The Ladies of the Cabinet Stand Beholden to the l'eople at Wednesday's Receptions.

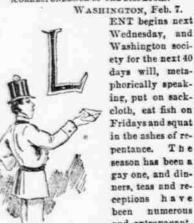
REAUX AMONG THE STATESMEN.

A Call at Mrs. Wanamaker's Home, Where the Gay Gallants Get Punch of the Soft Variety.

MES. MORTON'S HANDSOME HUSBAND.

Uncle Sam Is Usually Relied Upon When It Comes ! Returning the Calls.

ICORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR.



Wednesday, and Washington society for the next 40 days will, metaphorically speaking, put on sackcloth, eat fish on Fridays and squat in the ashes of repentance. The season has been a gay one, and dinners, teas and receptions have been numerous

and extravagant, The Cabinet receptions gave a chance to the ourists and the bridal couples to see the noted women of Washington, and the Cabinet ladies tell me their calters were numbered by thousands. These Cabinet receptions are peculiarly an American institu-

All the wives of President Harrison's conusciors are supposed to be at home every Wednesday during the social season, and the doors are thrown open to alt. I suppose it would be a small estimate to say that Mrs. Wanamaker has shaken hands with 20,000 people at her Wednesday receptions this season, and you could hardly crowd the cards she has received into a twobushel basket.

Calling on Mrs. Wanamaker.

Let us join the crowd of tourists and make a call upon her. The streets are dry, the day is pleasant and we walk, going past the White House, by the Corcoran Gallery, past the Metropolitan Ciub, where Count Arco Valley with his monocle tightly pinched by the flesh around his left eye, looks at us and on up to Farragut Square on the south side of which is now rising the cream-colored brick mansion on the ruins of the fire which caused the death of Mrs. Secretary Tracy. At the corner of Farragut nuare we turn to the right along I street and stop before a big square three-story munsion of red brick with a sort of a Grecian portico over its front door. The street is filled with carriages and

coachmen and footmen in livery, with bugs on their hats sneer at us as they sit stiff and straight on the carriages of the nabobs. A wide awning extends from the front door to the edge of the roadway, and there is a carpet laid across the sidewalk and up the steps in order that Dame Fashion may not soil her feet in coming in. A portly butler stands at the head of this, and the door has amparently opened by magic, swinging noiselessly back on its big brass hinges as we walk up the stens.

A Cordial Greeting.

takes our cards on what looks like lection plate, and motions us to the right. We keep on our wraps and go in as our names are announced in loud tones. A handsome lady in evening dress stands near the door. It is Mrs. Wana-maker. She is straight, well formed and fine looking, and the smile with which she shakes our hands is a genuine one. She says a word or so about the beautiful day and then passes us on to the other ladies of the reception party who are also dressed with trains and who are among the distin-

guished women of the country. I note that one of them is very pretty and that her dress is a corn-colored silk and that another has on a light blue crepe with a d her face has strength as well as beauty. Her name is slurred over as we pass by her and my friend asks in a whisper who she

Horatio King. He was Postmaster General over 40 years ago, and when Buchanan was President and Jeff Davis was a society beau he had the place that Wansmaker has almonds and took a cup of tea from a piece now. He is 75 years old, but he is as bright as a dollar and he especially likes young girls, and I will give you an introduction it you want it." My friend replied that she did not care

to be introduced just then and I went on: Years Sit Lightly on Her. "That tall lady with the rosy cheeks and brown hair is Mrs. Senator Sherman. She is fine-looking, isn't she? She has been in society here longer than Horatio King, and she came here with John when he was elected to Congress away back in 1854."

"Before you were born?"
"Yes, I know, but she likes to go calling as well now as she did then and this Washington society is a thing that grows on you.
What a lot that woman has seen! She knew
Harriet Lane. She was a noted lady
when Lincoln was President and for four
years she had the same place that Mrs. Wanamaker has now when John Sherman was Secretary of the Treasury. She has been one of the leaders of the Senatorial circle for years and years, and she presides over the Senator's big mansion on K street. That girl with her is her daughter, Mary. She will probably be as big an heiress as Minnie Wanamaker, and she is one of the best-liked girls among the daughters of the We seem to have struck the rich people to-day. That plainly-dressed lady there who is just coming into the drawingroom is Mrs. Stanford.

