



A TOURISTS' CLUB.

A Literary and Conversation Society of Young Women That is Alive.

The Tourists of Price Hill, Cincinnati—a successful travel club of several years' standing—has recently joined the general federation. The club idea was brought to Price Hill from "The Tourists" of Cedar Rapids, Ia., by Miss Julia Burnett (Mrs. Clarence A. Turrell), who, with Miss Nellie Moore (Mrs. Asa Bushnell Morgan), organized a new club in October, 1884, upon the same general plan.

After going about Europe in true tourist style for two years, the Tourists settled down for a year in Germany, studying music, literature and art. The fourth year they gave to a more thorough enjoyment of Italy and England. Then patriotism led them, tired of exile, to devote two years to their own country. And during this time they also visited Canada, made the fashionable trip to Alaska and had a very satisfactory glimpse of Mexico. The past season found them delighted with their well planned tour through South America.

The Tourists meet from 8 to 9 o'clock every other Tuesday, from October to June. The usual afternoon programme calls for quotations in response to roll call, one or two papers, a reading or recitation, musical interludes, and ends with a half hour's conversation on a given topic under a named leader.

Having followed the plan of rotation in office for seven years, the Tourists have proved it an excellent one, keeping up the interest and bringing out the latent talents of each individual member.

The newly printed programme greets the members at the first regular meeting each fall—always on the first Tuesday in October. The programme is prepared during the three months of the summer recess, by a committee of three members appointed by the new executive committee after the annual election in May. The programme committee, acting with the president, has full power to map out the route and assign the work. The work on this committee is considered the most difficult and important that can be given a member; but each in turn has declared herself well repaid for her labor by the thorough knowledge of interesting countries gained in the necessarily studious preparation.

Some account of one of the Tourists' half hour conversations may perhaps interest those who would like to make such a feature a part of their own club programmes. "Myths and Folk Lore of the Amazonian Indians" proved one of the most entertaining topics of their recent tour through South America. After giving an introductory explanation of the subject, the leader, Miss Kate Leslie Moore, called upon members of the club for tales and legends current among these Indians. The myths, as was conclusively proved, have their variants among the negroes of our southern states, as well as among the Kafirs and Hottentots of southern Africa. The members of the club had received an intimation that they were to be called upon for certain work and were found well prepared.

Among the Tourists it is considered a more difficult task to lead a conversation than to write a paper. It is necessary to be prepared at all points, for the member depended upon for an especially important part may disappoint one. She may perhaps bring a scrap of paper bristling with uninteresting statistics, which she calmly proceeds to read, or, having learned the little article privately bestowed upon her by heart, nervously makes of it a parrotlike recitation. It requires a great deal of tact and considerable practice before the one endeavoring to lead can successfully overcome the deadening effects of such additions to the conversation. Realizing what splendid drill these half hour conversations are, the Tourists strive bravely after the ideal extemporaneous speech. When occasionally the conversation degenerates into a series of little readings and the fountains from their ideal conversation dampen their ardor and hurtle their pride the Tourists always find that it is because a multiplicity of other interests has prevented them from taking time for proper preparation. This is essential to even the smallest success.—Cor. Homemaker.

A Leap Year Proposition.

As leap year is upon us the momentous question, Shall women propose? confronts us in various newspaper columns, with its usual four yearly regularity.

Conservative people will of course pooch pooch the idea, and the more frivolous laugh at the same. Some of our radical, would be social innovators will be advocates, and others will fulminate their varied denunciations.

Considered in the abstract we do not see why a woman should not express her natural preferences as freely as a man in regard to the opposite sex. Indeed, she seems to be free to do so in every other respect but that of love and marriage. And yet is not this the most important of all earthly relations to the human race as society is at present organized?

More reasoning aside, however, other considerations enter into our estimates of propriety. Here we have sentiment, which so largely makes up the sum of womanly opinions on most subjects outside of bread and buttering.

As the majority of people think now, and as they will probably continue to think for many years to come, there are certain moral and social questions wherein old time precedent will doubtless continue to rule. The realm of courtship and marriage still lies fully within these prescribed limits.

