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THE NEW CENTURY JOURNAL

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS

VOL. X.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 2, 1896

No. 1

NEW CENTURY GUILD.

EDUCATIONAL, INDUSTRIAL, SOCIAL

No. 1227 ARCH STREET, PHILA.

OFFICERS OF THE GUILD.

MRS. E. S. TURNER, President.
MISS VIOLA RICHMOND, 1st Vice-President.
MISS MATTIE MCCREIGHT, 2d Vice-President.
MISS E. MAUDE BOUCHER, Secretary.
MISS MARY B. NILES, Treasurer.

OFFICERS OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD.

MRS. E. S. TURNER, Chairman.
MRS. M. T. GAWTHROP, Vice-Chairman.
MRS. KATE L. GALLAGHER, Secretary.
MRS. CATHARINE S. TOMLINSON, Treasurer.

The Guild House is open for the convenience of members from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M. every day, except Sunday.

MISS LISBETH CANNING, Actuary. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
MISS SARAH B. GRAY, House and Library.

Bulletin for January.

SATURDAY, 2d—President's Reception..... 8.00 P. M.
 FRIDAY, 8th—New Century Trust Meeting.. 2.30 P. M.
 " " —Executive Board Meeting 3.30 P. M.
 SATURDAY, 9th—Business Meeting of Guild. 8.00 P. M.
 " " Library Committee 7.30 P. M.
 " " Willing Hands Committee 7.30 P. M.
 " " Saving Fund Deposits and
 Withdrawals 7.45 to 8.15 P. M.
 MONDAY, 11th—Senior Sociable..... 8.00 P. M.
 TUESDAY, 12th—Dressmakers' Association.... 8.15 P. M.
 FRIDAY, 15th—Annual Meeting of Executive
 Board..... 3.30 P. M.
 SATURDAY, 16th—Annual Meeting of Guild. 8.00 P. M.
 " 23d—Sociable 8.00 P. M.
 " " —Saving Fund Deposits and
 Withdrawals..... 7.45 to 8.15 P. M.
 TUESDAY, 26th—Dressmakers' Association... 8.15 P. M.
 SATURDAY, 30th—Illustrated Lecture,
 Mr Samuel J. Entriiken 8.00 P. M.

The annual business meeting of the Guild, at which elections take place, will be held Saturday evening, January 16th. The Nominating Committee consists of Miss Ida E. Turner, Mrs. Mary T. Gawthrop, Miss Clara E. Riley and Miss Sallie L. Draper.

The annual meeting of the Executive Board will be held Friday, January 15th, at 3.30 p. m.

MEMBERSHIP.

In accordance with the decision of the December meeting of Guild, bills for membership dues will be mailed to all the members, under date of January 1st., as is usual in other societies. In the same enclosure will be found an invitation of the Guild to a "Guild Night," which members are requested to fill up for a friend. The card need not necessarily be given with the view of securing a new member, but members may be able to use it in such effort. Past experience teaches that the additional membership secured through the individual exertions of members is usually more desirable than from any general effort.

NEW MEMBERS.

Mrs. Wm. F. Jenks,	Mrs. Mary T. Ivins,
Mrs. Cyrus Chambers, Jr.,	Dr. Hannah Croasdale,
Mrs. Susan N. Jones,	Miss Elizabeth S. Lowry,
Mrs. Geo. N. Hancock,	Miss Lydia C. Lowry,
Mrs. Howard W. Lippincott,	Miss Agnes Cody,
Mrs. K. R. M. Fish,	Miss Mary Cooper,
Miss Anna M. Johnson.	Miss Pauline Lohman,

* Chairmen of standing Committees, of Sections and Circles are requested to send their annual reports at once to the President.

SENIORS.

The sociable for January is to renew old friendships, and make new ones. Seniors will make a note that the date is *Monday*, January 11th, at 8 P. M. There may be a little music, but the main purpose is as stated above. There will be *no further notice*.

Miss Wharton acknowledges the receipt of One Dollar from "C. B." for the Tuskegee Institute, in reply to the appeal made in the December number of the JOURNAL.

The music lovers of the Guild enjoyed a treat on the evening of Saturday, December 5th, when Miss L. H. Earle gave a piano recital. Among the numbers on the programme were Moonlight Sonata, by Beethoven, some waltzes and etudes by Chopin, and the Polonaise in E Major by Liszt.

The few introductory remarks, in which Miss Earle spoke of artistic form in music, added greatly to the understanding and enjoyment of these fine compositions. The Steinway Grand, on which Miss E. played, was furnished for the occasion through the kindness of Messrs. N. Stetson & Co.

REORGANIZATION OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD.

In the preamble to the Guild rules it is explained that the society is under the general management of a committee of the New Century Club, organized as an Executive Board. The Board has had authority to add to its number without limit, and there has been no definite term of office for the members so added.

At the December meetings the President called the attention of Guild and Board to the desirability of changing this simple organization into a more representative body. After discussion it was proposed to have the Board chosen by the New Century Club, the contributors and the Guild, as the parties in interest. A joint committee of the Board and Guild to which the subject was referred will present the following to the stated meetings in January.

PLAN FOR THE REORGANIZATION OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD N. C. GUILD.

The Executive Board to consist of twenty-seven members chosen in January as follows:

The New Century Trust to nominate at the stated meeting in January to the New Century Club the names of nine persons for appointment as club committee and as members of the Board. Nine members to be elected by the contributors at their annual meeting. Nine members to be elected by the Guild at its annual meeting.

The nomination for these elections to be made by the Board at its January stated meeting for the contributors, and by the regular Nominating Committee for the Guild.

The nine members of each group to arrange by lot for terms of one, two and three years, three members in each year. Thereafter, each year, three members of each group to be chosen as provided for the first appointments and election, to serve for three years.

On the fourth Friday of January of each year the members thus chosen shall meet for organization. The Chairman of the Club Committee shall be, as heretofore, Chairman of the Executive Board and President of the Guild. The members of the Board shall be elected from this number, a Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, to serve for the ensuing year, and the President shall appoint the standing committees. The Board may fill vacancies in its membership for unexpired terms.

The following greeting from "Down East" was read at the last business meeting, and the president was instructed to send a cordial response:

To the New Century Guild of Working Women "that is in Philadelphia," Greeting!

The Working Girl's Club of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, heard with pleasure of your desire for a sisterly greeting and, in responding, wishes for the Guild a continuance of the good works and prosperity which have thus far crowned its days.

Martha G. B. Clapp, Secretary.
Pittsfield, Mass., November 25th, 1896.

REVISION OF THE PREAMBLE.

At the December meeting of the Executive Board and Guild, attention was called to the varied language in which the purposes of the society, and its condition of membership are stated, in the Preamble to the Guild rules, in the application cards, etc. It was suggested that for sake of brevity and of uniformity the wording should be carefully revised. The subject was referred to a joint committee, and notice was given at the December meeting of the Guild that a change in the preamble would be submitted to the stated meeting in January. In order to conform to the rule for amendments the committee publish below the revision proposed. It will be seen that the last paragraph in which the relation of the Guild and the Executive Board are stated, has also been changed to accord with the proposed reorganization of the Board.

PREAMBLE.

The New Century Guild of Philadelphia was instituted, September, 1882, by a committee of the New Century Club, its members being the teachers and managers, and some of the pupils of the evening classes for working women which began a year earlier.

The membership of the Guild is open to any self-supporting woman from whatever department of industry, subject to its rules for admission.

Its aim is not only to provide for the convenience, education, social enjoyment and industrial interest of individual members, but also to advance, as far as it can, the whole status of women's work in the community.

The vital principle of the society is that the only way to dignify labor is to infuse it with intelligence; that to accomplish this we must both educate the worker and put science in the work.

The Executive Board consists of twenty-seven members. One-third of its membership is appointed by the New Century Club, annually, on nominations of the New Century Trust. One-third is elected by the contributors and one-third by the Guild at their annual meetings.

The Guild has the control and disposal of all money received for membership fees, fines, &c., while the Executive Board is responsible for general contributions. The Board has charge of the Guild House for which the New Century Trust is the Trustee.

FAIR SEWING BEE.

To start aprons etc. for the next fair. First meeting at the house of the President 2102 Mt. Vernon Street Monday January 4th at 8. P. M.

TAKE NOTICE.

Mrs. Horace Brock, President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, will be present at the Guild business meeting on the evening of January the 9th. As Mrs. Brock's visit will make this a special occasion it is to be hoped there will be a large attendance.

BOOKS,

New and old, added to the Library.

- I 68 Swedish System of Gymnastics. Baron Nils Posse.
I 69 Massage and the Swedish Movements. Kurre W. Ostrom.
L 74 An Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy. Howard Collins.
N 64 Manners and Social Usages. Mrs. John Sherwood
E185 Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher. H. James, M. A.
F 946 Charles Auchester. E. Bergner.
D 184 Life Letters and Journal of Louisa M. Alcott.
F 947 The Draytons and The Davenants.
F 948 A Daughter of the Philistines.
F 949 Marius the Epicurean. Walter Pater.
C 138 House By the Sea. T. B. Read.
F 950 A Crooked Path. Mrs. Alexander.
E 186 With My Neighbors. Margaret Sangster.
F 951 What Answer? Anna E. Dickinson.
C 139 Ximena. Bayard Taylor.
F 952 Susan Fielding. Mrs. Annie Edwards.
D 185 The Queen at Balmoral. F. P. Humphreys.
D 186 Peterborough. William Stebbing.
D 187 Captain John Smith. John Ashton.
E 187 Miscellaneous. T. B. Macauley.
F 953 Macleod of Dare. Wm. Black.
S 18 Agriculture. F. H. Storer.
O 111 Physiology of Bodily Exercise. F. Lagrange, M. D.
D 187 Hamilton. William Knight, LL. D.
E 188 Old World Questions. Daniel Pidgeon.
M 100 Federal Government of Switzerland. Bernard Moses, Ph. D.
E 189 The Social Law of Service, by Richard T. Ely, Ph. D., LL. D., presented by the author.

The gifts of the past few months include a fine set of the Encyclopædia Britannica and The Cyclopædia of United States History, fourteen parlor chairs, and, what has gladdened the eyes and hearts of many, a good carpet upon the office floor.

An air of Christmas festivity was observable at the Masked Party Sociable of December twenty-sixth.

The clown, the visitors from Hogans' Alley, the peasants and numerous other characters acted well their parts, adding considerable zest to the entertainment. Music for dancing was furnished by the piano and violin, and refreshments were served during the evening. Guild members are requested to watch for announcements of the entertainments in the Journal and on the bulletin board.

K. L. GALLAGHER,
Chairman Entertainment Committee.

I find that the great thing in the world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

O. W. Holmes.

The following is an extract from a letter sent to the Guild as a member of the Federation:

GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.
CHICAGO, December 14th, 1896.

DEAR MADAME PRESIDENT:

It is our duty to announce to you the death of Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper and her daughter, Harriet. Mrs. Cooper was a member of the Board of Directors of the General Federation. As mother and daughter were absolutely inseparable, the latter accompanied Mrs. Cooper to the Board meetings and Bi-ennials, and the affection of the Board members was as great for the one as for the other. Mrs. Cooper and her daughter had devoted their lives to the furtherance of education, not only on the Pacific coast, but all over the United States. Their monument is the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association. Mrs. Cooper was especially interested in education for very young children, believing that the formative years, before seven, were the true period at which the child should be led by gentleness and right culture into the higher spiritual, as well the intellectual life. All her teachings illustrate this belief.

In reflecting on the lives of Mrs. Cooper and Harriet, we must bear in mind, above all, Browning's thought, that "God's in His Heaven. All's right with the world."

Yours Fraternally,

ELLEN M. HENROTIN, President.

EVA P. MOORE, Corresponding Secretary.

PROGRAMME.

The announcements are as follows:

January 2d, the President's reception. All Guild members are invited.

January 9th, business meeting. Mrs. Horace Brock, President of the Pennsylvania Federation of Women's Clubs, has been invited to be present. A rainy day dress for business women will be discussed should there be time.

January 16th, annual meeting of the Guild. Reports of all standing committees, President's address and election of officers.

January 23d, sociable, with the dancing class in charge.

January 30th, lecture by Samuel J. Entrikin, a member of the Peary Relief Expedition, 1892, and of the North Greenland Expedition, 1893-94. Subject, "Life in the Arctic Regions." The views will be shown by Mr. Charles Truscott.

February 6th, a Scotch evening, in charge of Miss Perot. Readings from Barrie and Maclaren, recitations from Burns and Scott, and Scotch ballads.

February 13th, business meeting.

February 20th, lyceum.

February 27th, sociable; a little play entitled "Fast Friends."

One of the public schools of Germany, the Uan Ruppin gymnasium, has made it obligatory for all its pupils to learn to ride the bicycle.

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Issued by the New Century Guild on the first Saturday of each month, except July and August.

MRS. MARTHA B. EARLE, Publisher.
 MRS. ELIZA S. TURNER,
 MRS. MARY E. MUMFORD,
 MISS ANNE H. WHARTON,
 MRS. JESSIE E. RINGWALT, } Editorial Committee.

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CHRISTIANITY IN BUSINESS.

We hear with very great pleasure that the firm of Strawbridge & Clothier refrain from keeping their store open in the evening for the two weeks preceding Christmas, and we hope the time will come when all others will do the same, which they surely would if they could realize the terrible strain of this fortnight upon their employes. A friend, going yesterday into a certain large store in our city, watched one of the saleswomen as she kept turning, without an instant's cessation, from one customer to another, and finally remarked, "I suppose you get a chance to sit down a minute once in a while, don't you?" The girl gave an anxious glance around, and then said, "Oh, no, we mustn't sit down."

"But in the name of goodness, how many hours are you behind this counter?"

"From 8 in the morning till 10 at night. Half an hour for lunch."

We know that in ordinary times, in the best stores, the saleswomen are not only provided with seats, but really allowed to sit in odd moments, but in these times, while the stores are actually mobbed by impatient customers, there is no time to take three seconds off without missing a sale. But do think, men and women on the buying side of the counter, what it means to be on your feet without cessation, except half an hour at lunch, and a few minutes in the evening to swallow a cup of coffee, from 8 in the morning until 10 at night. And after that the clearing away, and after that the journey home, and then to be so worked up with the day's excitement that the longed for sleep will not come. And this unnatural fever of

hurry, this incessant nervous tension grows worse and worse as the days and nights go on, until at the last many a saleswoman, worn to the last shred of endurance, spends that day of Christ, which was to bring glad tidings and joy to all, in her bed, having no heart nor strength to use it in any other way. And this is not the worst, many a girl (we speak of women because we know most about the individual cases among them) succumbs to a spell of illness, and loses, before she is able to go back to work, a great deal more than she made by the commission of one cent on a dollar. It is said in extenuation of this practice that many shoppers cannot conveniently get to the stores in the day time; but this used to be urged for keeping open every day in the year, and yet when the community found the best stores all closed at six, they accommodated themselves to the change.

We believe that there are a few other general stores who thus put their Christianity into their actions, and we shall be obliged to any persons, employees or others, who will inform us of them, and give us an opportunity to acknowledge the good example.

RAILWAY PROFIT SHARING

Profit sharing between owners and employes in the business of transportation, or in any industrial or business enterprise, has never been attempted in this country on a greater scale than it has in the movement just inaugurated by the Illinois Central Railroad. This railroad has more than 20,000 men in its employ, and it is believed that half of them will become stockholders in the company. Over 1500 employes have taken stock, and applications are coming in daily by the hundreds. The company is a dividend-paying, prosperous corporation, operating nearly 3000 miles of railway. The President, Stuyvesant Fish, has engaged to aid any employe in purchasing stock on instalments. Dividends, as earned, are to be credited on the stock contracted for, and when payments and profits reach the sum at which the stock was purchased, certificates are to be issued. The terms of the arrangement are made as liberal as possible, and doubtless, the profit will prove to be more than an experiment.—*Public Ledger*.

RECORD OF VIRTUE.

It is pleasant to hear of childish bravery and strength of character. One of our schools recently furnished an instance. A party of boys had concocted some mischief which would have caused much discomfort in the school-room. Another of the pupils was told of their plans. He could not persuade them to abandon them, so he discussed the question with himself as to which was the meaner, to turn informant, or let suffering be caused to classmates and teacher. He knew that his part in the affair could not be hidden, and, to use his expression, the boys would almost kill him, besides shunning him in the future as a tale-bearer. His decision to inform the teacher was, to our thinking, the outcome of true courage.

The following letter is from a special friend of the Guild, now in Africa. It came just too late to get it into the December JOURNAL. It brings the far-away very near to our view:

MY DEAR—:

I am in a place which I think would interest you very much. I have just returned from visiting the celebrated Dr. Beers' mine, or rather, works. I have no doubt your scientific works have told you all about diamonds, but there may be points that are not in the books which can be seen. Firstly, it is said that a little girl found the first diamond here. She picked it up, and being bright, took it to her father, who saved it and put it on the mantelpiece. Then a traveller came along and begged a night's lodging. He was shown the stone, and he begged it. On returning, he showed it to an expert, and sold it for two hundred pounds. The circumstance was noised about, others came to investigate and look. Finally the Dr. Beers farm was sold, and prospectors came, and each began to dig, on his own account, a little claim. Poor Kimberly is in a bad way, for it is literally being turned inside out, and old Madam Earth has been obliged to hari-kari with a vengeance, and will assuredly collapse, sooner or later, both inwardly and outwardly, for when they cease to find diamonds there will be an end to Kimberly. The claimers dug and dug, until they had dug the biggest hole ever dug by man. Dr. Beers' pit is irregular, oblique, oval, fifteen acres. The farm was sold at first for six thousand pounds, and ultimately for one hundred thousand. The hole got to be three hundred feet deep, then the rains tumbled all the claims into a mess, then a syndicate was formed, who bought up all claims, and set to work with machinery, to hoist the blue ground in which the diamonds are found, and made shafts and tunneled the earth to an enormous depth, the same as for coal mines. The blue earth is hoisted, and then thrown out in immense beds to disintegrate by the action of sun and air. Then it goes to the crushing mill, next the washing mill, next to the sorting house. The labor employed is convict. Here were long trays and benches, and with a scraper the convicts spread out the pounded grits, and pick out the diamonds, putting them into little tin spittoons. Subsequently they are treated with acid, and then bottled, and again sorted by expert white men into white, blue-white, yellow, brown and pink, on a long table, covered with white paper, into separate heaps, ready for the buyers. All are sold by the karat, and the price held by syndicate, and the market cannot be glutted. The day I was there I saw \$70,000 worth on the table. I believe I have seen more than you have, and more than I ever expect to see again. They are not sold at the mines or works to retailers, but to dealers especially provided, and you must buy of them. Finally I was shown a box of polished gems (the work all done in Amsterdam) some dark brown, very handsome; one a long drop; some of canary color, pink, white and blue-white. When I visited the place where the first sorting

was done they presented me with a quantity of garnets, which are found with the diamonds. The convicts are employed for a period not less than three months; the rules are very stringent, and you see armed guards walking around them. The last week they are there they are obliged to wear thick leather mittens on their hands, and must eat on all fours. They give them strong purgatives among other ways to prevent them from stealing. They live in a place called a compound, composed of houses built of corrugated iron. They have a fine swimming pool in which they were sporting themselves like a lot of porpoises. They get a little money, are found in food and clothes, medicines, physicians. The tales of their thefts are amusing and astounding. One boy cut a hole in his leg, and tucked in three or four diamonds. It nearly cost him his life, as he came near having lockjaw. The compound, which is a large square, is nearly netted over, as they used to throw their boots to their friends, with diamonds inside. They form themselves into little clubs, and mess together. They have their own kettles and cook in messes. They give but little trouble, and are comparatively happy. The town is a queer place. Most of the houses are made of adobe, with corrugated iron roofs and water tanks, and mostly one story, and must be very hot, as on this side the Equator it is their spring, and October answers to our April, only much hotter, 70 to 86 degrees. It has not rained for six months. The air is hot and dusty, and stifling. The whole place is riddled with mines; look where you will you see the tall iron shafts and chimneys vomiting black smoke, and myriads of little iron wagons running hither and thither all alone, conveying the blue ground to the mills, to be crushed and washed. They go by endless wires attached to steam engines. There is so much to tell I must say the rest when I see you.

Emma J. Bartol.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, KIMBERLY, Cape Colony, Africa.

DUSK.

Over the clear red sky one star
 Burns cold, with pure electric ray.
 Under the sky the dying day
 Has hushed the winds that silent are.

DAWN.

I love thee in thy gown of gray,
 Dear Quakeress. Thou surely art
 The courage of the constant heart.
 Thou changest not for creed nor crowd,
 Despising tricks and colors loud,
 Thou art the promise of the day.

—L. H. Earle.

As one lamp lights another, nor grow less,
 So nobleness enkindleth, nobleness.

Lowell.

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it
 but true hand labor, there is something of divineness.

Carlyle.

A VERY PLAIN TALK.

[CONTINUED FROM NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

Mary H——. One thing I am restive under in our Guild is that we don't pay enough for what we get. Five dollars a year would not be a cent too much to give for our privileges and conveniences, instead of which we pay one dollar and twenty cents. How can we preserve our self respect while this is the case? I would far rather, for my part, pay my five dollars or even more, and feel that the house was truly our own; and I think there are a number of others who would feel the same.

Mary I——. A number? How large a number? I know a good many whom a rate of five or three dollars would simply exile; and many of these are among our very best members.

Mary H——. Are you sure they couldn't pay more? I find that the thing one values very highly one can find a way to buy. Suppose they should do without some of their Sunday or party fineries, or go less to pay amusements, or save it on candy?

Mother K——. When a girl goes out from home to work it is almost the rule that she is responsible for something more than her own support; a young brother to keep at school, a sick father to help, or a father unable to find employment; back debt incurred in hard times, in fact, a good many drains beside ribbons and candy.

Mother S——. And while some of our best members would be excluded, many of the younger and newer, who may not as yet be so great an advantage to the society, are receiving advantages from it, from which it would be a very great loss to shut them out. Is our Guild for the few self-supporting women who can afford it, or for the many who need it?

Mary L——. Suppose we had (which I very much doubt) one hundred working members who would feel justified in paying five dollars a year, it would bring us in five hundred dollars. How far would that go toward defraying the cost of all we now get? And we get nothing that is not of value to us. And how many of us, while we all wish we were wholly independent, would be willing to forego any part of it?

Mary H——. If we had the true spirit, we would not take one cent's worth we did not pay for.

Mother E——. I must, even at the risk of being monotonous, hark back to the old argument of the universities all over the land which are asking outside help, and whose students never think they are being pauperized by such contributions. And I am pleased to find that one of the wisest and most experienced women of our day, Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, uses the same analogy in regard to the "Jane Club," a co-operative housekeeping establishment of young self-supporting women. Let us do all we can, I submit, and then accept, in the friendly spirit in which it is offered whatever aid we get from our friends.

Mary M——. I have found a few members—they are very few, and I distinctly disagree with them—who think that we young people are too much managed by our elders; they say straight out, "Why are our affairs run for us by women of leisure instead of by ourselves?"

Mother N——. I don't wonder at all to hear that; I guess there never was an association of any kind which did not fear that it was too much ruled by its officers.

Mary N——. It seems to me to amount to this. If we think it violates our self respect to accept the help of our friends in the shape of money from those who have money, and of time from those who have time, then we must be ready to forego pretty much all our present advantages. Without the co-operation of women of leisure and influence we could have held no fair this winter—shortage of about \$770. Without their experience we could not undertake the management of the evening classes, of the sociables, of the lectures, of the gymnasium, library, restaurant—in short, without them and their influence with their friends we should now have no house. Does our independence take us so far as this?

Mary H——. I fear it would be impracticable, but that would be my ideal.

Mary Q——. Any way, a Board meeting once a month is not so formidable.

Mother P——. That shows how mistaken is your idea of the amount of drudgery, of committee work, of correspondence, of study, it takes to run the business of a society. Board meetings quotha!

