

WOMAN'S WORLD.

SUPERINTENDENT PORTER PRAISES THE CENSUS BUREAU WOMEN.

Washington Extravaganzas—Kittens as Fashionable Pets—What One Girl Costs. Legal Liability of Women—The National Council of Women.

We have in the census office nearly 1,400 women. With the exception of 146 employed as skilled laborers, they have all passed an examination in the various branches required. It is safe to say that over half the number have stood high in arithmetic, receiving all the way from 85 to as high as 100 per cent. We have in the census office one room in which 200 young ladies are engaged under a woman chief making comparisons for the final tables of the census. Women are engaged in what is called working out the equated life of mortgages, also under a woman chief.

A woman has had entire charge of the insurance division in the census office, which, though smaller than those referred to above, nevertheless involves very important work. In this work I find women very satisfactory and conscientious. As a rule women just out of school are better for such work than those who come in later in life. There are instances, however, in the census office of women who have for the first time met with misfortune and been obliged to earn their own living who have made good records as computers.

The following is a list of the ten women clerks who made the best record in tabulating the census returns on the electrical machines, with the average made by each in ten days:

- Miss M. A. Kiggins, of Tennessee, 92.90
Miss Rita Sullivan, of Missouri, 89.00
Miss M. M. Cassin, of District of Columbia, 88.96
Miss A. G. Crosswell, of North Carolina, 81.84
Miss E. M. Curcio, of Maryland, 80.517
Miss Janie Silvester, of Virginia, 79.823
Mrs. E. W. Bergen, of Michigan, 79.408
Miss Kate F. Spomer, of Michigan, 79.059
Miss Alice Frost, of Michigan, 78.990
Miss C. M. Crook, of District of Columbia, 78.161

These facts, and indeed the records of the entire six weeks, show that women are better adapted for this particular work than men. They are more exact in touch, more expeditious in handling the schedules, more at home in adjusting the delicate mechanism of the machine, and apparently more anxious to make a good record. For this reason I contend that all work of this kind should be done by women.—Robert P. Porter in Home Magazine.

Some Washington Extravaganzas.

It is almost impossible to estimate the cost of keeping up a house like that of the Mortons. He gives as fine dinners as did President Arthur, and Arthur's dinners cost \$5,000 apiece. I venture to say that it costs him \$30,000 a year for his Washington entertainments, and the same may be said of Postmaster General Wanamaker, though his expenses are materially cut down by his not using wines. He spends a great amount in flowers, and the flower bills of the capital are by no means a small item. Mme. Romero, the wife of the Mexican minister, spent \$500 in the flowers she used at one of her receptions. She turned the whole legation building into a bower of fragrance and beauty, and she, for the time, transformed winter into summer. The flowers of many a dinner cost more than the dinner itself, and Washington is fast becoming one of the great flower markets of the United States. Nearly all the flowers used in Baltimore are supplied from our green houses, and flowers are shipped from here all over the south and north.

One of the biggest florists of the capital tells me that Postmaster General Wanamaker spends from \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year in flowers, and Vice President Morton buys the choicest and rarest of flowers and ferns for his house decorations. Mrs. Morton personally superintends the arrangement of her floral decorations. She is a practical business woman and a good housewife, and she understands just what things ought to cost and knows how to make a bargain. Mrs. Whitney spent an immense amount of money on flowers. She always gave her florist carte blanche and let him bring the best he had. Mrs. Hearst and Mrs. Stanford invest fortunes in flowers every year, and Mrs. Hearst arranges with her own hands the elaborate decorations of her reception rooms. Many of the senators' wives, and also the wives of the congressmen, get flowers from the government greenhouses. These they do not pay for, but the supply is by no means equal to their social necessity.—Washington Letter.

Kittens Are the Fashionable Pets.

The girls on Murray hill are crazy over tortoiseshell Angora kittens. These little animals are rare in America, and cost anywhere from \$25 to \$30 a piece. I was calling on a pretty young woman, when a tiny kitten trotted into the room, jumped on its mistress's shoulder and sat there contemplating me and the other furniture of the place. My charming hostess had brought this example home from Paris, where Angoras cost \$1 each. All the girls, she said, were devoting themselves to kittens now instead of dogs.

It is the fashion to put large silk ruffles on one of the forefeet. Angora kittens really possess enough wisdom to render them admirable pets, and as it is a passion with them to sit on a woman's shoulder and press their faces against hers, their value as an ornamental companion can be imagined. A perfect tortoiseshell kitten in a pale blue ruffe, on the shoulder of a girl with golden hair, brown eyes and a creamy skin, is really one of the prettiest sights you will come across in a day's search. I don't suppose the fad will last long, however; probably until the present lot of regnant kittens shall have grown to cathood.—New York Letter.

What One Girl Costs.

