

Heigh-ho! How we long to shake the good husbands out of their shackles and set them down beside the good wives—but, then, that state of affairs would create a heaven on earth, which would not be in accordance with God's plan. It is safe to say that if marriage isn't a lottery, then there is no such institution in Louisiana.

Many women in these days declare that they want to work, and that they are willing to work, if only they knew what to do. Many of these—most of them, indeed—are home women, whose bread-winners have been taken away, leaving them with meager resources and no qualifications for earning a living. I have noticed that if you go to a small town—by this I mean a town of from 2,000 to 10,000 inhabitants—and enquire where you may obtain good ice cream, or good coffee and cake, or good bread and butter, you will be directed to some cheap, and probably vile, coffee house or restaurant, in which unpleasant orders invariably prepare you for what is coming to your table. Now, I believe that two bright and refined women could go to any flourishing town and make money pleasantly and without loss of self-respect by renting a small room, making it cheerful and attractive—cool and dim in summer, warm and cosy in winter—and furnishing good ice cream, water ices, fancy cakes, coffee, chocolate—especially chocolate pudding, with thick cream—and other light delicacies in summer; while in winter might be substituted oysters, beef tea, fine soups, omelettes—everything to be home-made and perfect in flavor and appearance, and attractively served. There is nothing quite so palatable as Puget sound oysters, rolled in egg and cracker crumbs and fried quickly and crisply in good butter, each one being turned separately with a knife. Men appreciate these delicacies and are willing to pay for them. Traveling men, especially, will pay any price for good food. Indeed, the man who wants good things without paying good prices for them is not worthy the name, and the world soon finds him out and steers clear of him. Who would not rather give fifteen cents for good, strong, clear coffee than nothing for muddy water? Such a business might be started very modestly, with one little, quiet, low-voiced waitress—and, by the way, whenever a man speaks lightly or disrespectfully to a waitress, the proprietor should open the door and invite him to leave; in this way better service and better patronage will be assured. But, if you prosper, don't let your business become too large for your personal attention or, when you least expect it, you will fail.

Kentuckians have proven, at last, that the old proverb, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house," is not to their way of thinking, for they not only love Mary Anderson, who has lived so long with them, but also honor and appreciate her.

If, after her marriage, Miss Anderson retires from the stage, as her friends fear she will do, she must be considered a foolish and unwise woman. When God bestows a rare talent upon one of His children, it is for some good purpose which He means to work out in His own way and in His own time. And if to be wedded to both man and art causes—as is popularly supposed in these days—a life of suffering to a woman of rare gifts, then she should either suffer and be strong or not marry. God gives to the millions the gift of love, motherhood and content; but only once in a while does He make it possible for one to be a talented actress and a pure woman.

The *Illustrated American* declares that the girl of the period is maligned; that she does not chew tobacco, smoke cigarettes, gamble, get tipsy, take opium, or indulge in any of the bad

habits accredited to her by the penny-a-liner. It even goes so far as to assert vigorously that her bathing dresses are extremely modest, and not in the least suggestive, but adds—in a pardonable tit-for-tat spirit—that objections might reasonably be made to men's bathing costumes, as they are vainer of their charms than are women, and frequently affect costumes that reveal more than they conceal. Now, will some one, please, invent a modest bathing dress for gentlemen, right away?

The Pacific Coast Literary Bureau is organizing a Woman's Press Club, with headquarters at San Francisco. They hope to have a suitable building furnished with such accommodations as reception, sleeping, dining, bath and reading rooms, and a good reference library. An honorary president will be selected from among the prominent women editors of the Atlantic coast.

The *Congregationalist* opposes the granting of a preacher's license to a well qualified woman simply because she is a woman. Narrow-mindedness and nonsense! A good woman is invariably better than a good man—a fact which the latter is usually proud and glad to acknowledge—and if she is educated and wise, there is no earthly reason why she should not preach.

The stories that Edwin Booth and George Riddle tell of young girls seeking their acquaintance, declaring their infatuation, and begging for interviews, are about on a par with those of certain literary women as to the number of proposals they receive weekly—probably spelled with an "a." The conceit and desire for notoriety in each is nauseating to sensible people.

As a bad woman is infinitely worse than a bad man, so does a shrewd woman excel the shrewd man in a business way. She will cheat you from the "bang" on your brow to the boots on your feet, and all the while she is smiling at you with eyes innocent as violets and overflowing with sweetness—but this is not the good business woman, you understand.

Mrs. Kate Pier and her daughter, Miss Kate Pier, are attorneys at law at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. They entered the University of Wisconsin together, and, by taking a double course, received their diplomas at the conclusion of the first year in the law college. Both women are attractive and accomplished and are very popular in social circles.

A newspaper correspondent tells a pretty story about Mrs. Senator Stanford's publishing a book of poems for a poor poet who could not bear the expense of the publication. Poor, unhappy Mrs. Stanford! Every poet in the land will be turning his hopeful eyes now to her pocket book.

The mayor of Edgerton, Kansas, is a young woman only twenty-three years of age, and has a young baby; but does not allow her official duties to conflict with those at home. No more sneers now at Kansas—the "land of flowers"—if you please.

There is no tie under heaven so strong and unbreakable to hold a man from wrong doing as the pure love of a good woman. Such a tie will in time come to make all sin appear hateful to him.

Men do not like women who reason with them, because, as a general thing, women reason so remarkably well.