Mother K——. Another thing is perhaps not generally known, especially by new members, namely, how difficult it has always been to secure the few self-supporting members now on our Board, not that they would refuse to serve, but that they have not the time. They help in evening management. There are in the Guild eleven committees composed, most of them wholly, all of them chiefly, of the younger members.

Mary G——. But how about the control of the funds?

Mother K——. The Guild at large controls all the funds it collects, and all the membership fees. I must add that they voluntarily turn over a considerable proportion of this every year to the Board, to use at its discretion for running expenses. We are proud of this as it is purely voluntary with them and shows the general confidence of the Guild in its Board of Directors.

Mary M——. But what else could they do? They would not expect a house to be run without money?

Mother K——. No, but they might wish to have a larger share in paying the bills themselves.

Mary M——. One thing that provokes me is that some of our younger members, I count among the Seniors, and am in a position to take airs, will keep forever imagining class distinctions, and then conceiving that

COLUMN OF PLEASANTNESS.

Did you ever wake at six o'clock a. m., and while thinking with a sinking heart of that seven o'clock car that must carry you in town to your week of toil, suddenly realize that it was Sunday morning? Isn't it a "pleasantness" worthy of regard in this "column" to be able to turn over and go to sleep again, and later to wake to a day of rest?

L. R. H.

A pine tree laden with snow gives special pleasure to the lover of nature's beauties, for it beautifies a season that has little of green in the landscape.

It is a pleasure to note a movement in New York against the high buildings, the sky-scrapers, that have become so numerous there. We take it as an evidence that human life and human welfare are of more account than dollars and cents, and hope that the agitation will reach our own city before it is further defaced by these architectural monstrosities. We have not so much that is beautiful to glad our eyes in any of our cities that we can afford to darken the fair light of day and shut out the tender blue of the sky. Health, both of body and mind, is put in jeopardy by these money-making deformities.

THE NEW WOMAN.

An orator with power to set on fire
The hearts of men; a preacher with a gift
The levels of our common lives to lift;
Philanthropist led by one pure desire;
A friend whose friendship bids us come up higher;
A wife who wears her wifehood as a crown;
A mother whose home love no cares can down;
To what more could one human life aspire?
But she is higher, better, more than these—
A woman from whose womanhood these break
As break the light rays from a full-orbed sun
And yet exhaust it not. Blest he who sees
The new, grand woman whom the new times make,
The pledge of God's "new earth and heaven" begun.
—Minot J. Savage.

REAL CHILDREN.

The following reminds us of the need of carefully explaining things to children: A gentleman tells us that in his childhood he never heard the words "Thereon hang all the law and the prophets," that he did not see a room with hooks on the walls, from which dangled a row of men.

A. C.

Ralph was saying the Lord's Prayer, prompted by his grandmother; he refused, however, to repeat the words "Give us this day our daily bread," saying, "No, no! Plenty of bread downstairs; seen it myself; cook baked it to-day."

E. B.

They had brought from Europe some treasures of statuary, which added beauty to their house. But the four-year-old daughter did not approve. "It looks too different," she said. "You didn't used to have so many graveyard things around."

E. N. B.

"women of means and leisure" are equally conscious of such distinctions. For instance, a member of an important committee, who happens to earn her own living, was asked, "Will you tell me if the 'ladies' (scornful emphasis on the word ladies) really treat you just as they treat each other?" The person addressed replied, "Why this is the first time such an idea ever entered my mind, and you may be sure I should have noticed it if there had been anything to arouse it."

Mary F——. I must say that whenever I hear such criticisms of our managers (which is, to be sure, very seldom) I get too much out of patience to argue about it. When I think of all these women have done for us young ingrates, when I remember the way they have identified themselves with our interests, our pleasures, our troubles, when I think of the lovely personal friendships which have arisen between the younger and elders, which will last through our lives, when I think how they have mothered the motherless, and encouraged the aspiring, and worried over our worries, and scolded us for our perversities—I have been scolded and I know—when all this comes to my mind, I feel like answering with my most withering sarcasm, "Well, friend, I dare say these misguided persons who are managing our affairs so ill, sometimes grow a little weary of their work; suppose we kindly give them a year's vacation, and take the whole management ourselves."

Mother G——. No, I don't think you ought to take it that way. It is so easy, with the best intentions all round, for things to be misunderstood, and it is quite worth while to explain, and take counsel and try to get at what the questioners really want."

Mother S——. Moreover, a society such as ours not only does but should, take a larger part in its own government than most others; among young women in such varying avocations there must needs be a great diversity of tastes and of interests; and what we elders are constantly trying to do is to bring into our Board a larger number of representative girls, with whom we can compare notes, to whom we can say, in given cases, 'How does this look from your standpoint? How would this affect the girls you know in such and such a field of employment? How, even, does it seem from your standpoint of youth, which is not ours?' But all the time the difficulty is to find the girls who can give the time, or who are willing to accept the responsibilities. For, here the motto adopted by the English International Society of Working Men holds equally good 'No duties without rights; no rights without responsibilities.'

E. S. Turner.

At one time the Presbyterians of Ulster were discussing the ignorance and stupidity of one of their number. "And what a notion he has in his head now!" exclaimed one of the elders, in dismay. "His head!" echoed one of the ministers; "he has no head! What you call a head is only a topknot that his maker put there to keep him from raveling out."—Argonaut.

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The Committee on Legal Protection for Working Women furnishes advice, court charges, and counsel, free to women who work for their living, and are too poor, or uninformed of legal methods for the recovery of wages due, or money unjustly withheld.

Committee meets on SATURDAYS, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 124 S. TWELFTH ST.

MRS. S. C. F. HALLOWELL, *Chairman*.

THE NEW CENTURY JOURNAL

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS

VOL. X.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 6, 1897

No. 2

NEW CENTURY GUILD.

No. 1227 ARCH STREET, PHILA.

EDUCATIONAL, INDUSTRIAL, SOCIAL

MEMBERSHIP—Open to self-supporting women. Fee \$1.20 per year, payable in advance.

OFFICERS OF THE GUILD.

MRS. E. S. TURNER, President.
MISS CARYL S. PEROT, 1st Vice-President.
MISS LAURA MASTERS, 2d Vice-President.
MISS K. T. O'FLAHERTY, Secretary.
MISS MARY B. NILES, Treasurer.

OFFICERS OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD.

MRS. E. S. TURNER, Chairman.
MRS. M. T. GAWTHROP, Vice-Chairman.
MRS. KATE L. GALLAGHER, Secretary.
MR. HENRY GAWTHROP, Treasurer.

The Guild House is open for the convenience of members from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. every day, except Sunday.

MISS LISBETH CANNING, Actuary. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
MISS SARAH B. GRAY, House and Library.

Bulletin for February.

SATURDAY, 6th—Scotch Evening.....	8.00 P. M.
TUESDAY, 9th—Dressmakers' Association...	8.15 P. M.
FRIDAY, 12th—New Century Trust Meeting..	2.00 P. M.
“ “ —Executive Board Meeting	3.00 P. M.
SATURDAY, 13th—Business Meeting of Guild.	8.00 P. M.
“ “ Library Committee.....	7.30 P. M.
“ “ Willing Hands Committee	7.30 P. M.
“ “ Saving Fund Deposits and Withdrawals.....	7.45 to 8.15 P. M.
SATURDAY, 20th—Lyceum.....	8.00 P. M.
TUESDAY, 23d—Dressmakers' Association....	8.15 P. M.
SATURDAY, 27th—Dramatic Entertainment	8.00 P. M.
“ “ —Saving Fund Deposits and Withdrawals.....	7.45 to 8.15 P. M.

THAT SEWING BEE.

What with some reading aloud, considerable sewing, and a good deal of talk, those who attended the Bee on Monday last decided that it was a very easy and agreeable way of spending an evening. It will meet next time, Monday, Feb. 15th, at the house of the president, 2102 Mt. Vernon street, at 8 P. M. Some are bringing fancy articles to make, and some plain. Some have knitting of various kinds. Any sort of apron, plain or fancy, or even a few towels, will be sure to sell.

OUR LYCEUM.

There has been some change made in the programme for the meeting of Saturday, February 20th; instead of debating on that occasion the question "Are we as a race deteriorating physically as we improve mentally," we shall have a parliamentary drill under the capable charge of Mrs. L. L. Blankenburg, followed by a general and informal or impromptu discussion of one or two subjects to be arranged later. An instructive and interesting meeting is promised, and all who desire to know more about parliamentary rule (and who does not?) and to spend a profitable evening should not let anything prevent their being at the meeting on February 20th. It may be well to repeat that all Guild members are Lyceum members also, if they care to avail themselves of the privilege; come and join us, and so let us help one another.

NEW MEMBERS.

Mrs. Wm. N. Needles,	Mrs. Howard M. Cooper,
Mrs. Sarah Oldham,	Miss Ethel E. Brannan,
Mrs. A. Reneaud,	Miss Edith Brinkmann,
Mrs. Ellen M. Dyer,	Miss Claudia Hammond,
Mrs. Annie Eakin,	Miss Annie Hearn,
	Miss L. Ray Balderston.

PROGRAMME.

The announcements are as follows: February 6th "A Scotch" evening, in charge of Miss Perot. Reading from Barrie and Maclaren, recitations from Burns and Scott, Scotch ballads and a Highland dance.

February 13th, business meeting. After the routine business, a short paper will be read on the "Ethical Side of the Bargain Counter." Discussion will be in order.

February 20th, Lyceum.

February 27th, Sociable; a little play entitled "Fast Friends."

March 6th, dancing.

March 13th, business meeting. It is hoped that a member of the Library Committee will give an account of the Home Library of the Children's Aid Society of Boston.

March 20th, Lyceum.

March 27th, Sociable.

MARRIED.

On January 16th, Miss Etta L. Cooke and Mr. Howard B. Hallock.

DIED.

Elizabeth B. Armstrong, Jan. 26th.

Esther L. Jones, Jan. 27th.

BOOKS.

New and old added to the Library since last report.

- M 101 Treasury of Literature and Art.
 D 188 Michael Faraday. J. H. Gladstone.
 D 189 Life of Raphael. Herman Grimm.
 F 954 Jews of Barnow. Karl E. Franzos.
 I 25 School and Industrial Hygiene. D. F. Lincoln,
 M. D.
 C 955 Citizen of Prague.
 F 956 The Second Son. Mrs. Oliphant and T. B.
 Aldrich.
 F 957 She. Rider Haggard.
 F 958 King Solomon's Mines. Rider Haggard.
 C 140 Before the Curfew O. W. Holmes.
 F 959 Stretton. Henry Kingsley.
 C 141 Poems. George Eliot.
 F 960 Passe Rose. Arthur S. Hardy.
 I 26 The Essentials of Health. Charles H. Stowell,
 M. D.
 I 27 A Healthy Body. " " " "

THIS WILL BE YOUR ONLY NOTICE.

It has been proposed to submit the following Act to our Senate and House of Representatives, and the question of empowering the officers of the Guild to sign the petition in the name of the Guild will come up for discussion at our next Business meeting:

To the Honorable the Members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

We, the undersigned citizens of this Commonwealth, respectfully petition the consideration and passage of the following Act:

AN ACT

Relating to the share of the widow in the estate of her deceased husband dying intestate:

Be it enacted, etc., That the real and personal estate of a decedent when a male, remaining after payment of debts and legal charges, which shall not have been sold and disposed of by will, or otherwise limited by marriage-settlement, shall be divided and enjoyed as follows:

Where such intestate shall leave a widow and issue the widow shall be entitled to a life interest in all the real estate and to an equal share with child or children of the personal estate.

If there be no issue surviving, the widow shall be entitled to a life interest in all the real estate, and the personal estate absolutely.

The Committee on Statistics of Women's Work has ready for circulation among members of the Guild a printed slip, a sample of which is given below. It is hoped that answers will be given to the questions by all who receive them:

What do you consider the best feature of your establishment?

What do you think would give the greatest benefit to women industrially?

Are you in business for yourself?

IN MEMORIUM—ESTHER LEWIS JONES.

It is with deep sorrow that we record the death of the very earliest member of the New Century Guild, Esther L. Jones. Her independence of character showed itself in this, as in many other ways, for it requires courage to be the first in any new enterprise. This courage and originality, combined with a very superior intellect, has shown itself all through the life of our association. Always energetic, practical and efficient, she combined with these qualities an enthusiasm which carried her through anything she chose to undertake. She has been a faithful Guild member, a successful business woman, a loyal friend, a devoted daughter and sister. She will be long and lovingly remembered by us all.

OUR PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

"Why have we not had it before?" was the general comment on Saturday evening, January 2nd, when a reception was tendered to our beloved President, Mrs. Turner. The Guild parlor was transformed into almost a flowery bower, and as each member came in she was captured by the Reception Committee, and before she knew what had happened was decorated with a slip bearing her name and found herself standing before the President and going through the ceremony of introduction; that she may have been introduced years, months, weeks or only days before made no difference to the determined committee—be presented she must!

Fully 200 members were at the reception, and the evening was delightfully spent in social intercourse, games, and in partaking of the refreshments so bountifully provided. It was an occasion long to be remembered, and by it a happy precedent was set, which it is hoped will be followed from year to year. Those we love do not actually need demonstrations of our affection; but are they annoyed by them?

AN EVENING NEAR THE NORTH POLE.

A crowded house, not to speak of a hall full and stairs full, listened to Mr. Samuel J. Entriken, in a way that made us feel as if we were there, his pictures of the two Peary expeditions of which he was a part. All were delighted, and we heard one of the audience say she wished it had been an hour longer. Mr. Entriken was ably assisted by our other friend, Mr. Charles Truscott.

The first Sociable of the new year, under the auspices of the Dancing Class, was held Saturday evening, January 23d, with about sixty members of the Guild and a number of visitors present. The Dancing Class, aided by the Hospitality and the Entertainment Committees, proved more than equal to the occasion, with the result that every one present spent an enjoyable evening. Guild members are particularly invited to attend the next Entertainment, February 27th, at which time a play will be given.

K. L. GALLAGHER, Ch. Ent. Com.

A PRETTY LITTLE DIALOGUE.

Mrs. ——. I do wish I had a decent pretext for getting a new piano. The trouble is that the one I have is really a very fair instrument, but in a piano I am not satisfied with anything but the very best. If I only knew some good way to dispose of this.

Mrs. ——. I can ease your conscience at once. Present this to the New Century Guild, where it will give pleasure to scores, in fact, to hundreds of young women who love music. They will dance by it, sing with it, listen to it when it discourses sweetly under the hands of their musical friends.

Mrs. ——. Joyfully—I never thought of that. I will.

The visit of Mrs. Horace Brock, President of the "State Federation of Clubs," at our last business meeting, on January 9th, was an event for the Guild. We knew that we belonged to the Federation when we had paid our membership dues, but it was a vague, indefinite something, which her genial presence has made a reality.

Now we are indeed one of the links in a vast chain. We have felt the magnetic current and our own vitality is the stronger for it.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

In this department the regular course is finished, but a second term will begin Wednesday evening, February the 3d. Ten lessons one dollar and a half.

The Dancing Class will also have a supplementary course if enough pupils desire this extension of the term.

On Wednesday evening, January the 27th, the advanced German Class kept the anniversary of Miss Helen Bell's birthday in the manner they were wont to do when their loved friend and leader was with them.

The birthday cake was cut and tender memories were revived of the helpfulness and beauty of Miss Bell's relations with her class. The new members entered as heartily as the old friends and pupils into the spirit of the occasion.

Friends have kindly remembered the Guild by gifts of chairs, carpet, table, table cover, painting front door, etc.

It has been the custom of the authorities of Melbourne Hospital, Australia, to appoint as resident physicians the six graduates who stand highest in the final honor list of the University of Melbourne. This year two ladies were among the six; and although the profession and the press carried on a wordy war about whether the women should receive the appointment, the Hospital Committee includes politicians who foresee the coming franchise for women and so allowed these women to assume the position they were entitled to.

The Annual Meeting of the New Century Guild was held Saturday evening, January 16th, and the following reports were read.

REPORT OF FINANCE COMMITTEE.

The Committee has examined the account of Mary B. Niles, Treasurer, and finds the same correct.

A statement of the membership for the year 1896 is submitted as follows:

Membership December 31st, 1895.....	474
Subsequently paid for 1895.....	4
Renewals during year.....	10
New members in 1896.....	91

Total..... 579
 Loss by death, resignation, removal from the city, delinquent and other causes..... 134

Total membership December 31st, 1896.....	445
Joined in 1896 for 1897.....	35
Renewals for 1897.....	2

Members on roll January 1st, 1897..... 482

TREASURER'S REPORT.

MARY B. NILES, Treasurer, in account with The NEW CENTURY GUILD OF WORKING WOMEN for the year 1896:

DR.

To balance January 1st, 1896..... \$6 55

Receipts—	
Membership dues 1895.....	\$4 80
" " 1896.....	437 10
" " 1897.....	75 60
	—————
	\$517 50

Library fines.....	3 52
Contributions.....	3 95
Sale of Guild Pins.....	6 60
	—————
	531 57

Total receipts.....\$538 12

CR.

By Disbursements—

Books, magazines and papers.....	\$50 17
Postage, stationery and printing.....	7 05
Dues—General Federation of Clubs...	10 00
" State " of Women's	
Clubs.....	2 00
Sub to NEW CENTURY JOURNAL.....	86 25
Librarian.....	60 00

Appropriation to—	
Executive Board.....	250 00
Membership Committee.....	10 00
Program ".....	10 00
Entertainment ".....	20 00
Friendly Visitors.....	5 00
Ent. of Peak Sisters.....	95
	—————
	\$511 42

Total disbursements.....\$511 42

Balance December 31st, 1896..... \$26 70

REPORT OF LIBRARY COMMITTEE.

Katharine H. Ringwalt, Chairman.

Number of books loaned during 1896.....	2,333
Magazines loaned.....	475

Total..... 2,808

Number of books in library January 1, 1896..... 2,254

" " " added during the year..... 480

" " " in library January 1, 1897..... 2,734

" " members to whom books were loaned 274

Greatest number taken out by one person..... 47

By careful counting of the entries in the register it is found that while fewer books have been taken out this year than in the year 1895, the reading has been of a more solid kind, a larger proportion of the books being essays, histories and biographies. It is also noticeable that our library has been more used as a reading room than formerly.

Twenty-two periodicals come as exchanges with our JOURNAL, ten others are subscribed for and two have been presented by a friend.

The year 1896 has been a wonderful one in the history of the Guild library, and the report of that committee must be jubilant. Early in the year, the new book shelves which had been for a long time its chief need, were presented to us through Miss Janney's kind efforts.

Our next great event was the book reception, which seemed just an occasion to show how many friends our library had both in and outside the Guild.

Three hundred and sixty volumes were presented and the donors were so many that we cannot name them. So great was the addition to the library that no books have been purchased since, the number being far greater than what is usually purchased by the Guild in any one year.

At the same time the sum of twelve dollars was contributed, which has been used in furnishing our library table with its necessaries ever since.

Note paper, pens, blotters, magazine register, printed labels for books and supplies for our sewing basket have been bought and a small balance (\$2.04) still remains.

Mrs. Hallowell sent us a great many valuable volumes early in the autumn.

Late in the year our reference library was enriched by a new edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, which has been long and earnestly desired by many of our members.

Many other presents noted during the year make the report of the Committee for 1896 a continuous record of gifts.

WILLING HANDS.

Mrs. C. S. Tomlinson, Chairman.

The Willing Hands received from the Needlework Guild 73 new garments and from other sources 40 partly worn; there have been distributed 51 new and 51 partly worn garments. The Relief Fund shows a debt, \$28.33, having been paid out and only \$22.88 collected during the year.

The Loan Fund has reached the sum of \$242.21, one hundred dollars of this amount having been contributed by Mrs. Thomas A. Scott, \$6 donated by other friends and \$4.16 having been added in the form of interest. Money has been loaned 26 times during the year.

Statement to date:

Amount loaned out at present.....	\$105 50
Deposited in Saving Fund.....	90 00
Cash on hand.....	46 71
Total.....	\$242 21

SUBSCRIBERS.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| Miss Ringwalt, | Mrs. M. B. Earle, |
| Miss Alice B. Hudson, | Miss Emily Campbell, |
| Miss Elizabeth Eckert, | Miss Elizabeth Gartley, |
| Miss Anna Erinkmann, | Mr. P. F. Jann, |
| Miss Virginia Graeff, | Mr. R. W. Sinclair, |
| Miss Carena Whitaker, | Mrs. R. W. Sinclair, |
| Miss Jennie F. Crawford, | Mrs. Panzerbeiter, |
| Miss Clara Hannum, | Miss Alice Patten, |
| Miss Angele Marke, | Miss Millie Jones, |
| Miss Sarah Nelson, | Miss S. B. Gray, |
| Miss Mary Conway, | Miss Zeta Cundey, |
| | Mrs. C. D. Phillippe. |

REPORT OF ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE.

Kate L. Gallagher, Chairman.

If there be any spice in variety the Guild has not suffered for lack of it the past year.

January led off with a dance, followed in February by a delightful dramatic entertainment, at which two plays were given, "A Happy Pair" and "Six to One." In March we all enjoyed the "Book Reception," which was a great social success and added about four hundred volumes to our library. Master Willie Stringfellow entertained us at the April Sociable with singing and fancy dancing, and in May Miss Chase gave us an enjoyable evening of ballad-singing. Music and dancing filled the program for June and September, followed in October by the highly enjoyable game of Piladex, introduced by Miss Howell. Mrs. Magoun furnished a fine program of music and recitations in November, and the year closed with a sort of transformation scene under the name of a "Masked Party," which was greatly enjoyed by the members present. The summer sociables were not so well attended as last year, owing, no doubt, to the tendency of members to seek out of door amusement in warm weather. The following is the financial report of the Committee:

DR.

To balance.....	\$4 19
To cash from visitors.....	2 20
To appropriation.....	10 00
" "	10 00

By expenses February entertainment.....	70
By expenses March entertainment.....	2 00
By expenses April entertainment.....	1 78
By June entertainment.....	1 25
By music Miss Kidd.....	6 00
" "	7 00
By expenses December entertainment.....	2 06
By Balance.....	5 60
	<hr/>
	\$26 39
To balance.....	\$5 60

REPORT OF THE HOSPITALITY COMMITTEE OF THE NEW CENTURY GUILD FOR THE YEAR 1896.

Ida E. Turner, Chairman.

The members of this committee have been active at the various socials of the Guild, and have endeavored on every occasion to welcome old and new members and cause them to feel thoroughly at home. Introductions have been numerous, and if the members who have attended our socials have failed to enlarge their circle of acquaintances or friends, it has not been the fault of the committee.

A more sociable spirit has been manifest, and the attendance at the business and social meetings has increased at least 25 per cent. during the year.

The Hospitality Committee meets on the fourth Saturday evening of every month at 7:30, in the Guild study.

ANNUAL REPORT OF NEW CENTURY GUILD LYCEUM

January 16th, 1897.

During the year that has just closed the Lyceum has taken a decided step forward; there has been increased interest on the part of the members, as evinced by the larger attendance and the wider scope and treatment of the subjects under discussion. The two-fold purpose of the Lyceum is to bring about clear, connected thought and expression, and the ability to argue or debate the subjects brought forward without other assistance than notes covering a synopsis of the theme; towards these goals the Lyceum members are surely tending. The average attendance has been about forty-five. The most notable debates of the past year were on the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That it is better for women to marry for love than for wealth and position."

"Resolved, That if the United States Government is required to coin all the silver offered, it can sustain the parity between gold and silver."

"Resolved, That outside employment unfits women for married life."

The future of the Lyceum is bright, and while holding to its original objects, it means to reach forth and grasp other opportunities for usefulness and improvement, one of which will be a study of parliamentary rule or procedure.

IDA E. TURNER, *President.*

REPORT OF THE NEW CENTURY GUILD SAVING FUND.

