victorian era, and all costumes should be as old-fashioned as possible. Tight-fitting basques, overskirts, polonaises and hoops, and all elaborate old styles should be much in evidence.

The visitors from Boston are very fashionably gowned, if possible in full silk skirts, with hoops and train, very long ear-rings, the hair being drawn up high, and short curls to the shoulder, hanging from one side, where a large rose is placed.

Unless where marked characters can choose their own style of dress, providing it suits the part and is not modern.

CHARACTERS

(Must be possessed of some originality.)

- Mrs. GREEN—Hostess—A free easy manner, good voice (fichu and polonaises.)
- Mrs. LELLOYD FITZ-HAMMOND—A Bostonian manner (richly dressed, glasses, fan and smelling salts.)
- Mrs. KINDLY—A kind sympathetic manner (well and elaborately dressed.)
- Mrs. SMITH—A good business-like manner, with strong distinct utterance (very important character, plain black dress, walking hat with quills, bag, papers and glasses.)
- Mrs. GRAY—A retiring bashful woman (any suitable dress.)
- Mrs. DAY—Must speak plainly and deliberately.
- Miss HARPE—A loud-voice shrew (most cantankerous, dressed severely plain and very prim.)
- Mrs. JONES—A very fussy, anxious young mother (a very telling part, very fussily and prettily dressed.)
- Mrs. HARRIS—A kindly manner.
- Mrs. BRUCE—A woman with nerves, fans herself, takes off her coat, and makes a lot of disturbance.
- Mrs. DAY—
Mrs. KANE—
Mrs. WHITE—
- } All speak very plainly and distinctly.
- Mrs. BAIN—A stiff manner, given to objecting.

The parts must not be hurried, act naturally and speak distinctly.

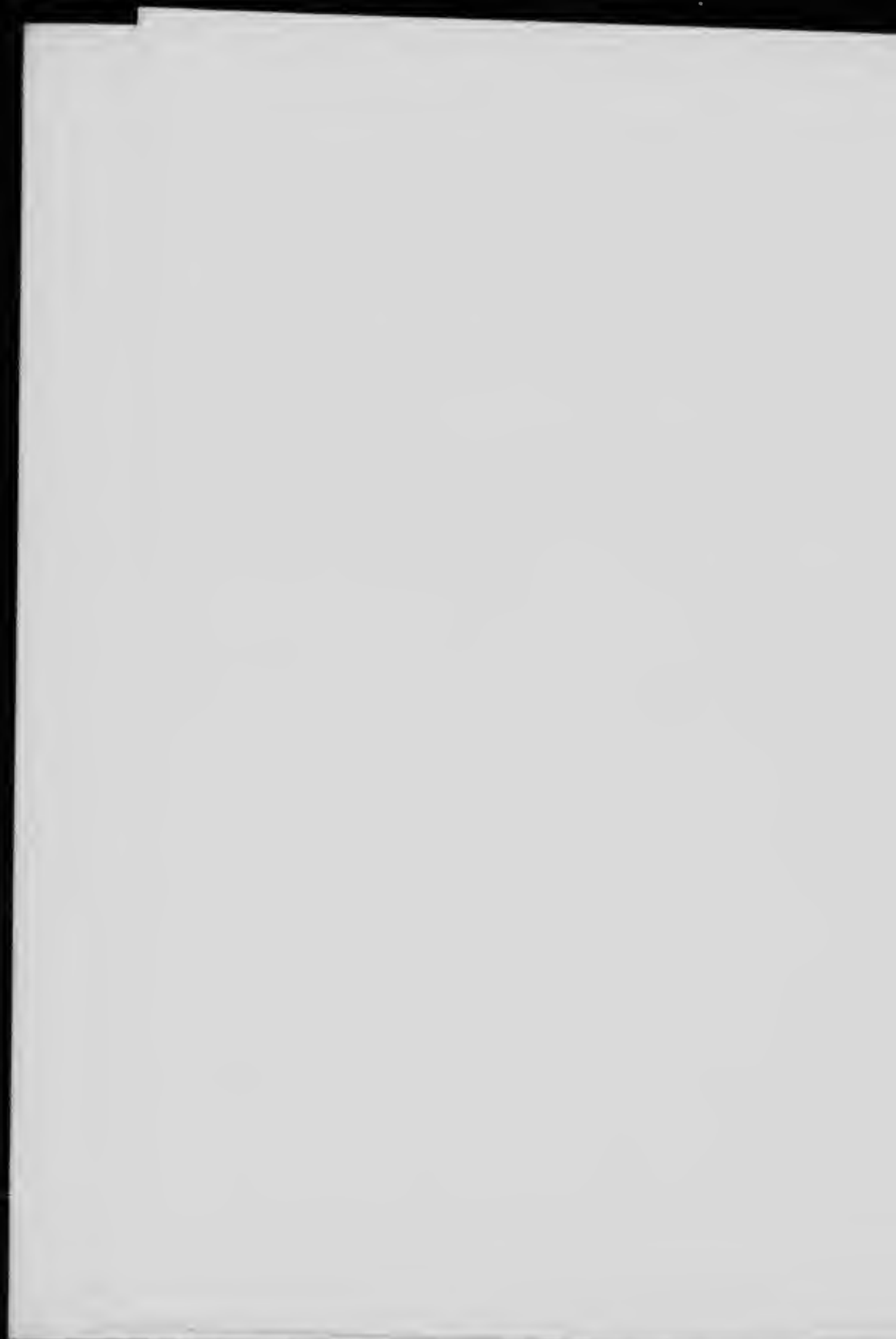
President must act deliberately, not hurrying the motions.

