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WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE IMPORTANT QUESTION OF WOMEN WORKING TO KILL TIME.

A Talented Writer—What a Woman Can Do—Oxford Taken by Women—So Soon Forgotten—In the Editor's Chair, Pretty Mrs. Aronson.

Recently in Brooklyn a teacher in one of the public schools received a legacy. She immediately announced her resignation, saying she felt that the place ought to belong to some one who needed the compensation, which she no longer did. This incident brings up anew the somewhat delicate question of how far amateur industry ought to go. Quite different from this woman's evident opinion in the matter is that held by another. She is a graduate of Vassar, and she found on sitting down at home after her college career that time hung heavy upon her hands.

Her father, a man of wealth, is also a prominent member of the board of education in the suburban town where they reside. She decided to teach, and it was easy for him to provide a place for her. She lives at home in all luxury. A handsome carriage, with liveried coachman, takes her to school every day, and on the hand which signs the receipts for her quarter's salary are glittering rings, whose gems are worth three times the amount of the stipend.

Is this misplaced energy or only commendable industry? Not long ago a young girl whose father was bankrupt and infirm and whose mother was dead tried to turn her chief talent—decorative painting—into account. She prepared some work and submitted it to several dealers. All admired, but none cared to purchase. At length one offered her a price which scarcely covered the expense of the material, and so she somewhat indignantly told him.

"It's the best I can do," he said with a shrug of the shoulders. "I can get all I can sell for less than this. You see, there are plenty of ladies who do this work merely for the occupation. They are fond of painting, and only care to keep in material." He further admitted that not any of them, or certainly only one or two, displayed the skill and artistic effect which the work before him showed, but most of them painted with grace and delicacy, and their wares were saleable. Now, ought all this to be?—New York Times.

A Talented Writer.

Miss Katharine Pearson Woods, author of the much discussed "Metzerott Shoemaker," is a Virginia lady, 37 years of age, a worthy disciple of Edward Bellamy and a member of the Economic club, which progressive society she organized. She is the granddaughter of the Rev. James Dabney McCabe and the great-granddaughter of James McCabe, who fought in the French and Indian and Revolutionary wars. She is a pretty, willowy woman of medium height, with a delicate, spirituelle face, luminous gray eyes and very charming manners.

In 1872 Miss Woods was particularly fascinated by the life of the Mount Calvary Sisters, of the Episcopal church, who established a convent in Baltimore, in the parish where she was doing mission work. The young girl was a frequent and welcome visitor at the convent, and in 1874 applied for admission, and was accepted and received as a novice. She remained in the cloister only six months, and, returning to the world, she taught school for eight years in Mount Washington and Wheeling, W. Va.

Newspaper work followed, and she contributed the usual quantity of poems, sketches and short stories to the waste basket before being recognized. With the pluck of the southern woman she persisted, and when, a year ago, her "Metzerott" appeared anonymously her identity was betrayed and her praises sung. She has just published a second story, "The Mark of the Beast," a remarkable work directed against the "sweating shops," with which system the entire labor world is unhappily most familiar.—Exchange.

What a Woman Can Do.

"What a woman can do" is well exemplified by the career of Mrs. Alice Houghton. Mrs. Houghton is a tall, handsome woman with the rapid, brusque manner of one who knows the business methods of the big, booming west. She ought to know them, too, for Mrs. Houghton over \$250,000 in three years. She is the real estate queen of Washington territory, and she handles property whose value would take away the breath of the common real estate speculator, even in Chicago.

"I believe a woman can do anything she takes a fancy to," said Mrs. Houghton. "I started out with a lucky speculation in real estate at Spokane Falls, by which I made \$10,000. I didn't put it away in a safe deposit vault. I invested it and made more. Then I hired an office and began commission deals. I have done a business since which has run up occasionally to the amount of \$200,000 a week."

Mrs. Houghton does the biggest commission business in Spokane Falls, and is wildly enthusiastic about her home.—Chicago Tribune.

Oxford Taken by Women.

Oxford is no longer sacred to masculine genius only. Belva Lockwood has been there with eight of her American sisters, having knocked and gained admission within the walls where the flower of England's statesmen have been educated.

Belva Lockwood and company have been studying "University extension" with a view to inaugurating it in the states.

Three years ago Oxford grasped a new thought. It opened a summer school, liberally supplied with professors, offering

by Professor Max Muller and the Rev. J. Bellamy, D. D., president of St. John's college.

