

WOMAN'S WORLD.

MRS. WHITNEY'S VIEWS ON THE SOCIAL CAREER OF ACTRESSES.

Pleasant Chat with Mrs. Lippincott—A Norwegian School—Women Should Be Architects—The Only Woman Correspondent—Camilla Urso Harris.

Mrs. William C. Whitney, the wife of the ex-secretary of the navy, discussed freely the question regarding the social career of an actress.

"The question is not an easy one to my mind to answer, for it depends upon a great many conditions. I do not know at the present time of a single instance where a fashionable woman has gone on the stage and has retained her social position. The fact is there are very few fashionable women who have gone into professional life, and those few can hardly be cited as good examples. In every case these women have taken their choice between their friends in society and the people they have met on the stage, and in preferring the latter have lost all connection that they had with the friends of their former life. If a woman who goes on the stage surrounds herself by a first class company, and leads a perfectly clean life during her professional career, and continues her friendship for her social friends, it is quite likely that she would retain whatever good position she had before.

"I think, however," continued Mrs. Whitney, "that our society, being so conservative and rather slow, would probably hesitate a long while before opening its arms to an actress. There is nothing against the profession, and I know a great many lovely women who earn their living by it, but you know there is a general prejudice against it, and it would be hard to overcome it.

"In England the Prince of Wales is the leader of the social world, and an invitation extended by him to any member of the theatrical profession means, of course, social recognition all around. In this country society is founded upon a different basis entirely. We have no Prince of Wales and no leader to follow, and therefore there would be no one to settle such a question. Of course Mrs. So-and-so might invite a prominent member of the profession to dine with her or to one of her big entertainments, but it would be a question as to whether others would follow suit.

"No," continued Mrs. Whitney, "American society is not as lax in some respects as English society, for English society will tolerate a great deal that our society will not. The sum and substance of the whole matter is that it is hardly probable for many years to come that the fashionable world will accept a woman who has been on the stage, unless she belonged to society before entering on her professional career, and even then, as I said before, it all depends upon the manner of her stage life and her stage friends."—Philadelphia Times.

Pleasant Chat with Mrs. Lippincott. I was greatly interested in listening to some of Mrs. Lippincott's reminiscences the other afternoon. We were talking in her pleasant apartment on West Thirty-fourth street, New York. She was showing me a scrap book which her mother made of newspaper clippings about Grace Greenwood. The personalities of those days are very amusing to read now. With their stately language, their rhetoric, they are entirely different from the flippant and familiar paragraphs of today.

"In those days," said Mrs. Lippincott, "it was an unusual thing for a woman to write. We were blue stockings then. How often did people say to me, 'Well, my dear, this writing may be amusing to you; you may enjoy it, but you know it will injure your chances of getting a husband.' That was the main object of woman's existence then. I was the first woman newspaper correspondent. No, I was not the first woman journalist—Margaret Fuller and Lydia Maria Child were before me—but my Washington correspondence inaugurated a new departure."

Mrs. Lippincott intends to make Washington her home for the future, and when once settled there to begin to make her recollections, which certainly will be instructive and of great interest. The lady's hair is quite gray. She is stout and motherly looking. The quaint, old fashioned portrait of herself when a young woman shows a lovely face lighted by great hazel eyes, and many of the curious personalities and poems written to and about her speak of her beautiful hands and arms. Mrs. Lippincott's time is almost entirely given over to charitable work, hunting out the poor and needy and ministering to their wants. Her daughter, who studied for the stage and who was forced to retire from it temporarily on account of ill health, lives with her. She is a fair girl with a serious and delicate face.—Edith Sessions Tupper in Chicago Herald.

A Norwegian School. Norway boasts several practical institutions in the way of schools, and a little information about one of these may not be without interest. The school in question is situated at some miles distance from Christiania, and looks, as one approaches it, like an ordinary farmstead, with dairy, etc. The interior is plainly but neatly and tastefully arranged. At present there are six pupils, who are divided into two sections, and every one of them is occupied in accordance with a fixed plan.

In the forenoon one section has the work in the house, and must do the work both of the mistress and the servants. They each have a number; number one, for instance, is busy in the kitchen, number two is making the rooms tidy, and number three attends to the dairy. The other section is at the same time engaged in weaving, sewing, cutting out, etc. As sections and numbers change every week all the girls get the different work in turn.

At 12 o'clock dinner is served, and then follows some hours' instruction in Norwegian, orthography, botany, nat-

ural science, etc. The garden, which is always in beautiful order, is also entirely kept up by the pupils.

