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THE TELEPHONE-REGISTER
McMINNVILLE, - OREGON.
May - - - 28, 1891.

CAN WOMEN KEEP STILL?

"WOMEN'S TONGUES" HUNG ON A TREE IN NASSAU.

Women Have to Talk Because Men Don't Know How—Does a Man Really Admire a Silent Wife?—A Suggested Experiment—The Dullness of Lovers.

[Copyright, 1891, by American Press Association.]

One of the most frequent jibes of man kind against womankind is that it cannot hold its tongue, must have the last word in a controversy, as note the famous scissors dispute between a man and his wife, where he, irritated beyond endurance, threw her into the well, and she, too nearly drowned to speak, held one hand above the water and worked the fingers to imitate a pair of scissors, and so maintained her opinion not only with her last breath but after it was gone.

I know I have mentioned before, and yet I must mention again, my mingled amusement and indignation at a little incident of my visit to Nassau. In the town square of that pleasant little city stands a very large tree, I believe of the locust species. When we were there it was covered with long pods filled with seeds, which being ripe and dry clattered against each other in every breath of wind, producing a constant murmur and whisper, rising occasionally to a perfect babel of inarticulate voices.

Of course we inquired the name of so singular a tree, and I shall never forget the demure satisfaction with which the consul who accompanied us replied, "Well, they call it Women's Tongue, because, you see, the merest breath is enough to set it to talking."

Now, of course, this is a prejudice so deeply implanted in the masculine mind that it is quite hopeless to try to eradicate it, but is it a well founded prejudice?

My own impression is that the sexes in this, as in many other directions, share the foible about equally, and that there are as many male as female chatterboxes.

The public prints some time ago noted the death of a woman who certainly was a notable instance of the feminine power of silence.

Some thirty years ago this fair lady had a dispute with her husband, at the close of which he pettishly exclaimed:

"Oh, do hold your tongue! I'm sick to death of the sound of your voice!"

"You are, are you!" retorted the wife, hurt through and through in the fashion only a woman can comprehend. "Well, you never shall hear my voice again."

And she kept her word. After a day or two of silence on her part the husband grew uneasy, and finally made advances toward reconciliation. These were received after a fashion—that is to say, the wife's face resumed its usual expression, she performed her household duties and looked after her husband's comfort; she was cheerful with her children, and soon taught them to understand her signs as well as they might have her language, but even to them, even to her little baby, she never spoke, never laughed aloud, never, in fact, allowed her voice to be heard, lest to whomever she spoke her husband might catch its sound. Then the man, fully aroused to the seriousness of the occasion, expostulated, commanded, begged, wept and pleaded upon his knees that his wife should break this terrible resolution. He brought the minister to intercede for him, he brought her nearest relatives, and he taught the oldest children to plead for him and for themselves.

But one course was as useless as another. The woman had but one reply, and that she wrote upon a slip of paper and presented to each petitioner.

"I said he never should hear my voice again, and he sha'n't!"

When, after several years' use, this paper became soiled and torn, the stubborn creature wrote out another, and never did she add a word or make any farther explanation of her course.

At last the husband lay upon his death-bed, and as his wife ministered to his needs he caught her hand, and in the hollow and broken voice of a dying man he begged his wife to forgive him if indeed he had offended her so deeply, and to speak to him, if only to say goodby, and bid him depart in peace. It was the last chance she would have, he reminded her, and those who needed forgiveness should be ready to make forgiveness.

She listened patiently, and then wrote for one of her daughters to read and repeat that she had nothing to forgive, and that she bade him an affectionate goodby; but she had said he never should hear her voice again, and he never should.

But, added she, neither should anybody else, for she never should speak again so long as she lived. And with this strange comfort she let him die.

Then began a new struggle, for the children pleaded that they had never offended her; there was no pretence of a cause for renewing her vow of silence against them, and begged and besought her to set it aside and come back from her terrible isolation to be once more their mother.

But still she shook her head, and only wrote out a new slip of paper:

"I promised him I never would speak again, and I won't."

And so she lived another ten years or so, and finally she died, dumb even upon her deathbed, in spite of the piteous entreaties of the children, who still loved her.