Anna W. Brinkman, Treasurer.

DR.

January 1, 1896, on deposit.....	\$1,478 72
Deposited during 1896.....	914 67
Interests on deposits.....	47 39
Total.....	\$2,440 78
Withdrawn during the year.....	892 42
Amount on deposit January 1st, 1897.....	\$1,548 36
Surplus.....	31 57
	<hr/>
	\$1,579 93
Invested with The New Century Trust.....	1,579 00
Balance cash.....	93
	<hr/>
	\$1,579 93

January 1st, 1896, number of depositors.....	40
New accounts opened	08
Accounts closed.....	6
January 1st, 1897, number of depositors.....	42

STATISTICS OF WOMEN'S WORK.

L. Canning, Chairman.

This Committee has done but little special work during the year.

An attempt was made to get Guild statistics as to what percentage of the members were in business for themselves. The returns have not yet come in sufficient numbers to make any statement, but we hope the plan will work for future good results.

DRESSMAKERS' ASSOCIATION.

L. K. Gaskell, President.

The Dressmakers' Association of The New Century Guild, now five years old, is the only one we know of in the country. We have gained 5 new members during the year and lost one by resignation. The old, reliable members have been constant in attendance at our meetings. Two of them have kindly brought their fashion plates several times for the common benefit. It is a great favor to have the use of these, for besides being artistic and beautiful they are so expensive that few can afford to subscribe for them. We have sent invitations to all new members to attend our meetings, and hope that all will do so.

THE TREASURER'S REPORT.

Balance from December 31st, 1895.....	\$5 35
Dues for 1896.....	9 80
	<hr/>
	\$15 15
Expenditures for 1896.....	11 35
	<hr/>
Balance December 31st, 1896.....	\$3 80

E. GARTLEY, *Treasurer.*

THE FRIENDLY VISITORS,

Margaret Keating, Chairman.

Report that flowers were sent to six members and visits were made to ten others during the year.

The New Century C. L. S. C. began its fourth year October 8th, 1896. It is composed of six members, five of whom will graduate at the completion of this year's study.

The books read this year are "The Growth of the French Nation," "French Traits," "A Study of the Sky," "A History of Greek Art," "A Study of Greek Civilization."

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS,
Chairman.

THE SEQUEL.

When the owl and the pussy cat went to sea,
In their pea green boat so fair,
The parson good, from out of the wood
Married the happy pair.

Kind Mr. Lear, leaves us just here,
And nothing further is stated.
But I've recently heard by a very small bird
From the pair so happily mated.

The little bird told me, so pray don't scold me,
I state but what I've heard.
That the owl and the cat in a worn out hat,
Were nursing a small cat bird.

W. A. SLAUGHTER.

When James IV of Scotland came to London to propose for the hand of Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII, he was somewhat disgusted to find her, at their first meeting, so busily engaged in a game of cards that she was scarcely able to give him any attention.

THE NEW CENTURY JOURNAL OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

Issued by the New Century Guild on the first Saturday of each month, except July and August.

MRS. MARTHA B. EARLE, Publisher. MRS. ELIZA S. TURNER, MRS. MARY E. MUMFORD, MISS ANNE H. WHARTON, MRS. JESSIE E. RINGWALT, MRS. E. M. N. CRITTENDEN, Editorial Committee.

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THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

There is nothing very fresh to say in a fourteenth message of welcome and congratulation. Our creed is pretty much the same as it was this time last year. We believe in our Guild, we believe that we are growing; we feel that our habits of reasoning together have taught us to think more logically, to bear opposition more serenely, to look at life in somewhat larger ways. We believe that we are, as an organization, really worth while.

What, then, has so accomplished a society yet to learn? Having got the lesson of the value of combination among ourselves, we have now to look outside of ourselves, and learn the lesson of a larger solidarity. Miss Blank, who joined in the first place because she wanted, we will say, to use the Gymnasium, was one day put on a committee, where she had to look out not only for the little closet where she kept her own suit, but for all the other closets; then she was made chairman of her committee, and in this capacity spent an evening with the chairman of all the other committees, and discovered, what she had never known before, that there were ever so many interests in the Guild as important as hers. Next she found that her club was only one of a great system of clubs, all not only taking care of their own individual interests, but occasionally conferring together for the best interests of all. That is to say, she is a part not only of her own New Century Society, but of the Federation of Societies which extends over the whole United States.

Let us take another view of it. The young girl who came to our Guild from a secluded life, perhaps away from her own real home, a girl disposed to brood over

thoughts which she has been afraid to express because she thought them peculiar to herself, discovers that they are puzzling other lonely souls, and with this discovery the lonely feeling vanishes; her conundrums seem no longer foolish; her aspirations no longer hopeless; what she wishes, others are wishing; toward the goal to which she looked so wistfully, others are striving; in her Guild, in her Federation, all over the country, all over the civilized world. Surely this means that it is not mere dreaming, but there is something real about it. The single purposes are no longer petty, they are a part of the grand aggregation of purposes; they mean that there is coming a happier and a nobler life for all. It is coming because, at last, we are learning to work together; no single wave can leap forward by itself, but shoulder to shoulder, all with one meaning, the ocean tide comes in.

COMMITTEES FOR 1897.

FINANCE. Miss S. L. Draper, Miss Mary E. Potts, Miss E. Maud Boucher.

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WILLING HANDS. Miss Elizabeth Gartley, Miss Lizzie Roberts, Miss Helen M. Wilson, Miss Edith Sharpless, Miss Sarah B. Gray, Miss Laura Norris, Mrs. Sarah Short, Miss Mary J. Cresswell.

STATISTICS OF WOMEN'S WORK. Miss Lisbeth Canning, Mrs. E. S. Turner.

Will any who are interested in work done by the Willing Hands please forward their contributions promptly to S. B. GRAY, Treasurer.

THE PORTRAIT COMMITTEE

Mrs. Phillippe, chairman, can still place to advantage subscriptions both large and small. "It" will be finished in about two months.

RECORD OF VIRTUE.

There are two sources of pride in the item below. First, the generosity of the giver; second, the hearty way in which the gift, with its innovating condition, was received by the students. And this, note you, away down in North Carolina.

A great impetus has been given to co-education in the South during the present month by the gift of \$100,000 by Mr. Washington Duke, of Durham, N. C., to Trinity College, on condition that women be admitted on the same basis as men. The munificent donation was made through President Kilgo, who at the time was attending the Methodist Conference at Kingston. He immediately telegraphed the glad message to the students, who were wild with delight. Going at once to the chapel they sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," then speeches of the most glowing character were made by their best orators, expressive of their gratification, after which a committee of three was appointed to call on Mr. Duke and present the thanks of the student body for his generosity.

(Here is a small story just given us by a friend.) I am not so young as I was, and moreover I was not feeling well. I was forging along to the depot, satchel in hand, when I felt it softly withdrawn. I looked up with instant, but only momentary suspicion, into the smiling face of a young girl.

"Please let me carry it for you," she said, "you look so tired."

"But I am only going to the depot." "I will go with you," she replied persuasively, and she carried it up the stairs, and to the train gate, and left me with a pleasant matter of course "Good-bye."

Was she a king's daughter? Was she of the tens and hundreds of tens whose simple vows of daily "Good will to Men" are softly, silently, almost imperceptibly leavening all modern society with the spirit that spoke in the first Christmas the world ever knew? H. S.

ANOTHER LINCOLN STORY.

[From the Burlington Hawkeye.]

Mr. Lincoln was one of the rare talkers who could always point out a moral with an adorning talk taken out of his own experience. The story-teller is the man who finds his own material. An old Southern politician was moralizing thus a few nights ago and eulogizing the man the South used to dislike:

"When Lincoln first came to Washington I went to see him, so prejudiced against him beforehand that no man with less genius could have overcome it. I left that first interview his friend. No man ever came under the charm of Lincoln's personality without respecting him, and, if allowed, loving him.

"One day, after we had become fairly good friends, I told him of my early prejudice.

"Mr. Lincoln," I said, 'I had heard every mean thing on earth about you except one. I never heard that you

were too fond of the pleasures of life.' Mr. Lincoln sat for a moment stroking his long cheek thoughtfully, and then he drawled out in his peculiar Western voice:

"That reminds me of something that a boy said to me when I was about 10 years old.

"Once in a while my mother used to get some sorghum and some ginger and mix us up a batch of gingerbread. It wasn't often, and it was our biggest treat.

"One day I smelled it and came into the house to get my share while it was hot. I found she had baked me three gingerbread men, and I took them out under a hickory tree to eat them.

"There was a family near us that was a little poorer than we were, and their boy came along as I sat down.

"Abe," he said, edging close, "gimme a man."

"I gave him one. He crammed it into his mouth at two bites, and looked at me while I bit the legs from my first one.

"Abe," he said, "gimme that other'n."

"I wanted it, but I gave it to him, and as it followed the first one I said:

"You seem to like gingerbread?"

"Abe," he said earnestly 'I don't s'pose there's anybody on earth likes gingerbread as well as I do,' and drawing a sigh that brought up crumbs, "I don't s'pose there's anybody gets less of it."

And the old politician said Mr. Lincoln looked as though the subject was ended.

REAL CHILDREN.

Little Ruth in the Boston Museum—"O, Mama, who are these dried up people?"

Mother—"They are mummies, dear."

Ruth, meditating—"I suppose when they were alive they were mamas, and now they are mummies?"

Mother, abstractedly—I suppose so.

Ruth—And if they had been papas when they were alive, now would they be puppies?" MRS. H. C.

HOW COULD THEY RESIST IT.

Jean is a three-year-old, just learning to go to bed alone. He objects to it, but his parents urge him to "be a little man." The other evening he was heard bawling—"Dada! Dada! I don't want to be a little man. I want to be a baby!" M. S.

Nell (aged twenty-five) washing the dishes, to Celia, (aged twelve) who was not fond of such work—"When I was your age, Ceil, I had to do more than dry a few dishes." "Oh, but then," said Celia "that was in old times." T. F.

A peculiar feature of Queen Victoria's long reign, which has not been generally noted in the recent celebratory articles about it, is the fact that a man is no longer barred from holding high office in England on account of his religion. Victoria has had a Jewish Prime Minister (Beaconsfield) and a Roman Catholic Lord Chief Justice (Lord Russell).

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The Committee on Legal Protection for Working Women furnishes advice, court charges, and counsel, free to women who work for their living, and are too poor, or uninformed of legal methods for the recovery of wages due, or money unjustly withheld.

Committee meets on SATURDAYS, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 124 S. TWELFTH ST.

MRS. S. C. F. HALLOWELL, *Chairman.*

THE NEW CENTURY JOURNAL

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS

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NO. 3

NEW CENTURY GUILD.

No. 1227 ARCH STREET, PHILA.

EDUCATIONAL, INDUSTRIAL, SOCIAL

MEMBERSHIP—Open to self-supporting women. Fee \$1.20 per year, payable in advance.

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MISS CARYL S. PEROT, 1st Vice-President.
MISS LAURA MASTERS, 2d Vice-President.
MISS K. T. O'FLAHERTY, Secretary.
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The Guild House is open for the convenience of members from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. every day, except Sunday.
MISS LISBETH CANNING, Actuary. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
MISS SARAH B. GRAY, House and Library.

Bulletin for March.

SATURDAY, 6th—Dancing.....8.00 P. M.
TUESDAY, 9th—Dressmakers' Association.8.15 P. M.
FRIDAY, 12th—New Century Trust meeting.....2.00 P. M.
“ “ Executive Board meeting.3.00 P. M.
SATURDAY, 13th—Business meeting of Guild 8.00 P. M.
“ “ Library Committee.....7.30 P. M.
“ “ Willing Hands Committee.....7.30 P. M.
“ “ Saving Fund deposits and withdrawals.....7.45 to 8.15 P. M.
“ 20th—Lyceum.....8.00 P. M.
TUESDAY, 23rd—Dressmakers' Association. 8.15 P. M.
SATURDAY, 27th—Sociable.....8.00 P. M.
“ “ Saving Fund deposits and withdrawals.....7.45 to 8.15 P. M.

The Hospitality Committee meets on the 4th Saturday evening of the month at 7.30 P. M. in the Guild Study.

LIBRARY.

The very crowded condition of the library on Saturday evenings, has resulted in the proposition to draw the curtains aside permitting an overflow into the front room, and using it as a library annex. The house, too, will look brighter and pleasanter, as we approach it from the street.

When one ox will lie down, the yoke bears hard on him that stands up.—*Thoreau.*

MAGAZINE ILLUSTRATION.

The Programme Committee is happy to announce that President James MacAlister, of the Drexel Institute, will give a "Talk on the Art of Illustration," on April 3rd, at 8 P. M. He is well qualified, from years of study, to speak on this subject, and will use selections from his own collection of illustrations gathered from magazines and other periodicals. The committee hopes that Guild members will make a special note of the date.

THE LYCEUM.

Feb. 20, 1897.

After a lapse of two months the Lyceum again met on the above date.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Blankenburg we were given a parliamentary drill and also an account of her visit to the recent Congress of Mothers held at Washington.

We began our meeting with the singing, by all present, of "America," and also had the pleasure of hearing Miss Perot sing one of her choice selections.

Women's wages ought to interest all women workers, and therefore the March Lyceum will be well worth attending, as the main question for debate is as follows: "Is It Reasonable to Expect That Women's Wages Will Ever Be, as a Rule, Equal to Men's in the Same Position?"

The curfew law will also meet with some discussion. All are invited. E. M.

NEW MEMBERS.

Mrs. Emily Gray Fleming, Miss Mary Beal,
Miss Marion Coch, Miss Laura V. McConnell,
Miss Carrie Verdi, Miss Katie Coughlin,
Miss Martha Morel, Mrs. Christine Cantrel,
Miss Ida B. Gray.

MARRIED.

February 3rd, Miss Mary Anna Conway and Dr. Edward Houghton Green.

We have now on our library table the *Journal of Zoophily* sent to us by the editor. There are always interesting articles in it about our friends and teachers, the lower animals, and there is often information on the subject of their treatment which would not be found in any other periodical. In the February number is a well-written letter from Mrs. Ormiston Chant on vivisection.

The truth, the hope of any time, must always be sought in the minorities.—*Emerson.*

PROGRAMME.

The announcements are as follows:—

March 6th, dancing. Miss Green, pianist; Miss Yoos, hostess.

March 13th, business meeting. A member of the Library Committee will give an account of the "Home Libraries" of the Children's Aid Society of Boston.

March 20th, Lyceum.

March 27th, Sociable.

April 3rd, "A Talk on the Art of Illustration," by Prof. James MacAlister, President of the Drexel Institute.

April 10th, business meeting.

April 17th, Lyceum.

April 24th, Sociable.

LIFT UP YOUR VOICES.

At the business meeting of the Guild, February 13th the question was asked: Why should we not have singing at our meetings? The discussion which followed the question resulted in a determination to make the effort to have that delightful adjunct to our comings together. The proposition is not to have a class in voice culture or the technicalities of music, but simply that all who are willing to try, even those who profess to have no voice, should meet together to learn some songs. Miss Searle kindly agreed to direct a vocal band, and for that purpose to meet those who are fond of music and are willing to lend a helping voice, on Saturday evenings at 7.30 P. M., in the assembly room. Come one, come all.

SCOTCH EVENING.

On Saturday evening, the sixth of February, the members of the New Century Guild were entertained by a Scotch Evening, under the management of Miss Caryl S. Perot. It was one of the most enjoyable evenings the writer has ever spent in the Guild House, and I am sure that all present will voice their agreement with me, in the language of the poet, "Them's my sentiments." (We have personal reasons for not quoting Mr. Fadden literally).

The programme was arranged by Mr. Jos. Ferguson, of the Caledonian Club, and was certainly a creditable evidence of his ability, consisting of readings by Mr. MacCaffrey, which were most artistically rendered; solos by Miss Jeanie MacGowan, Mr. Hutchinson Dougall, Mr. Houston and Mr. Miller. The latter also favored us with recitations, one of which in particular, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," called forth much merited applause. The sword dance, performed by Miss Agnes MacIntyre, was the most graceful, accurate and pleasing performance of that difficult dance we have had the pleasure of witnessing. Miss MacIntyre wore a Highland costume of Royal Stuart tartan which was very pretty and added to the effectiveness of the dance. The piper of the evening was Mr. John Urquhart, who made the echoes ring to the tuneful melody of the pipes in a way to conjure up vivid pictures of the gorse-clad mountains of his native heath. Miss

Gillison was pianist, and a chorus of ladies and gentlemen of the Caledonian Club sang several beautiful quartettes.

The duett "Gin Ye Gang Awa' Jamie," by Miss Jeanie MacGowan and Mr. Dougall, and "Father O'Flynn," by Mr. Dougall, which were both encores, were loudly applauded.

Miss Perot had the assembly room very tastefully decorated with photographs of many of the familiar historic scenes from the home of Burns and Scott, as well as busts of those celebrated Scotchmen; streamers of the different clark plaids (or tartans, to be more correct) adorned the platform, each streamer ticketed with the name of its particular clan.

The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by all assembled appropriately brought to a close one of the pleasantest evenings the Guild has enjoyed—though her onward course is marked by many a pleasant milestone.

Many thanks to Miss Perot and her friends of the Caledonian Club. KATHLEEN.

BUSINESS MEETING.

The following resolutions were adopted at the business meeting of the Guild on Saturday, Feb. 13.

Whereas, Esther Lewis Jones, the first member of the New Century Guild, passed from this life, on Jan. 27, 1897; and

Whereas, Her removal from us, her friends and Guild associates, has awakened much sorrow; therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender her family our heartfelt sympathy in this bereavement; and

Resolved, That we bear loving testimony to her many good qualities of mind and heart, her earnestness, her faithfulness and true womanliness; and that we desire through this medium to express our deep sense of loss. Her strong individuality, lovable nature, loyalty and uprightness, combined with other sterling virtues to endear her to us, and will serve to hold her in our loving remembrance.

Resolved, That these resolutions be placed on our minutes, a copy be published in the *Guild Journal* and a copy be sent to her family as an indication of our sympathy. CARYL S. PEROT,

1st. Vice President.

A QUERY.

MRS. EDITOR: As there was not time at the last meeting of the Lyceum to reach our questions, may I bring one of them to your columns? It is in regard to the propriety of using, under any circumstances, the word "saleslady." Personally I dislike it exceedingly, but after all I may be wrong. I consulted a friend who is both a Guild and a Club woman, and who knows a good deal more about the world's ways than I do. She said: "In our Club, if I should speak of the leader of any one of our committees as a 'chairlady' or if I should mention the head of a cloak or millinery department as a 'forelady,' or any one behind the counter as a 'saleslady,' my friends would take it as a

SISTERLY NOMENCLATURE.

In an unabridged dictionary, of date 1866, ten years before the beginning of the Woman's Century, there are found nine words derived from the Latin word *frater*, brother, among them; "fraternal, pertaining to brother;" "fraternity, a brotherhood," and other forms often used to indicate brotherly relations.

The corresponding word to denote sister is *soror*, but there is only one word derived from it: "Soricide, the murder or murderer of a sister." Men have been associating together for centuries and these derivatives from *frater* have been brought into the language to express the good feeling of men grouped together for mutual interest. If we judge by the one word evolved for the sisterhood the members of that sex have not had much regard for each other.

Many words originating for men are applicable to women as well, but to express the regard between sisters as "brotherly" does not seem fitting. In the late dictionaries a new word has appeared, *sorosis*, corresponding in its meaning, somewhat, to fraternity, but there is nothing in place of that good old word fraternal.

Americans consider it in order, when there is no word to express new conditions, to invent one, as their ancestors did before them, so that it would be eminently proper for the Federation of clubs, as the national representative of sisterly associations, to consider the subject of adding some feminine words to the nomenclature of good feeling. ✓/

REST

The noon-hour rest, for workers, is taken very differently by men and women. writes Mrs. Walsh, in the *New York Times*. The hod carrier finishes the contents of his dinner pail, then lolls against a friendly fence in sheer animal rest. Perhaps he lights a pipe—as often he does not—but he rests in every fibre of his being. A shop girl hurries over her bread and tea to try her eyes and tax her interest with a story paper, eagerly devoured till the last moment, or she spends her "rest" time in exciting gossip with her neighbors. Either is foolish expenditure of needed force. The closer the strain the greater the need for the complete and daily respite, however brief. Such workers should pursue the opportunity to take it relentlessly. The business woman whose work must be done at office or shop must invent her chance for rest. It is a common habit of several young newspaper women, reporters, to step into one of the big shops or hotels, seek the parlor, and conscientiously rest for fifteen or twenty minutes, as their time permits. In shops it must be taken with the stop for luncheon, as a rule; in offices it may also have to be, but often there is a lull in business caused by every lady's luncheon hour coming at or near the same time that may be almost regularly depended upon. For the woman whose work is at home the half-hour immediately preceding or following luncheon is apt to be one that could be spent in this way. Where there are children old enough to go to school, after the

meal is better, for the little folks will have turned back to their lessons, no callers need be expected, and the afternoon's task or engagement can usually brook this little delay. For the mothers whose babies are still in arms, the "rest" should be taken while their little charges sleep. Says one mother to this: "Why, that is my only chance to 'pick up' and 'catch up' with things." Spare the half-hour to rest and the picking up and catching up will be the better forwarded. A half-hour daily of complete retirement, lying down in loose clothes, and banishing all worry, all thought indeed, if possible, works wonders if persevered in. Have the shades drawn and close the eyes. A tired brain strays restfully in darkened ways; even mechanical eye-impressions of which one does not seem to be thinking at all consume a little force; blindness physically and mentally is what is sought, and it is this that rests and restores.

RECORD OF VIRTUE.

In my walks to-day I passed two of the little ones of whom we are apt to say, "It would be well if they had never been born." The oldest had not seen more than four years as to age, yet she had the mother instinct of comforting strong within her. The other had fallen, and was crying bitterly over it. It was both amusing and pathetic to see one so small begin to pity and comfort. "Where did she fall? How did she come to fall? Where did it hurt her?" wiping the tears from the dirt-begrimed little face.

We believe that poverty is mostly an evil, and yet it does bring out early such traits as this. A. C.

Dear Journal:—I wonder if your Record of Virtue column is still kept up? In case it is, I want you to know of a little incident which happened at a certain home for invalids lately.

The name of a poor boy had been put on the books of the institution waiting for a vacancy. After long waiting it finally came, but not until the boy had reached man's estate. Poor and friendless he was started on an all night's journey, reaching the home under the charge of a hack driver at 5 o'clock in the morning. The night watchman, apparently touched by the man's desolate arrival at this, his last and perhaps also his first real earthly home, shook his hand warmly, saying: "Welcome, glad to see you, glad to see you!"

The matron noticed that he carried but a diminutive package about large enough to hold two or three pocket handkerchiefs. She knew that this represented all his effects, so she quickly put together and marked with his name an outfit of underwear, having it in his bureau drawer by the time he was settled in his room. This appreciation of the importance attached in such an institution to the slightest difference in social status, showed her disinterested loyalty to the first impulse of a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize, and one unhardened by familiarity with neglect.

M. C. S.

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 MRS. E. M. N. CRITTENDEN, } Editorial Committee.

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We gladly note the signs of coming spring, the fleecy clouds, the softer outlines of the trees, the change in the air; even the rude March winds bring hope with their searching. We know they will bear away to regions beyond our ken, clouds and vapors and foulness.

But what of the signs of the times? Are we as blind to them as were the people 1900 years ago? They certainly are many and ominous. Wonderful discoveries in natural forces, rebellion in Cuba with the United States alert, ready and eager to dash in and take a hand at the first indication of weakening on the part of Spain; Cretan massacres and the conduct of Greece watched by the European powers, with rebellion threatened in Macedonia; discussions of arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain; proposed international money conference; National Conference of Mothers, with its resolutions to take a stand against the abuses of the modern press.