In this affair it has from time immemorial been her inalienable and altogether charming privilege to be the one who should be sought, wooed and won. Whether this be abstractly right or wrong it is so ingrained in the very nature of society at large that the isolated kicks which are here and there made have so far produced little or no effect.—Yankee Blade.

Money That Patti Has Earned.

That marvelous little diva, Adelina Patti, is with us again. When I saw her last time she had charming Titian hair—hair in which there was a suggestion of autumnal sunset. Now they tell me her hair is as dark as a raven's wing. What a pretty and gifted woman Patti is! And to think of the money which she has honestly earned with her sweet voice! Not less than \$5,000,000, I should say, including donations from the czar of Russia and the kings and potentates of Europe. Her Craigie-Nos castle is a royal palace. Of all the women that have come and gone upon this earth not one has ever earned so much money as Adelina Patti, the daughter of a wandering Italian minstrel. Queens and favorites have been richer than she, but the wealth was not of their getting.

When I last saw Patti it was in the Hoffman House last year. I called by invitation. She had been suffering from a cold and had not been singing for nearly a week. She was gracious and affable and vivacious, but in the midst of the chatter—which had lasted for a half hour—her devoted husband, Niccolini, interposed and informed her that under the direction of her physicians she was to take her evening draft and retire. She obeyed like a dutiful child. "You see," she said, "I am a slave to my throat and my doctor."—New York Cor. Brooklyn Times.

Woman Suffrage in This Country.

In the United States, where the communal system never existed except in some of its remote, modified forms, municipal suffrage for women has come slowly. In only two states, Wyoming and Kansas, are women admitted to the franchise and made eligible to municipal offices generally although in fifteen states they may vote in the school elections. Several states have granted to women simply the right of being elected to school offices, provided always that they possess the qualifications prescribed for men.

The question is thus decided in California, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Louisiana, Maine, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island. At the present time the system of granting to women both rights, eligibility and suffrage in school matters has been adopted in the following states besides Massachusetts: Colorado, North and South Dakota, Idaho, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Oregon, Vermont, Washington and Wisconsin, and the territory of Arizona.

Of course to this list must be added Wyoming, where women vote at all elections, and Kansas, where they possess complete local suffrage. Finally, Kentucky and Nebraska admit women only to the school franchise, and that under special conditions.—Boston Commonwealth.

To Help Women in the Country.

A Michigan woman, much interested in the fresh air work, suggests that city women engaged in this work should invite the country mothers who have entertained children at their homes to visit in the city homes a few days in the winter. These farmers' wives, who take in the city waifs at a time when summer work presses hardest and summer heat is most oppressive, need a change of scene almost as much as do the mothers and children in the tenements, and for lack of change and rest it is said that farmers' wives form a large per cent. of the inmates of insane asylums. It is not the hard work, but want of companionship, the isolation from books, music, lectures, the theater, the desolation of intellectual starvation.

In some of the western towns a movement is on foot to establish clubs among the country women, where it is believed a higher mental development is possible than in the city, because no other form of recreation will distract attention. The plan is to divide each county into sections and organize a woman's club in each section. These country clubs will co-operate with those in the cities for the interchange of ideas and the forming of friendships mutually beneficial.—New York Sun.

Emancipated from Boarding Houses.

Some young women of this city have tried a new experiment in housekeeping with eminent success, and there is no reason why other young women who are earning their own livelihood should not follow their example with great benefit to themselves. The ladies had been boarding, and they agreed that this sort of life was unsatisfactory. The monotony of boarding house life became unendurable. They resolved to break loose and establish a "message of their own." A nice

house was obtained in one of the most "eligible" streets of the city.

The servant was an immigrant, for it was part of the experiment to instruct their help in their own way. The ladies take turns in ordering the next day's dinner in certain understood limits, so that the longings of each individual for beefsteak and onions, corned beef and cabbage, or beef a la mode, or any other special dish could be gratified. They also take turns in the management of the house. They live in entire harmony; they are at peace with the cook; they have ample time to attend to their several vocations and for occasional amusements, and they save enough from their former board expenses to pay for their summer holidays.—Albany Journal.