Mrs. Green, the hostess, must have a free manner and receive the members cordially, introducing her guests and finding chairs for all ladies.

For the sake of variety open the concert with a couple or so of selections of music, &c.

Practice *behind closed doors*, and do not repeat the parts before anyone while practicing.

Arrange a platform to look like an old-fashioned parlor, hang a few pictures or framed flower wreaths, and have a couple or so of easy chairs and a table for the President, with lamp, some plants, &c.; small chairs for the rest, to make room for all. Do not speak when there is laughing, or if the sentence is lost, repeat it.



STRICTLY NON-TRANSFERABLE.

An Old Time Ladies' Aid Business Meeting
at
Mohawk Crossroads.

Scene is laid in Mrs. Green's parlour, who acts as hostess, and has two guests from Boston. Mrs. Green is arranging and dusting about her parlor, hoping the Ladies' Aid will not track up her new carpet, and finally calls to the maid to see that they all wipe their feet before coming in. She seats her two guests in the two easy chairs until the ladies begin to come, when Mrs. Green removes her apron hurriedly and sticks them out of sight behind the piano or organ.

In drawing room before members arrive, after guests are seated.

Mrs. KINDLY—What a beautiful new carpet, Mrs. Green, it looks just new, and how well it sets off your drawing room; might I ask did you send to Eaton's for it?

Mrs. GREEN—Well, no, Mrs. Kindly, I got it right in our own town, from Jones & Blackstone's, I always know anything they sell is first class.

Mrs. DE LLOYD FITZ—I might have supposed it had been purchased in Boston, it really makes a very good appearance, and is quite nice enough for Mohawk Crossroads, too.

Mrs. GREEN—I feel rather nervous about inviting the Ladies' Aid to meet here, it is so hard on carpets; some are so awkward, you never would

believe, never removing their rubbers outside, tracking in mud and pulling their chairs about not to mention spilling cake on the floor and tramping it into the carpet.

Mrs. DE LLOYD FITZ—You should pour tea from the buffet in the dining Room, Mrs. Green, as we always do in Boston.

Mrs. GREEN—In Mohawk Crossroads we never pour tea from anything but a large sized tea pot.

Mrs. KINDLY—Well, I think that much more hospitable and pleasant, Mrs. Green, and am sure we will all enjoy tea in the parlor very much. By the way are we to have the pleasure of meeting our Pastor's wife today?

Mrs. GREEN—No, I am very sorry, but our Minister's wife is out of town for a few days on a short visit to her mother for a little rest, she has four of the children with her.

Mrs. KINDLY—Poor thing, I am afraid that her rest will be rather broken, and I have no doubt she is badly in need of it.

Mrs. GREEN—Well maybe so indeed. She never complains of being tired or anything else for that matter. I'll say this much for our Minister's wife, she is a patient hard working woman, and clever too. I have known her to write a paper for the Missionary Meeting on the "Burdens of the Chinese Women", with the baby on her knee and a three year old laddie tugging at her skirt, and the Minister telephoning in the meantime that he was bringing some brethren home to dinner, and the kitchen stove smoking.

Mrs. KINDLY—Well that is a pretty hard test of

character. I think Mrs. Davis must be about perfect.

Mrs. DE LLOYD FITZ—I am gratified to think that she is capable of preparing a paper. We think a great deal of education in Boston; minding babies and preparing meals is not to be compared with the ability to write a paper, and treat a subject in an intelligent manner.

Mrs. KINDLY—Still some of us women have to attend to these minor duties, Mrs. De Lloyd, or there soon would be no one in a position to appreciate a paper.

Mrs. DE LLOYD FITZ—It often grieves me, Mrs. Kindly, to see you so contented with mere domestic affairs and the caring for of your four big sons, when we all know you could be such a power in public life, if you only were not so interested in meals.

Mrs. KINDLY—Well I do confess to a lively interest in meals, but believe me, I am not half so interested in them as are my ravenous sons, not to mention my husband, and my hope is that by fitting them to be a power for good in the world I am accomplishing more than if I left them to shift for themselves, while I went forth to agitate reforms that to my mind should begin at home.

Mrs. GREEN—(Rises and re-arranges chairs.) I do hope everything will go well, I hope there are no cobwebs anywhere (looks around ceiling.) I would'nt want it to get out in the Ladies' Aid that I'd bear with cobwebs in my parlor, and between motions there is a heap of time to examine the ceiling.

Ring on door. Loud talk by all.