Here are some figures regarding the cost of a little girl of 14 for the past year. She is the only daughter of a teller in a New York bank. The family lives in a private boarding house, and the ambition of her parents is to make

the child a bright, sweet, sensible woman. Her wardrobe costs \$245 a year, including laundry.

She attends school uptown where she pays \$800 a year. Last season she was sent to dancing school at an expense of \$90. For this accomplishment she needed a special supply of slippers, four little dancing frocks, a long quilted ulster and fifteen yards of sash ribbon, for which a bill of \$71 was presented.

During the summer she learned to swim, and the cost of her bathing suit and the services of the bathing master amounted to \$13. Her board for the entire year cost \$350. Here are some trifles, as the mother calls them, copied from the little girl's expense account:

- One pug dog, \$5; eight silver bracelets, \$18; one doll, \$3; one doll's carriage, \$3.00; to mend, three days' services, \$1.50; hospital attendance for dog, \$7; burial of same, \$1.75; one gold ring, \$3.50; rent of tricycle, \$3.25; medical treatment, \$30; gifts for relatives, \$7; moosey muff and cape, \$37; gum, ice cream, soda water tripod, \$24; tennis racket, \$3.50; opera glass, \$2; silver watch, \$5; treatment for scotching, \$50.

Making the annual cost of this sweet little tyrant, \$1,311.70.—New York World.

Legal Liability of Women.

The court of appeals has just decided that a married woman may be a partner in trade with her husband, and that because she is married it is no defense in an action brought to charge her with a partnership debt. While it is true that the decision was carried by a bare majority of one, three of the seven judges gallantly voting against the startling proposition, it is now the settled law of the state. The legal status of woman has progressed amazingly within the last twenty years. She now incurs all the liabilities of a man, though bereft of many of his privileges. She is liable on all civil contracts, and her name to a promissory note or in a partnership transaction inflicts upon her all the pains and penalties incident to the situation.

But she cannot vote and she escapes jury service. The freedom from the performance of the latter public duty women may deem a boon, although, to quote a cynical lawyer, "there are many spinsters who would gladly serve on juries for the opportunities afforded. Many a fair juror might meet her fate in a twelve hour discussion of an important case in the jury room."

However, the great majority of women would be more apt to tell innumerable white lies to escape the ordeal. The male juror does it habitually, unless he is rich enough so that he can afford to have his name called in court, his default entered and a fine of \$250 imposed for non-attendance.—New York Times.

The National Council of Women.

The first triennial meeting of the National Council of the Women of the United States will be held in Albaugh's Opera house from Feb. 15 to 18 inclusive. This organization is the outcome of the International Council of Women, held at Washington in 1888, at which papers were read by 100 women, representing seven different countries.

At that time two permanent organizations were formed—the International Council of Women, of which Millicent Garrett Fawcett, of England, was elected president, and the National Council of Women of the United States. The latter body receives into auxiliaryship all national organizations of women interested in the advancement of women's work in philanthropy, reform and social culture. It has no special theories for reform, its fundamental principle being unity for the general good of women, and through them of all humanity.

This convention will probably be the largest representative body of women ever assembled. Eleven of the most important national organizations have already entered the council.—Washington Dispatch.

For the Medical Training of Women.

The ladies who set out to raise \$100,000 to secure the admission of women to the medical school of Johns Hopkins university have obtained the whole amount. The trustees of Johns Hopkins have accepted the gift, and have pledged themselves that the medical school, when opened, shall admit women on the same terms as men. This is indeed, as the dean of Bryn Mawr says, "a splendid triumph." The trustees say that before a medical school worthy of the university can be established \$500,000 must be raised.

The remaining \$400,000, being for the general interests of the school, is not to be subscribed by women alone, but by all persons interested in securing for both men and women an opportunity in this country for the advanced medical study which can now be pursued only in Europe. The ladies mean to do their full share toward raising the remaining \$400,000.—Boston Woman's Journal.

Pretty Bridesmaids' Costumes.

Five bridesmaids at a recent fall wedding wore beautiful costumes of cream colored bengaline, with lettuce green velvet yokes and fichus of Valenciennes lace. The epaulets were of the same shade of velvet, while the corselets and wristbands were of slightly darker velvet. The broad brimmed green felt hats were trimmed with softly curling white ostrich feathers, and each fair maid carried a pretty silver wicker basket containing white lilies partially veiled with maidenhair fern and tied with light green ribbons. Each also wore a pretty brooch of diamonds encircling a pink topaz, the gift of the groom.—New York Ledger.

Fall Capes.

The most stylish cloth capes of the season are full and deep, extending considerably below the waist line either in single or double rows, and have one side carelessly draped upon the opposite shoulder, where it is sometimes confined with a cord and tassel. Fur capes are still very much worn. They are so easily removed, so comfortably put on over the high, full sleeves, and so serviceable for most weather that they are destined to a long season of popularity. The choicest

His First Speech.