One of the lecturers, Dr. Murray, is elaborating a dictionary in which he intends to give a history of every one of the 50,000 words that it contains. It has already taken him ten years with the assistance of three girls.

About a thousand women were at Oxford during the summer, and all were intensely interested in the idea of extending university education to the masses.

Women take more interest in the idea than do the men, and they are not frivolous women, either. To use Mrs. Lockwood's words: "They are not all young women, nor handsome women, nor fashionable women. I have looked in for bustle or bangs or fringe or any superfluous adornment. There is a sprinkling of men, either very young or very old, and a few of what might properly be called laboring men."—London Letter.

Soon Forgotten.

How soon one's good deeds are forgotten. And how soon in the busy and moving life of a big city do the most prominent sink into obscurity when they have retired from active work. In a recent issue of the Inter-Ocean is this fine line item:

"Mrs. Jane C. Hoge, an elderly woman, fell at her home, No. 1152 North Halsted street, last week and fractured her hip. She died yesterday from her injuries."

Nearly thirty years ago the name of this "elderly woman" was on everybody's lips. She was one of the most prominent ladies in Chicago, the possessor of great intellectual strength and ability in every direction. During the war she was one of the most earnest workers in the Union cause, and none was more indefatigable in personal efforts than she. She was one of the prime movers in the executive committee of the Soldiers' home when it was founded.

About 1862 Mrs. Hoge visited the hospitals at Cairo and Mound City, and labored hard to solace the wounded and to see that the contributions to the soldiers were properly distributed. She was also one of the members of the first woman's council of the United States sanitary commission. Her labors in behalf of the soldier, to say nothing of her many sterling qualities, entitle her at least to kindly mention and respectful comment.

With such a career to her credit she deserved better than a passing note as an "elderly woman." It would have been kinder to have referred her to the unnoticed and unknown.—Chicago Post.

In the Editor's Chair.

The editor of The Woman's Penny Paper is a true lover of her sex. She and her staff work together on the most friendly terms. Not only are all the articles written by women, but the contributors are women, the office boy is a woman, and so are the janitor and telegrapher. The editor has but one name for her staff—dear. The assistant editor is called my dear, but the rest of the help answer to plain and simple but sweet and short "dear."

At home The Penny editress employs a maid-of-all-work, a woman cook and two "lady helps" in the "preservatory," who put up the jellies, jams, marmalades and fruit butters, from which she realizes half the profits of her journalistic work. Disgusted with the laziness and general worthlessness of her gardeners, she advertised for female labor, and an avalanche of horticultural loveliness swept down upon her. Many of the applicants for the position of gardener were daughters of clergymen. She made her selection, and has since openly declared that women make the best gardeners in the field.—London Letter.

Pretty Mrs. Aronson.

Mrs. Rudolph Aronson, the wife of the manager of the Casino, is a sort of female Admire Crichton. She draws, she paints, she plays, she sings and she "scribbles." She has recently completed a terra cotta bust of her very handsome husband. The likeness is most marked, the work is wonderfully strong and wholly suggestive of the amateur. Mrs. Aronson is a pupil of St. Gaudens, who ranks her among his "first best." In addition to all these gifts and accomplishments Mrs. Aronson is a distractingly pretty woman.

Her eyes are as blue as turquoise, her skin has the transparent fairness and the tints of a conch shell, her pretty little teeth are like pearls, and all this facial perfection is framed in pale golden hair. Mrs. Aronson is little and young—just on the other side of her teens. She is an excellent linguist, an omnivorous reader, and she has a younger sister as pretty as herself, with a voice over which Theodore Thomas enthuses.—New York Press.

An Exquisite Fabric.

One of the most exquisite dress fabrics ever brought to this country is a Japanese rainbow crape, which Miss Elizabeth Bissland found in Japan during her trip around the world last spring. It is a silvery white, silky, daintily woven stuff, with a very fine crimped twill and a moonlight sheen overlying it. Across the narrow breadths, in diagonal stripes, are laid faint, illusive colors of pale rose, light gold, the blue of early dawn, faint green and shadowy lilac.

These ravishing hues, that are rather suggested than defined, seem to glimmer through warp and woof of the lustrous silk, one minute burning in flames of color, to be lost the next in vague melting lights. At a dinner given by Sir John Mills in London Miss Bissland wore a gown of this beautiful crape, and the great artist was enthusiastic in his admiration of the fabric, which he had never before seen.—New York Ledger.