The ladies begin to come in twos and threes. Mrs. Green introduces them to her guests, making any remarks that occur to her. All talk naturally to their neighbors about weather, health of children, &c., until Mrs. Growler speaks, when all listen.

Mrs. CROWLER—"Of course I don't want to blame our Pastor's wife, but"—

Mrs. KANE—"I am sure none of us would wish to do that."

Mrs. DAY—"Still none of us would willingly hide the truth, you know."

Mrs. KANE—"Well, perhaps when we hear the truth we will find that our Pastor's wife has not been guilty of anything very serious after all."

Mrs. HOYT—"Do tell us all about it (all shove up chairs and appear interested.)"

Mrs. WISE—"You make us very curious, Mrs. Growler."

Mrs. HOYT—"Well, with eatables so high and risin' all the time I should think that she should be the last one to set an example of extravagance."

Mrs. DAY—"I quite agree with you, Mrs. Hoyt (many cries of "that's so," nod their heads, and look shocked.)"

Mrs. LOWEL—"Are you sure, Miss Harpe, that there is not some mistake?"

Miss HARPE—"I'm not in the habit of making mistakes, Mrs. Lowel, in anything I tall. She told me with her own mouth. I asked her, says I, how much sugar do you put in your sweet pickles, Mrs. Davis, and she actually said a half teacup of sugar to a bushel of green cucumbers, so there (many cry, "shocking," "wilful waste," "too much.")"

Mrs. DAY—Did you ever hear of such extravagance? A quarter of a cup would have been quite sufficient.

Mrs. HENDERSON—But perhaps it was only brown sugar—did she really say granulated?

Mrs. BLACK—I'm not one to throw blame on our Minister's wife, I believe she used brown sugar.

Mrs. HARPE (rising)—I asked particularly. I said, "What kind of sugar do you use in your sweet pickles?" and she said, "Rather coarse granulated", and I don't make no mistakes (cries of "dreadful," "so expensive, too," "brown would have done alright.")

Mrs. LOWELL—Well, after all, ladies, brown sugar is only 6 cents a lb.

Mrs. HOYT—Not that if you buy it in twenty-five lb. bags: it only comes to 5 $\frac{7}{8}$ c. a lb. I will just mention this saving to Mrs. Davis since she will be so extravagant.

Mrs. CROWLER—I wonder at a Minister's wife making sweet pickles, at all; sour ones would do well enough and save the sugar altogether. (Some cries of, "that's so," and much nodding to one another.)

Mrs. HARRIS—Well, when you are invited there to tea see that you don't over eat on the pickles, Mrs. Crowler.

Mrs. DE LLOYD FITZ—Excuse me speaking, ladies, being a stranger here, but I must agree with Mrs. Crowler. Why, our Ministers wife in Boston would never dream of using either sugar or pickles, she finds sufficient nourish-

ment for both brain and body from beans and codfish seven times a week.

Mrs. KINDLY—Excuse me speaking, ladies, too, but I think it is most ridiculous to scint a family that way; who could relish beans and codfish seven times a week.

Mrs. DE LOYD—But, dear Mrs. Kindly, you do not understand, it is not a case of relishing at all; beans and codfish are essentially a brain food, and it is a Minister's wife's plain duty to develop her brain, and that of her husband and family, and not to build up the flesh which passeth away.

Mrs. KINDLY—It would not pass away so quickly, perhaps, if it had three good square meals a day. (Many laugh, others shocked.)

Mrs. DE LLOYD—I am afraid you would encourage carnal mindedness, Mrs. Kindly.

Mrs. LOWEL—I think, ladies, we had better attend to the business on hand now. I don't believe Mrs. Davis is extravagant.

Mrs. GRAY--Neither do I.

Mrs. WISE—For my part I think people should be allowed to regulate their own bill of fare.

Mrs. CROWLER—My husband would not want any Ladies' Aid interfering with his victuals, I know.

Mrs. GREEN—I wonder what is keeping our President so late today (ring heard, door answered, Mrs. Smith enters, shakes hands with Mrs. Green, and visitors, after much fuss gets seated, fumbles for glasses, after awhile finds she has them on, produces papers from bag.)

PRESIDENT—Now, ladies, if you are ready, we will proceed to business as we have a number of important questions to decide today.

Mrs. BROWN—Well, I don't know how the rest of you feel, but between gardening and house cleaning, I am so wore out that I don't feel capable of deciding any questions. (Yawns and sits back.)

Mrs. CROWLER—That is exactly how I feel. I told my husband I was too tired to think so I would just go over to the Ladies' Aid Meeting as there were some important questions to decide and it would be a rest. (Sits back and closes eyes.)

PRESIDENT (raps table.) The meeting will please come to order. I wish to say, ladies, I would like the meeting to be conducted on strictly business principles. Some people in Mohawk Crossroads are of the opinion that women are not capable of conducting a meeting along business lines.

Mrs. BRUCE—I often hear that said. I shouldn't wonder if some of our men said that. I think I will move a motion at this meeting to have our Church Officials attend a Ladies' Aid Meeting, they might learn something of business methods that would enable them to despatch their business more quickly at their meetings. Business is business, I say.