Mrs. Stanford's Jewels. "She don't look like the wife of the richest man in the country, but you ought to see her at a big dinner or at a White

of china that was worth its weight in gold. I asked my friend to take note of a man standing on the other side of the room. It was a tall, well-formed, fine-looking man o "I see him," said she in a whisper, "and JOTTINGS ON FASHIONS AND FADS. who is he?"

"That," replied I, "is the Ward McAllister of Washington. He used to be even Feeing Maids of the Hostess and Points on

more of an authority on social matters when Mrs. Cleveland was here than he is now. He is considered the handsomest man Washington and his name is Dr. Ruth. He has been the best man at 50 weddings, and he is one of the old standbys of the navy. He is a bachelor, however, notwithstand

Mrs. Secretary Noble's Receptions.

Leaving the Wanamaker mansion and crossing Farragut square, we next went past the residence of Senator Stanford and at the door, and Mrs. Nobie looked not un-like Mrs. Wanamaker at the right of the actly the same remarks about the weather in the same tones as those we heard at Mrs. Wanamaker's,
The crowd was almost as great as that at

the Postmaster General's, and my friend seemed surprised at the number of public men she saw, and asked me who were the chief beaus among the statesmen.
"Fully one-half the Senators and Repre-House reception. She wears jewels at such | sentatives," said I, "like to be considered



AT THE VICE PRESIDENT'S MANSION.

times that are worth a fortune, and I have seen her when she had a necklace said to be worth \$100,000 ahining out below that char-acteristic chin. She is a woman of great common sense, and she believes in dressing rightly at the proper places. No one makes

General Sherman are great chums, and they used to make their calls together. That fine looking lady behind him is Mrs. Senator McMillan, who is another rich woman with beautiful daughters, and there is Mrs. Sena-tor Wolcott, who is also rich and pretty. She is a newcomer in Washington, bu seems to be growing very popular."

Wanamaker's Art Gallery. "But let us go on to the dining-room said my friend. And with that we walked on through elegantly furnished apartments into a long room so big that you could turn a wagon load of hay in it without touching gold girdle and trimmings. This last lady the walls. This room was lighted from the squite young. She has a beautiful form top and its walls were decorated with some of the finest pictures in the country. The paper on the walls was of satin good enough to make a dress and it was of such a tint as

to throw out the pictures. "Why that," is my reply, "is Miss Minnie Wanamaker. She is the daughter of the hundred thousand dollars or so invested in



A SCENE AT WANAMAKER'S HOME.

brightest girls in Washington. The diplo-

Some of the Callers.

These words are whispered and we move back under a beautiful painting, and I give a muning comment on some of the visitors as they enter. "That gray-haired lady in black with the bright eyes and fresh face is Mrs. General Logan. She is well-to-do now, and she is just beginning to go into society after her husband's death. She drives of the finest turnouts in Washington, and there is no more popular woman in the country. The pretty dark-faced little girl behind her is Mrs. Major Tucker, and that

it is the same throughout the other rooms o mais are crazy over her and she is one of the best catches in America. Wanamaker is worth at least \$8,000,000 and he has only General Van Vliet taking a glass of Bethany punch. As the cool, lemonade-like liquid flowed down his throat, I noticed a spasm of surprise crawling from his chin on up toward his nose and on until it mantled his fair brow and reached the roots of his frosted silver hair. The General, like most of the army officers, likes punch, but he does not approve of the article when not made with the best of Jamaica rum or some other

apirituous liquor. The Famous Bethany Punch. "Mrs. Postmaster General Wanamaker is a temperance woman. She does not permit wine to be served at her Cabinet dinner Major.

Mine-looking man is her husband, the and she has inaugurated this Bethan punch, which is a combination of lemon

society men. That tall man with the big head, the beefy shoulders and the face like a great Chinese doll is Speaker Reed. This

and the Korean Minister always brings his wife with him. I met him last night, and clothes I asked him what it meant, He replied he was in mourning.
" 'Oh, said I, 'I suppose you are in

mourning for your little child who died the " 'Oh no, said he. 'I am sorry for my child, but I do not mourn for her. I mourn

for our Queen Dowager, the greatest woman in Korea, who died a few months ago." From Secretary Noble's we went to Mrs. Secretary Proctor's, and thence called upon Mrs. Rusk and Mrs. Attorney General Miller. It was, however, the same thing of handshaking and chatting about little nothings, and my friend at the end agreed with me that it was awfully nice, but that it must get awfully tiresome.