Women's Laundry Work Costs.

"Why do you charge me twenty-five cents for 'doing up' this shirt waist?" indignantly inquired a lady of a clerk in a

having my husband's shirts 'done up,' and I don't expect to pay more for this work."

Further argument ensued, but the clerk's position in the matter was impregnable, and the lady finally paid the bill, after threatening to have her laundering done elsewhere. She left the office in a very feverish state of mind.

The clerk told me that since women and girls began wearing men's attire work in the laundries had greatly increased, but the profits were only slightly augmented. This was because more time was consumed in laundering this new fangled women's apparel, and they hoped to induce the ladies to discard it by putting up the prices, on the score of economy, if for nothing else. The laundries did not care to toil gratuitously, even if they were accommodating.—New York Herald.

Leather for Skirts.

I was asking a pretty girl who has been at the Grand hotel this summer how she had kept the bottoms of her skirts in such good order. For answer she lifted up the skirt of the tweed traveling dress and showed me a deep facing of suede leather. She told me that she had it put in all her street gowns, as it keeps them in so much neater condition than the old style braids.

A pretty, very serviceable early fall gown I saw worn the other day was of light chevron, made with the English skirt, and an open jacket opening over a skirt of white silk. The hem of the skirt was turned up on the outside, and a fold of brown silk braid inserted just before stitching. The waist was finished the same way. The shoes were of patent leather, long, low heeled and narrow, while the hat was a rough brown straw, trimmed with ribbons and birds.—New York Letter.

Work for Poor Women.

Mrs. Horne-Payne, well known London journalist, has succeeded in placing her "Cottage Industries," in Knightsbridge, on a self-supporting foundation. She is assisted by the Duchess of Abercorn, Mrs. Mackay, Lady Archibald Campbell and other leaders of fashionable society. These "cottage industries" are fine weaving, embroidery, lace making and drawn work, which poor women can carry on at their homes, thus earning a decent livelihood, while preserving that skill which would otherwise be lost and forgotten through disuse.—Harper's Bazar.

A Place for Workers' Children.

The guild of the Silver Cross, which is a branch of the order of the King's Daughters, is about to open a day nursery in Harlem. This day nursery is for the benefit of working mothers, who are thus provided with a safe and happy shelter for their little ones while they are earning the children's bread. It is hoped in time to add a kindergarten to the nursery. The ladies who have founded this most practical of charities, almost without funds, will hold a fair for its benefit on the 6th, 6th and 7th of November.—New York Letter.

Minerva Parker, a Philadelphia architect, not less than twenty-four years of age, has received the commission from the woman's department of the World's fair to erect the pavilion of the Isabella exhibition. Miss Harriet Hosmer, who is to make the Queen Isabella statue, will submit a wax model of her work in December, and Eliza Allen Starr, who is writing the life of the queen, has nearly completed the work.

A grove meeting was recently conducted on a Sunday afternoon by Miss Gabrielle Greeley in the beautiful pine grove which her father planted forty years ago on his farm at Chappaqua. A number of Mr. Greeley's old personal friends were present, and Miss Greeley was assisted by O. C. Gilmore, a former slave, and a quartet of colored jubilee singers.

Miss Flora Grace, of Iowa, whose name suggests rather the aesthetic than the practical, is the inventor of a cooking thermometer, which, instead of registering "summer heat," "blood heat," and "freezing point," marks the boiling point for meat, the gently simmering altitude and the varying baking points for meats, bread, cake and pies.

Although rubber constantly says that one and two button length gloves are to be worn, still women will not give up the long, wrinkled wrist glove. For no matter how plain the gown, if a pair of long wrinkled gloves were drawn on a finish is at once given the gown that can be accomplished in no other way.

The oldest pensioner in the United States is Mrs. Henry Ray, a colored woman 112 years old, who lives near Glen Gardner, N. J. Her husband was an army cook during the war of 1812, and she draws a life pension of \$12 a month. She is in good health, but nearly blind.

All the estate of the late Henry W. Grady, of The Atlanta Constitution, has been placed in the hands of his widow, and amounts to about \$175,000. Mrs. Grady has arrived home from Chattanooga, and is making arrangements for the education of her children.