American Girls and Their Voices.

Mme. Fursch-Madi, a woman of many talents, chief of which is a pure soprano voice, has settled down in this city and taken charge of the vocal department of one of the city colleges.

"Voice culture," she said to me the other day, "is difficult work. There is no reason why America should not produce some really great singers. There are many grand voices in America, but American girls do not seem to care to become great singers. They do not like to study."

"If a girl is blessed by nature with a voice, she must study hard to cultivate it, not study spasmodically, but go at it with determination and keep at it. Of course she should begin right. There is a right way and a wrong way to begin, and it does seem to me often that some of our girls have poor advisers and poorer teachers. A poor method? Oh, dear me, no. There is only one method, and that is first a voice, and second, proper cultivation and study. All the great singers of the world know this to be true. It is the only way to succeed."—Foster Coates in New York Mail and Express.

Pretty Favors.

Some pretty favors that may be made at home for a dinner, dance or luncheon have as their foundation the flat circular boxes used by confectioners. The boxes should not be more than an inch or an inch and a half high. Their circumference is a matter of taste, though a box of about twelve inches is perhaps the best. Make as many bags of surah or China silk, in bright colors, as you have boxes, and leave the bags open across the bottom. Sew the bottom of the bag around the box on the outside, and over the stitches put a band of satin ribbon the width of the rim of the box. Turn the top of the bag in a hem sufficiently wide to allow of a shirring string. Sometimes the band of ribbon around the box is powdered with tiny painted flowers. If for a color luncheon, these bags should be of one color. If for cotillon favors, rainbow hues have the best effect. One box can be used for two bags, as both the bottom and the cover are of the same size.—New York Post.

Terms That Seem High.

I notice in the newspapers the very interesting advertisement of a lady who "has carefully studied the best existing authorities" upon the subject of English pronunciation, "and is able to correct mispronounced words that are frequently heard in pulpit, lecture room, theater or in daily conversation."

Her terms are \$100 a month, which is not too high if she has mastered the subject. I suppose that an instructress in pronunciation must get her main clientele from ladies whose vocation at the washbasin early life prevented them from having that command of English or elocution which seems desirable to them, now that their husbands have got rich. There must be plenty of such pupils to be had, but the task of instructing them must be a little difficult. Moreover, the subject of English pronunciation is so vast and difficult that it must be almost as hard to teach as to learn.—New York Truth.

Choosing Hams.

Choose freshly cured hams. Formerly the year's supply was packed in the winter, and after smoking must needs be canvassed to preserve it against the ravages of flies, and in this shape carried to meet the demand through the summer and fall. This necessarily resulted in a considerable loss of the juices of the meat by evaporation, while the surface of the flesh gradually became densely covered with mildew, which often gave a moldy flavor to the entire ham. This has now been entirely obviated by such improvements in curing by ice that hams of the very finest quality are prepared even in the hottest weather.—New York Grocer.

All Married Within Five Years.

Five years ago a chapter of ten King's Daughters, consisting of eight confirmed spinsters, one girl of sixteen, and a heartbroken widow, all vowed to deny any aspiration toward matrimonial joys or hazards, and give their lives over to the doing of good works. The widow married within six months, the spinsters followed her example in rapid succession, and only a month ago nine happily married women attended the wedding of the youngest member of the organization.—Good Housekeeping.

How Wheat Came to Earth.

A classic account of the distribution of wheat over the primeval world shows that Ceres, having taught her favorite, Triptolemus, the art of agriculture and the science of breadmaking, gave him her chariot, a celestial vehicle, and that in he traveled night and day, distributing this valuable bread grain among all nations of the earth.

SHE MUST MARRY THE JUDGE.

A Remarkable Method of Choosing a Wife by Making Her Apply for Office.

Among the many remarkable proposals of marriage which have been published from time to time in the newspapers, the most unique is the following, which appears in our advertising columns:

Wanted—A young lady for clerk of the county court of Elbert county. It will be necessary for her to marry the county judge. Address County Judge, Elberton, Ga.