Cabinet Calling Will Last. Will Cabinet calling last? Yes, I supcabinet caning issi les, I sup-pose so. Mrs. Secretary Blaine is the only Cabinet woman who has, so far as I know, ever objected to it. She will receive none but her friends on most Cabinet days, and callers are told that the wife of the Secre-tary of State is not at home. Why should we have Cabinet calls? Why should our Cabinet officers' wives have to dress up and put themselves on dress parade to be looked at by people about whom they don't care a

cent every Wednesday afternoon?

The expense of the receptions is something. I know of some Cabinet officers who spend three and four times their salaries, and can't afford to spend once the amount they receive. I know of others who would drop Cabinet receptions to-day if they could, and of still others who say they like them. The returning of the calls is quite an item of trouble and expense. Let me tell you how they do it. It used to be that all calls were returned in person, and the time was when the President's wife was expected to return all calls made upon ber. Mrs. Fair-child, who received as many as 8,000 calls on one day, tried to return all of them. She found it impossible, however, for many of

the cards had no number upon them, and upon looking for the names in the directory they could not be found. A Squabble Over Rank. We have in fact a merry war here every year over who shall call first, and the rank of the Vice President, the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Cabinet Ministers and of the Congressmen is by no means a settled one. Mrs. Vice President Morton receives on the same day as the Cabinet Ministers, and after leaving Mrs. Rusk's we called upon Mrs. Morton. It was about 5 o'clock when we entered the immense, many-sided brick mansion which constitutes the Vice President's home, and we found that the Vice President was in the reception room at the time we were presented to Mrs. Morton. What a fine-looking couple they are Mr. Morton is straight, tall and well-formed. He has a big head thatched with short wavy, iron-gray hair, which comes down upon his forehead in a sort of a Roscoe Conkling curl, and his face smooth shaven, looks as though it might have stepped out of one of the paintings of the men of our colonial days, which you find on the walls of the rotunda of the Capitol. This face always wears a smile, and the Vice Presi-

dent is considered the prince of entertainers She Trained in Paris.

The Vice President paid over \$100,000 for this house, and he bought it from Bell, the telephone inventor, and this dining room which he added is said to have cost almost as much as his entire salary during his Vice Presidental term. It is the finest dining room in Washington, and the dinners given in it surpass those of the White MISS GRUNDY, JR.

A Steam Phaeton.

A steam phaeton has appeared in Paris esembling an ordinary phaeton. It car-Major.

"You see, men call here as well as and oranges flavored in some peculiar way that makes it actually appetizing. It has become quite popular in Washington and shaking hands with Mrs. Wanamaker is ries under the body of the carriage a boiler which cannot explode, with a funnel bent

Wimodaughsis of Washington is no longer an experiment. This woman's club was organized last June and is now so prosperous that it will build its own clubhouse. Anna F. Shaw is President and Adelaide Johnson in a few minutes stood before the big house of the Secretary of the Interior. It is a red iged as a joint stock company and will issue Vice President. Wimodaughsis is organbrick, facing Franklin square, and it has brick facing Franklin square, and it has took not to exceed \$200,000. The first issue the same awning and carpet leading out to of 5,000 shares at \$5 each was immediately stock not to exceed \$200,000. The first issue placed on the market and 200 shares were at once subscribed. When \$1,000 of these subhall as we entered. She greeted us just as scriptions are paid in Wimodaughsis will at cordially, and my friend said she made exscriptions are paid in Wimodaughsis will at purchase of a suitable site, where the future

FAIR WOMEN'S WORLD.

The Club Organized at Washington

Recently a Great Success.

Private Dinners.

NEW FANCIES FOR THE ROSEBUDS

home of the club will be built. That building is the object for which the organization intends to work zealously. It is a great idea, and does credit to the minds that have planned it. Wimodaughsis wants a building with an auditorium large enough to accommodate all the large gatherings which come here year after year for their annual sessions. First of all they want a place where the annual conventions of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the

Association of Collegiate Alumore, the

Woman's Relief Corps, the Woman's Press

A Hat of the Day.