"Failing of campaign speeches to make me," said Senator Graham, of Nashville, "of the first speech that Charles Fairbanks, of Indianapolis, ever made. Fairbanks, you know, is a general, whole-souled gentleman, with plenty of jury eloquence, but at the time of which I speak had no experience on the stump. One day I met him and he seemed considerably worried."

"Graham," said he, "I have been invited to address a political meeting at —, and you know I never did anything of the kind in my life. I haven't a bit of confidence in myself and I am afraid I cannot hold the crowd. You are up in this kind of thing and I want you to post me a little."

"I never wanted to laugh so much in my life, but Fairbanks' whole-souled face told me plainer than words that he was very much in earnest. So I gave him all the points I could bring to mind. I remember that I said that an auctioneer always held his crowd by entertaining it, and told him to imagine himself an auctioneer. Well, he went to his meeting, and everything went wrong. He was pleased so that a strong wind blew through the room, tossing his hair over his face and giving him a terrible cold and sore throat."

"The brass band drowned half he said, and the small boy got in his deadly work. I met him a month or so later, and he told me his experiences. 'Every time I would feel myself giving way,' he exclaimed, 'I would think of your instructions to imagine myself an auctioneer, and I guess I entertained them, for I made myself more of an auctioneer than I did a political speaker.' But Fairbanks is all over that now. There is not a better or more effective speaker in Indiana than he is."—Indianapolis News.

Photography Applied to Surveying.

Surveyors are becoming more and more indebted to photography for the way in which it facilitates and improves their work. For reconnaissance the camera offers some pleasant features. The public is always anxious to know what an engineer is doing with a transit, but if he has a map of the country and an aneroid in his pocket, so that, by fences or otherwise, he can tell pretty nearly where he is, he is only an amateur artist, making views of scenery, and the farmer is not suspicious that he wants to run a railroad through his corn crib. Such pictures as may thus be secured, understandingly used, may help to decide where a line will probably be best, so far as the general features of the country are concerned.

Progress is the order of the day. It is not long since the engineer who used a camera to take occasional or semi-occasional records of the progress of his work was looked upon as putting on airs. Now, however, the blue print and the camera come in very handily, so much so that it is not the engineer who uses them, but rather the one who does not, who is the exception. The engineer is not likely to dispense just now with his transit, but he who avails himself of such help as photography can give him, especially in such work as making close topographical surveys, will have a very great advantage over him who does not.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Cats as Chronometers.

An acute observer of contemporary life remarked the other day that the typical cat devoted each one of his nine lives solely to the cultivation of his voice. The statement, although obviously exaggerated, serves very well to convey the impression which the cat has made upon those who know him best. The weasel having largely supplanted him as a rat and mouse exterminator he has come to be regarded as an animal of leisure, much given to music, but bearing few or none of the practical burdens of existence. But attention has lately been directed to the fact that the Chinese use cats to tell time.

A Celestial who was asked what o'clock it was took up a cat and examined it, and replied that it was two hours past noon. On being asked how he told time in that way he explained that the pupils of a cat's eyes were largest in the morning, and that they gradually grew smaller as the light increased till they reached their minimum at noon; that then they began to widen again till at night they once more became large.—New York Tribune.

Early Minstrel Shows.

It was in the early fifties that minstrel shows first became so popular in the States, and in 1857 Jack Raynor, who used to be middleman and bass singer for E. P. Christie when his troupe played in old Mechanics' hall, at No. 472 Broadway, New York, started the first Christie minstrels in London. Raynor is one of the few old timers still alive, and he lives in Paterson, N. J., to-day. Another of the old leaders to the front is Dick Hooley, who used to be with Campbell's for years and afterward run a minstrel theatre of his own in Brooklyn. What's he doing now, d'you say? Why, it's the same Dick Hooley, of Hooley's theatre, Chicago, today, and the same Dick White that was middleman and stage manager of the Hooley Opera house of the war times, is manager of Hooley's theatre today.—J. W. McAndrews in Chicago Herald.

A Misted Pronunciation.

The chorus "O ho ro, i ri ri cadul gu lo" in Sir Walter Scott's poem "The Lullaby of an Infant Chief" means, freely translated, "Bye, bye, lullaby, sleep till the morn." The pronunciation is, "Oho-ro, erere, cawdlegulaw;" at least, so say two Scotch women, members of my household, who are direct from the highlands of Scotland, and who daily speak the Gaelic in preference to the English language.—Cor. Boston Transcript.

It is not in color only that domesticated cats differ widely. There is the gloved cat of Nubia, the Chinese cat with ears turned down instead of up, the twisted tail cat of Madagascar, the short, truncated tail cat of the Malay Archipelago, and the entirely tailless cat of the Isle of Man.

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