Now, after such an instance as that, does any man say that a woman cannot hold her tongue?

Of course I don't mean this as an example, nor do I think such persistency a womanly or amiable trait of character, but it surely showed strength of purpose, and from it we may fairly argue that if a woman has determined to hold her tongue she is quite capable of doing it.

Of course every one knows that a woman's tongue is far more nimble than a man's; that she has a great deal more to say, and thinks of a reply or a retort a great deal sooner than a man does; that her thoughts or fancies formulate themselves more readily, and she has a great many more of them; and for all these reasons it is all but inevitable that she should talk more than a man does, but that is not saying that she is unable to remain silent if she pleases to.

Then again, women in society have to talk more than men do—that is to say, the average woman has to talk more than the average man, or those awful pauses ensue which are so fatal to a social occasion.

I appeal to my sister women to bear me out in the statement that 90 per cent. of the *expense* of conversation (as the French call it) in society, or for that matter in private, except among the nearest relatives, is borne by our sex, and I'm sure I don't know what would become of society or of man in his social relations if the women, to refute the charge of being great talkers, should form "a trust" and put up the price of speech and hoard it in the treasury of their own brains for a while.

I tried it on once myself. It was at a reception, and I was tired and fagged and rather vexed at some jocose remarks some of the men had made about the loquacity of women and the impossibility of their keeping anything to themselves, so I suddenly took a resolution of silence, not so entire as that of the woman whose story I have told, but I resolved for once to let somebody else be at the expense of the conversation, and only to bear that burden of response and complacent listening usually assumed by the masculine party.

It was really most amusing; the very gentleman who had been so funny at the expense of woman's loquacity was presented to me, and I smiled and bowed. He made one of those brilliant remarks about the weather usually opening a conversation. I assented to his statement and remained silent, with my eyes fixed upon his face in the expectant attitude I have so often noticed in my masculine friends; in fact this gentleman himself wore it at that very moment. He cleared his throat, and said there was quite a crush in the rooms, and I smiled most amiably and replied, "Quite so." Then he began to fidget, glancing helplessly into my face, as much as to say, "Why don't you give me a lead?" But I remained blandly unconscious, and infused into my manner an air of waiting for him to speak that must have been simply maddening. At last he said:

"You must meet a great many people in the course of your travels."

"A great many," replied I, and closed my lips.

"And—and—I suppose you like to, don't you?"

"Like to—what?" asked I, with the same sort of judicial air I have noticed in men when they are replying to what they consider an irrational remark. And wasn't this irrational?

"Oh, see people you know, and—and all that sort of thing. Don't you like to see people?"

"Do you?" inquired I briefly, and the poor man, who thought he had at last started me off upon a topic congenial to my experience, wiped his forehead and stared aghast at finding it thus tossed back to him.

How the conversation, if you can call it so, went on I do not now remember, but it certainly did not last very long. and I afterward heard that Mr. So-and-So considered Mrs. —— the hardest person to talk to he had ever met. I only hope he may see this letter, and decide for himself whether the self sacrificing exertions most women make to keep up a conversation in society is matter of derision or of admiration.

And not in society only. In the family circle, when the head of the house comes home tired, rather cross and disposed to grumble at everything, does it cheer and recuperate him to find a silent wife and daughters, each occupied with her own thoughts or her book, and although ready to respond to his remarks with perfect amiability, originating nothing and relapsing into silence the moment his questions are answered?

I should like to see that experiment tried, and recommend it to any woman so happy as to possess a home, and whose husband is under the impression that women are too loquacious. Don't let him have any chance to call you glum or sulky or "in the dumps." Be perfectly bright and smiling, prettily dressed and with a good dinner punctually served, but don't talk any more than is absolutely necessary; don't, according to your usual wifely fashion, bring out all the little events of your day, dressed up in a fancy garb of comic or pathetic or marvelous hue; don't tell what Mrs. Jones said about Mr. Brown, nor how queerly she was dressed; don't mention what you had for lunch, nor how the poulterer saved this pair of pheasants on purpose for you because last time you thanked him so prettily. In fact, cut off all superfluity of language and let your yea be yea, and your nay nay, in absolute strictness. I don't believe one woman in ten is able to do this a whole evening; not, mind you, because she couldn't, but because she wouldn't—her kind heart wouldn't let her; she would watch out of the corner of her eye the growing despondency, the gloom and the dullness overspreading the face of the man she loved, and all at once she would throw off her reticence, laugh like a brook just breaking through the ice, perch upon her husband's knee, and bewilder him with such a sparkling freshet of chatter as that same brook may exhibit for the delight of the stately trees whose roots she refreshes and reinvigorates.