Coming as it does in the dawn of leap year, this advertisement by Judge J. A. Roebuck has special force and significance. Application for the position of clerk under the terms of the above advertisement would be equivalent, of course, to a proposal of marriage to Judge Roebuck. This, in any other year, might not be considered just the proper thing for a young lady to do, but in leap year who shall question her right to such a course?

But see the cleverness of the judge. By simply mustering up the audacity to announce in the advertising columns of the two leading papers in Georgia that he is anxious for a wife, which is an entirely praiseworthy aspiration, and which is the plain English of his clever advertisement, he has at a single bound left the embarrassing position of suitor and taken the vantage ground of the one to be wooed.

And see, too, the easy avenue of escape from undesirable applicants which is left to him and the embarrassment which is saved the young ladies. While it might be a trying ordeal for a young lady to propose marriage even to the man she loves, in this day of female stenographers, typewriters and bookkeepers there need be no embarrassment on a lady's part in applying for any respectable clerkship. Therefore, when a young lady has become acquainted with Judge Roebuck, of the Elbert county court, and feels that she is willing to share the honors and emoluments of his office, she has only to apply for the position of clerk in his court.

If the judge fancies the applicant the bargain can be closed at once, and the clerk's salary remains in the family. If, on the contrary, the applicant would not be acceptable as Mrs. Roebuck, the judge has only to represent the duties of the office as being such that she could not fill them, and regret that he cannot give her the position. Both parties thus escape all reference to the embarrassing part of the business. In the language of the sporting gentry, the judge is "on velvet."

Girls, the case is before you.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Co-operation in English Housekeeping.

The English housekeeper, without intending to do so, has really taken two long steps in the direction of co-operative housekeeping. For in most small establishments, where perhaps only three or four servants are kept, no breadmaking is done at home and the washing is all put out. The bread purchased is not, however, what is technically known to us as "bakers' bread." The huge loaves are firm and light, and similar in grain to what the best home cook could produce. The various kinds of hot bread dear to an American's heart are neither desired nor found on an Englishman's table, and although an American housekeeper might consider it bad management to buy her bread, to the English housekeeper the plan seems the best in the world.

As the English housekeeper is nothing if not thrifty, without further discussion it may be taken for granted that co-operation between her and the baker must mean a saving of pocket for her, as well as a simplifying of her household arrangements. In the same way, the fact that no washing is done at home, means a saving both of fuel and of friction in the kitchen. Furthermore, no unsightly lines with their burden of clothes ever disfigure the back yard of an English house. The yard is instead a thing of beauty, with its central grass plot, its little flagged walk, and with its bushes and vines neatly trained against the surrounding walls.—Cor. Home-maker.

Better Left Unsaid.

A certain young poet is equally famous in the world of letters as an author and among his friends for his blunt candor that is forever betraying him into one of the things one would have preferred to say differently, as Du Maurier puts it. On his last birthday he was given a charming dinner by his dotting parents, at which he was bitterly disappointed by the regret of several notables. Thus, when a society girl said to him at the close of the evening, "What a delightful time we have had!" he exclaimed from the fullness of his heart: "I'm glad it hasn't seemed dull to you. We invited some awfully clever people, but not one of them came!"—Philadelphia Press.

Pensions for Workmen in Austria.

Under the provisions of the Austrian poor law, at 60 years of age a man may claim from his native town or commune a pension equal to one-third of the daily wages which he had received during his working years. The amount varies from 2 to 6 florins a month. In Vienna alone there are 16,000 persons who receive these pensions from the city.

She Had Been There.

Perdita—You haven't the faintest idea how much I love him.
Penelope—Oh, yes I have—I used to love him that way myself.—Brooklyn Life.

Still in the Swim.

A lean, wiry old fellow from the country walked into the log cabin on the wooded island in Jackson park the other morning, pushed his hat back on his head and inspected the interior with evident enjoyment.

"This looks like old times," he said, turning to two young men standing near him. "Seen this kind of thing before, have you?" observed one of them.