Association, the Red Cross, labor and Indian associations, federations of clubs, and al the other societies of women, can meet for their stated deliberations. As a purely business speculation the scheme is a good

In connection with the auditorium there will be committee rooms for the executive sessions of the above organizations, where they may keep a permanent headquarters.

The building will also contain a library, reading and reception rooms, an art gallery and rooms for classes, a thoroughly equipped gymnasium, a natatorium and any other modern facility for instruction or amuse ment. The parlors and the library may be common sense, and she believes in dressing rightly at the proper places. No one makes afternoon calls except in street dresses, and you see that all the costumes to-day are simple in the extreme.

"That white-haired man behind her is another Washington character. Note his jolly Bacchus-like face, his white hair, his the greatest old beau in Washington, and his name is General Van Vliet. He and provement and mutual help, and from which great ideas for the surtherance of all good

projects may be disseminated.

The club now has its home at 1406 G street. Here the Woman's Suffrage Association and the Woman's Christian Temper-ance Union hold their business sessions and bave a permanent headquarters. These par-lors are rented nearly every night in the week to some club or organization. The Indian Association meets there once a month, the French Club every Friday night.
A musical club and a literary club have also nights in every week. Organizations of women who have laudable purposes in view and want a chance to discuss them are welcome to these parlors when they are not otherwise occupied, and there is no charge if they cannot afford it. Wimodaughsis has already in successful operation a series of classes in which the following specialties are taught: Art needlework, French, Spanish, German shorthand, typewriting and paint-ing and drawing. The club is a grand suc-cess, and will be a grander one.

Latest advices insist that all boas shall be flat, somewhat broad and very long, reaching to the hem of the skirt

The model dinner toilet illustrated is of pink bengaline decorated with embroidery, says Harper's Bazar. The embroidery surrounds the edge of the demi-trained skirt, and is carried upward on the sides. On the right side is a narrow embroidered panel edged with deep fringe. The skirt drawn up slightly by cross folds



on the hips and hangs in straight folds at the back. The smooth-fitting short-sleeved bodice is covered with embroidery. At the neart-shaped throat is a flaring Medici collar of black velvet edged with gold beads. Folis of pink chiffon are in the neck, and frills of it hang from the short sleeves, veiling the arm to below the elbow.

A question which in these days of strugting to do everything according to the accepted form may have puzzled some other women, perplexed one briefly the other day, says the New York Times. A guest at a reception needed an extra service from the maid in charge of the dressing room. A grievous rent required some minutes' labor to repair. The lady whose gown was torn, as she stood helpless while the maid worked, signaled a friend to find her purse for a coin to bestow, but the friend promptly vetoed

the intention. "Never, my dear," she said, with an air of authority, "fee a maid in your hostess' house in these circumstances." Many mistresses, indeed, torbid a fee to the servants when a guest of several days' stand-

ing is taking leave. The essence of hospit-ality is undoubtedly the cause. "I and mine at thy service," is the Arabic inter-pretation of entertainment. Considerable difference of opinion and custom prevails here in the matter. In England the tips for the servants' hall amount to a considerable tax, but they are well-nigh obligatory.

Lady Salisbury's ball has been the most talked-of event in the world of fashion says Miss Mantilini in the Pall Mall Budget, At a lady dressmaker's I was shown several handsome dresses that were worn there For a young lady there was a dazzlingly pretty gown in silver and white brocade. The skirt was draped over a flounce of white chiffon, and edged with a silver fringe, and the fantastic bodice (which was not very decollete) was trimmed with dew-drop net and silver ball fringe. The sleeves reached to the elbow and were made of transparent stuff. It was a most fairy-like costume, and must have looked gorgeous under the electric light. Another gown, for a young married woman, was of pearl gray satin, covered with a veil of beaded net, and ornamented here and there with tufts of soft yellow and gray feathers. Satin is the material most to the fore for expensive ball dresses this season.