And that man, and many, many more of his kind, knows at his heart, whatever his tongue may say, that woman's facility of speech and willingness to use it rightly is the true sunshine of his home.

And in other relations of life. A man has a woman friend whom he loves to seek when he feels the need of a fresh impulse to his mental life and new hopefulness and cheer in his work, whatever that may be. It is she who does the most of the talking; sometimes he only sits and gazes at her in that helpless sort of fashion peculiar to tired men—a sort of mute appeal for aid from a discomfort too vague to put in words. Haven't we all some such friends? Don't we all recall interviews when we have exerted ourselves to talk as gayly and as hopefully as we could, perhaps openly upon the subject of our friend's own affairs, perhaps only in a vague and general way suggesting hopes and possibilities and recalling bygone successes and eulogies, watching all the time for the moment when the unsuspecting victim of our arts begins to brighten, and straighten up, and plume himself, and resume his faith in himself and his destiny, until, when he begins to patronize and instruct us, we feel that the cure is accomplished for *that* time, and meekly accept the commendation he is apt to bestow upon our light heartedness and easy flow of language.

And even between lovers—yes, in that tenderest and least intellectual of relation between men and women—the nimble tongue and lively thought of the Juliet is of infinite service to Romeo. The fact of being in love and engaged to be married does not materially change the mental attitude of the sexes; the man still needs to be entertained, enlivened, taken out of his commonplace routine; he needs sympathy, encouragement, advice and expostulation, and how is he to receive them except from the lips of his betrothed?

In fact, if the girl is as silent as the jibes of men might tempt her to become, she fails of half the influence she ought to have over her lover, and worst of all, they both, in spite of their love making, will find a good many half hours hang heavily on hand, and he will remember the cigar in his pocket, and she will stifle a little yawn and wonder what o'clock it is.

So down with the malicious and mistaken heresy that women's tongues are beyond their own control or that they run too fast! We could be very silent if we chose, but we talk out of pure charity to mankind, and women's tongues are to men's reason what champagne is to malt.

Don't you like champagne?

Mrs. Frank Leslie

The Fashions of Paris.

The "Campanella" form of skirt gains in popularity with the advance of spring weather, and nearly all walking dresses are made in this shape—that is, the skirt is cut narrow and close fitting at the top and spreads out at the bottom, and in the back it falls into a demi-train with all the relief massed into a few deep plaits at the middle of the back. The bottoms of these Campanella or bell skirts must have a very stiff band around them to hold them out rather widely around the feet.

To wear with these there is nothing so suitable as the long coat, which may closely follow some regime or other, or may be made to suit the taste or figure of the wearer without reference to Louis XV or any other royal personage. The coat in this illustration is, like the skirt, of the new English Bedford cord, in light almond shell brown, trimmed with dark moss green velvet, and braided with narrow soutache in green and gold. One costume made in similar style had a trimming of narrow soutache in black, and with a band five inches wide made of black ostrich feathers closely curled. This feather trimming on dresses is very popular, and this and velvet are to be worn on clean streets with impunity. They would scarcely be suitable to wear, however, on country roads or on pavements that were not clean.

CAMPANELLA COSTUME.

A Handsome California Woman.

The wife of Michael H. de Young, editor and owner of the San Francisco Chronicle, is a handsome blonde of medium size, with golden brown hair and large gray eyes full of soul, and with a peaches-and-cream complexion, or shell pink. She has a sweet, low toned voice, and a mouth of more firmness than is usually allotted to beautiful women. Mrs. de Young has a majesty of presence, which, with her proudly, well poised head, gives her the appearance of a much taller woman. She is the daughter of James R. Deane, a pioneer merchant of 'Frisco, who was as popular as his charming daughter, who graduated at St. Catharine's convent, Benicia, Cal., with all the honors. She was married after one year in society at the age of eighteen. Mr. and Mrs. de Young have four children.