"Seen it before? Well, I reckon! Why, I was brought up in a settlement where there wasn't half of the houses as good as this one. I know all about this style of livin' from the word go. And I used to have just about as good a time as the boys have now too."

"I don't know about that uncle," said the other of the two young men. "You're not up to all the fun the boys have nowadays. Trouble with you is you're not in the procession any more. You've dropped out, you know, just as the band is beginning to play."

"Dropped out, have I?" exclaimed the old man. "Dropped out, boy! I'm snorted, running his hand into his pocket and bringing it out again full of gold and silver coins. 'Back number, am I? Look here, young fellow! Do you want to bet a few dollars I can't outrun you? Have you got a ten or twenty to put up that I can't throw either of you down? Can you turn a hand-spring and 'light on your feet stiff-legged? Bet you \$50 I can do it! Bet you \$100 you can't! Want to try me on hop, step and jump? Bet you—hold on!'"

A crowd had begun to gather, and the two young men were edging away from him.

"I'll go you five to one I can jump farther in two jumps than you can in three! I'll ride a mile race with either of you—don't be in a hurry—I'll chin a horizontal bar 40 times to your 10, and I'll bet money I can—well, go, then, goldam you, and don't you ever pick up an old man from Hancock county for a greenhorn again as long as you live!"

As he shouted this after the young men, who were making their way rapidly but unostentatiously toward the nearest bridge, the indignant old patriarch from Hancock county put his money back into his pocket, pulled his chin whiskers nervously and moved on in the direction of the Japanese building at the north end of the island.—Chicago Tribune.

His Excuse.

Among the early lawyers of Missouri were Judge James C. and General John C., brothers, both excellent lawyers and splendid advocates. General John, when occasion required, closed his argument to the jury bathed in tears himself, with most of the jury and audience weeping too.

One day he and Judge James were trying a case, James prosecuting and John defending. James made his speech, a strong one for his side of the case, and ended with telling the jury:

"Gentlemen, my brother John will address you on the other side of the case, and I want to caution you, he will cry and try to make you cry. He does it in all his cases."

General John then spoke to the jury, making one of the very best of his pathetic appeals, causing jury and audience to forget James' admonition, and as tears were flowing John, with great drops rolling down his cheeks, said to the jury:

"My brother Jim told you I would cry. I am crying, and, gentlemen of the jury, if you had such a d—d mean brother as Jim, you would cry too."

John's client was acquitted.—Green Bag.

How He Put It.

Colonel John Hay happened to be in Chicago at the time of the great fire. Shortly afterward, as the story goes, while seated in the parlor of a hotel he noticed two persons whispering and glancing at him.

Presently one of them crossed the room and said:

"Are you Mr. Hay?"

"Yes," replied the colonel.

"You wrote 'Little Breeches' didn't you?" was the next inquiry.

"Yes," responded the poet.

Upon that the man returned to the place where his friend stood, and bringing him back presented him solemnly to Colonel Hay as "Mr. McKaigna." Colonel Hay received the newcomer politely, though he had never seen or heard of him before.

After a short pause the first man said in an impressive manner:

"Mr. Hay, shall we soon have the pleasure of seeing the great fire embalmed in verse?"—Youth's Companion.

Licked Into Fits.

"I can tell you something that you haven't got," said a German to an American. "We have built a church so long that it takes half an hour to walk from the porch to the pulpit."

"That is nothing!" replied the Yankee.

"We have a church where a little boy is carried to his baptism through the east porch and at the west porch he walks out as a minister with his second wife."—Australia.

"Passing the Butter."



—Life.

A Matter of Pride.

Small Boy—I want to take gas.
Dentist—It is not usual to administer gas for a milk tooth, my boy. It won't hurt but an instant.
"You've gotter gimme gas or I won't have it pulled."
"You shouldn't be so afraid of being hurt. Now sit up here like a little man."
"I ain't 'fraid of bein' hurt. Taint that, I'm afraid I can't help givin' a screech when it comes out."
"That won't matter."
"Yes it will too. All th' boys wot I've ever licked is waitin' under th' winder t' hear me holler."—Good News.