All smart gowns, whether for old or young wearers, are being decorated with ostrich feathers. It is the most becoming trimming imaginable. Another gown destined for the function just mentioned was of dark green silk, brocaded daintily with bouquets of pale pink flowers. There was a quantity of flummery on the bodice—feathers, chiffon velvet and what not, but the skirt was perfeetly plain save for a ruche at the foot. A dance dress that had been made for a brunette beauty to wear at a less importan affair is worth mentioning. It was of red bengaline ornamented at the waist with a garnet girdle. The sleeves were of white chiffon, and the bodice was more than half hidden under a diaphanous cloud of the

Egyptian ideas in house decoration are already talked of. The Egyptian fireplaces which are shown as huge massive affairs in which the lotos flower in relief forms a teature of decoration. A new drapery net in old ivory tint is also called after the land of

Mrs. Anna C. Fall, who was admitted to the Suffork county bar recently, makes the third lawyer of the fair sex in Boston. The others are Miss Alice Parker and Mrs. Lelia Robinson-Sawtell. Mrs., Fall's husband is already a member of the bar, and she will practice with him. The two will not be in partnership at the beginning, as the law does not permit contracts between husband and wife. But it is their intention to petition the present Legislature for the passage of a special act which shall allow them to form a copartnership.

Pretty dark-eyed Miss Marie Lentilhon has designed for herself a costume for Mme. de Barrios' bal masque to-morrow evening, says a New York exchange,



Pretty Maid of Arcady

which will make her look like a fair little maid of Arcady. The petticont is of shell-pink satin, quilted in diamonds, and the hepherdess polonaise is of white brounde flowered in apple blossoms; around the throat and down the front fall a full fichu of rose pink chiffon. The back has a Watteau plait which falls into a graceful demi-train The hat is of white demi-train. The nat is of white crepe trimmed with apple blossoms and tied un-der the soft, white throat with plak velver ribbons. She will carry a white and gold crook with apple blossoms tied at the end.

Mrs. Flambovantin her box at the opera I tell you, dear, he must be a perfect gentle man or a perfect blackguard. None other could stare at one through his glass so impudently.

A young and blushing bride from Con? necticut, with a Yankee husband at her side, went to Central Park to see the animals the other day, says the New York Morning Journal. The ccuple were very much engrossed in each other, and the animals did not receive the attention to which they were entitled until the pair strolled into the elephant house. Old Tippoo Sahib, the ponderous five-tonner, seemed to be quite pleased with the pretty bride. He ran out his great trunk and was fed barber-pole candy and peanuts by the delicate fingers of the bride. When the elephant had eaten all the dainties the visitors had the animal wanted more, and the trunk wa persuasively thrust forward again. Just for a joke the bride pricked the end of the

sensitive trunk with a pin.

'Twas only a little puncture, but it made Twas only a little puncture, but it made Tip very angry. Still, he didn't show his anger. His small eyes twinkled a little more brightly, and he kept a close watch of the couple while they remained in his vicinity. He stopped eating hay, and, moving over to a big bucket of water which stood in the corner, he slowly filled his trunk with its contents. The bride had left her waterproof at home. This was un-fortunate, as Tip elevated his trunk and blew the water upon the bride with such force that she would have fallen, but for her husband's assistance. The torrent struck the woman full in the breast and deluged her. She resembled a dishrag. She gasped for breath and was carried into the engine

Among the "rosebud" colony of pretty maids few jewels and but little jewelry of any kind is worn. Still, the young debutante has her jewelcase, and it is usually filled with unique chie trifles, says the New York Morning Journal. The newest scent bottle carried by Miss Maude Jaffray is of ruby glass, after the form of a hot water jug, the stand, neck, spout and handle being of heavily chased silver. Solid silver spurs, donned when the demoiselle is upon an equestrian trip, are dainty trifles, which are still expensive, costing as high as \$70. Gold thimbles, encircled with small brilliants, is another article that Dame Fashion declares necessary for a "bud," also a pair of silver knitting needles. The youngest members of society are still supposed to do some bit of fancy work, perhaps for church fair or other charitable affair.

Safety pins for children have undergon such an evolution that now they can be had in either gold or silver, enameled, polished and jeweled with precious stones.

FIELDS FOR WOMEN.

Their Own Fault if They Submit to Injustice and Bulldozing.

HOUSEHOLD SERVICE STILL OPEN. Intelligent Women Can Bring Dignity to Any Calling on Earth.