Mrs. HENDERSON—I would willingly second the motion, Mrs. Roberts. I am wore out waiting for my man to get home from church meetings.

Mrs. CROWLER—Men as a rule don't think women have much of a knack at business. My husb-

and says woman's proper place is in her own kitchen, and she will find business enough there, cooking her husband's victuals.

Mrs. DALE (rising very indignant)—And it is just such narrow minded men as your estimable husband who are making fighting suffragettes of us downtrodden females.

Mrs. BRUCE—Oh, Mrs. Dale, you make me so nervous talking of fighting.

Mrs. DAY—We surely can't be cooking all the time; what are we to be doing between meals, getting ready for the next I suppose.

Mrs. BROWN (rising)—Well, ladies, I cook three good meals for my man every day, and still have time left to read, and I really think I could find time to vote for some reforms that would benefit my children without seriously interfering with the meals.

Mrs. WISE—I quite agree with Mrs. Brown, and I think we women have sufficient brains to vote intelligently, but these fighting suffragettes who have shown that they cannot govern themselves have not helped the cause of women suffrage to my mind.

Mrs. Dale (waves a red handkerchief)—It is votes we want, votes for women; she has been trodden under foot of man long enough; let her rise and take her proper place. Votes for women is what we are after.

Several join in cries of "Votes for women; equal pay for equal work." "Equal rights for all and special privileges for none."

PRESIDENT (pounds table)—Ladies, ladies, if you

want to vote you will soon have plenty of important questions to vote upon. The Secretary not being here today we shall have no report, but perhaps Mrs. Black will act, if we can find a pencil and some paper.

Mrs. BLACK—Well, thank you, I would, but I forgot my glasses.

PRESIDENT—Well, perhaps Mrs. Bruce will act?

Mrs. BRUCE—Oh, please excuse me, my nerves are so bad, the doctor says I must not over exert myself.

PRESIDENT—Mrs. Harris will then. (The one sitting near shouts two or three times in Mrs. Harris' hear: "The President is speaking to you. She wants you to act as Secretary.")

Mrs. HARRIS—I am nearly stone deaf; I am so sorry but my rheumatism is so bad too, and such a cough, I have'nt slept a wink—

PRESIDENT (interrupts)—Well, I am sure Mrs. Gray will.

Mrs. GRAY—Well, I will do the best I can (some one hands calling card, another a lead pencil.)

PRESIDENT—There is really so much business to come before the meeting, that I hardly know where to begin. If some one would kindly make a motion to start with it would help us greatly. (A pause, while everyone nudges the other to make a motion.)

Mrs. BRUCE—Oh, this makes me so nervous, do some one make a motion.

Mrs. HOYT (rising)—I would move that as we have so much business we begin without further delay.

Mrs. WHITE (rising)—I second the motion.

PRESIDENT—Ladies, you have all heard the motion. All in favor lift the right hand (a few hands go up.)

PRESIDENT—Carried unanimously. We might now hear the Treasurer's report. (Treasurer can't find book for some time.)

Mrs. DAY (Treasurer)—Held during the month of April three sociables and one banquet. Amount realized from the four, \$24.97. Expenses in connection with the sociables and banquet:—

To 3 hams	\$ 9 00
To 3 gallons of oysters....	3 33½
To 1 pot to cook them in....	49½
To Half doz. eggs for coffee	30
To Talent and advertising.....	8 00
	<hr/>
	\$21 13½

Leaving a balance on hand of \$3.87½.

All of which is respectfully submitted. I would move this report be received and adopted.

Mrs. BLACK—I second the motion.

PRESIDENT—Ladies, you have heard the report, all in favor of its adoption lift the hand.

Mrs. BAIN—I think, Madam, there is some mistake, that pot should have read 50 cents and not 49½ cents. I believe in the items being correct.

Miss HARPE (rises very indignant)—Mrs. Bain, I bought that there pot and there ain't no mistake about it. I told you before I don't make

mistakes. I saw by the paper that regular 50 cent pots were going Saturday for 49½ cts., so I just drove into town, got my dinner and fed my horse; it cost me 50 cents all told, but I got the bargain for the Ladies' Aid, and that is all the thanks I get.

Mrs. BAIN—I quite understand now, and do not question the minutes any further, I just want the items correct. Business is business.

Mrs. HOYT—It would seem to me that these expenses were very high. As far as I can make out, in order to have four dollars to the good we had to spend \$25.00. Am I right in my calculations, Madam President?

PRESIDENT—What is your opinion, Madam Treasurer?

Mrs. DAY—The figures speak for themselves. As long as we have a balance on the right side, I see no cause for any objections. Some people can never understand business methods.

Mrs. GRAY—I quite agree with our Treasurer, Madam President. From what I can remember of past minutes, the expenses are no greater than usual. You know you can't expect to make money for the Ladies' Aid if you are not willing to spend anything. That is the way I look at it (many agree and nod heads; "that's so"; some disagree.)

PRESIDENT—I think what Mrs. Gray has said is correct, ladies, so if the ladies have nothing further to say I will put the motion. All in favor of accepting the Treasurer's report as it stands (several hands rise.)