These are among the signs that come to the front, but who has the keen vision to read what they portend? The significance of some is clear, and under the bloody mask of others it may be that the same promise is hidden. The desire for arbitration, the need felt of concerted action, certainly point to a closer union of differing peoples, to the kinship of mankind which has indeed been for ages proclaimed with insistence, but which is so slowly and with what pain, what throes of anguish realized!

One of the little straws passed by by the world at large as hardly showing even the direction of the current is the National Conference of Mothers. It is but one of a large body of similar straws creating only light ripples on the surface of the public thought of to-

day; but note how they collect, how they intertwine, making a firm mesh not easy to be separated, how they hold a steady course in mid-stream! Then take a backward glance and see what and where women were hardly more than half a century ago. Each woman was an entirely separate existence, a thing having no connection with the world, for her it might wag as it would. Conservative of conservatives, she was self-centred, apart, alone yet driven hither and thither by the passions of men, a plaything in their "hours of ease," a ministering angel in pain and sickness; worshipped—with what fatal and futile adoration—for one brief moment, the next thrust through and through by reproach and calumny, or forgotten, ignored, a bubble; or at best the centre of a family of which a man was the head, irresponsible save to him, the family in its turn having no real unity with the State, although the State boasted that it was founded on family life.

If sometimes women ruled their families what guarantee was there that it would be wisely done? They could talk about it with their cronies if willing to show their own ignorance or doubts, or they could fall back upon that instinct of which they have still a greater endowment than men, being yet farther removed from civilization than they are. But of counsel from knowledge gained by experience and wise study of conditions they could have little.

Now, there are national councils of women in the United States, Canada, France, Germany, Great Britain and Ireland, Sweden, New Zealand and Australia, also organizations equivalent to councils in Finland, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Belgium and Italy. In these gatherings all subjects of especial importance to women and those of more general import through them to the world, things bearing upon the common weal of humanity, are discussed. Now, women have opportunities of comparing their own methods with those of others having wider experience or more leisure for study. They need no longer say as has been so often said by the most painstaking and conscientious: "Why could we not have the benefit of the knowledge gained by our own failures before it was too late?" Now, women not only have their especial associations for deliberation and counsel, but they are sometimes admitted to joint counsel with men, who listen with respect to their views. In a word, women are ceasing to be mere individuals and are becoming parts of a whole, are at length taken into the scheme of the universe, not as disturbing forces tending to disintegration of the whole, but as builders up and renewers of life. Truly the change is one of the signs and marvels of this century. Let him who runs read.

M. B. EARLE.

Emperor William, it is said, is the only European monarch who carries a revolver. He is very handy with the weapon and is never without one, believing that some time he will encounter an assassin, and need it badly.

A MORAL SONG.

There was a man in Camden Town,
 Away across the sea,
 He sliced a slice from off the moon,
 And dipped it in his tea.
 And when he found he liked it well,
 He sliced and sliced amain;
 And 'twill be nearly a month before
 The moon grows in again.

(CHORUS, SURPRISED.)

O, O! I want to know!
 But how could he reach, you see?
 Dear, dear, but isn't it queer?
 Now are you sure it be?

There was a girl in Camden Town,
 She had a hat so high
 That every time she tossed her head
 It scratched against the sky.
 And first there was a mile of brim,
 And then three miles of crown,
 And all the rest was feathers of birds
 That grew in Camden Town.

(CHORUS.)

My, My! that seems so high;
 'Twould be in her way, you see.
 Dear, dear, but isn't it queer?
 Now are you sure it be?

And when this girl from Camden Town
 She went to see the play,
 And sat before the folks behind,
 They wished she wouldn't stay.
 She took that hat from off her head,
 And on her lap it lay;
 And then the folks who sat behind
 They all could see the play.

(CHORUS, INDIGNANTLY.)

O, O! No, No,
 She'd never do that, you see.
 O, O! No, No,
 Such things could never be.

(ANGRILY.)

O, O! No, No!
 Come, none of your chaff with me!
 No, no, ho, ho!
 It could not, could not be.

—E. S. TURNER.

The *Woman's Tribune* in a report of the "National Congress of Mothers," gives the following striking quotation from the opening address of the President, Mrs. Birney:

"Even the best intentioned parents and teachers are often, through ignorance of the nature of children, stumbling blocks in their pathway. How strangely the world has worked, how at variance with all natural law. For every single kindergarten there are a hundred, nay, a thousand, prisons, jails, reformatories, asylums and hospitals; and yet society cries that there is need for more of these. Are we blind, that we fail as nation and State and individuals to recognize the incontrovertible fact that such demand will never cease until we cut off the supply?"

SAVINGS BANKS.

The statistical statement issued by the Agricultural Department at Washington, in December, last, places the people of our state quite low in the scale of thrift, to judge by the comparatively small number of those who are depositors in savings banks. While Massachusetts had 1,247,000 depositors, a ratio to population of 46.6 and New York 1,615,178 depositors, a ratio of 24.6 to population; Pennsylvania had but 264,642 depositors, or a ratio of 4.5 to population. Our state was twelfth in ratio of depositors to population, the order being: Massachusetts, 46.6; New Hampshire, 41.9; Connecticut, 41.1; Rhode Island, 34.5; Vermont, 28.5; New York, 24.6; Maine, 23.4; Maryland, 13.5; California, 12.1; Delaware, 10.4; New Jersey, 8.8, and Pennsylvania, 4.5.

It is claimed that the citizens of Pennsylvania make use of building associations for their savings to a greater extent than is done elsewhere, but this fact will not account fully, for the differences shown above. It is evident that there should be more opportunities in this community for deposit of savings in conservatively managed savings funds.

A feature of the existing institutions of this character is, that while women are in large majority as depositors, the management and employees, from the president down to the clerks at the counters, are men. The thought arises as to whether it would not be practicable to have a savings fund established in which both men and women should be represented in the management.

V. I.

WOMEN'S OCCUPATIONS.

Miss Anna Longstreth, one of the School Board of the Fifteenth Ward of this city, is also an agent for the Equitable Life Assurance Company. This would appear to be a most natural occupation for a woman, but we believe that the above company is the only one which makes no distinction in its agents except on the score of fitness. We had a mind to put this innovation to their credit in our Record of Virtue, but concluded that it should rather be considered as a proof of superior sagacity, especially in choosing a woman to canvass among women.

The great objection in the minds of many persons to investing in this fashion is that, once in, you have to keep on paying forever, or to lose all you have already advanced; this feature is obviated in the company described. Miss Longstreth says:

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States has much to commend it, and not the least of its advantages is that it insures women on the same basis as men, and also employs women agents, giving them equal pay with men for equal labor. Young people in the neighborhood of 25 years of age can be insured for about \$20, \$30 and \$50 per year, on the thousand, with results, after three years, of either cash paid up policy or annuity for life, according to policy and choice. During the entire period of payment, these policies, after three years, have a cash value, or can be exchanged for paid up policy.

joke, and laugh accordingly; but if there were persons present to whom I was a stranger, they would look at each other, and some one would be likely to whisper to her neighbor, "Is it possible she doesn't know better than that?" From which I conclude that while there are places in which the word lady, and no other must be used, it is not good form to say saleslady or chairlady—Am I right or wrong?

You are right. A buyer could properly say: "Can I see the young lady of whom I bought some white ribbon yesterday?" but she could not say, even to the same person, "I find the salesladies at this counter very obliging." [Ed]

SOCIABLE.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Wright one of the most pleasant entertainments of the season was given at the Guild on Saturday evening, February 27th. A fine audience was present, completely filling the assembly room and overflowing into the hall. Refreshments were served in the study and dancing followed the very enjoyable programme which is given below:

- RECITATION—"The Clown's Baby," Miss Holmes.
 "FAST FRIENDS."
 Dulcie Miss Warren.
 Mabelle Miss Needles.
 RECITATION—Mr. Hinder.
 "A FAIR ENCOUNTER."
 Lady Clara Miss Brenizer.
 Mrs. Grenville (disguised as maid) . . . Miss Holmes
 To all such friends the Guild says "come again."
 KATE L. GALLAGHER,
 Chairman Entertainment Committee.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

Harper's Bazaar, February 20th, states that the only 'girls' club in the United States belonging to the General Federation of Women's Clubs is the Clio Club of Denver." Now the New Century Guild of Philadelphia, an association of young self-supporting women, has been for six years a member of the Federation. And why should we not be? (We confess we thought we were the only one.) Our aims, our needs, our aspirations, our scope of action, are identical with the rest; we have our classes, our lectures, our entertainments, our parliamentary drills, our discussions on every subject under the sun—nay, beyond the sun, for do we not consider astronomy and soul-problems and the modern fashion plates? So far as we can see, the chief difference between us and some of the others is that, being obliged to earn our own money, we cannot, as a rule, afford to spend so much on membership fees as some of our sisters. Yet have we an equal pride in the sense of belonging to the grand army of women whose march is always forward, whose look is always upward, whose new and marvellously spreading enthusiasm for the elevation of a sex must inevitably tend to the elevation of a race.

BOOKS.

- New and old added to the library since last report.
 F 961 An Errant Wooing. Mrs. Burton Harrison.
 C 144 Poems. Southey.
 C 145 Poems. Edmund Spencer.
 F 962 Tom Brown at Oxford. Thomas Hughes.
 A 54 Emperor and Galilean. Henrik Ibsen.
 A 55 Hedda Gabler. Henrik Ibsen.
 L 75 Talks with Socrates about Life.
 D 190 Kant. William Wallace, M. A.
 D 191 Hegel. William Knight, L. L. D.
 D 192 Victor Cousin. Jules Simon.
 D 193 Thiers. Paul De Remusat.
 D 194 Turgot. Leon Say.
 D 195 Montesquieu. Albert Sorel.
 D 196 Victor Hugo. Algernon C. Swinburne.
 D 197 Henrik Ibsen. Henrik Jaeger.
 D 198 Life of William Congreve. Edmund Gosse, M. A.
 D 199 Bayard Taylor. Edited by C. D. Warner.
 D 200 Edgar Allen Poe. Edited by C. D. Warner.
 D 201 Martin Van Buren. Edward M. Shepard.
 D 202 Robert Southey. John Dennis.
 D 203 John Bright. William Robertson.
 C 146 Poems. Keats.
 C 147 Songs of France. Pierre de Beranger.
 C 148 Australian Poets.
 C 149 Madonna and other poems. Harrison S. Morris.
 H 106 Old England. James M. Hoppin.
 H 107 Tropical Africa. Henry Drummond.
 E 190 Conversations in a Studio. William M. Story
 F 963 Mito Yashiki. Arthur C. Maclay.
 N 68 Good Form in England.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

An intelligent, refined young woman, who has had a position as stenographer for the last five years in one establishment, but who really prefers domestic to clerical work, is ready to do any sort of housework, not too heavy, except washing. Is fond of young children especially babies. Can give the best reference. Apply at NEW CENTURY GUILD, 1227 Arch street.

REAL CHILDREN.

Happy little Bell, sitting alone on the floor, was heard soliloquizing in a sing-song tone, thus:
 "And Heavenly Father will take care of us . . . if we are good . . . but then . . . we're not always good . . . and so . . . we have to take care of ourselves pretty much."
 M. GREW.
 The following was the impression made on another child's mind by the idea of an unseen watcher.
 Her mother heard her crying in her bed, and ran up to see what was the matter.
 "I'm afraid," she sobbed.
 "But what can you be afraid of?"
 "I'm afraid of God and things." F. B. A.
 All trial is in its very nature temporal; all joy is in its nature eternal.—Lillian Whiting.

COLUMN OF PLEASANTNESS.

The inside of a walnut shell is a pretty thing to look at (the inside of a chestnut burr is even more beautiful.) It is a great pleasure to gather wild flowers for city friends. B. H.

A new idea occurred to us the other day. Coming home between 5 and 6 in the afternoon, we were struck by the look of the sunlight slanting across the house tops, and turning the steam from a foundry into a rosy and silver geyser and a church steeple into gold. Then, looking toward the West, we saw a genuine rose-colored cloud at the end of the street. Next we remembered that it was just like this only yesterday, and not until then did we reflect that it meant a new thing—a new thing this year—that the days are growing longer; that although the city trees are bare, and long lines of dirty snow are in the streets, still, something is happening; step by step the Spring is coming our way.

AMBER.

This gum, in the process of hardening imprisoned the flies and other creatures held in its gummy embrace, and there they are to-day, perfectly preserved, and looking very much alive, although imprisoned. I once saw and tried to purchase a beautiful specimen which contained a lizard with five legs, looking as much alive as a living lizard could look in a teaspoonful of syrup; but it had been dead for thousands of years. That specimen is in a private collection, and no amount of money will buy it.

Amber was at one time more valuable than gold, because it was scarcer. In the fourteenth century and previous to that time, amber was made into knives and forks with one prong for the use of princes and dignitaries of the church. In those days nobody knew the real amber fields, and a great deal of it was found by the seashores, where it was washed by the waves. It has been discovered, however, that the extinct cone-bearing trees flourished in immense forests on the plains of North Germany, and amber is there discovered in large quantities by miners. Large quantities of it are also found in the yellow sandstone along the Baltic shores. There are regularly operated amber mines in East Prussia, at Palmicken, and it is also picked from the cliffs, much as placer miners find gold in California pockets. Consequently amber is no longer more valuable than gold, but on the contrary it is on the market at from two to fifty dollars per pound, according to its quality. It is no longer one of the mysteries of the world, but one of the commodities. But the specimens found in various places in peculiar conditions, still find their way into the cabinets of the collectors of curios.
 —Smith D. Fry, in the Cincinnatiian.

It is a very striking fact that of all the long series of congresses held in Chicago in connection with the World's Exposition none began to attract such crowds and throngs as those which discussed religion and the higher life.—Lillian Whiting.

We are very apt to lose sight of the ethical aspect of things we see every day, and even of our own daily acts. Everything that custom sanctions is regarded by us as moral, and it requires many a hint and rude jog to our consciences to bring about a change in fixed habits. On this account the story of the woes of the birds cannot be too often repeated until we all come to a knowledge of our sins in regard to them.

This is *Punch's* plea for the white plumed Herons.
 An appeal to all ladies with pitiful hearts.
 "Butchered to make a Roman holiday,"
 Butchered to make a lady's bonnet gay!—
 Sounds that much sweeter?

Little white heron, with the shoulder plume,
 Which stirs the milliner's remorseless passion,
 You guess not how your finery seals your doom
 At beck of fashion.

The little egret's nuptial plumes are sought
 Above all other feathers by Eve's daughter,
 And hence the heronry with woe is fraught,
 A scene of slaughter.

Poor, pretty, bridal-plumed, nest-loyal birds,
 At breeding time alone you grow gregarious,
 The hunter comes, and scenes too sad for words
 Grieve e'en the hilarious.

The mothers, hovering near their helpless brood,
 Are shot in hundreds; 'tis such easy killing!
 The plumelets are plucked out, since they are good
 For many a shilling.

The young birds starve, whilst, festering in white
 heaps,
 Their displumed parents lie in scores about them.
 When men say at the thought their chill blood
 creeps,
 Will ladies doubt them?

Male thralls of Mammon do the murderous deed,
 But if the slaves of Mode could feel compassion,
 Young herons need not starve, nor old ones bleed,
 To—follow Fashion.

The heronries are fast destroyed, 'tis said,
 The pretty egrets fast exterminated.
 It seems a pity! Betwixt Mode and Trade
 Are the birds fated?

Nay, lovely woman, prithee just say "Nay"
 In mere humanity and love of beauty!
 Punch loves the sex, and to his pets would pray,
 "Dears—do your duty!"

That Father in God, who bade the young men to be pure, and the maidens brave, greatly disturbed a member of his congregation who thought that the great preacher had made a slip of the tongue. "That the girls should have purity and the boys courage, is what you would say, good Father?" "Nature has done that," was the reply, "I meant what I said." In good sooth a young maid is all the better for learning some robust virtues than maidenliness and the robust virtues require some fresh air and freedom.
 —Julianna Horatia Ewing.

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The Committee on Legal Protection for Working Women furnishes advice, court charges, and counsel, free to women who work for their living, and are too poor, or uninformed of legal methods for the recovery of wages due, or money unjustly withheld.

Committee meets on SATURDAYS, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 124 S. TWELFTH ST.

MRS. S. C. F. HALLOWELL, *Chairman.*

THE NEW CENTURY JOURNAL

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS

VOL. X.

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NO. 4.

NEW CENTURY GUILD.

No. 1227 ARCH STREET, PHILA.

Educational, Industrial, Social

MEMBERSHIP—Open to self-supporting women. Fee \$1.20 per year, payable in advance.

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MISS CARYL S. PEROT, 1st Vice-President.
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MRS. M. T. GAWTHROP, Vice-Chairman.
MRS. KATE L. GALLAGHER, Secretary.
MR. HENRY GAWTHROP, Treasurer.

The Guild House is open for the convenience of members from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. every day, except Sunday.

MISS LISBETH CANNING, Actuary. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

MISS SARAH B. GRAY, House and Library.

BULLETIN FOR APRIL.

Saturday, 3d—A Talk on the Art of Illustration by Prof. James McAlister ..8.00 P. M.
Friday, 9th—New Century Trust meeting 2.00 P. M.
“ “ Executive Board meeting ...3.00 P. M.
Saturday, 10th—Business meeting of Guild. 8.00 P. M.
“ “ Library Committee.....7.30 P. M.
“ “ Willing Hands Committee 7.30 P. M.
“ “ Saving Fund deposits and withdrawals 7.45 to 8.15 P. M.
Tuesday, 13th—Dressmaker's Association...8.15 P. M.
Saturday, 17th—Lyceum8.00 P. M.
“ 24th—Sociable 8.00 P. M.
“ “ Saving Fund deposits and withdrawals7.45 to 8.15 P. M.
Tuesday, 27th—Dressmaker's Association...8.15 P. M.

The Hospitality Committee meets on the 4th Saturday evening of the month at 7.30 P. M. in the Guild Study.

NEW MEMBERS.

Miss Cynthia Pepler,	Miss Amelia F. Christian,
Miss Kathryn Flynn,	Miss Minnie C. Helwig,
Miss Helen R. Hillborn,	Miss Anna E. Watson,
Mrs. Elizabeth B. Parrish,	Miss Estelle Quantrell.

MEMBERSHIP.

Under the three month's rule, unpaid membership dues for 1897 are now over due. The Committee does not wish to drop one member from the roll if it can be helped. There has been an encouraging increase in new members, and the *billet-doux* sent to each of the old members has met with a good response. New members in April pay 90 cents dues for the remainder of the year.

LIFE INSURANCE.

The New Century Saving Fund, has, with the approval of the Guild, added a new feature which it is thought will afford members of the Guild an opportunity for combined saving and insurance. An arrangement has been made with the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Philadelphia, one of our oldest companies, by which the treasurer of the Saving Fund, Miss Anna W. Brinkmann, is appointed an agent, with authority to offer policies as small as \$500 to Guild members. It is not usual to issue them for less than \$1000, but the smaller undertaking, will, it is thought, bring the insurance within the reach of some who could not pay the larger premiums.

There are many varieties of insurance but it is proposed to recommend the endowment policies, by which the insured receives the full amount of the insurance on attaining a stated age. In this method the insurance partakes of the nature of a saving, which is to be realized in one's life time. The saving of money is promoted, as in subscribing to shares in a Building Association, for the best result is secured by the continued payment until the time contracted for has expired. At the same time an equitable adjustment is made should the payment of premiums have to be discontinued. These policies participate in the profits of the company by dividends which may be applied to reduce the annual premiums or to increase the amount of the insurance.

After the payment of the first annual premium amounting from \$15.00 to \$50.00 or more, according to the kind of policy selected, it is proposed that the insured shall use the saving fund to deposit small sums during the year, to make ready for the premium. Deposits of \$4.50, \$2.75, \$2.00 or \$1.50 per month will amount to enough to pay the annual premiums required for a policy of \$500 running 10, 15, 20 or 25 years, respectively, varied from these figures by the age of the person insured. The payment at any one time will thus be lightened and interest begin at once.

For further particulars as to this and other forms of policies, members are requested to call upon Miss Brinkmann, in the study between 7.30 and 9.30 o'clock any Saturday evening.

PROGRAMME.

The announcements are as follows :

April 3rd, a lecture on the "Art of Illustration," by Dr. James MacAlister, President of the Drexel Institute.

April 10th, Business Meeting. After the routine business is transacted, Mrs. Anne Biddle Sterling, of Philadelphia, of the Home Influence Association, will read a paper on "Higher Ideals in Home Life; Practical Needs and Methods," which was recently read at a Mother's Conference held at 15th and Race Sts.

April 17th, Lyceum.

April 24th, Sociable.

May 1st, A Musicale in Charge of Miss Minnie Kidd. Admission to non-members, 10 cents.

May 8th, Business Meeting.

May 15, Sociable.

May 29th, as the following day, May 30th, will be Decoration Day, we hope to have something patriotic.

THE HOME LIBRARY.

It has been about seven years since the writer first heard of the plan for Home Libraries, originated by Mr. Charles W. Birtwell, Secretary of the Children's Aid Society of Boston. The development of the work has been watched since with much interest, and with the hope that the Guild might find it a useful field for philanthropic effort, the subject was introduced at the March business meeting, and further explanation is given here.

Mr. Birtwell fell into the habit of lending books to the poor children of his acquaintance, and of talking to them about the books after they had been read. The number increased so that he was unable to keep up the desired social relations with them. He therefore, designed a little book-case, with one shelf for fifteen books, and another for periodicals, with a glass door and a Yale lock, and put the cases right on the walls of the living room of a poor family, one having a child competent to act as librarian. He formed small groups of readers, usually ten, among whom the books were to circulate. A visitor for each group is a part of the plan, a person of wisdom and sympathy, who meets the children once a week, and during the hour talks about the books and gives all the help she can. It is hard to say exactly what she does, but she is, above all, the friend of the children, teaching them games, advising about their reading, and getting acquainted so that she may be a real help. There are monthly conferences of these visitors and reports of the libraries under their care.

Each group contains both boys and girls from eight to fifteen years, and the libraries are returned and a fresh supply sent every three months. All kinds of healthful influences gather around the home libraries, such as stamp savings, flower festivals and excursions to the woods and parks. There were, at the last report, sixty-four of these home libraries in active oper-

ation in Boston, and we believe similar libraries have been established in other cities. The introduction of the method into Philadelphia would be opportune at this time for the educational influence of the system itself, and the teaching of the visitor serves as a preliminary training in the care of books for those who could not now be trusted with books from the public libraries.

The whole question of the Guild trying this new departure of Home Libraries was referred to the Library committee to consider and report upon later. The visitors, we believe, can be or should be found in the Guild. The children who need such opportunities are all around us, and through them, if approached properly, the homes will open to us. The one thing now needed is money to purchase the books and cases. Each outfit costs about \$25.00 and a start could be made with one.

The organized charity, the dispensaries and other agencies should be able to suggest homes in which libraries could be placed, and we have lists of nearly 400 books used by the Boston Society carefully selected from the best of juvenile literature by persons of experience and judgment.

While the Library Committee is pursuing its investigations, it would be glad to receive information upon any points in this communication, or to correspond with any Guild member to whom this kind of work appeals in an especial manner. M. T. G.

SOCIABLE.

A goodly number of Guild members filled the Assembly room on Saturday evening, March 27th, and enjoyed a pleasant evening, made doubly entertaining by the kindness of friends who recited, played the piano, and taught new figures in dancing, and the New Century Chorus added much to the pleasure of the evening.

The committee is glad to announce that it has the promise of "An Evening with Shakespeare" for April 24th. This will include parts of some well-known play, appropriate music and other delightful features.

Any one desiring back numbers of the Journal can have them by applying at the Guild office, 1227 Arch Street.

That Portrait.

All will be glad to hear that this is rapidly approaching completion, and that it promises to be a real work of art—something of which every Guild member may be proud for more reasons than one.

The Evening Repose.