THE SLAVERY OF LIFE IN SOCIETY

TWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. The world is constantly being called upon to extend sympathy and aid to a class of working women, many of whom themselves elect to "endure every form of outrage and oppression known to workers." By exercise of their own will they, so to speak, make their own beds, and then with a recital of blood curdling woes they call upon the world to interfere and compel their employers to give them shorter hours, more wages and less oppression. "There must be hearts still, and they'll

what one woman pitifully says. These poor people put their trust in pity, benevolence and sympathy. But there is no sentiment in business. They should be taught to understand wast they evidently do not know, that they have the remedy in their own hands. What sort of a woman is she who will sit from morning till night making button holes at 6 cents dozen, at which she cannot earn more than \$2 or \$3 a week, when she could have her choice of a dozen places with healthful work and good pay? The woman wage-worker, says one, has fallen upon evil days. But it is not true. Forty years ago or more women were restricted to about four trades.

Doors Are Wide Open.

They can go into anything they desire, for which they are capable and fitted. If they have no taste for housework, they have the world before them to choose from — subject, of course, to their brains, their character and their circumstances. Women who have found small pay and poor promise in teaching have gone to farming, gardening and ranch-ing. Women in the South who by the hortheir time to society, but and health and wealth in work.

wealth in work.

Women who are getting poor wages at anything need to do as men do, keep their eye out for something better. If they have the spirit of independence in the 'make up' they put their pride in the cocket and take the best pay going for anything they can do, and then do it well. Years ago in New England—when factory work paid better that any other, and yet work paid better that any other, and yet was considered pretty low down—the spunky girls of New England went into it, and so dignified the position by their aptitude and intelligence, that the women of the Lowell factories became famous.

The Factory Her Alma Mater. Mrs. Robinson, one of the newspaper writers of Boston, tells how she went into the factory when a slip of a girl and worked 14 hours a day. She graduated there, and considers the factory her alma mater. As far back as 1841 a number of the girls formed far back as 1841 a number of the girls formed an organization for "the purpose of improv-ing their girls from God." They estab-lished a magazine. This society was the first woman's club of New England. Among the notable members was Lucy Larcom, so well known now as a writer. Another was Harriet Farley, whose father was a minister and whose relatives were among the best people of New England. She tells how from the age of 14, she had to work for the best people of New England.

the best people of New England.

how from the age of 14, she had to work for her living. She plaited straw for hats, bound shoes, taught school, sewed at tailor work and worked in the factory, which she liked better than anything else. She was the chosen editor of the magazine established by the factory girls, assisted by Miss lished by the factory girls,

Among the Spindles" were written after factory hours by the workers, who did not spend their leisure hours parading the streets and making "mashes"—as a recent report tells us the girls of the factories do nowadays. Miss Farley says she took up her work in the factory in opposition to her friends, and in defiance of the idea that she would lose caste. She received good wages, as compared with teaching. By economy in dress she assisted in giving her brother a liberal education, and endeavored to reconcile her relatives by devoting her spare earnings to them and their interests. She became the editor and proprietor of the

New England Offering, with over 4,000 sub-

A Praiseworthy Object. The contributors and workers upon this magazine thought out their articles while working 14 hours a day attending to their looms. "They started with no lance or spear to nght battles, not even their own. Their aim, as announced, was to elevate the humble and show that good could come out of Nazareth." They had taken a come out of Nazareth." They had taken a low position—as then thought—to make money, and many of them achieved fame as well. Their energy and enterprise have furnished examples for others to follow.

The women of to-day have advantages far beyond those of half a century ago, and it ill becomes them to sit down by thousands

and tens of thousands in miserable tene-ments and garrets and make shirts for 6 cents apiece. The song of the shirt should now be a back number that nobody sings, A lot of girls in Chicago solved their own problem, as stated by Mrs. Barry. They

worked in a tailoring shop and, contrary to orders, they attended a picnic on Labor Day. For this breach of discipline they were "fired." Thereupon they set to work and solicited subscriptions. By considerable effort they raised \$400. They paid a month's rent in raised \$400. They paid a month's rent in advance, and in company with a few of the brethren they started a co-operative tailor shop. Inside of nine months, as the report goes, those few men and women did \$36,000 worth of business at their establishment on Fifth avenue, in Chicago. see soon, and then things'll be different," is

Waiting to Marry.

Some girls have gumption enough to "strike out," but the most of them have "getting married" in view, when, as they fondly picture to themselves, they will have a husband to support them. But these find erhaps that

Life's fairest things are those which seem The best is that of which we dream.