MRS. M. H. DE YOUNG.

WOMEN WHO TALK POLITICS.

An Organization in Which There is Tea and No Hair Pulling.

The Society for Political Study is a flourishing organization of New York women whose object is to educate the sex in politics. It must not be supposed that the students seek to learn the most approved manner of capturing a caucus, or how to throw a delegation when the balance of power happens to come the right way. Nor do the teachers have anything to say about the relative value of the "influoence" of this or that wire puller, or the value of "pulls" in political affairs.

The society has leaped over the rudiments of practical politics and plunged at once into the deeper pools of political knowledge. It has been organized only a short time, but during its brief career it has practically solved some of the knottiest problems over which statesmen have become gray haired. It has headquarters at No. 305 East Seventeenth street, and meetings are held every Tuesday afternoons at 3:30 o'clock.

During the last year papers were read and discussions had on such subjects as "Protection" and "Free Trade." Naturally these are subjects on which all women take a great deal of interest, or would, but for one thing. The tariff, of course, affects the prices on ribbons, laces, feathers, silks, satins, fans, bonnets and gewgaws from the other side generally. The one thing excepted is that the husband and fathers, as a rule, pay the bills.

But the women of the Society for Political Study have gone deeper yet, which proves that they are not interested only in those political subjects which concern the cost of articles imported for their adornment. They have educated themselves thoroughly on the work and aims of the Pan-American congress, reciprocity and the Monroe doctrine. At the subsequent meetings they are to discuss the annexation of Canada, the admission of Utah and international copyright. After these heavy topics have been satisfactorily disposed of they may take up the diplomatic relations between Italy and the United States, the financial situation of the Argentine Republic and the domestic policy of Peru.

The discussion of such subjects as these is the feature of the weekly meetings. The constitution of the United States and the relation of the federal government to the states are standard topics, while no little time is devoted at each meeting to the study and practice of parliamentary usage. Next winter, it is said, the relation of parties to the welfare of the nation will be one of the features for discussion.

Miss Grace Dodge recently delivered an address before the society on the subject of manual training, and after the discussion that followed tea was served. Tea is always served before the meetings adjourn. Tea is soothing after a political discussion.

The ignorance of American women concerning the politics of their own country has frequently been commented upon by foreigners. In England the women are thoroughly informed on all political questions. Political subjects are discussed there at the fireside and around the dinner table, and the women are able to hold their own in argument with the ablest statesmen. It is a part of their education from childhood, and Englishmen cannot understand why it should not be so everywhere.

The officers of the society are: President, Mrs. Emily L. Wakeman; vice presidents, Mrs. Caralyn F. Ober, Miss Theresa Barcalow and Miss Hannah Allen; recording secretary, Mrs. Charlotte Errani; corresponding secretary, Miss Bertha Johnston; treasurer, Miss Anna Locke. All women who are interested in the study of political subjects are invited to attend and become members. The tea is said to be first class. —New York World.

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Administratrix' Notice.

In the County court of the county of Yamhill, state of Oregon:
In the matter of the estate of
George E. Getchell, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been by an order of the county court of Yamhill county, Oregon, duly appointed administratrix of the estate of George E. Getchell, deceased.

Therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same to me at Amity, Yamhill county, Oregon, with proper vouchers and duly verified, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 29th day of April, 1891.

MARTHA A. GETCHELL,
Administratrix of said estate.
F. W. Fenton, Attorney for estate a 30

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the County court of the county of Yamhill, state of Oregon:
In the matter of the estate of
Wm. Pierce, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, as the executor of said estate, has filed his final account of his administration of said estate in the County court of Yamhill county, Oregon, and said court has set June 2, 1891, at the hour of one o'clock p. m., of said day, at the county court house, at McMinnville, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing said final account

Therefore all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified and required to appear at said time and place and show cause, if any there be, why said account be not allowed and said estate finally settled and said executor discharged.

Dated this 21st day of April, A. D. 1891.

JAMES M. PIERCE,
Executor of said estate.
F. W. Fenton, Attorney for estate, 16

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