Mrs. Grace January, the wealthy St. Louis widow, who was reported to be engaged to marry the Hon. Mr. Truen, of England, has a fortune of \$5,000,000. She is not yet forty, and is a very handsome woman, with delicately cut features, brilliant dark eyes and dark hair.

Julia Brink, a medical writer of some note, has received from the British Medical association of London \$100 to defray the expense of publishing a physiological treatise on the nutrition of the muscle. Dr. Brink is the first woman to be thus honored.

Through the influence of the Women's

IMPRESSIONS OF NASSAU.

An Island of Unending Summer Not Far Away—The Lazy Inhabitants.

Nassau is one of the smallest of the Bahama islands, covering a length of twenty miles by an average of five miles in width. The city is built, facing the north, upon the slope of a ridge, running west to east, and nearly 100 feet at its highest. The soil is thin, the island consisting of an old coral reef, elevated gradually from the ocean, and during the period subject to the action of the waves, leaving it honeycombed and pockmarked. This rock is compact, of sand made from disintegrated corals, yellowish creamy in color and soft in texture, so that it is quarried by sawing and chiseling, becoming considerably harder by exposure. The surface of the rock is covered with loose pieces, exceedingly irregular in form. Over this is a very little soil.

The streets are graded through this natural rock, with natural gutters and walks. The streets at right angles to the water front cross the ridge generally through deep cuts in the natural rock in order to lessen the grade. The dwellings of the better sort are square or oblong square, seldom more than two stories high, with low ceilings and low pyramidal roofs. These houses are always surrounded on at least two sides with broad verandas, closed in with slats to keep out the light. For this reason the houses appear larger than they are. Dormer windows abound. The house colors are stone, light yellow, cream; the blinds are brown or green. High stone walls, with broken glass bottles cemented into the ridges, inclose the houses and gardens; ornamented openwork gateways afford a glimpse within.

The cocoanut, the royal palm tree and the silver leaf palms abound. The giant Cereus, or silk cotton tree, candelars of large size, enormous numbers, with the many species of the citrus family, hang up their yellow fruit against the sun. The russet japorilla just coming into fullness adds a special charm to its background of dark green waxy leaves. The vegetation seems rather sub-tropical than thoroughly tropical. This results not from want of heat, may be, but need of soil.

The city of Nassau is extremely picturesque with the quaint narrow streets, the deep shadows cast from living rock, large dwellings, with the lower or street story, for warehouse or shop, the outside stairways and balconies. Every building has some special individuality about it which adds much to the sum total of the charm one finds in quietly roaming round the streets.

Here it is literally always afternoon. No one works. Ask a question and it will be answered the day after to-morrow. The few shops open about breakfast time, and are then shut up during that meal, and breakfast time is not early. I went into a wholesale store at noon time. The one clerk was fast asleep in his chair, and I left him undisturbed. The blacks, seemingly untidy to one of the whites, sit lounging, gabbling, chaffing, talking loud and laughing, but I have not seen one at work.

The English majesty of law is thoroughly respected here. The principal crimes—profranity, jawing and slander—are among the colored races, and they enjoy defending themselves at law. Shops close at 5 p. m. Saturday is a half holiday and Sunday a Puritanical one.

Back of Nassau proper, over the ridge and down on to lower levels swarm the colored people. Their small garden pieces are walled in with the loose pieces of coral rock. Their cabins are small, with one or maybe two rooms, of rock or coral, palmetto thatched. The gardens are large, honeycombed coral rock, where with a crowbar the banana, the cocoanut or maize is planted. They are unkempt, unthrifty, dirty; but everywhere kind mother nature covers the garden walls with lichens and the convolvulus, and the great lobed leaves of the bread fruit, the aluma and the palms give to the eye an ever varying, an ever entirely satisfying picture.

These cabins of the colored people (our inheritance from Spanish cruelty) literally swarm with children. The toddlers sit on the floor, and the tiny pickaninnies are found in every cabin. "Massa, gib me copper for bread!" They are inveterate beggars. They say they can't get work, or if they do get any but little is paid—twenty-five to fifty cents a day. The truth is, there is no desire, perhaps no incentive, to work, no ambition to satisfy. Hunger is easily satisfied by fruit, sweet potato, yams and fish. But little fruit is exported, and that from the outlying islands, not from here. Sponge fishing is the one industry which here is active.