PRESIDENT—I call the motion carried. Now, ladies,

we are making progress, and shall proceed to the next question. On what date shall we hold our sale of useful and fancy article? At the last meeting we thought we might have it in July (cries of "Oh," "not so soon," "August.")

Mrs. HOYT—For my part I could never be ready by then. Why, I promised them a half dozen dish cloths and to make a kitchen apron, and you know the amount of work that means. I think we should wait until, say, October.

Mrs. HENDERSON—I agree with Mrs. Hoyt.

Mrs. LOWELL—I am sure if our President wishes we could make an effort to be ready in July.

Mrs. BLACK—I think perhaps we might too.

PRESIDENT—Would some one please make a motion.

Mrs. WISE (rising)—Well, I would move that we hold our sale the latter part of June, the beginning of October, or any other intervening date.

Mrs. White—I second the motion.

PRESIDENT (puts motion—Carried.

Mrs. CROWLER—My husband says bazaars and sales are gotten up for the purpose of holding people up and forcing them to buy what they don't want. (Many look shocked, some nod assent.)

Mrs. WISE (rises slowly and speaks distinctly)—Well of course there is too much truth in it. For my part I hope we may all live to see the day when we will be willing to give a quarter to the Lord's cause without expecting to get a dishcloth or apron by way of exchange (many nod approval.)

PRESIDENT—Now, Ladies, we must proceed to the question in hand. What refreshments will you be in favor of serving?

Mrs. GREEN—What do they serve in Boston, Mrs. De Lloyd Fitz?

Mrs. DE LLOYD FITZ—Why, in Boston we never dream of eating victuals; mental food satisfies us thoroughly (much surprise shown.)

Mrs. DAY—Well, I am glad to have heard that before hand. I am taking a trip down there next week to visit my man's second cousin on his mother's side, so shall take victuals enough along to last a fortnight. I am sure I would not find mental food satisfying enough, being used to good boiled dinners off and on.

PRESIDENT—Well, ladies, what about the refreshments?

Mrs. HENDERSON—(rises, after urging)—Well, of course we could not serve less than thin bread and butter and tea—weak, of course. You see the butter can be spread on very sparingly, and the tea does not require to be very strong, I should say, half a cup of tea to a boiler of water would be plenty strong, don't you think so, Mrs. Kindly?

Mrs. KINDLY—Well, it won't get on your nerves at any rate (all laugh.)

Mrs. CROWLER—Why, my husband—

PRESIDENT (raps table)—Excuse me, Mrs. Crowler, we will hear of your husband later on (all laugh.)

Mrs. HOYT—You will hear from him when the refreshments are served alright (laughter.)

PRESIDENT—Ladies, ladies, would you please name a committee to make a boiler of tea, or would some one please volunteer.

Mrs. BROWN—After much backing out, volunteers (rising.) Well, if the water is really boiling, and the tea is in the bag ready, I should not mind at all putting the tea in the boiler if Mrs. Day and Mrs. Lowell will assist me. (Asks ladies, they demur, but finally agree.)

PRESIDENT—Oh, thank you so much, we will leave that in your hands. Would you serve any other refreshments?

Mrs. WISE (rising)—For my part, since we are going to have eatables, I should be ashamed to serve less than bread and butter, cake and pie, tea and coffee, and ham sandwiches (many disagree, and shake their heads, much shocked.)

Mrs. CROWLER—Of course that sounds very generous, but you will have all the profits eaten off.

Mrs. HOYT—Surely you do not propose to serve both cake and pie on the same plates?

Mrs. WISE—I certainly do, I do not believe in half measures.

Mrs. DALE (rising)—Since we are on the subject of pies, I think we ought to have an understanding as to the number of pieces into which a pie should be cut.

PRESIDENT—I am so glad you spoke of that, Mrs. Dale; it is an important question, and I should like to hear the ladies' opinion on the subject. Into how many pieces should a pie be cut?

Mrs. DALE (rising)—Of course it all depends if we serve cake on the same plate.

Mrs. CROWLER—Well, don't let us make them too small. I know my husband would'nt thank you for less than a half pie at home, even if there was a piece of cake on the same plate. (Some agree, some do not.)

Mrs. GREEN—What is your opinion on serving pie, Mrs. De Lloyd Fitz-Hammond?

Mrs. DE LLOYD FITZ-HAMMOND—In Boston we never use pies; they are considered as deadly poison.

Mrs. WHITE—It would be a slow poison then or my husband would not be living to day (all approve.)

Mrs. DALE—If your husbands ate less pies and cultivated their brains more they would be able to understand better what they were voting on. If you want reforms, give them as have the brains the ballot. I say, vote for women (waves handkerchief.)

Mrs. BLACK—Well, Mrs. Dale, supposin' voting day came on a Monday, and I was busy at the washing, how could I leave it, and the clothes ready to boil over any minute?

Mrs. DALE—Let the men stay at home and turn the washing machine, then go together to the pole.

Mrs. BROWN—But, dear me, who would mind the baby?

Mrs. DALE—Take her along; eddicate her from the cradle on the rights of women.