They are willing to work along somehow until marriage opens for them the gates of bliss. But only too often they have to work harder, and even under worse conditions than before. Too often they realize the difference between the satislaction of earning money and hearing their own dollars jingle in their pockets, and the humiliation of begging for a quarter for pin money from a stingy husband.

One writer upon the sufferings of "the slaves of the slop shops" seems to think that the remedy lies in a "change of ideals"— in a refusal by people who are "better off" to own anything that cannot be shared with them. But he should remember that this is a very queer world. If a "change of rors and sorrows of war were reduced to poverty, "run" plantations with great success. They have gardens in which they cultivate early vegetables and flowers for the Northern markets. They no longer give their time to society, but had health and ideals" would raise wages there might be years, but the inexorable law of supply and demand is still in full effect and likely to be until Bellamy's Utopia has been established by course of evolution. If the good ladies who are so arduously en gaged in toiling for the heathen in foreign lands, and who are everlastingly sending millions of money out of the country in their behalf, would devote their brains to a study of the industrial question, they might do a vast deal for the enlightenment and improvement of these slaves at home. Con-template in comparison with the heathen the amount of prayer and fasting and endless effort it will take to convert the most pious of business men and the straightest of deacons to the idea that competition should give way to co-operation and an equal share of the dividends,

Other Hard-Worked Women There is a class of working women who receive even less consideration than the slopshop slaves, though they are continually claiming it. These are they who are driven by the demands of society. Like the others, they have the remedy in their own hands, but are subjugated and held by an intang-ible force to spend their time in the laborious pursuit of keeping tally with calls, and "doing" receptions and dinners and other fashionable affairs. That they have to work, and work hard, is very plain to see. With a house to keep, a nursery to see after, a lot of incapable servants to manage, with

have no time to stay at home. Every evening is full of operas, and dances, and receptions and "goings on" that are usually more of a bore than a pleasure. They have no en-joyment of the delights of home because they are called to be ever on the "gad." How Society Bores

"I always make calls upon a pleasant day when I can, said one of these desperately driven sisters, because I usually find so few at home I can get through 20 or 30 people in an afternoon, and get them off my mind." Some of the most perfect moments of ex-

istence are described by a famous author as sitting at home by the fireside with a book with the cortains drawn, and just enough wind outside to make a suitable accompani ment to indoors comfort. But few of these haleyon seasons are ever enjoyed by the haleyon seasons are working women of society. Emerson says working women to society. Emerson says with domestic man who loves no music so "the domestic man kitchen clock, and well as that of his own kitchen clock, and the airs which the logs sing to him as they burn upon the hearth, has solaces which others never dream of."

But these have no music for the fashionable working women. They must be off to the opera, ostensibly to take in the barbari-ties of Wagner, or the slush of Sullivan, but really to be a part of the show as to decollete dress and diamonds—or to the ball at the Blanks to exchange inanities-per-haps scandalous whispers with their fellow workers in vanities. The most wordly, the most senseless, the most objectionable of men and women are the workers in the treadmill of society, says a learned doctor of divinity. Society women work hard, but to what intelligent aim or useful end the heavens above only know.

heavens above only know. A letter tells me I am hard upon the working women, who, in deference to their prejudices, submit to oppressions. They have been brought up with them and can-not easily east them off, says the writer. True enough, and all the more reason that these fool notions should be preached and pounded out of existence as soon as possible. No honest work is degrading. A sensible and independent woman would no more sit down and make button holes at 6 cents a dozen and work 14 hours a day for \$2 a week and submit to bulldozing by a brute of a foreman than she would make an endeavor to fly to the moon. She would rather go out and break stones on the road at \$1 50 a day as did some women in Eastern Pennsylvania or—submit to the dire me dignity of receiving wages for doing house

A Sketch Wound Up. Harper's Bazar.]



"Ha! Now for a little action, and the effect will be simply immense."





-The gold dollar is worth 100 cents the



FTER the treaty of Vienna," says Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, in his biography of Talleyrand, "Talleyrand declared that his health required the waters of Carlsbad, observing that a diplomatist's first duty after a congress was to take care of his liver." This sentence, besides expressing the wit of the great statesman, also shows his belief in the virtue of the Carlsbad mineral waters, which are unsurpassed for the cure of all diseases of the liver, kidneys, and bladder, catarrh of the stomach, diabetes, rheumatism, gout, chronic constipation, and other diseases requiring a mild

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