The school is more particularly intended for peasant girls, and each course lasts a year; the pupils must have completed their eighteenth year before entering the school. The pay, including everything, is only fifteen kreutzers (about \$4) a month, and there are two pupils free. Similar schools will now be erected in various parts of Norway, at the instance of the Society for the Welfare of Norway. The number of applicants has been ten times greater than the accommodation.—New York Ledger.

Furry Comforts. They're almost Esquimaux clad these days, aren't they? These pretty fashionable women that walk or drive in the streets with fur at the hem of their clinging gowns and long coats or capes of fur, and with their fair faces peeping out from their high furry collars, for all the world like some wonderful sort of Jack-in-the-pulpit. There never was such a season for furs of all kinds, from the long, silky, white fleece of the Angora lamb that lines the snowy opera cloak to the rich pelt of the seal that goes into the serviceable street coat.

One would think a very arctic season were upon the city, women are so clad about and wrapped to the curls of their foreheads in the fleece of furs. And you really think, do you, most short sighted creatures, that women are suddenly finding themselves in danger of sudden death from cold, and therefore they have taken to super-wrapping themselves in skins? Nay, not so.

Women have just discovered that there is nothing in all the world that makes them look so well as that soft shag of fur about their necks and framing in their faces. It softens sharp outlines, it brings out delicate colorings. It fills out hollows, it subtracts whole geologic periods from a woman's age. There's the secret of it all. It isn't a fear of pneumonia, it isn't a suddenly increased susceptibility to cold—it's because it makes her look better. And surely that's reason enough. It is to you, good sir, if you are any philosopher of affairs feminine. For anything that makes a woman look better makes her feel better, and anything that makes her feel better makes her behave better. And so, you see, you're directly the gainer, aren't you?—Philadelphia Times.

Women Should Be Architects. There is a great field open to women as draughtsmen. There is no more reason why they may not plan houses as well as paint pictures, but as yet there are few disposed to undertake the work. Every woman sees faults in a house she rents or buys, and without doubt if women planned these abodes there would be a disposition of space now unknown, and there would be fewer lamentations in regard to corner cupboards and bare wall space. It is said that a woman is to plan the pavilion to be devoted to women's work at the World's fair. Until this report was circulated nobody thought there were any women architects, but it turns out that there are several.

There is a very successful woman architect in Boston, one in Newport, and one in one of the western cities. The latter belongs to a firm, her husband being the other partner. She works like a man, and is the only woman, as yet, who attends the convention of architects. There is an apartment house in Chicago designed by a woman, and the rooms are said to be admirably arranged. The pantries are extra commodious, the bathroom contains a linen cupboard, and the entrance hall a stationary hat rack, and various other conveniences leave nothing to be desired.—New York Sun.

The Only Woman Correspondent. Women visitors to the Capitol are always much interested when they perceive one of their sex sitting in the press gallery, hard at work with pencil and paper. There are many women in Washington who write for the press, and some of them earn large incomes too, but only one has entree to the press gallery. This lady, Mrs. Burke, is the regularly accredited and very industrious correspondent of a western paper, and she takes her place among the large number of newspaper men and manages to get all the news in which her employers are interested, but the fact is she meets with no very cordial welcome at the hands of her fellow workers. The newspaper correspondents here have always been opposed to letting women into the gallery, and while they couldn't keep Mrs. Burke out under the rule, they managed to exclude her name from the list of correspondents printed in the congressional directory.—Washington Cor. Augusta Chronicle.

Camilla Urso Harris. Miss Camilla Urso Harris, oldest daughter of Joel Chandler Harris, the Atlanta humorist, is about to go to Italy to pursue the study of art. She is now 20 years of age, and is a girl of remarkable beauty and talent. She paints with wonderful skill, and her gift at sculpture is equally amazing. One of the figures executed by her when only 15 years old has just been presented to the Atlanta Historical society; it represents Uncle Remus, the character her father has so delightfully delineated. Miss Harris leaves unfinished a battle scene—an episode of the march to the sea—which Gen. Sherman pronounces a masterpiece already; this work will not be completed until the artist has finished her course of study under Signor Marchesini at Florence.—Chicago News.

What to Do Before the Plumber Comes. To find the water pipes leaking, frozen, or perhaps burst, is no rare occurrence during the winter in the modern much plumbed houses. Nothing more thoroughly demoralizes the domestic machinery than such unlucky happenings. Floors are wet, ceilings leak, the water is shut off and the whole household is at a standstill, waiting for that vexatious will-o'-the-wisp, the plumber. Whenever the leak is visible the housewife can cure the ill herself, at least temporarily.