Mrs. KINDLY to Miss HARPE—Mrs. Dale seems rather hard on the men. I feel quite sorry for her husband, poor fellow.

Miss HARPE—No sorrier than he feels for himself,

Mrs. Kindly, and that's the truth I'm telling you, as I heard from the mouth of his own cousin's wife, her as was Mary Ann Simpkins.

Mrs. LOWELL—For my part I never like to hear men spoken unkindly of. There are many of us would have fewer hats and gowns and a barer table if it were not for our hardworking husbands and fathers. Why, I pay more for one hat for a season than my husband does for three.

Mrs. SCOTT (rises slowly and speaks distinctly)—Well, ladies, being a woman of years and experience you will allow me to say that women are growing more extravagant and selfith with the years. Why, in my day I got a good winter hat for \$2.00, which I wore three years, and then pressed the ribbons and freshened it up and wore it four years longer.

Mrs. HOYT—And looked like it, too.

Mrs. SCOTT—I think it is high time that we looked to our ways and not waste so much money on mere heads.

Mrs. CROWLER—My husband says——

PRESIDENT—Well, ladies, we are not here to discuss either husbands or hats; they are both well enough in their place, and useful, too, but this is not their place. Will some one please make a motion.

Mrs. ROBERTS—Well, I would be glad to make a motion to please you, Madam President, but I don't just remember what we were discussing. (Women heard gossiping, voices rise high, Miss Harpe and Mrs. Day talking on the side.)

MISS HARPE—Did you ever see such an awful hat?
Why, the feather stood straight up in the air
(points upward.)

Mrs. DAY—And red too, although for that matter, I
suppose she looks as well in red as anything
else.

Mrs. HOYT (rising, looks at them while they are talk-
ing as she stands)—If these ladies are through
I would move that Mrs. Day, Mrs. Black, Miss
Harpe, Mrs. Dale, Mrs. White and Mrs. Lowell
—with power to add to their number—be a
committee to consider the question and report
at next meeting, whether it is wise to divide a
pie into six or eight pieces, cake being served
on the same plate.

Mrs. BROWN—I second the motion.

Mrs. GRAY—Rises very indignant and starts for the
door.

Mrs. GREEN—Why, Mrs. Gray, you are not going yet?
Why, who will act as Secretary?

Mrs. GRAY—I do not seem to be needed here, let
some of those who are put on all the Commit-
tees take the notes.

PRESIDENT—Oh, do sit down, Mrs. Gray. Of course,
as Secretary, we expect you to be on all the
committees, that must be why you were not
specially mentioned. Why, certainly we could
not do without Mrs. Gray, ladies; she's a
woman of sound judgment and an authority
on pies.

Mrs. GRAY—(Molified, sits down.)

Mrs. GRAY—I will be glad then to assist the commit-
tee, but I must have my ability recognized.

PRESIDENT—We have not yet heard the report from the committee to buy material for sale. Mrs. Hoyt, I think you and Miss Harpe were on that committee.

Mrs. HOYT—I was, but I could not possibly spare one hour last month to go to the store, however, I feel sure Miss Harpe has attended to the matter.

Miss HARPE—Them as wants to, can always find the time, and the willing back gets the burden, and no thanks coming. I got good flannelette, regular 7 cents, for 6½ cents, and good strong tweed, for boys' trousers, for 25 cents a yard; and they are both bargains and no mistake, not that I expect any thanks.

PRESIDENT—I am sure we all feel grateful to you, Miss Harpe, for your trouble, your talent for business is a great help to us. I think there is another matter Mrs. Lowell would like to bring up.

Mrs. LOWEL (after some hesitation)—I have been noticing the Church lately, and I thought it needed freshening up, too, as well as our own houses. Our Minister is going away to bring his wife back. Now, could'nt we clean things up while he is gone, and surprise them. I am sure it would hearten him up as well as improve the church.

Mrs. CROWLER—My husband says those pipes are going to fall down on our heads one of these days, if we don't straighten them.

Mrs. BROWN—I will be willing to come on Friday and sweep and scrub if the others will come.

Mrs. BRUCE—I would be willing if I were not so nervous.

Mrs. CROWLER—Well, my husband I'm sure will straighten the stove pipes, and I don't mind varnishing them.

Mrs. ROBERTS—I will take the curtains home and wash them as my share, and will beat the carpets, too, if the ladies say so.

PRESIDENT—Well, ladies, how would Friday suit you all to come and clean the church?

Mrs. HOYT—Well, I am afraid I won't have time. I promised to go to a tea that day.

Miss HARPE—And that is the day of our Suffragette meeting; when women gets votes the men will do the cleaning.

(Mrs. Jones enters, breaks in on meeting; Mrs. Green shakes hands and she sinks into a chair.)

Mrs. JONES—Oh, I do hope I have not disturbed the meeting, but you know that baby is getting his teeth, and I did not like to be away long, as I do not know what minute he might get one, and I would not be away from the poor little fellow for the world when it comes. (All the ladies talk to their neighbors of their babies.)