If you have not yet taken supper at the Guild on Saturday evening between 6 and 7 o'clock, you have a pleasant treat in store.

Help me to need no aid from men,

That I may help such men as need.

RODYARD KIPLING.

OUR LYCEUM.

On March 20th, the New Century Lyceum had another splendid meeting,—a full representation, many speakers, bright speeches, good arguments, and an entertaining, profitable evening throughout.

The Guild chorus, under the capable and inspiring leadership of Miss Mary Searle, sang, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," stirring the patriotism of everyone present. The Lyceum members stood as this grand old national air was sung, as they did also at the close of the meeting, when "The Star Spangled Banner" was rendered in fine style. There was more music during the evening, in the form of a sweet song by Miss Alice J. Hoyle.

One of the features of the evening which must be emphasized is that some of the best speeches and arguments were contributed by members who had not the aid of either paper or notes; this is a long stride towards the true Lyceum or debating society idea—strong, vigorous speech—the ability to think and talk connectedly and well while facing one's audience.

The minor topic of the evening was, "Would the Curfew Law be Practicable in Philadelphia?" The origin of the curfew was explained, as well as the main features of the law; the arguments, for and against, were many; some claimed that it interfered with personal liberty and could not be enforced, while others said that such a law would be feasible in this city, and that the children who would be prevented by it from being at large after eight o'clock at night, would have much more chance to grow into useful citizens, than if such a law were not adopted. Upon taking a vote it was the unanimous decision that it would be practicable in Philadelphia.

The main debate also brought out a great deal of talent; the subject of it was, "Is it reasonable to expect that women's compensation will ever, as a rule, be equal to men's in the same position?"

The affirmative side claimed that women were gradually coming to the front as formidable competitors of men in the various positions where patience, fidelity, sobriety and earnestness are factors, and stated that it was reasonable to expect almost anything great from determined women, who stop at no obstacle to the advancement of their sex; that whether the compensation for the same work will be equal remains with women themselves, for if the sex will be contented with nothing less than perfection in all fields which they can consistently enter, there is no doubt that the remuneration awarded will be fully equal to their highest ambitions and expectations. It was further argued that because they had been obliged to enter the market at low wages, as the entering wedge, this is no reason why they should remain there; but it was pointed out that women at large would have to take an unselfish view of the matter, first make themselves thoroughly competent and leaving sex out of consideration act on the principle of "All for each and each for all;" this attitude, the affirmative side, contended

would bring, in a comparatively short time, the desired millennium—equal pay for equal service.

The negative side claimed that women are handicapped by the absence of the franchise, by their love of style or fashion and the usual cutting short of their career by marriage; by their working under the stern law of supply and demand; by the natural inclination of employers to pay men more than women for the same work, owing to the former "having more dependent upon them and greater expenses." The reasons for the lower wage of woman advanced by Mr. Carroll D. Wright, Chief of the Labor Bureau, were cited at length, of which the following are a few in brief:

She has stepped out of industrial subjection and come into the industrial system as an entirely new economic factor.

She is the victim of the influence of the assistance which she receives in a large proportion of cases from her family and friends, compelling her to stand on a lower plane than do men.

She rarely enters industrial pursuits with a sufficient equipment for life work, not the result of any incapacity of mind, but of the hope that the permanence of work will be interrupted by matrimony.

She suffers from a lack of technical training, and does not feel warranted in spending years to equip herself for the best services.

The affirmative side in closing claimed that such arguments might have held a decade ago, but are hardly applicable to present conditions, and certainly not to the future, and they emphasized throughout the need for specialization, concentration, association and mutual protection.

A vote being called, it was unanimously resolved, that, "It is reasonable to expect that women's compensation will, as a rule, be equal to men's in the same position."

The program for the next meeting, April 17th, was arranged as follows:

Singing; roll call and minutes; discussion of the minor topic—"Is a lie ever justifiable?" parliamentary drill of fifteen minutes; discussion of the main debate, theme, "Are we, as a race, deteriorating physically as we improve mentally?"

It is hoped that all who read this will think deeply about both subjects and come to the meeting on the 17th, prepared to give the result of their deliberations to the others; both questions are important, and each of us surely has an opinion regarding them.

IDA E. TURNER, President.

A Musicale will be given May 1st which promises to be something worth looking forward to.

Miss Kidd has it in charge, and among the singers will be representatives from a prominent Church Choir, and The Peake Opera Company, which lately gave such a successful performance.

As it is too early to state the programme, it will appear later on the bulletin board.

Visitors will be charged 10 cents admission. Come, and bring your friends!

We want a crowded house.

E. M.

The New Century Journal

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

Issued by the New Century Guild on the first Saturday of each month, except July and August.

MRS. MARTHA B. EARLE, Publisher.
MRS. ELIZA S. TURNER,
MRS. MARY E. MUMFORD,
MISS ANNE H. WHARTON,
MRS. JESSIE E. RINGWALT,
MRS. E. M. N. CRITTENDEN, } Editorial Committee.

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THE COMING SUBJECT.

The fact that about a thousand persons, mostly women, assembled in the Friends' meeting house, on Friday, March 12th, to hear the report of the late Congress of Mothers, in Washington, and to devise means of instituting local societies for the consideration of the care and education of children, shows the wide-spread interest which is beginning to be felt by women in this matter.

The underlying thought of the whole meeting seemed to be, as one of the speakers expressed it, that the time has passed when it was supposed that the bringing up of children came by nature; that, on the contrary, it needs not only all the love but all the wisdom of which we are possessed—to do it right.

At our last Business meeting it was proposed to give some time, at the next, to a consideration of this subject. To the objection that not many of our members were mothers, it was answered that many were teachers, and pretty much all were sisters and aunts, and therefore had an influence to exert on the training of somebody's children. It was therefore decided to ask some member of the "Home Influence" Society to come to us and explain their plans of action more fully.

EPOCH MAKING.

Some of us whose blood tingles with the prospect of a Treaty of Arbitration as it never did at the record of a martial victory, have lately experienced a thrill of the same nature on hearing of a late "First Day" event in this city, when Prof. Edward Magill spoke for about an hour at the Twelfth St. Meeting, with the cordial acceptance of its members. Surely this is one of the many signs of an increasing spirit of harmony between good people of differing theological views.

Now if the Rev. Charles R. Baker could only find the Business Saint for whom he is said to be looking, (in New York) and if housekeepers would begin to burn their waste paper, and if the unsanitary bakers would cease from troubling, and if linguistic Englishmen and Americans would refrain from impaling each other for sins of omission and commission concerning the letter 'u,' and if just a few other improvements could be made in our planet, then indeed we might be getting ready to leave it,—unless we should be so content that we preferred to stay.

THE FAST YOUNG MAN.

BY E. S. TURNER.

Old Michole lived by the sea. He had no son, which was bad for a fisherman; but he had taught his youngest daughter, Iris, to sail and to fish, and to fear nothing.

One evening, in the midst of a great storm, the three girls were at the window, trying to see through the drenched panes, and to hear through the tremendous roar of the sea.

"Hark," sighed the eldest sister, whose name was Omi, "I hear cries, there is a ship going down. Oh, how dreadful it is!" And she wiped her eyes with her apron. Iris sprang to the door and opened it, but the wind blew it back in her face. "I can't bear it," moaned Omi, and ran to the inner room and stopped up her ears.

"If I were only a man," cried Jacquilena, "I would not sit here. I would rush right out into the breakers, and—" Just here came a lull in the wind, and now there was only one voice heard on the ship, the cry of a child. Iris said no word, but banged with all her might against the door, and fought her way through the storm to the hut of her nearest neighbor.

"You are a splendid sailor," she said, "I know you are old, but if you will row, I can steer, and we may save a life or two."

"Very good," said he; and they got out the boat, and ventured warily into the breakers. The wicked sea reared and plunged to unseat his riders, but they knew his tricks, and managed so well that Iris succeeded in scrambling onto the reeling vessel just before it went down, and just in time to save the only human creature on board, a child who was lashed to a mast.

"Very well done of you," said Jacquilena, as the two dripping figures appeared at the door with their burden. "Not but that I could have done it myself if I could swim like my sister."

"But lack-a-day!" wailed Omi, "the child is dead."

"May be not," said Iris, and they took off his wet clothing, and rubbed him by the fire until he opened his eyes, and smiled without showing any surprise.

"Dear little boy," sighed Omi, "I wish we could keep him, if we were not so poor."

What a mean spirit to show," cried Jacquilena indignantly. "As if anybody could ever be too poor to do a generous action! For my part, I am almost inclined to undertake the whole charge of him myself. It would be so noble, and he would become so grateful, and so devoted to one's service and all that; and if our father were not already almost as much care as profit, even if he had taken as much pains to teach me to fish as he took with my younger sister—"

The child was by this time fast asleep, and smiling in his dreams; Iris gazed at him earnestly, her heart in her eyes.

"I don't just see how," she murmured, but— and then she was silent. Next morning the boy and his mistress were awake betimes. The old man was still in bed, for the storm had made him more rheumatic than usual; and the two elder sisters never did anything without a good deal of consideration.

"You are much larger than I thought," said Iris, looking at her guest with surprise. "I suppose you will have a great appetite, poor child. I wonder how I shall manage to satisfy it. And what shall I call you?"

"You shall call me Glaucus," said the boy, "because that means something about the sea. And you shall teach me to fish. I am young, but very strong and willing. And besides I grow very fast," he added, sighing.

After breakfast he took his first lesson, and they soon came back with the boat so full that they could scarcely get it to shore.

"I think you must be my good spirit," said Iris merrily.

"I know you are mine," he replied, and hand in hand they danced and scampered on the beach, to use up their ex ra spirits before they ran home.

"The youngest is always the lucky one of the family," sighed Omi. "Ah me, why was I not born the youngest of the family?"

"Now, girls," quoth Michole, hobbling briskly round, "we will let the fishers rest, while you and I go down and finish their work."

"Now comes the real drudgery," muttered Jacquilena, "fishing itself is sport; I have known the gentlemen spend whole weeks at it, then come the servants and take out the fish and clean the boat, and—"

"But really I don't plan to have the best of it," said Iris good naturedly. "only it always seems to happen so. To-morrow you shall have the boat and my little man, for I know very well it is he who brings the good fortune."

"And you know very well that I never have any luck in fishing," grumbled Jacquilena, as she banged the door.

Next day, and every day, the same thing happened, until it was known through all the country that the largest and rarest fish were always to be found in the nets of old Michole and his daughters.

But a more remarkable thing than the fishing of Iris

was the growing of the child. At the end of three months, instead of five year old, he seemed to be at least ten, and strong and helpful in proportion; and his love for his mistress increased with his height. Any allusion, however, to his rapid growth made him suddenly gloomy.

"But why should you mind?" asked Iris, "every change improves you, and at every change I like you better."

"But are you content," said he sadly, "that I should keep on living so much faster than you? Don't you see what that will some day lead to?"

"Not unless it is possible to love one's friends so much as to make one feel uncomfortable. If there should be such a point, I hope you will stop just short of it."

Three more months passed, the boy was at least fifteen.

"All right," said Iris contentedly; but when, a short time after, he was no longer a boy, but a tall and stately young man, she was struck with a new idea.

"Enough," she said, "I begin to be uneasy. I find myself unwilling to have you change any more. In fact, I cannot imagine any change that could possibly be for the better."

"Now," said Glaucus, "comes my grievous punishment; and now, too, comes my only chance of restoration. Iris, do you love me well enough to marry me?"

"I do, indeed," said Iris promptly.

"But do you love me enough to leave home, and risk your life again for me?"

"Of course, if I am willing to marry you, I am willing to run any smaller risks on your account."

"Then I am permitted to tell you my singular history. In a country of which you never heard, lived the king, my father. In his realm, although it was no great thing to be a king, it was nothing at all to be anybody else. My parent had all the luxuries pertaining to a monarch, and I had tutors to read to me, and lackeys to serve me, and the richest raiment always at my hand, and nothing in the world to get or to do for myself. This made me selfish, and lazy, and finally reckless. Ever longing for excitement, I came to living so wildly and so fast that the idle set which I led could no longer keep up with me, but left me alone in my folly. In short, I am the original Fast Young Man. Others have followed in my footsteps, some better, and many worse, but to me belongs the sin of being the first.

My father remonstrated in vain. At last he called a Magician, and said to him: "My son is in danger; he has lived so fast that at twenty-five he has lost his health and self-control, and is of no use to himself or to anybody else. I give you leave to stop, in any way you see fit, his present race to ruin."

These sooth-sayers were always hanging round my father's court, but nobody took much note of them.

Shortly after the magician appeared before me, and having made what I now believe to have been a very sensible speech, stood motionless, awaiting my reply.

"You old gentlemen," I answered, "have lived so long that you have forgotten the pleasures of living. When I am king, which will be as soon as I convince my father of his unfitness to reign, I shall prove to my subjects that the only true way to enjoy this world is to live as fast as possible and to live for one's self."

"Young man," said the wizard, solemnly, "you have pronounced your doom. Fast you have lived in the spirit, fast you shall live in the flesh; and when, through long trial, you have learned to abhor it, you shall have the last few years of an old man's life in which to learn to live slowly, and to store up some good deeds before you die.

"You will have, however, one chance of restoration. Somewhere in the world there may be found a girl with a heart so loving and so bold that she will risk her life to save yours. She alone can discover the charm which can give you back your youth; she alone can help you to real manhood."

He vanished. When I lay down that night my limbs were stiff and weary; when I awoke in the morning my hair was turning gray. A few weeks shrivelled my skin into wrinkles, a few months found me palsied and ready to die. A pang thrilled me; I closed my eyes, as I hoped, forever, and opened them shortly after, a wailing child.

Since that time my life has been a succession of changes so rapid that I can rest in nothing. Scarce do I learn to relish childish plays, when I find myself tired of playing; scarce have I made companions and friends, when the difference in age makes a strangeness between us; scarce have I settled to study or manly toil, when age begins to dull my brain and take the strength from my limbs; scarce have I closed my eyes in deadly weariness, when I begin the round again, a helpless babe. But you, my fisher maiden, you are the girl whose heart is loving and bold, you, I believe, can restore me to happiness.

"My will is good," said Iris, but where to begin? If we only had some clue."

"Ah, now I remember that as the magician finished he said, 'the secret of my spell lies in this small stone.' But as he straightway cast the stone into the lake, of course it is lost forever."

"May be not," said Iris, "it might lie right at our feet." As she spoke she stooped and picked up a common pebble. The thing behaved somewhat strangely; it was neither cold nor heavy, and soon it began to put forth soft tough fingers, which clasped her hand.

"It is drawing," she exclaimed. "It draws me toward the sea."

But she resisted it, and went home to bid farewell to her father and sisters. Next morning the family went down with them to the beach; Iris still held the hand, which still pulled her seaward.

"But it can't be done," sobbed Omi, "you have no waterproof."

"It could be done well enough," said Jacquilena, "if it were not for the water. Suppose, for instance, the journey could be made on horseback; then it would be I, with my fine talent for conversation, whom the young prince would choose for a traveling companion. Then I would take the old donkey, and merrily we would jog over plain and mountain, and through the romantic wood paths. Or, perhaps, if I knew how to dive like Iris, I might even try the water."

Meantime, Glaucus beckoned eagerly, and the soft hand drew her, and the impatient waves began to curl round her feet.

"I leave you," said Iris, "but only for a little while." And, behold, just so far as the water rose, their bodies were covered with scales.

"But I don't like it," cried the old man. I won't have my best daughter turned into a mermaid. Come back! Come back!"

"Come back! Come back!" echoed the others. "You will catch cold. You can't be a mermaid without a brush and comb. Come back! Come back!"

"Farewell, farewell!" they sang from beneath the waves.

(To be Continued.)

A SPRING SONG.

Old Mother Earth woke up from sleep, And found she was cold and bare; The winter was over, the spring was near, And she had not a dress to wear! "Alas!" she sighed, with great dismay, "Oh, where shall I get my clothes? There's not a place to buy a suit, And a dressmaker no one knows."

"I'll make you a dress," said the springing grass, Just looking above the ground; "A dress of green of the loveliest sheen, To cover you all around." "And we," said the dandelions gay, "Will dot it with yellow bright;" "I'll make it a fringe," said forget-me-not, "Of blue, very soft and light."

"We'll embroider the front," said the violets, "With a lovely purple hue;" "And we," said the roses, "will make you a crown Of red, jeweled over with dew;" "And we'll be your gems," said a voice from the shade, Where the ladies' ear-drops live; "Orange is a color for any queen, And the best that we have to give."

Old Mother Earth was thankful and glad, As she put on her dress so gay; And that is the reason, my little ones, She is looking so lovely to-day. —Children's Friend and Kindergarten.

Inscriptions in the Pioneer Club, of London, of which Lady Henry Somerset is one of the members. "They say. What they say? Let them say."

"In great things unity, in small things liberty, in all things charity."

REAL CHILDREN.

(Our friends will please remember that we are always wanting items for this. They must be personally known to the sender—or not more than one remove—and not have been printed.)

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

A small boy accidentally broke a neighbor's window. He called on the owner and said: "Mr. Parkman, I broke your window and I'll pay for it; but you'd better not tell my father; he hates tell-tales."

(M. GREW.)

ANOTHER.

Wee Jennie had broken a piece of household china. She made a mound of the pieces, and laid upon it her little purse, and a piece of paper with the following inscription: "Jennie did this deed." (M. GREW.)

One bright morning a group of the Prof's. little children were playing on the College campus. Presently loud screams were heard. After waiting a few moments to see if the commotion would subside, a lady stepped out to enquire the cause of the disturbance, and was told, by seven year old Edward, "Charlie has stung his self with a bee."

A LETTER OF MOMENT.

EDITRESS OF THE NEW CENTURY JOURNAL:—

DEAR MADAMS: I have heard that your paper, one copy of which I have read, and do not hesitate to pronounce really creditable to the feminine intellect, is run in the interest of young women. If so, you will understand that little girls, who may some day be women, are properly within your jurisdiction, and therefore, I wish to call your attention to a matter which is, I assure you, of the greatest importance, as a sign of the times.

At every new step which women have lately taken into the realm of masculine privileges, stepping into what I may call the parquet circle of life, instead of keeping their old modest place in the gallery,—at every such step, I say, I have lifted up my voice in expostulation. To what effect? Absolutely none. When I pointed out to the parents of little girls that roller skates were bold, did they abate them? On the contrary, our streets to-day are swimming with them; when I explained that riding on a conveyance whose wheels are not parallel with each other is indelicate in a female, did they stop using bicycles? On the contrary, they disobeyed by thousands. All this is discouraging enough, but yesterday I experienced the finishing stroke of all. Some might say it was a mere straw, but it was a straw that broke the camel's back; and straws, moreover, show how the wind blows. The occasion was a little child, a girl child, you understand, actually spinning a top! I accosted her; I could not help it; I said to her, "Child, do you know that you are playing Top?"

She looked surprised and then said, "Yeth thir, ith a top."

"But," I remonstrated, "you're a girl. Girls can't play top."

At this she gave it a send, caught it in her pudgy little hand, and held it up to me still twirling. "Yeth thir," she said again, "all the girth in our thchool play 'em."

Even in the indulgence of this demoralizing occupation, she still looked as innocent as if she had been where she should have been, in the house sewing her seam.

But, oh, dear Madams, I pray you consider what this may mean. If she can be found spinning a top at seven years of age, what may she not be doing at twenty? Through all the centuries of our past, our holy past, the top has been sacred to masculinity; why, then, this sudden change? What can it portend? All innovations are of course dangerous, but this is so strange, so altogether unexpected, that it behooves us to investigate it, and to oppose it in every possible way. What, my dear Madams, can you suggest? Would a petition to the Legislature be of service? If so, I will undertake to get it up for you in proper form. Or might it not be advisable to organize a Committee of 100 to attend to it? If so, I would consent to take the chairmanship of such a Committee. I am, in fact, ready to lead you in any way you may think desirable; but remember, the Top season is upon us, and it ought to be seen to at once.

Yours in great agitation,

(MR.) SIMON ODEER.

At the Annual Meeting of the New Jersey Woman Suffrage Association, Aaron M. Powell gave an account of the progress of Woman Suffrage in England, from which country he had just returned. He finds the movement, in some respects, more advanced there than here. About 1,500 women are holding public office, as Poor Law Guardian, School Director, etc. The last Session of Parliament was petitioned by 250,000 women, asking for the Parliamentary franchise.—Woman's Tribune.

Mrs. Lieburg, wife of Professor Lieburg, botanical collector for the Smithsonian, occupies the unique and distinguished position of being a regularly employed surgeon for the Northern Pacific Railroad. The part of the road under her charge is the 100 miles from Spokane to Hope, Idaho. As many accidents must occur in this rugged mountain district, her work is very responsible and important. As Dr. Lieburg claims Hope as her residence, she is now an enfranchised citizen of the United States.—Woman's Tribune.

"Violets! Deep-blue violets! April's loveliest coronets! There are no flowers grow in the vale, Kiss'd by the dew, woo'd by the gale, None by the dew of the twilight wet, So sweet as the deep-blue violet."

—L. E. Landon.

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Committee meets on SATURDAYS, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 124 S. TWELFTH ST.

MRS. S. C. F. HALLOWELL, Chairman.

THE NEW CENTURY JOURNAL

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS

VOL. X.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 1, 1897

NO. 5.

NEW CENTURY GUILD.

No. 1227 ARCH STREET, PHILA.

Educational, Industrial, Social

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The Guild House is open for the convenience of members from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. every day, except Sunday.

MISS LISBETH CANNING, Actuary. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

MISS SARAH B. GRAY, House and Library.

BULLETIN FOR MAY.

Saturday, 1st—Concert	8.00 P. M.
Friday, 7th—New Century Trust Meeting ..	2.00 P. M.
“ “ Executive Board Meeting	3.00 P. M.
Saturday, 8th—Business Meeting of Guild ..	8.00 P. M.
“ “ Library Committee	7.30 P. M.
“ “ Willing Hands Committee ..	7.30 P. M.
“ “ Saving Fund Deposits and Withdrawals	7.45 to 8.15 P. M.
Tuesday, 11th—Dressmaker's Association ..	8.15 P. M.
Saturday, 15th—Lyceum	8.00 P. M.
“ 22d—Sociable	8.00 P. M.
“ “ Saving Fund Deposits and Withdrawals	7.45 to 8.15 P. M.
Tuesday, 25th—Dressmaker's Association ..	8.15 P. M.
Saturday, 29th—Patriotic Music	8.00 P. M.

The Hospitality Committee meets on the 4th Saturday evening of the month at 7.30 P. M. in the Guild Study.

NEW MEMBERS.

Miss Emma C. Egner, Miss Abbie Stone,
Miss Marie Bellville, Miss Sara E. Raynor
Mrs. Laura W. Davis, Mrs. M. Kammere.

A GIFT—which those who get up our Dramatic Entertainments, as well as those who look at them, will highly appreciate, is a set of scenery from Miss Mary Smyth Perkins.

AN EVENING WITH SHAKESPEARE.

A first glance into the Assembly Room on Saturday evening, April 24th, might have led an observer to conclude that the Guild was indulging in a game of looking backward. Such, however, was not the case. The members were merely celebrating the anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday, by singing the songs of the Elizabethan period, and enjoying scenes from "As You Like it," performed by a number of Guild friends. A second glance would have convinced the most skeptical that "Age cannot wither nor custom stale" the poet's popularity; moreover, that his drawing powers are as great as in the days when he charmed Elizabeth and James with all their brave knights and fair ladies, was proved by an audience that filled the Assembly Room, the hall and the stairs leading to the third floor. The entertainment Committee takes this opportunity to thank the kind friends who made such an entertainment possible. The complete program is given below:

Duke, banished, Miss Ethel Gates; Duke, senior, Miss Aldyth Scott; Le Beau, Miss Katharine Kelly; Orlando, Miss Laura Craven; Oliver, his brother, Miss Lillie Kelly; Touchstone, Miss Mary Bitner; Jacques, Miss Aldyth Scott; First Page, Miss L. Kleinert; Second Page, Miss Emma Kleinert; Shepherd, Miss K. Kelley; Rosalind, Miss Clarisse Vallette; Celia, Miss Lillie Koenig; Audrey, Miss Amy Wilson; Accompanist, Miss Viola Jenny; Music, before the play, Chorus, "Go From My Window;" Soprano Solo, "Hark, Hark, the Lark," Miss Emily Stankowitch. Between first and second acts, Duet, "I Know a Bank;" Trio, "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes." Between second and third acts, Trio, "Come, Live with Me and be My Love;" Trio, "Loath to Depart;" Trio, "Love Will Find Out the Way." After the play, Soprano Solo, "Who is Sylvia," Miss Emily Stankowitch; Chorus, "Greensleeves."