Shut off the water first, and then spread some white lead on a cloth, like a plaster. Tie this firmly over the leak, and the plaster will soon harden, for the water cannot work its way out or prevent the plaster adhering.

Unless the plumber will make thorough repairs when he does come, the lead plaster is more permanent than any putty joint or weak solder. Let a pound of white lead stand a day or two until a skin has formed over it, and then cover it with water. It will be soft and ready for use at any time, and the housewife can "snap her fingers at the plumber's ways," to paraphrase Sir Joseph Porter, as best suits a frosty morning. Strips of rubber cut from old rubber shoes and bound tightly over the leaks in hot water pipes will close the holes and stop the dripping flood.

When the water freezes in the traps of the bathroom or the kitchen sink, a quart of common salt thrown into them will thaw them out more rapidly than hot water. A lighted lamp placed under a frozen water pipe is more rapid and convenient in its work than pouring on hot water. A lamp, the flame partly lowered, placed under an exposed bend or length of pipe which is liable to freeze is a simple preventive of trouble in bitter weather.—Harper's Bazar.

Miss Otis' Dolls. Miss Eliza Proctor Otis, the youthful proprietor of The Saturday Review, who is now in Paris with her mother, has a curious and novel fad for dolls. When she lived at the Chelsea, New York city, a whole room in her apartment was devoted to them. Little dolls and big dolls, old dolls and young dolls, dolls of high and of low degree, and dolls of color—in short, every variety of dolls known to the rising and the risen generation could be found there. For many months they have been stored away in large trunks, but will soon be resurrected and their ranks re-enforced by dainty marvels of Parisian manufacture, as Miss Otis intends to sail for New York this month.—Epoch.

New York's Latest Women's Club. Some of the most aggressive members of the Women's University club are a bit troubled that it should have taken a name apparently in imitation of a masculine organization long in existence. The club has modest quarters in Barnard college, the Columbia annex, and its membership includes resident graduates of Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Ann Arbor, Cornell and other colleges where women are educated. The club takes a deep interest in the college settlement of young women down in Rivington street. Of course a club house is one of the probabilities of the early future.—New York Star.

"Aunt Hartley." Living in Washington in the home founded by W. W. Corcoran for elderly women of southern birth is Miss Graham, better known as "Aunt Hartley." She has the reputation of being one of the late George Bancroft's especial friends, and few pleasant days passed without their meeting. Miss Graham is a charming talker, and enjoys relating incidents of her granduncle, Mark Catesby, the noted naturalist of the Eighteenth century. She has the friendship of many Washington celebrities, and corresponds with Mrs. Jefferson Davis.—Exchange.

Miss Captain Clay. Miss Minnie T. Clay, a recent student at Abbott academy, Andover, has received an appointment as captain of a steam vessel on Sebago lake, Maine. She has studied navigation and passed a successful examination as pilot and navigator; and, although she is the first lady to receive such an appointment in Maine, she is considered well qualified for her position. The steamer of which she is captain is owned by her father.—New York Ledger.

The refreshments served at afternoon teas, that popular mode of entertaining, are of the most simple kind. Bread and butter sandwiches of thinly sliced crustless bread, brown and white, wafers or tea biscuits, may any one of them be offered with a cup of tea, and for more formal occasions pound cake or any solid cake, chocolate and coffee may be added.

Emma Abbott wears in her coffin a part of the handsome veil she used to wear in her performances of Juliet. This veil she bought in Paris, and she was wont to call it her mascot, because fortune favored her from the moment it came into her possession. At her death half of it was cut up into souvenirs for the members of her troupe.

The widow of the late Vice President Hendricks will read a paper before the National Council of Women, to meet in Washington on the 23d of February. The beautiful thought that a man and his wife are one receives conclusive demonstration through the public interest that always follows the widow of a prominent man.

Mrs. Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer's widow, proposes to perpetuate her husband's name by building an observatory on Mission heights, at San Diego, Cal. It is estimated that the building, with the telescope, will cost about \$30,000, and the bulk of this sum Mrs. Proctor hopes to raise by lecturing.

The university at Geneva has just made an M. D. of the young Polish Countess Wanda von Sczawinska. Her graduation thesis was a remarkably learned paper concerning the eyes of crustaceans animals and the effect of light and darkness upon them. The Countess Wanda will practice in Poland.

The famous Ida Lewis, the Grace Darling of the United States, has received an invitation to go upon the stage as the heroine in a life saving scene, before which her Puritanical soul recoiled. She still lives at the Newport lighthouse.

As a rule women are better conversationalists than men, being endowed with a readier talent for repartee, a quicker wit and a keener intuition of the fitness of things.

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