Mrs. GREEN—Oh, Mrs. Jones, let me introduce you to my friends, Mrs. De Lloyd Fitz. (Emphasises strongly on FITZ.)

Mrs. JONES—Did you say *fits*, Mrs. Green? Oh, I do hope my poor darling will not take *fits*. I feel so overcome (sinks into chair, Mrs. Green fau^g her and supports her while she explains.)

Mrs. GREEN—Ch, no; I was only introducing my friend, Mrs. De Lloyd Fitz-Hammond, of Boston. (Introduces her again and Mrs. Kindly speaks.)

- Mrs. KINDLY—Don't worry over your baby, Mrs. Jones, his teeth will come alright. Sit down and Mrs. Green, will bring you a cup of tea.
- Mrs. KANE—If you see any signs of fits, Mrs. Jones, just plunge the baby into ice cold water, and keep ice on his head.
- Mrs. ROBERTS—Yes, and watch his temperature. If you see any indications of him cooling off take him out immediately.
- Mrs. HARRIS—I cured my sixth boy by plunging him in boiling water, and keeping hot cloths on his head; when I noticed a little glow coming I took him out cured.
- Mrs. JONES—Since both are sure cures I will just try both.
- Mrs. WISE—One is about as likely to kill as the other to my way of thinking. What do you do in Boston for fits, Mrs. De Lloyd Fitz-Hammond.
- Mrs. DE LLOYD FITZ-HAMMOND—We never have fits in Boston.
- Mrs. ROBERTS—I would advise you to use Steadman's Teething Powders. Of course Baby's Own Tablets are good, and Dr. Henry Hammond's English Teething Syrup, but I really think the powders bring them about three weeks earlier than any others.
- Mrs. HARRIS—I think so, too, Mrs. Roberts.
- Mrs. JONES—I am so glad you have told me of these.
- Mrs. DAY—I liked the Electric Teething Bands.
- Mrs. BLACK—I found Castoria very good for mine.
- Mrs. JONES—Well, I shall have to get them all on the way home, and give him a dose of each, poor little fellow. I am so glad I came to the meet-

ing. I always get such help with my baby at our Ladies' Aid Meetings.

Mrs. WISE—If you take my advice, Mrs. Jones, you will stick to the good old fashioned castor oil.

Miss HARPE—Such a fuss she makes over her baby.

Mrs. SCOTT (rises slowly and speaks very distinctly with strong emphasis.) Things are very different to what they were in my day. My mother had a baker's dozen of us to raise, and I guess if it had taken all that stuff to coax our teeth out, not one of us would have had a tooth in our heads to this y. (Older members agree, younger ones show disapproval.)

Mrs. CROWLER—My husband says the generations are growing weaker.

Miss HARPE—One gets sick and tired of hearing of her husband. I am sure if I had a husband I would not be forever introducing him.

Mrs. HENDERSON—If you could only introduce him once you would be serenely happy. (President raps table. Ladies, ladies, I am afraid we are wandering from the subject.)

Mrs. JONES—Oh, excuse me, but may I ask what date has been decided upon for the bazaar?

PRESIDENT—Certainly; some time the end of June, or the middle of October, or any intervening date.

Mrs. JONES—No special date set apart then?

PRESIDENT—Well, no; although we will certainly hold it at the time decided upon at this meeting.

Mrs. JONES—I am sorry to ask so many questions, but should like to know what refreshments are to be served.

PRESIDENT—Well, of course we did not settle that question altogether at this meeting, but have appointed a committee to look into the matter and report at the next meeting.

Miss HARPE—For my part I can't see that we have decided any matter.

Mrs. CROWLER—My husband—

PRESIDENT—Now, ladies, as all our business for the month is completed in what I am sure you all admit to be to our great satisfaction, we will proceed to enjoy our social half hour. I think we had a specially good programme arranged for today. I see Mrs. Black is to render a selection, entitled, "Black Hawk Waltz," the first time I believe that it has been heard in public.

Mrs. BLACK—(After much persuasion and urging consents; after arranging stool and music, proceeds—plays wretchedly (all talk so you cannot hear music.) When finished, great applause and many congratulations.

Mrs. DE LLOYD FITZ—It reminds me of the Boston Conservatory of Music, if you ever heard them play. Of course you can't expect much from one trained in Mohawk Crossroads. (Mrs. Black very much hurt, others comfort her.)

Mrs. BROWN—It must be angelic to be able to express one's inward feelings through music as Mrs. Black does. (Sighs and acts affected.)

Miss HARPE—Well, I am glad to say I don't need no organ, or piano either, to express my most innermost feelings; my tongue is enough for me.

Mrs. WISE (aside)—Too much for the rest of us.

PRESIDENT—Now, ladies, you will, I am sure, be glad

to know that Mrs. Kane is going to sing for us
(feeble clapping.)

Mrs. KANE (rises with great importance)—Well, really, ladies, I do not feel I can do justice to my voice to-day. My vocal organs seem slightly congested. (Coughs. clears her throat several times.)

Mrs. GREEN gets glass of water.

However, I shall try, as I do not like to disappoint.