THE LYCEUM.

The regular meeting of the Lyceum, some features of which we give below, was held on April 17th.

A short, but spirited discussion, on the question, "Is it ever justifiable to tell a lie?" served to show the many sides this question contains.

Fifteen minutes were given to a parliamentary drill. These drills are quite an addition to our program, as they are entertaining as well as instructive.

We have not yet realized the hopes of our Chairman, who greatly desires an opportunity of seeing five or six on the floor at once, and having to call them to order. No doubt, as we grow more familiar with the routine of the drill, this will happen.

The Guild chorus always gives us a song or two, and we should miss this pleasant intermission.

The debate was an interesting one:—"Resolved, That we deteriorate physically, as we improve mentally." Two papers were read, one on the affirmative by Miss Keating, and one on the negative side by Miss Marsteller. These served to set the ball rolling, and before we knew it our time had expired.

At the May meeting some thought will be given to a sensible dress for business women, and the debate will be on the resolution:—"Department stores are detrimental to general trade."

The June meeting will be the last of the season, and will take the form of a Conversational, the subject being June. Every one is requested to come with some item of interest in connection with June. This gives a wide field for selection, and we hope for big results.

The committee in charge have other surprises in store, and hope for a large attendance.

Don't forget! Only two more meetings! May and June.

All are welcome.

E. M.

PROGRAMME.

The announcements are as follows:

May 1st, A Musicale in Charge of Miss Minnie Kidd. Admission to non-members, 10 cents.

May 8th, Business Meeting. No subject will be assigned for this meeting.

May 15th, Lyceum.

May 22nd, Sociable.

May 29th, Patriotic Songs by the New Century Chorus, and recitations in accord with the spirit of Decoration Day.

June 5th, Dancing.

June 12th, Business Meeting.

June 19th, Lyceum.

June 26th, Sociable.

OUR EVENING CLASSES.

Notwithstanding the fact that the city, through its night schools, offers better advantages for mere school work than we can do, and in spite of the increase of Guild activities on the lines of Club life, our evening classes are kept up with a measure of success that warrants us in the belief that they fill a positive want. The reports from the teachers at the close of the season, are very encouraging in certain respects, and those of great importance.

The subjects taught this winter have been: Book-keeping, Dressmaking, Millinery, German, French and Music, besides four classes in Athetics. The book-keeping has been a favorite and well attended class for many years under the same instructor, and if the report shows some falling off in numbers, it also shows that pupils have come from great distances, as Chestnut Hill, Kensington and West Philadelphia, and that some have so profited by the lessons as to be, "as far as the theoretical part of the work is con-

cerned, well qualified to fill positions as bookkeepers or assistants." It is also an evidence of something gained in our classes which is not to be had everywhere, that the teacher, Mr. Richardson, has so strong a personal interest in his pupils, that he is able to state that "quite a number of the former Guild pupils are at present in positions of trust and profit to themselves, as a result of their studies here." These pleasant personal relations have been established in other classes, notably in the Dressmaking, in addition to the good progress in their work. In Millinery the attendance has been regular, of a number who came from the Falls of Schuylkill, and showed determination to overcome difficulties and prepare themselves for positions in Millinery establishments. The interest in German and French has been so great that these classes made arrangements with their teachers to continue their lessons after the ending of the regular course. The French pupils have especially shown great industry in the amount of work they have done this winter.

Our methods are more elastic than those developed in the schools, so that we can better adapt our teaching to the actual needs and the circumstances of the pupils, and in this lies our great strength. One advantage, not in the bill, that the pupils derive from their lessons here, and one in which we share, is that many who are not already members of the Guild become sufficiently interested in it to join us; and the Guild life is in itself an educating one in all its activities; one that fits its members for varied usefulness, and helps them to make the most of their own powers. This is, after all, the true education and the one toward which our energies are all directed.

"MAKE US ALL LOVE ALL."

"Lord, make us all love all, that when we meet,
Even myriads of earth's myriads at Thy Bar,
We may be glad as all true lovers are
Who, having parted, count reunion sweet,
Safe gathered home around Thy blessed feet;

Whether by whirlwind or by flaming car,
From pangs or sleep, safe folded round Thy seat
Oh, if our brother's blood cry out at us,
How shall we meet Thee who hast loved us all,
Thee whom we never loved, not loving him?
The unloving cannot chant with Seraphim,
Bear harp of gold or palm victorious,
Or face the Vision Beatifical."

CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI.

PERSONAL.

A young woman of education and refinement would make engagements to relieve mothers for certain hours of the day, by taking the children out to walk, by entertaining them at home, or by directing their studies. Inquire at the New Century Guild Office, 1227 Arch Street.

BOOKS.

New and old added to the library since last report.

- C 146 Poems. Keats.
C 147 Songs of France. Pierre de Beranger.
L 76 Ethics of Citizenship. John Maccunn.
O 112 Anatomy. Christopher Heath.
O 113 Physiology. Gerald F. Yeo.
L 77 Social Economy. E. About.
C 150 The Masque and Other Poems. S. Weir Mitchell.
D 204 Delia Bacon's Biography.
D 205 Life and Letters of MacCaulay. Trevelyan.
G 97 Civilization. Charles Morris.
C 151 The Rose. James R. Lowell.
C 152 A Prelude. William Wordsworth.
D 206 Spinoza. John Caird.
D 207 Monk. Julian Corbett.
D 208 Strafford. H. D. Traill.
D 209 William Dampier. W. Clark Russell.
D 210 Henry the Seventh. James Gairdner.
D 211 Lord Lawrence. Sir R. Temple.
D 212 Harriet Martineau. Mrs. F. F. Miller.
D 213 Memoirs of Madame de Remusat.
D 214 Stories of Remarkable Persons. W. Chambers.
H 108 Mountain Explorations. Edwin S. Balch.
N 69 Encyclopaedia of Garment Making. D. C. Christner.
M 103 Said in Fun. Philip H. Welch.
I 28 Diet for the Sick. Mary F. Henderson.
I 29 Diet. Sir H. Thompson.
I 30 Management of Children. Annie M. Hale, M. D.
I 31 Health at Home. A. H. Guernsey.
E 193 Impressions and Opinions. George Moore.
D 215 Story of Emin's Rescue. J. Scott Kiltrie.
M 104 Lessons on Practical Subjects.
M 105 Self Help One Hundred Years Ago. G. J. Holyoake.

NEW CENTURY GOSSIPS.

Time, noon.

Place, Lunch room.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE, Mary A., Mamie B., Molly C.
Mary A.—Oh girls, I heard the richest thing to-day about little Miriam Bandersmith, she that always has such a bright, set color in her cheeks. People said it wasn't natural and that one of these days she'd be caught. Well, she was.

Chorus.—Oh, oh!

Yes, the other evening, at a party, she fainted dead away, and if you'll believe me her cheeks were as white as lime!

Mamie B.—Well, I don't believe in carrying tales, but I'm just going to tell that wherever I go.

Molly C.—You remember Stacie Green? Pretty girl, if she wasn't so dowdy in her dress. I know for certain that she had one hat for four years, some say five. She changed the trimming now and then, just

turned the old things round, you know; said she couldn't afford new ones; and all the time we knew she was getting a good salary, and her mother owned the house, and I think another. Well, I've found out all about it.

Chorus.—Do tell!

There were some cousins with whom they were not on sociable terms politics, I believe; I know the others wouldn't speak to Stacie. Hard times came, and they lost everything; and for years our girl and her mother have been sharing their own means with that family. Nobody knew it; it came to me in the most accidental fashion. So that was the reason why Stacie's hats always looked so shabby. But I must say it never seemed to affect her spirits.

Mamie B.—That makes me think of another case; the Griffalines. Did you ever know how they came to be so poor? It was all he mother's doing. She might have been a rich woman if she hadn't stood by a certain relative who had offended the grandfather. Mrs. Griffaline was his favorite grandchild, but he declared that if she didn't give up the other she should never see a cent of his money. And she wouldn't, and now you see.

Mary A.—People do queer things in this world. There was the firm of — and —. When they failed, they offered to give up everything but their creditors came to them in a body and rejected the offer. "We know you," they said. (Just stop a minute and think what that means—to have a whole community able to say, "We know you") "Take another start," they said. "The simplest business sagacity would teach us not to crush you, but to help you to retrieve." And retrieve they did, and every cent was paid. Long years after, they heard of a family in Montana, of whom they had lost the trace at the time, and they went to no end of trouble to hunt up the heirs and pay them the uttermost cent.

Molly C.—I remember hearing my father tell about that case, and how the servants acted when a friend advised them to try to get the money they had saved in the family's service, and which Mr. — had been keeping for them. "Draw it out is it?" said the coachman, and walked away without another word.

"Draw it out?" said the cook; "do ye think I'd demean myself to speak of it and him in such trouble?" And her tones were such that the well meaning friend began to feel as if he had advised her to commit a larceny. Why, Ma'me, you're not going?

Mamie C.—I must. See you soon again.

Mary, at once beginning to talk over the absent. I do think, just between ourselves, that Mamie C. is one of the nicest girls I ever knew.

SAVINGS FUND—

Annual Meeting Monday, May 3d, at 8. P. M.

The New Century Journal

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

Issued by the New Century Guild on the first Saturday of each month, except July and August.

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MISS ANNE H. WHARTON,
MRS. JESSIE E. RINGWALT,
MRS. E. M. N. CRITTENDEN, } Editorial Committee.

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PECULIARITY.

People that plume themselves on their personal peculiarities are apt thereby to exhibit narrowness and ignorance. When John Smith boasts that he eats a great deal of butter because the Smiths all do so, he only makes it very evident that at least one member of the Smith family has no intimate acquaintance with the Browns, and has never studied the Robinsons, or he would have discovered that the Smiths were not overwhelmingly singular even in their way of buttering their bread.

A varied experience and cultivated powers of observation usually produce a habit of tracing resemblances, that results in grouping items of knowledge and deducing general laws from particular instances, instead of collecting unclassified specialties. An exhibition of monstrosities is not nearly so valuable for educational purposes, as a well arranged anatomical museum. To understand thoroughly the normal condition of any subject or object, includes within itself the recognition of the abnormal conditions; and when the artist Lindseer delighted the world with his masterly portraiture of animals, he did not need to waste his time or his money in visiting the side-show to examine the two-headed calf.

That fine document, the Declaration of Independence, is justly remarkable for stating that all men have certain inalienable rights, and by that simple announcement it has served directly in destroying a tyranny based on other documents, called patents of nobility, which were intended to secure special privileges to certain individuals. To be a man or woman is a matter for wholesome pride, and to succeed in reaching the rank of a high private by being a fair average specimen of humanity, is surely a worthy object of ambition.

R.

A NEW THING IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE CONSUMER'S LEAGUE.

Question.—What is a Consumer's League?

Answer.—It is a League between the best retail stores of the city, whose proprietors wish to make all those in their service as comfortable as the present business methods will allow, and the shoppers of the city who desire the same thing

Question.—What is the need of such a movement? Are not the saleswomen, clerks, etc., treated, as a rule, very well?

Answer.—Some are and some are not.

Question.—Who is to blame when they are not?

Answer.—Sometimes the employers, who, in their too great haste to make money, do not scruple to make too much out of their employees.

Question.—How?

Answer.—By paying too little wages, by exacting too long hours of work, by not allowing sufficient time for lunch, by giving no vacations, by fining too heavily, by allowing no seats for odd moments of leisure, etc., etc.

Question.—How can your Society help to abate these evils?

Answer.—By finding out what employers are most just and considerate to those in their employ, and asking all thinking women to deal only, or at least, chiefly, with the stores published on their White Lists.

Question.—How shall I find out more about all this?

Answer.—By attending the general meeting to consider the subject, to be held Tuesday, May 4th, 3 P. M., at the Hall of the School of Industrial Art, Broad and Pine Streets; a meeting to which you, dear reader, are particularly invited.

ONE OF THE LEAGUE.

COLUMN OF PLEASANTNESS.

The other day we were on the Atlantic City board walk. One of the "we" was in a wheel chair, the other pushing. It is a case in which the team is also the driver.

Things do not often happen on a board walk—that is to say new things; but this is rather new. The sun had set, but there was still a little color in the clouds and on the water. Just ahead of us we saw two plain-looking women, one middle aged, the other old. One had a satchel, the other a seedy portmanteau. The latter was evidently heavy, for its bearer leaned to one side to balance it, and was moreover in a rather gasping condition. The driver pushed on to overtake them, and suggested that they should lay their baggage on the footboard of the chair.

"O, thank you," said the elder. "It was gettin' pretty heavy. We've carried it a good long step along the beach. It's partly filled with shells. We've never seen the ocean before—and O, isn't it grand!" Have you far to carry these things?

THE FAST YOUNG MAN.

BY E. S. TURNER.

(Continued from our last.)

The people of the water were very kind. A shoal of playful porpoises came bumping against each other, and bouncing clear out of the water in their foolishness, but they did not hurt the strangers.

"See how careful we are of you," said their leader. "What are you, and where are you going?" Then they told him their story, and how Glaucus was sent to find out how to live slow.

"I'm afraid we can't teach you," said the leader, frowning violently as a youngster tickled him from beneath. "Excuse our flippancy, it comes in part from the tightness of our skins; sometimes they get so very tight that if we cease to take exercise we are apt to pop. I feel that I must be moving." At this he winked facetiously at the pair, and added—"Here comes the Octopus, perhaps he can help you."

The Octopus was a creature with an unnecessary number of arms. As soon as he caught sight of the pair, these arms began to move toward them, but so very, very slowly that they did not realize what was happening until they were enfolded; and when Iris tried to get away, the last arm flashed out so quickly that she did not see that either, until it was about her. All the arms had something like suckers on the inner sides, which held uncomfortably close.

"See how affectionate I am," he remarked in a soft thick voice. "I am quite attached to you already. And now do tell me your story." So they told it all again.

"Hum," he pondered. "I scarcely know how best to advise you. The flat-fish could tell, but then you can't get him to speak. The sea-serpent could tell, but then he doesn't exist. On the whole, you would better find the Queen of the Whales. She is somewhere on the floor of the sea. I hate to part from you; it isn't often that I let go of anything I like." But he finally loosened his clinging arms with a sigh.

Then they sank deeper, and the water grew cold and dark, and the animals began to have large bulging swivel eyes, which stood out from their heads, and could move this way and that.

"I think I see you," said one of them to Iris. "I see you almost plainly. You seem to give out a little light." And he moved the eyes to and fro with enjoyment. "Once our family had good sight, but circumstances compelled us to move to the deeper water, and since that something has happened to us."

"Maybe some day your family will rise again," said Iris. "If I were you I would acquire a habit of expecting that. And then, you know, the clear sight will come back."

"I will keep thinking of that," he said cheerfully. "Don't mind if some of the fishes down there bump against you; it is not from ill manners, but those poor things at the bottom have no eyes at all." When

"Well, we don't quite know; we just come down this afternoon, and we had to get a look at it before we did anything else. We come all the way from Indiana. My son he had to come on business. And we've got to go back to Philadelphia to-morrow, and we don't want to lose any more of this than we can help. We can hunt up a boarding house any time. It musn't be expensive. My daughter and me never expected to see such a sight as this."

"It's great!" said the daughter. "Do you think it would be safe to come back here after dark? We want to get all we can."

"It would be perfectly safe," replied the pusher, and gave them some hints as to where to find a cheap boarding house.

It is many a day since we have seen, on the faces of an old and a middle aged woman, such beaming enthusiasm as lighted up these two. And why should it not be found oftener? When it cannot, something is surely wrong.

Just as we write, a new thing is happening. The new thing which happens about this time every year, and is as fresh to-day as when Eve first noticed it—that is, if there were any winters in Paradise. It is when the spring leaves have so far escaped from their sheaths as to make little moving pictures on the pavement. It is so sweet to see; it means so much that is yet to come.

REAL CHILDREN.

Marie, showing new baby to guest.

Visitor.—Pretty soon, I suppose, you'll be carrying it round?

Marie, thoughtfully.—Yes; but I guess it won't do to encourage it too much.

E. A.

A little girl had heard, "Hold the Fort," at Sunday school, and the next day her mother was treated to the child's understanding of the words, "Hold the Fort, for I ain't coming. Jesus thinks I will." A. C.

Helen, with the lately attained dignity of four years, calling her mother back after having been put into bed for the night: "Mamma, I asked you about God yesterday, but you need not tell me, for I am four years old now, and understand all about God."

E. C. J.

The following, although not exactly child stories, do seem to approach that category, even in the unconscious irreverence.

One of our Guild friends, who retains her membership, although in charge of the woman's department of a northern hospital for the insane, took a holiday for a week, which occasioned many surmises among the patients. One, at sight of her on her return, rushed up and threw both arms about her with effusiveness, exclaiming, "Oh, I'm so glad you got out. I thought they had ye jailed for hookin' hens!" On her return, she wore a pair of shoes with pointed toes, which excited the pity of another of her flock, and set the latter to soliloquizing, "Oh, dom it! oh, dom it! What did they do to her to make her poor feet grow like that?" J. B.

they touched the sea floor, they sat down, and found, sitting opposite to them, a Callyphoos, who certainly had eyes, for he at once put on a pair of spectacles, and examined them curiously.

"Are you specimens?" he asked; "if so, I must secure you for the queen."

"We are not specimens," replied Glaucus haughtily. "We are human beings, and we want to see the Queen of the Whales."

"You shall go to her, but you will go as specimens," said the Callyphoos firmly, and taking one under each arm, he walked up the sea floor to a higher level, and then turned into a sort of valley, the Court of the Whales.

The Whale Queen was very large and obese. She was perfectly white and she sat, as well as she could, on a throne of rose-pink coral. She was supported on each side by her highest nobles, who were called the First and Second Grand Replacers. Their duty was to set the Queen up again whenever she happened to roll. Next in rank were the 3d, 4th, 5th, etc., G. R.'s, to the number of 25, all pure white, and obese, but not so obese as the Queen. When the Callyphoos entered, they were all asleep. They snored in unison but the Queen's snore was loudest of all.

"May it please your majesty," said the Callyphoos, "I have here two specimens—*Do* say you are specimens," he whispered anxiously, or you will get me into trouble." At the sound the outermost whale awoke, and nudged the next, and he the next, and so on to the Queen.

"Produce your specimens," she said, waking up with a snort. In starting too suddenly she rolled partly over, but was instantly re-adjusted by the First Grand Replacer.

"We are not specimens," said Glaucus, angrily.

"They are, they are," cried the Callyphoos tremblingly. "They belong to the genus, to the genus—to the—"

"They say they are not, said the Queen, severely. "You have spoken rashly, and that is a deadly sin. You must be annihilated. Attend to him, somebody, and call the Hippopotamus."

"I just expected this," said the Callyphoos, looking reproachfully at Glaucus.

The Hippopotamus shambled up in a mis-fit suit of very heavy material, which hung in large wrinkles about him. He had made himself late by trying to improve it before appearing in the presence of royalty but without success.

"I beg your Whaleship's pardon," he wheezed, as he stumbled over her. "Is this the thing?" taking up Iris in his paw. "The fact is, my eyes are not so good as they used to be; hand me a magnifier, somebody."

The 3d High Replacer instantly moulded a jelly-fish into the shape of a lens, and handed it to the Professor.

"Dear, dear," he mumbled uncertainly—"no prop-

er gills, no dorsal fin, no scales, no—why, this is a perfect Anomaly—it is—"

"I am not an Anomaly," said Iris, indignantly.

"It is not an Anomaly," echoed the Queen. "There is no such thing as an Anomaly. You are an impostor. Let him be annihilated—" but just at this moment a thin squeak was heard from the bottom of the amphitheatre. All was instant excitement.

"The Flat-fish has moved," cried the 1st G. R.

"He is going to speak," shouted the 2nd. Then they all rolled down to the place where the Flatfish clung to the floor of the sea—all except the Queen, who could roll only half over, and lay waving her flippers helplessly, with nobody heeding her call for aid.

This was the broadest Flatfish ever known; but he had no thickness to speak of. He lay so close against the level bottom that he seemed to have been poured there, like buckwheat batter on a griddle. He had once been shaped like other fishes, but had lain so long with his cheek to the ground that his eye on that side had skewed itself round to the top. The same was true of his mouth, and on account of these little peculiarities he now never moved, as he felt a delicacy about exposing his plain side.

"He could tell us if he would," said the 3d Grand Replacer. And all crowded about him.

"He won't," said the 4th. And they all separated again.

"Let us put the case to him," suggested the 6th, and so they did. It took nearly an hour to give all the testimony. When they ceased, the Flatfish opened his mouth.

"What time is it?" he said to the last speaker. Then, fitting his plain cheek more closely to the ground, he spoke no more for thirteen years. After he had settled they returned and re-adjusted the Queen.

"If it please your majesty," suggested Iris, "perhaps you will allow us to describe ourselves." Then they told her many wonderful things—how they could breathe dry air all the time, and how they did not shrivel in the hottest sunshine, and about the strange animals of the land, the fourfooted creatures that draw loads for other creatures, the singing animals, with spreading feather-fins which bear them safe through the air. And then they told how Glaucus was looking for a place in which he could learn to live slow.

"It can't be here," said the Queen, who was keeping her eyes open with difficulty. "Life in my court is so exciting that we all have to put ourselves under Rest-cure treatment to enable us to keep up at all. It is now time for one of the regular naps." Then they all went to sleep for an hour. When they awoke she said:

"I seemed to have had a sort of message. It was in a dream. Will somebody be so good as to tell me what I dreamed?"

To which the courtiers answered in a slow chorus—"You dreamed that you were to send the specimens to the Hollow of the Maelstrom."

"It is a clear case of duty," said the Queen, "and they will have to go, but on the other hand, I have taken a fancy to the smaller, and so they will have to stay. She has spoken to us about making pets of animals; she has told us of lap-dogs. Very well, I will have her for a lap-fish." And she prepared to go to sleep again.

"But, if your majesty will deign to listen," said Iris, "You can't have a lapfish."

"Why?" said her majesty, opening her eyes again. "Because you have no lap."

"That is true," said the Queen, sadly. "It is a clear case of duty. Take them at once to the Hollow of the Maelstrom."

Roaring, roaring, round and round, goes the Maelstrom forever; but in its very center there is a place where nothing moves at all, and in this hollow sat Glaucus, and here he had time to think of many things. Did he stay there months, or years? He never knew; the only thing he remembered was that once in a long time a voice seemed to call his name. But there came a day when he saw opposite him a face he remembered.

"Have you learned anything?" asked the old magician.

"Nothing except to hate incessant noise that never says anything, and incessant going which never gets anywhere."

"That is your first lesson; you are promoted." And instantly Glaucus stood on dry land, with his fishermaid beside him.

"That was I who called down to you," said Iris, joyfully.

"And now for a change," said the Master. "How would you like to be a Glacier? Or would you rather be a Geological Period?"

"A Glacier, if I must, that is, if I can have Iris with—"

"You will have what I judge best," said the Magician, severely.

Glaucus said no more, for he had no longer a voice.—He was no longer a human being, but a world of spreading water. And now what was happening? Colder he grew, and colder—colder—he was turning into a frozen sea.