For the climate, I would judge we had in the United States no spot equal to this for unending summer. For people advanced in life who desire to avoid our winters, for tired brain workers, for cases of low vitality, for the beginning of throat and lung troubles, I should say Nassau is the place.—Fred Stearns in Detroit Free Press.

Self Massage for Dyspepsia.

This treatment requires much perseverance and practice, otherwise it may to some extent prove a failure; but renewed vigor will always be in proportion to the practice. Be not discouraged. First thing in the morning and last thing at night rub the abdomen down the left side and up the right in a round circle, also rub down the breast; now place across the room once or twice, and then snap the lower limbs, like a whip lash, for exercise. Now twist the lower limbs, first on one side, then on the other, and rock up on the toes. Now for the lungs and abdomen, take in a half breath, then exhale as the air possible, then fill the lungs to their full capacity, walk across the room and back, at the same time throwing the arms back. Now in a half breath send out every particle of air till you see the abdomen working like a bellows, and you will soon become a deep breather. For more extended practice in deep breathing the morning before rising is a good time, provided there is full ventilation and that the air inside is as pure and fresh as that on the outside. Before a good fire wash the hands and face, wet the back of the neck, arms and

THE POSSIBLE UTOPIA.

HOW TO REACH THE IDEAL STATE ABOUT WHICH WE DREAM.

Human Nature Is Rich in Resources, and Needs Only to Be Cultivated Properly and Lifted Up—The Forces of Religion, Philanthropy and Culture.

Apologies of the current discussion respecting a Utopian state of society and the way to reach it, we wonder whether any one has thought of calculating the results which would rapidly follow if every individual would honestly try to do the best he knows how to do in the sphere in which he is placed. Human nature is exceedingly rich in resources, and its vast powers have never yet been half utilized. Every one is conscious of being able to do a great deal better than he ever does. Most of us choose our tasks unwisely, we waste time, we loiter and we dawdle, we do but imperfectly what we might do in such a way that it would bring us credit and advancement. Then there is the large number of people at the top of society who are beyond the necessity of labor, and who only amuse themselves in life, and the larger number at the bottom of society who are too indolent or too vicious to do any useful thing. It is evident that if every individual would find some useful occupation, such as is naturally fitted to succeed in, and would perform all its duties to the best of his powers, society without going aside from its present lines of development would rapidly approach that perfect state, of the ultimate coming of which Isaiah prophesied and Plato dreamed.

In the first place, we should instantly get rid of our police forces and standing armies, all prisons, most asylums, the larger part of our law courts and all those forces and institutions which are occupied with keeping certain classes in order and in settling the disputes of others. Most of the non-producing professional men, the lawyers, the doctors and the judges, would lose their employment and could go about some better business in the world, which would have few disputes to settle and less and less disputes to settle as time goes by. The great army of idlers would be set to work, either increasing production or shortening the hours of labor of those who are now industrious. The poor, except in the comparatively few cases of accident or misfortune, would have enough and to spare through the practice of the virtues of industry and economy. There would be no idle women and no beggars living a miserable life upon the interest of inherited money, for each would find some nobler task, either of self culture or in the unpaid service of the arts or the sciences. Business, exempt from its present losses through dishonesty and fraud, would be carried on with a freedom and profit now impossible, every manufacturing process would be better made and every purchase would be cheaper, the public gaining immensely thereby.

A thousand conveniences would be possible in a society in which every member was industrious and the most were well to do, even Mr. Bellamy's fanciful picture of social state, of inherited money, for each would find some nobler task, either of self culture or in the unpaid service of the arts or the sciences. Business, exempt from its present losses through dishonesty and fraud, would be carried on with a freedom and profit now impossible, every manufacturing process would be better made and every purchase would be cheaper, the public gaining immensely thereby.

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All the panaceas that have been reported to date, the nationalization of land, or the various phases of socialism, are deficient in the same fatal respects. They take no account of human nature. The defects in the existing state of things lie not in society but in individuals. They exist in men who make no wise or good use of powers and opportunities which they now possess, and would undoubtedly act in the same way amid other conditions. Ideal surroundings would be of little use to men who make no wise or good use of their powers, or who are too indolent or too vicious to be reformed by their fellows. No reform in institutions can ever remove the consequences of these vices. It is the vast number of parasites, that prey upon the social body and sap its vital forces, that retards human progress and prevents it from reaching the ideal of which we dream. The defects in the existing state of things lie not in society but in individuals. 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