Mrs. SCOTT—Put a good poultice of baked onions on your vocal organ if that is what you call it, Mrs. Kane, and you will never know you had one in the morning. (Many nod approval. Mrs. Kane gives Mrs. Scott a disapproving look and begins to sing, "Oh, Promise Me." Repeats the "Promise Me" several times, clearing her throat and coughing between, attempts to sing, and finally sinks into her chair exhausted.)

Mrs. SCOTT (goes over and lays hand on Mrs. Kane's shoulder)—Well, I'll promise you, Mrs. Kane, if you'll lay on those onions that you'll get your speakin' voice back; as to vocal organs, we never had them in my day, so can't say if they'll help that trouble or not.

Mrs. KANE—I think I should prefer antiphlogestine.

Mrs. SCOTT (bends down)—Auntie who?

Mrs. KANE—Antiphlogestine.

Mrs. SCOTT—Well, of course I never was made acquainted with your Auntie Flo, Jess, Tean; she may be right enough, but, auntie or no auntie, if you'll take my advice you'll lay on those baked onions.

Mrs. KANE (laughs when Mrs. Scott turns away)—
Is'nt she a dear, but so hopelessly out of date?
(then goes into a spasm of choking-coughing.)

(Mrs. Green and five of the ladies had walked out during the attempts to sing, now return, bringing tea trays, bread and butter, and one thin layer cake; much confusion and moving of chairs follow. All talk loudly to their neighbors and there is great confusion and noise. Mrs. De Lloyd Fitz-Hammond sits straight and stiff, sipping her tea.)

Mrs. HENDERSON (when passed the cake)—Seems as poor Mrs. Green had bad luck with her cake today. That is just the same as me. I tell John, just as sure as I am having the Ladies' Aid my cakes fall flat down, so I can sympathise with poor Mrs. Green, not that I ever made one but what riz higher than this though.

Mrs. BLACK—Cakes are the most contrary things. I remember once, just once, having bad luck with a cake. Of course it rose higher than poor Mrs. Green's, but I felt it so keenly, for if there is one thing I can do better than other it is to make a riz jelly cake.

Mrs. CROWLER—Oh, ladies (all pay attention), my husband told me that John Smith is to be re-married on Wednesday.

Miss HARPE—Him married again, the Old Blue Beard, and this his fourth wife. I just wish he had asked me, I'd have given him a piece of my mind, what does he want with another wife anyway?

Mrs. LOWELL—Oh, well, Miss Harpe, you know there are some things that even the Ladies Aid cannot regulate, and I suppose if he has found a woman willing to be fourth in line, that after all is his own affair.

Mrs. KINDLY—That is so, Mrs. Lowell, poor man, after having had three he must have found it very lonely to find himself suddenly deprived of all; we must not judge harshly.

Mrs. HOYT—If he had asked you, perhaps you would have given him more than your mind, eh, Miss Harpe?

Miss HARPE—I ain't no use for men, and you all know it; I am spending my strength for the cause of women.

Mrs. DALE—That reminds me, ladies, there is to be a meeting held in the town hall on Friday evening, to be addressed by a woman of strong principles and strong arm if needs be. The subject is, "*How shall I best teach my husband to stay at home and get the meals, while I vote and look after the interests of the town?*" You see the importance of the subject, ladies, and I hope you will prove your strength of character by being present.

Mrs. CROWLER (jumps up)—Oh, there is the six o'clock bell and no tea ready for my husband.

Mrs. DAY—And the *cows*. I don't mind keeping my husband waiting, but the *cows*

All lay down cups in a great hurry, telling one another it is so late, shake hands with Mrs. Green, telling her what a pleasant time they have had, and several speak of her good cake. A few shake hands with guests. (After all leave, Mrs. Green sinks into chair.)

Mrs. GREEN—Well, that is over, and I am not sorry.

Mrs. KINDLY—Well, I enjoyed it all very much, and the ladies seemed very kind and interested in the Society.

Mrs. DE LLOYD FITZ—Of course one cannot expect to find the Bostonian manner in Mohawk Crossroads.

Mrs. GREEN—How did you like Mrs. Hoyt's hat, Mrs. Kindly?

Mrs. KINDLY—Well, I really did not notice it, she had such a kindly sensible face.

Mrs. GREEN—Well, ladies, I am done right out. I shall just move this clutter away. I suppose my carpet is ruined. I saw a piece of cake right under Mrs. Black's foot. I was taking a drink of tea at the time. I confess it nearly choked me, but I remembered even if my carpet did suffer it was for a good cause, for we all wish to promote the interest of the Ladies' Aid Society.

Mrs. GREEN—Now, we will just red up a little for I am expecting some friends to give us a little music. I do feel I need something to calm my nerves, and I know you will enjoy it, and a friend of mine recites well. I have invited her to come, too. I think I hear the bell.

Two ladies enter (Miss Gray and Miss Mavis) who are introduced to guests, who say how pleased they will be to hear the music. Mrs. Green takes them to the piano, and they sing and play their chosen selections well; as they finish, the friend who reads enters, and favors them with a selection, at the close of which all the ladies return to the platform and sing "God Save the King."