"You are a part of the Glacier," spoke a voice in the air. "Your business is to travel at its pace. You have only twenty miles to move and when you have passed the first ten, you will be able to escape; but I advise you to persevere to the end." When the voice ceased, the solitude was dreadful.

"This will be more than I can bear," he thought—"And yet, oh happiness, I feel myself moving!" For after his long sitting in the Hollow of the Maelstrom even his present rate of travel was a pleasure. And very soon (for although he was a glacier, he was some-

how outside of it too,) he found that his life was not all silence and desolation. Around him were the crashings of avalanches, and the plunging of waterfalls down the ice cliffs, and the thundering of rocks and rattling of stones as the snow torrents, in their course, wrenched out portions of the mountains themselves, to fling them down the gorges. And sometimes a storm would gather, and a thunder peal would strike a cliff, and another and another, until the whole white world was roaring with echoes; and sometimes came sweeter sounds from Alpine bugles, and sometimes the calling and singing of human voices; and in the crevasses there were hollow breathings and the gurgling of hidden waters. Huge rainbows filled him with wonder; clear, green lakes, ice caves like fairy palaces; and the shapes of ferns and stars in the falling snow. Now and then he saw human beings, when a party of travelers, tied in one long procession by ropes round their waists, ground the sharp nails of their shoes into the slippery floor, or cut new steps with their hatchets in the snow. How interesting it was to watch them, and how he started when some foot slipped, and shuddered when a venturesome girl stood balancing gaily on the brink of a crevasse, looking down into its roaring depths. But most of all he lived in the beauty of a waterfall that poured from an ice-cliff so high that it seemed to come from the heavens, and then plunged beneath the ice-floor so deep that it seemed to be searching for purgatory. And as it floated, swaying to and fro with every wind, and all enhaled by rainbows, travelers called it a white robe, a bridal veil, and other pretty names; but he called it Iris, and as he watched it, always thought of her.

"How strange is all this!" mused the prince; "how many things I see, now that I move slowly, which I missed altogether when I was rushing; the sunsets, the moonrisings, the wonderful things that happen in the night, the grand thoughts, all new, that come into my mind; surely I have never known before what it was to be truly alive." So every day his time grew fuller, until one day he found he had passed his roth milestone without knowing it, and had, in fact, nearly reached his 20th.

"And I have not seen nearly all," he said, reluctantly. "If I could only have Iris here, I should be loath to reach the goal."

But although a glacier moves slowly, no power can for one instant hold it back, and at last he stood once more in his own form on green waving grass, his two friends beside him.

"That was I you called Iris," she said. "And have you learned the pleasure of moving slowly?" asked the Master. Then you are ready for a change. Wish for a change?"

"If I could only have my love," said Glaucus, pitifully. But Iris only smiled.

(Conclusion in our next.)

Where shall we keep the holiday,
And duly greet the entering May?
Too straight and low our cottage doors,
And all unmeet our carpet-floors;
Nor spacious court, nor monarch's hall,
Suffice to hold the festival.
Up and away! Where haughty woods
Front the liberated floods.—Emerson.

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The Committee on Legal Protection for Working Women furnishes advice, court charges, and counsel, free to women who work for their living, and are too poor, or uninformed of legal methods for the recovery of wages due, or money unjustly withheld. Committee meets on SATURDAYS, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 124 S. TWELFTH ST.

MRS. S. C. F. HALLOWELL, Chairman.

THE NEW CENTURY JOURNAL

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS

VOL. X.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 5, 1897

NO. 6.

NEW CENTURY GUILD.

No. 1227 ARCH STREET, PHILA.

Educational, Industrial, Social

MEMBERSHIP—Open to self-supporting women. Fee \$1.20 per year, payable in advance.

Officers of the Guild.

MRS. E. S. TURNER, President,
MISS CARYL S. PEROT, 1st Vice-President.
MISS LAURA MASTERS, 2d Vice-President.
MISS K. T. O'FLAHERTY, Secretary.
MISS MARY B. NILES, Treasurer.

Officers of the Executive Board.

MRS. E. S. TURNER, Chairman.
MRS. M. T. GAWTHROP, Vice-Chairman.
MRS. KATE L. GALLAGHER, Secretary.
MR. HENRY GAWTHROP, Treasurer.

The Guild House is open for the convenience of members from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. every day, except Sunday.

MISS LISBETH CANNING, Actuary. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.
MISS SARAH B. GRAY, House and Library.

BULLETIN FOR JUNE.

Saturday, 5th—Portrait Reception...8.00 to 10.00 P. M.
Tuesday, 8th—Dressmaker's Association8.15 P. M.
Friday, 11th—Executive Board Meeting3.00 P. M.
Saturday, 12th—Business Meeting of Guild...8.00 P. M.
“ “ Library Committee7.30 P. M.
“ “ Saving Fund Deposits and
Withdrawals7.45 to 8.15 P. M.
Saturday, 19th—Lyceum..... 8.00 P. M.
Tuesday, 22d—Dressmaker's Association8.15 P. M.
Saturday, 26th—Sociable..... 8.00 P. M.
“ “ Saving Fund Deposits and
Withdrawals7.45 to 8.15 P. M.
“ “ Willing Hands Committee....7.30 P. M.

The Hospitality Committee meets on the 4th Saturday evening of the month at 7.30 p. m. in the Guild Study.

The members of the Entertainment Committee will please meet the Chairman at the Guild House, Saturday evening, June 12th, at 7.30 o'clock.

NEW MEMBERS.

Miss Gertrude Earley. Miss Emma Myers.

After June the Saturday Evening Tea will be discontinued, but tea will be prepared for any one who wishes it on any Saturday if notice is given in advance.

THE FAIR.

The Fair Committee cordially invites the cooperation of all the friends of the Guild in preparing for the fair, to be held next autumn, and asks them to give a little of their summer leisure in fashioning well made and salable things, such as aprons, bags, tea, roller and other towels, dolls (with clothing that may be taken off), and other fancy and useful articles; and when the time comes, home-made bread, cakes, pies, candy, jellies, preserves, etc.

The chief of the apron table solicits more aprons, as we have never had enough. Last year beside the kitchen and large white aprons, there was a demand for those suitable for the "lady of the house," for morning or afternoon wear.

To those who have more money than time, we would suggest that many of our members would like to work for the fair, and could make up articles if the committee could have, as early as convenient, the funds to purchase materials.

Contributions will be received at the Guild house, 1227 Arch Street, care of Miss Canning or Miss Gray, or by any of the following members of the

FAIR COMMITTEE:

Mrs. Theodore J. Lewis, Chairman; Mrs. E. S. Turner, Mrs. C. L. Peirce, Mrs. A. P. Brubaker, Mrs. E. M. Balderston, Mrs. Kate L. Gallagher, Mrs. Wm. Wright, Mrs. C. D. Phillippe, Miss Ida E. Turner, Mrs. Mary T. Gawthrop.

"OUR" PORTRAIT.

Contrary to expectation, it is now completed and the presentation will take place during the first week of June. The date has not yet been definitely decided but it will without doubt be the first Saturday evening of the month, the 5th. A card of invitation will be mailed promptly to every Guild member as well as to a number of our good friends who are not on our roll, and although the plans of the committee have not yet been sufficiently formulated to make public, they are designed to be such as will insure to all who accept the invitation a happy evening and a memorable occasion.

The artist, Miss Cecelia Beaux, has an international reputation, and our President's portrait is conceded to be her very best work. It will be a valuable possession and may well be looked upon as a priceless treasure by every Guild member. The likeness is superb, and as some one has well said, in the necessary absences of the "Guild mother," while we have this portrait on the wall we can feel that she is in our midst in another form, looking down upon us from the living canvas.

THE MAY LYCEUM.

Owing to the regular evening, the 15th, being devoted to the Washington Monument Bicycle Parade, it was thought best to hold the Lyceum on Friday evening the 14th, and although that evening was inclement there was quite a fair representation out to struggle with the two problems before that august body, Dress Reform and the Department Store. All present agreed that reform in the dress of business women was needed, but we fear they did not throw much light upon the manner and method of improving existing conditions, custom or usage is such a grim, hard mistress. In dealing with the question, "Does the department store impede true business progress," sentiment and reason were soon found to be in favor of the negative, as a vote eventually proved. It was clearly shown that the department stores help the consumer in greater proportion than they hurt the small retail dealer.

The June meeting, and the last one until fall, will take the form of a sociable; there will not be any debate, but everyone present (and we hope to have a crowded house) will be expected to contribute a quotation bearing on the month of June. There will be appropriate poems read, as well as a June "conversational of a progressive character" concluding with an informal social. The date will be June 19th, the third Saturday of the month.

THE SOCIABLE.

The empty treasury of the Willing Hands reaped the benefit of the special feature (a "clipping party") of the regular monthly social, held May 22d. A good deal of general amusement was created by the paper bags of secrets which, when opened, disclosed the fits and misfits of the buyers. Ten dollars and a half were realized from the sales.

A HISTORICAL WALK

through Germantown with Miss Anna Howell as leader will be taken on Saturday afternoon, June 12th. Leaving the city at three o'clock on the Thirteenth Street trolley the party will be met at the end of the line by Miss Howell. Those who took this walk four years ago will remember the pleasure of visiting the historic houses and the warm welcome accorded by the present occupants.

NOTICE.

As the Fourth of July will fall on Sunday the house will be closed the following day, Monday, July 5th.

The Willing Hands Committee wishes to enlarge its number as the work among the needy has grown to such an extent that, not only is more money required but workers as well. Any one willing to work on this committee will please give her name to Miss Gartley, chairman. Also note in the BULLETIN that the time of meeting has been changed to the fourth Saturday in each month at 7.30 o'clock.

BOOKS.

- New and old added to the library since last report :
- G 98 Origins of the English People and the English Language Jean Roemer.
 - G 99 Industrial and Commercial History of England. Thorold Rogers.
 - G 100 English Industry and Commerce. W. Cunningham.
 - G 101 Introduction to the Middle Ages. Ephraim Emerton.
 - G 102 History of Russia. Nathan H. Dole.
 - D 216 In and Out of Doors with Charles Dickens. James T. Fields.
 - L 78 The Teaching of Geography. Archibald Geikie.
 - D 217 Richard Cobden. Henry Asheworth.
 - C 153 Poems. Mrs. Hemans.
 - E 191 Country Living and Country Thinking. Gail Hamilton.
 - E 192 Criticism and Fiction. Wm. D. Howells.
 - C 154 The Sisters' Tragedy. Thos. B. Aldrich.
 - W 52 Third Biennial General Federation of Women's Clubs.
 - F 964 The Honorable Peter Sterling. Paul Leicester Ford.
 - F 965 Phroso. Anthony Hope.
 - N 70 Concordance to the Old and New Testament. Alexander Cruden.
 - D 218 Margaret Ogilvy. J. M. Barrie.
 - F 966 Sentimental Tommy. J. M. Barrie.
 - K 33 Life and Love. Margaret W. Morley.
 - D 219 Martha Washington. Anne Hollingsworth Wharton.

THAT POOR PIANO.

Once she was young and supple, and her voice rang true and clear. Now, alas, through no fault of her own, she is old, and wheezy, and stiff and almost paralytic, and for her many ailments the time has almost come when physicians are in vain.

But how can the N. C. Guild exist without music? We have a spirited singing circle, with a spirited leader; we have a first rate Musical Committee; more and more we need it, for dancing, for entertainments, for concerts. Without it the Guild would no longer be itself.

In this emergency a member of the Executive Board, aware of the wide spread feeling in the Guild as to the need for something to be done, engages to contribute half the cost of a good but not extravagant instrument, if the young folks can, by all lawful devices, raise the rest. Here is a summer work for the whole Society.

New members joining the Guild in June pay 60 cents dues for remainder of year.

The New Century Journal

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

Issued by the New Century Guild on the first Saturday of each month, except July and August.

MRS. MARTHA B. EARLE, Publisher.
 MRS. ELIZA S. TURNER,
 MRS. MARY E. MUMFORD,
 MISS ANNE H. WHARTON,
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ABOUT THE PARK TROLLEY.

We once knew a man who, as he did not himself learn that there were two r's in the word February until he had arrived at man's estate, imagined every one else to be equally ignorant, and went about giving his friends the information. That is the way this writer feels at having discovered that there is a Park Trolley; she wants to go about telling every one what a charming thing it is, and how it takes you through regions you never knew before, wild, picturesque regions, off the crowded highways, over little streams, among stores of wild flowers out of the sight of the ordinary traveler, down into gulches, out to wide new spaces, along a new aspect of the river, and all this beauty and freshness, from Belmont Avenue and back for the sum of five cents. And to think of the hundreds, nay thousands who have never yet gone much beyond the old-time Fairmount and who will this year feel as if they were enjoying foreign travel. When we consider this we feel like calling it one of the best things that ever happened to Philadelphia.

Forgive our transports, they may be due in part to the intoxicating quality of such very new air-as that of these fresh regions of the Park. Do try it at any rate, in this sweet June weather.

It is gratifying to our family pride to learn that one of our members, Miss Mary Wenzel, took her degree in medicine from the Woman's Medical College on May 19th, and, that although she did not receive the gold medal for her report on the surgical clinics of the Woman's Hospital, hers was the only one that received honorable mention, showing that in this test she stood second. Upon behalf of the Guild we wish Dr. Wenzel unbounded success in her chosen and honored profession.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

In making the arrangements for the president's reception last January, the committee, desiring to have the assistance and cooperation of all the first vice presidents, ascertained that the following members served during the years set opposite their names.

It must be remembered that from October, 1882, when the Guild began to live, until January, 1887, the presiding officer and the secretary were changed at every meeting, each one naming her successor. But as the work of the Guild broadened and became more systematic, our present plan of annual election was inaugurated. Here is the list:

Miss Jennie F. Crawford	1887
Miss Katharine H. Ringwalt	1888
Miss Esther L. Jones	1889
Mrs. Kate L. Gallagher	1890
Miss Ida E. Turner	1891
Dr. Elizabeth A. Davis	1892
Mrs. Louise Ringwalt Houghton	1893
Miss Zeta B. Cudey	1894
Miss He minia Morton	1895
Miss Viola Richmond	1896

A BOY'S QUESTIONS.

I have a little boy of six
 Who sets me quite a task,
 And often puts me in a fix
 By questions that he'll ask.
 "What holds the moon up in the sky?
 Where does the sunshine go?
 Why does my baby brother cry?"
 Are things he wants to know.
 "Where does the gas go when put out?"
 He asked me yesterday.
 The question filled my mind with doubt—
 I wondered what to say!
 "If all the good people that die,"
 Says he, "in heaven are crowned,
 Why don't they go up in the sky
 Instead of in the ground?"
 "Who lights the stars up every night
 And turns them out at dawn?
 What makes the snow so very white?
 Where is the new year born?
 Why have all negroes curly hair?
 What makes their skin so black?
 What makes a wheel go round? and where
 Do old ducks get their quack?"
 "Why can't we see the wind at all?
 What makes the water wet?"
 These and such questions daily fall
 From the wee lips of my pet.
 He's most embarrassing, at times,
 Interrogating me,
 Yet, when upon my knee he climbs,
 I'm happy as can be!

THE NEEDLEWORK GUILD OF AMERICA.

This Guild is modelled after a society which was founded in England by Lady Wolverton, in 1883. A knowledge of the success of her work prompted a few young girls to organize a Needlework Guild in Philadelphia, in 1885, and three hundred and seventy-two garments were contributed during the first year. The work has since grown steadily until the 16,176 articles received in 1895 scarcely satisfied the increased demand.

The object of the Guild is to collect new garments and distribute them to hospitals, homes and other charities. The simplicity of its organization commends it to favorable notice. It is non-sectarian, and no fees, fines, or dues are imposed upon any of its members. The giving of two new articles or a donation of money, constitutes membership; one who secures ten garment members and a money member—no amount specified—becomes a director. With a president, secretary and three directors, a Section is formed, which may be enlarged as more directors can be secured. In the autumn of each year a public meeting is held, when the garments collected are distributed to such charities as are determined by the votes.

Philadelphia was not long content to keep to itself the knowledge of this useful and unique society. The first annual report records the formation of five branches in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. In 1890, a national organization was formed under the name of The Needlework Guild of America. General officers were elected, and an office established, which is now located at 1227 Arch Street, from which a correspondence is maintained with every branch. There are now 290 branches located in thirty-one States, and in 1896 they distributed 288,715 garments.

The Philadelphia Branch desires to constantly increase its membership. In furtherance of this a "Guild Tea" was recently held, which proved to be a pleasant social affair, and was successful in securing some new Section presidents. The Needlework Guild presents a convenient and inexpensive medium for a most useful form of charity, and we earnestly invite every one who may learn of this work to unite with us in extending its usefulness.

MARY M. MORRISON.

Books, dear books,

Have been and are my comfort morn and night—
Adversity, prosperity, at home,
Abroad, health, sickness, good or ill report—
The same firm friends, the same refreshment rich
And source of consolation.

Dr. Dodd.

The one great truth is that we need to divest ourselves of the idea that doing good is a matter of self-sacrifice and martyrdom. On the contrary, it is the only condition of completeness of life. It is the bloom, the flower, the fruit.—*Lillian Whiting.*

THE COLUMN OF PLEASANTNESS.

A NEW FAD.

And may it live long enough to prove itself not a fad, but a universal custom of our people, the gathering of wild flowers. In this year of most unusual profusion of wild bloom in woods and meadows, the gathering of it seems to have suddenly blossomed out in like profusion. Coming home from the park, the people in carriages have their laps full, the people on bicycles have great bunches fastened to their handle bars, the pedestrians carry their hands full, the smaller folk are bearing fists full of pathetic things hanging all limp and wilted—which will, however, rise refreshed if mothers will put them in water as soon as they get home. Wherever one goes through the park, there are young men and maidens, the men holding parasols and wraps, the girls stepping on their too long skirts, but all picking with all their might. And middle aged men and women, moreover, may be seen by the score, getting down and up a little stiffly, some rather flushed, some rather gasping, but all with enjoyment as well as perspiration on their brows. And the beauty of this kind of acquirement is that no one's riches makes poverty for another, for there is enough for all. Buttercups and ox-eye daisies, the farmer's bane, the citizen's joy, seem to be coming up this year about two for one. But the bicycle boys and girls have the best times being least hampered by the barbarisms of civilization in the way of superfluous rigging.

And now that the park trolley has opened new spaces for the sort of beauty left free to all, one needs only to stop off at a promising looking station, gather at will, and stand ready to be picked up when another car comes along. Buttercups, daisies, spring beauties, wild honeysuckle, (but we fear that the two last mentioned may have disappeared before this now budding paper opens to bloom) come up almost as fresh as ever when put in water; still, if the gatherers will carry a covered basket the result will be still better. And how far better for the little children to learn the pleasure of this kind of hunting than the breaking up of bird-homes, or any other sort that hurts and kills.

GREEN TREE COTTAGE.

The Bethany Girl's Guild will open a summer cottage for working girls near Green Tree Station, P. R. R., June 12th. Any girl desiring to board at the "Green Tree Cottage" for her vacation must apply at the Bethany Deaconess' Home, 2141 Bainbridge Street, on Wednesday evenings, during June, July and August, from 7 to 8 o'clock. The board will be three dollars per week. Full particulars will be given upon application. Letters of recommendation will be required from the applicant.

MARY B. WHARTON,

Pres. of Bethany Girl's Guild.

THE FAST YOUNG MAN.

BY E. S. TURNER.

(Conclusion.)

What a strange sensation! It was a rough March morning. Glaucus was in the woods. He was of the woods; he was a tree. Straight and iron-stiff he stood, and no one would have known if he were alive or dead; yet in the ground his downward arms were searching for something; first the great roots, then from them scores of smaller roots, and out from them, feeling, fingering into the soil, hundreds of little fibres, and every finest thread was sucking in life from the moisture it found there; and up, up, through rootlets and roots, came delicate thrills and tinglings. Higher and higher they came, through the trunk to the upward arms.

"Ha," murmured Glaucus, "my sap is rising. It is going to be spring."

All through the winter the next year's buds had been there, held out in plain sight to the world, but no one had seen them, and wind and sleet had not found them, for each baby leaf was sheathed in its stiff little storm coat, safe from harm. Now the sheaths opened, and let out a million tiny emeralds; tender live emeralds, and lo, the birch was in leaf.

"How good this feels," thought Glaucus. "How delicious is this ocean of sunshine in which I wave my arms. Who would have thought it would be so agreeable to be just a tree? If I only had Iris, I could be content with this for years."

But how much better it was when, a little later, he had his first experience of a summer shower. Then all his leaves were larger, and every separate leaf drank in the drops like nectar. After the rain, a man who saw from a distance the birch tree all a-twinkle, said it looked as if each single leaf were dancing for joy; and so it was, but the man thought he was only talking poetry.

This tree that was Glaucus had still another glory; exquisite silken tassels hung all over it, and then the place was alive with bees, and bee music is pleasant to hear—not so sweet, of course, as the coming of the birds, the soft fluttering of feathers, the twitterings and warblings, the calls of defiance in music to rivals, the pretty courting and coquetting, the confidential talk over housekeeping matters, the triumphant songs in early domestic times to hidden nest-mates, who sat turning watchful eyes on any intruder, but never stirring. Then came a busier life; the nests were crowded with small naked feeble things, that spent their time between spells of dead silence and spells of sudden clamorous excitement, as the parents went and came with food. All day long they went and came, and the time was now small for songs. Later still there were very anxious days, when the clumsy youngsters stood balancing on the edges of the nests, and would not go back, and dared not try their stumpy wings in flight. That was indeed an anxious, scolding, coaxing, trying time.

But one bird made no nest, and never seemed tired of singing. Sweet as the wood-robin, clear as the lark, always it sang,—“My Glaucus, I am here.”

“Greeting, my prince,” once more spoke the voice in the air. “Do you begin to find this kind of living dull? If so, you may wish for a change.”

“Let us not be too hasty,” answered Glaucus. “I find changes here every hour. The fact is, when I used to skim over life and say there was nothing in it, that was because I did not know. How could I ever have realized what it is to be a tree if you had not fixed my soul in one? Dull to live here? Why, there is forever something fresh happening. Earlier in the season we used to have great excitements. Sometimes a naughty brown squirrel would climb to a nest and steal an egg before the mother knew he was there. Then she would cry out, and all her neighbors understood, and assembled with cries and scoldings, even rushing at him in their anger, until they drove him away. Sometimes in the night a round-eyed owl sets us all in commotion. Once or twice a hawk swooped down. Ah, that is too sad to tell about; but mostly we get on well. And I have learned some curious little things from being always on hand. I understood what the catbird used to say to his mate on the nest, as he talked to her by the hour—that was before the hatching. He was telling her the gossip about the other families of the woods. Then every evening there is such a chatter and commotion among all the birds that one might think a cat was looking up a tree, or a hawk had appeared; but no, it is all about nothing; just their fussy way of settling for the night. But yesterday there was an affair of real importance; a convention of black-birds. My arms were quite loaded down with them. It is necessary to hold a good many of these discussions before they can make their plans for the great moving in the autumn.

“And is this all you have learned?”

“Oh, no; I know how light'ning feels; last week there came a crash and a sudden grip, and a shaft of fire down one of my arms, and that part of me is dead. I know, too, how the large soft-bodied flimsy-winged butterflies take care of themselves in the rain. Here and there, clinging upside down under some broad tough leaf, you will find one with his wings folded close. The water is pouring from every point of his roof, but he hangs safe and dry.”

“Such trifles,” said the voice, “in which to spend your life.”

“Nay, but out of so many little things I have learned one great thing, which is truly astounding.”

“And what is that?” said the Master (but he knew all the time.)

“It is that there is enough in any sort of life to satisfy a human soul, if only one's soul gets into it.”

“If you have discovered that, you are ready for promotion.”

“Na, but I am just now ripening my leaves. We shall not be so grand as the maples, but I should

hardly like to miss the experience. I don't in the least mind the waiting; even the bird on her eggs does not find the time long, because her heart is full of what is coming. And so long as my fisher maiden—for you cannot deceive me, I know it is Iris—is willing to stay and sing—

So the tree kept its human soul until every leaf was ripened, and they loosened themselves and lay in heaps of sunshine on the ground.

"Now," said the old magician, as they stood for one little minute in their own forms beneath the trees. "Now comes another sort of lesson; a hard one, let me tell you, but until you learn it, you are not fit for your kingdom or your queen."

"That is a hard saying," said Iris, but he did not hear her, for he found himself standing in the cell of a jail.

"This is your new prisoner of war," the magician was saying to a powerful and stern-faced man, who proved to be the jailer. "He will do well to obey your counsel, and especially to make a friend of his fellow-unfortunate."

"So I keep my own body? That is a gain. Well, bring in the unfortunate."

The fellow-prisoner shambled in, but stopped a little way from the door, abashed by the disfavor with which the prince received him.

"This, my brother, in bondage?" he said, recoiling. All his haughty royal blood rebelled against companionship with a creature so inferior. The man was altogether insignificant, not to say unpleasant in appearance; his eyes were weak and blinking; his thin light-colored hair strayed in strings about his craning neck; his arms were long, too long, and hung from his shoulders in a helpless, imbecile fashion; his skin had a strange, unwholesome appearance; his clothes attracted clusters of flies, which came back as fast as he brushed them away. Glaucus looked at him and abhorred him.

That evening, sitting with his supper by the only window, the prince could scarcely eat for displeasure at the munching of the man in the corner. He seemed to have lost his back teeth, and to be obliged to do all his chewing in front. They spoke no word, and soon each slept, as he had eaten, as far as he could possibly get from the other.

Next morning Glaucus looked across at the intruder with the same repugnance.

"Are you going to eat without washing?" he said, at last.

"But you have all the water," replied the other, meekly.

"Come, the voice is no bad, at least," thought the prince. "Here, take your share, then. What makes you shrink like a hound? Why should you suspect me of wanting to hurt you?"

"Because you can," said the timid voice. "You are the strongest."

"You talk like a beast," cried Glaucus angrily, and again moved as far from him as he could.

Next day the prince consulted the jailer, who treated him with deference, and who granted all his demands except that for freedom.

"The task that is set me," he complained, "is simply impossible. Not only his body, but his mind is ignoble; how can I make a friend of a man who fears me?"

"I know of only one way," replied the jailer. "Could your highness perhaps inspire him with confidence? Make him feel that you are incapable of hurting him."

"But he makes me really want to strike him, he expects it so. And see how feeble he is on his legs. I hate a man with feeble legs."

"You don't think it might be possible to improve him?"

"Improve!" said Glaucus, staring; "You don't improve people; you use them as they are, or send them away out of sight. However, if you think best, I might open a conversation with him after dark, when he cannot see the disgust on my face." An hour when night came, the prince put into his voice a kindness he did not feel, and spoke from his couch to the man on the floor.

"How were you taken prisoner?"

"I had to save my chief. We were pursued, and one of us must be taken, and his life was worth far more than mine. But now that I am here, and feel how my fellow prisoner hates me, I wish it had been death instead of a jail."

His voice was so sad that the prince felt a sort of pity. "I will not hate you," he said earnestly. "I declare to you I will not. Tell me more of your life." Thus he won the man to talk, and listened eagerly half through the night. Next morning the poor creature came to him smiling, confident as a child.

"If I could just hear his gentle voice without seeing him," said Glaucus, in confidence to the jailer; "but he is so tattered and dirty and unwholesome and weak looking. How can I make a real friend of a person so unpleasant?"

"I can think of but one way," said the jailer as before. "If your highness could improve him?"

"But why should I do that, when I dislike him? However, if you advise it. Come hither, my man; can you tell me why you are so offensively dirty?"

"It is a long time since I have had a chance to be clean," said the man plaintively.

"Ha, then here is a beginning." And reluctantly approaching the fellow prisoner, Glaucus led him to an inner apartment, and after a long season of labor, brought him back another being; fresh, new clothed, his watery eyes beaming gratitude on his benefactor.

"And the strangest thing has happened," whispered Glaucus to the jailer. "The moment I laid my hand on him to help him, the loathing left me. Now that must have been magic. Are you, too, a magician?"

"That was not magic," said the jailer with a friendly look.

"And how beautifully clean he is! I don't remember to have ever seen any one so singularly clean!" And he looked with admiration at his own handiwork.

"If only his eyes were not so weak and winking," suggested the jailer.

"Oh, I have seen worse eyes; besides, they will get stronger; and his hair, now that I have combed it, is soft and fine as a girl's."

"That unhealthy skin, too; one is almost afraid to touch it."

"Why, what am I thinking of?" exclaimed Glaucus eagerly. "I, too, know something of magic. What a happiness if I could really make him well!" And sure enough, when the jailer came in the morning, there stood the fellow prisoner, smooth skinned and ruddy, with the prince's hand on his shoulder.

"We are feeling so well," said Glaucus, with pride and joy. "His story is the most interesting I ever heard. And when we get our freedom, I can help him. Oh, he has much capacity. In short, we are friends."

"But his uncouth figure, whispered the counsellor, "and that irritating way he has of holding his arms."

"What makes you call him uncouth? That dangling of the arms came from weakness. Besides, when a man is one's friend, one does not notice how he carries his arms."

The days and weeks passed by, and soon the young prince grew to love the man whom he had almost recreated. And when suddenly the fellow prisoner fell ill, and all charms failed to raise him from his bed, Glaucus seemed to have no thought in life but to tend and comfort him. One day he took the jailer aside.

"I seem to tell you everything," he said, apologetically. "I talk to you almost as I would to my fisher maiden. And I must declare to you another remarkable thing that has happened to me. From the moment when, by my spells, I cured my fellow prisoner, I seem to have a new sense. I can tell what he is feeling, as if it were myself; when he is melancholy, I know it without words; when he rejoices, my heart sings also. Now this, too, is magic, of course, but whence? At any rate, I have now a gift that will make it impossible for life to be ever too slow again."

"How so?" asked the jailer.

"Why, don't you see that even if a man should grow tired of his own existence, he cannot be ennuied so long as he has the power to live in the lives of other people."

"And have you, then," said the voice they knew so well, "already learned the joy of living for others? Then you are ready for promotion—wish to be promoted?"

"But I cannot leave my friend," cried Glaucus. "Look you, he depends on me; he would surely die. Only let me see my Iris, and I will stay. I must stay."

"No, no," said the fellow prisoner, "that shall

never be, I would rather die. You must leave me, my Glaucus."

"I will not," said the prince. "Not even to meet Iris will I leave you. But, O my guardian, let me see my betrothed!"

He looked in the face of the jailer, who smiled back at him in a very curious fashion. As he smiled, he kept changing and changing; the eyes grew soft, the mouth grew sweet, the very dress was different; surely, surely, it was no jailer at all, but his own fisher maid.

"It was I all the time," she laughed, and embraced him with joy.

"The fellow prisoner shall not die," said the old magician; "and you shall wed your love, and from this day your life shall ripen no faster than hers."

And quick as a flash they were in the prince's dominion, and the king and queen and all their court, and the old fisherman and his daughters, and all the magicians, and all the children, came out to give them greeting welcome with music and rejoicing. Now, although so many things had happened, nobody was a day older than when Glaucus first disappeared from his home. And that shows the advantage of having a magician in the family.

REAL CHILDREN.

(This is Boston, of course.)

Mrs. —'s carefully instructed child was told not to eat a cake that had been given to her until after her bath.

Mrs. T. (turning to her after the operation was over.)—"Now what do you do?"

Little one.—"I re-act."

W. H. F.

Little four year old Isabelle lost her purse near the barn. The next morning she found it near the place where she had looked in vain for it the day before, and running with it to her mother she cried out: "O, mamma, God picked up my purse last night and put it back again this morning, and he didn't touch a penny."

L.

Teacher.—Why were the British soldiers called "regulars" in the Revolutionary War? Pupil.—Because they were never absent.

N.

B., who is nearly five, was told by his mother that she feared he was going to have the measles. He replied, "why no; I can't have the measles yet, 'cause Lizzie Oliver has them."

William, aged three, went into a store with his father. The salesman said, "What will you have, little man?" The little man's reply was, "Somefin for nuffin."

L. R. H.

Many rules have been proposed for solving the labor problem, but the only one yet offered that seems absolutely sure is: The Golden Rule.

R. R.

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Committee meets on SATURDAYS, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 124 S. TWELFTH ST.

MRS. S. C. F. HALLOWELL, Chairman.

THE NEW CENTURY JOURNAL

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS

VOL. X.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897

NO. 7.

NEW CENTURY GUILD.

No. 1227 ARCH STREET, PHILA.

Educational, Industrial, Social

MEMBERSHIP—Open to self-supporting women. Fee \$1.20 per year, payable in advance.

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MISS CARYL S. PEROT, 1st Vice-President.
MISS LAURA MASTERS, 2d Vice-President.
MISS K. T. O'FLAHERTY, Secretary.
MISS MARY B. NILES, Treasurer.

Officers of the Executive Board.

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MRS. M. T. GAWTHROP, Vice-Chairman.
MRS. KATE L. GALLAGHER, Secretary.
MR. HENRY GAWTHROP, Treasurer.

The Guild House is open for the convenience of members from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. every day, except Sunday.

MISS LISBETH CANNING, Actuary. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.
MISS SARAH B. GRAY, House and Library.

Bulletin for September.

Saturday, 4th—Lyceum.....	8.00 P. M.
Tuesday, 7th—Dressmakers' Association...	8.15 P. M.
Friday, 10th—Executive Board Meeting....	3.00 P. M.
Saturday, 11th—Business Meeting of Guild.	8.00 P. M.
“ “ —Library Committee.....	7.30 P. M.
“ “ —Saving's Fund Deposits and Withdrawals.....	7.45 to 8.15 P. M.
Saturday, 18th—Dancing	8.00 P. M.
Tuesday, 21st—Dressmakers' Association..	8.15 P. M.
Saturday, 25th—Sociable	8.00 P. M.
“ “ —Saving's Fund Deposits and Withdrawals	7.45 to 8.00 P. M.
“ “ —Willing Hands Committee	7.30 P. M.

The Hospitality Committee will meet in the Guild study on the second Saturday of each month at 7.30 P. M. sharp.

SAVING'S FUND.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Board of Managers of the Saving's Fund will be held Saturday, September 11th, at 7.30 P. M.

A quorum at the meeting is especially desirable as there are matters of importance to be considered.

Our Lyceum for the Season of 1897-98.

Taking courage from the past year, which was one of progress along true Lyceum lines, we are expecting great things from the future season, which will be ushered in on the first Saturday evening of September—the 4th. Will the members of the Guild who are also part of the Lyceum wing of our Society, kindly remember that the first Saturday of each month will henceforth be Lyceum night, instead of the third, as heretofore? Please hold the “First Saturday” sacred to the Lyceum.

By the time this reaches the “Journal” readers, the September meeting will have been held, and the ethics of the proposed percentage on Guild members' purchases from the city stores argued, pro and con, so as to be in readiness to give a wise decision at the business meeting of the 11th.

For the October meeting, the chief discussion will be on a subject of importance, and there will also be one or two minor questions settled once and for all, and, of course, we shall have a five-minute parliamentary drill.

There will be several new and improved features at the Lyceum's '97-'98 year, one of which will be a change each night in the presiding officer, so that during the ten meeting nights, each one of the ten members forming the Committee on Arrangements and Plans will have had an opportunity to take charge; this will introduce variety and give practical training in government, etc.

Let one and all heartily support the Lyceum by attending its meetings, offering suggestions and showing a general interest. We can in that way make it one of the best in the city; and why should it not be?

IDA E. TURNER.

EVENING CLASSES.

Now is the time to register for the Evening Classes, which will commence, as usual, early in October, all the different studies being resumed on the successive evenings as last year. Each course will consist of twenty lessons. The fee for the same being one dollar and a half (\$1.50) in advance.

NEW MEMBERS.

Miss Elizabeth H. Ford, Miss Grace W. Bailey
Miss Etta M. Sharp, Miss Jane Cleaver,
Miss Frances Everhart,

PORTRAIT RECEPTION.

Ever memorable among Guild days will be the 5th of June 1897, when the portrait of its President, Mrs. Eliza S. Turner, was presented to and accepted by the New Century Guild.

The contemplated reception to the artist, Miss Cecelia Beaux, we were obliged to forego, as she was unfortunately called to New York on the day we had already announced to our members. In response to the invitations sent to all Guild members and to some others between three and four hundred guests took part in the proceedings.

Flowers were abundant, choice music was heard, and everywhere were happy faces.

The members of the Portrait committee were:—

Mrs. Catharine D. Phillippe, Chairman,	
Miss Ida E. Turner,	Miss Emma Marsteller,
" Esther McCreight,	" Jennie F. Crawford,
" Jennie Raynor,	" Louise Gaskill.

A synopsis of the speeches made on the occasion will give perhaps the most comprehensive sketch of the whole enterprise. In making the presentation of the portrait, on the behalf of the committee, Miss Turner said:—

We are this evening able to look upon the result of an effort that dates back at least a year. The Portrait Committee was a self-appointed one growing out of a strong desire of our Guild members to possess a portrait of our President, Mrs. Turner, so well executed and so true to life that it would befit the subject and her work among us. The first difficulty to be overcome in order to realize this high aim, was the obtaining of the necessary money. For its accomplishment we had a very favorable factor in the untiring energy of our chairman, Mrs. Phillippe, with whom the idea of the portrait originated, and who has led the way from beginning to end. Still we should have failed in our undertaking without the hearty support received from the members of the Guild. How ready and spontaneous and substantial was their response to our appeal! From over the sea, from mountain, lake and shore came words of cheer, telling of the delight which the undertaking had awakened.

Then came what we feared would prove our greatest difficulty, not the selection of the artist, but the obtaining of her services for the sum which we had to offer. It was a bold wish, perhaps presumptuous, that the matchless artist, Cecilia Beaux, should paint our portrait, but with a noble generosity she named a sum which, as compared with her usual fee, was nominal. By this act, and by the power of her genius she has placed us under lasting obligation to her. By her own statement she has given us of her best, and the result is a work of art to excite the admiration of the critic and a likeness to satisfy the lovers of its subject.

In approaching this topic, our beloved President whom we have met to honor, we are embarrassed owing to her presence and aversion to personalities, and to the fact that words cannot do justice to feelings. When we pause to think of what her life, her work, her counsel and noble example have meant to thousands of

working girls in this city, yes, in many cities throughout the length and breadth of our land, we realize that the strongest emotions are inexpressible and so we give her "the silent homage of thoughts unspoken."

And now, Madam Chairman, we transfer to you, as the Guild's worthy representative, this treasure signaling the completion of our labors. It is needless to ask you to look upon it as one of your most highly prized possessions and to give it an honored place upon these walls. In the years to come when we shall have passed away it will be the symbol of all that is lovely, all that is helpful and inspiring in womanhood, something to which others can point and say: "this was indeed a woman, one who loved her fellow-workers, and spent her life in ministering to them."

After the unveiling of the portrait by Mrs. Phillippe, Miss Caryl S. Perot, Vice-President of the Guild, made the following speech of acceptance.

Madam Chairman and Members of the Portrait Committee:

It is my privilege, on behalf of the New Century Guild, to accept this portrait and to express to you our heartfelt gratitude.

We feel that our greatest thanks are due to the members of the Committee, who, under the able leadership of their Chairman, Mrs. Phillippe, have worked with such earnest purpose and such untiring energy; who, when all seemed dark were still inspired with hope, and in spite of all discouragements, were still confident of success. To them the Guild owes the realization of its dearest dream.

Our thanks, too, are due the artist, who feels that this portrait so fully manifests the height of her achievement that it is to be taken far across the sea, and in the great art centres of Europe is to reveal the genius of this representative woman artist of America.

But to the members of the Guild, who so dearly love the subject, this portrait is more than a great work of art, more than an example of finished technique; it is the counterpart of her to whom we look for inspiration, and to whose guidance we owe so much. We shall hold it as our most precious possession, and count ourselves doubly blest in having both the original and so faithful a counterpart of our Guild Mother.

PROGRAMME.

- September 4th, Lyceum.
- September 11th, Business Meeting. It is suggested that at this meeting, the standing committees and sections will be prepared to give an outline of the proposed work of the year.
- September 18th, Dancing.
- September 25th, Sociable, in charge of the Entertainment Committee.
- October 2nd, Lyceum.
- October 9th, Business Meeting. An address on Physical Training, or a talk on the duty and work of a Secretary.
- October 16th, Will be announced later. Anniversary exercises have been suggested.
- October 23rd, Sociable.
- October 30th, A little play is in preparation.

A HISTORIC WALK IN GERMANTOWN.

A ramble along Main Street, in Germantown, carries the romantic mind far into the last century, and but little imagination is needed to see again the town before the Revolution, "The houses mostly of stone, low and substantial, with steep and projecting eaves. They stood apart from each other, with fruit trees in front and small gardens."

It was here that a jolly party of young women met, on a perfect day in June, to take a "historic walk." Roses and honeysuckle bloomed everywhere, and, with a guide who was most instructive and entertaining, they felt that they had a delightful afternoon in prospect.

The Chew Mansion, stately and substantial in the midst of its spreading lawn, just as when the British soldiers filled its windows, and made it a fortress, with the marks of bullets and cannon ball on the wall and dents of muskets on the oak floors was very interesting. (In the wainscoted parlor Lafayette breakfasted when he visited Germantown in 1825.)

The two Johnson houses, built in 1765, standing side by side, with the quaint porch and pent-roof of the Dutch fashion, rough stone walls, and large brass knockers, are charming in their antiquity, no more thrilling memorial of those days can be found, than the board fence standing in the Johnson yard the cedar rails of which have been perforated by hundreds of bullets. This remarkable memorial is fenced around to prevent its being carried away piece meal by visitors.

The last house visited was the Morris Mansion, which General Howe occupied as his headquarters, and in which President Washington lived for two months in 1793, while yellow fever prevailed in Philadelphia.

In calling at these interesting places our party passed the old Concord Burying Ground, with its high stone wall, behind which the farmer-boy hid in firing at General Agnew of the British Army, the bullet which proved fatal; and the Old Wister Mansion to which the wounded general was carried, and in which he died. We also passed the Mennonite Meeting House with the date 1770 over its door, on the site of which a log church stood for nearly a century before this "modern" stone building was raised; the Green Tree Tavern, from which coaches started in those old days, and the Haines House, which was used as a hospital after the battle.

These old homes are none of them picturesque from decay and ruin, for in many cases the descendants of the builders have received the houses from their fathers, and dwell therein. This is why the charm of the place is so great, and the sweet antiquity of Germantown so attractive.

What you see, yet cannot see over, is as good as infinite.—*Sartor Resartus.*

A QUERY ANSWERED.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"The man in the moon," sang sister Grace
To the baby in her arms,
While Ross, aged three, with glowing face,
Sat listening to its charms.
"Is there a man in the moon?" asked he,
When the song was at its close,
"What does my brother think?" said she,
Then, slowly, he arose.
"There may be a man in the moon, I s'pose,
But I know there's none in the sun,
For why, it's hot, as hot as toast,
And he'd be baked quite done!"
Then softly sitting down he thought,
With head upheld by his hand,
"He might be able to stand the hot,
But wouldn't he get tanned!"

GRACE A. ROBERTS.

OUR FAIR.

We have suggested to our printer lady to put the above in the largest capitals practicable, as it is the most important thing for our present consideration.

It will take place sometime in November. We used to make our Fair later, in the hope of getting ideas from the others, but since we found that ours, although not so large as some, has the most new ideas, we think it kinder to the others to let them come after us.

Some features of course are standard. Our strong points have always been Domestic and other useful commodities: we want all sorts of home contributions; home-made bread, pies, pickles, preserves, fruit juice etc., housekeepers welcome them; boarders cry for them; people who would sniff at the most elaborate piece of embroidery will buy a few jars of home canned peaches or pickles and feel that they have the worth of their money.

Remember, dear outside friends, that in coming to our Fair you do get your moneys worth, as these have always been on business principles: and remember, dear Guild Members, that this is not the Managers Fair, but *yours*; got up in the interest of every single (and married) member; that is to raise, in a self-respecting way, the money to pay the running expenses of this, our outside home.

Let every member feel that she ought to bring at least one saleable article, and the enterprise is sure to be a grand success.

Another Member who has joined the Swelling ranks of "The Woman in Business"

Miss Margaret McEwen, a member of long standing, has just established herself in the Woman's Exchange Building, N. E. Cor. 12th & Sansom Streets, for the scientific and hygienic treatment of the hair and scalp, feet and hands; one of her specialties is massage. Her thorough training in all the branches of her business merits confidence and patronage, and while her work is of the best and most satisfactory character, her rates, as indicated by her card, are quite moderate. May success attend her.

The New Century Journal

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

Issued by the New Century Guild on the first Saturday of each month, except July and August.

MRS. MARTHA B. EARLE, Publisher.
 MRS. ELIZA S. TURNER,
 MRS. MARY E. MUMFORD,
 MISS ANNE H. WHARTON,
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ABOUT LOVERS.

Once, (in a fairy tale) a young prince sent his messengers all over the round world to find him, for a bride, a maiden into whose mind the thought of love had never entered. I forget how the marriage turned out, but I fear not well, for she must have been a stupid or unnatural creature. So, in our real times, if a girl does not find, other things being equal, the society of a man more interesting than that of a woman, there must be something wrong about her, or else some sad experience of her own has embittered her mind.

There are many reasons why it is natural for her to take more pleasure in his company than in, for instance, that of his sisters: for one thing, she is conscious that his observance of her is an admiring, not a critical observance. The little tastes, predilections, opinions, which are to her own family and her own girl circle, matters of indifference, are to this new person a source of lively interest, and his "appreciation" woos her to expand her pretty filaments as does the sea anemone when the smile of the sun strikes through the swaying water: in such an atmosphere she is really more interesting, really more lovely than when the colder contact makes her shrink into herself. We all long for sympathy; without it we cannot be our best; and we are all apt to think ourselves most truly "comprehended" when we are most admired.

And between the sexes there is another sort of attraction, curiosity; for the mind and the human nature of each is ever a new country to the other—such a fascinating realm of inquiry—and so easy to enter. They meet, say, at an evening party, and at once, in the rests between the dances, a sense of rapport is established which it would have taken years to cultivate with another woman. "He understands me," says

she: "I feel that I can say anything to him without being misconstrued. So they meet, as it were, soul to soul, and the music is heavenly, and the rest of the world, although in a sense present, is really far away; and so—Yet oh, my dear, it behooves you, even in such unworldly moments, to keep yourself well in hand; to say to yourself, 'How will all this appear to-morrow morning?' to reflect that the young man has sisters, not to speak of male cronies, and that they are apt to discuss such matters among themselves; to take to heart the remark of one very nice young man in very similar circumstances—'My, but that girl was fresh!'"

But there is something deeper than these; there is that inner force, which makes the life in the cocoon, when its season has come, begin to struggle for more life; which sets all the little birds to singing in the spring time, which puts into the heart of every youth and maiden a feeling of expectancy, a sense of something to come more beautiful than has yet been experienced, a prescience of love; for while mere passion, at its lowest, is of all the scourges of humankind the one most dreadful, a noble love between man and woman is the spirit most beneficent. It is to the soul what the sun is to the earth, the giver of warmth and color, the awakener in us of all that is sweetest and highest, the inspirer of poetry, the incentive to noble effort and highest deeds, to chivalry, to self sacrifice, to heroism.

It is right, therefore, and as our Lord intends, that young men and women should habitually approach each other with a curious scrutiny, as if each were looking into the face of a possible mate: it is the attitude described in the quaint old song—

Come, Philander, let us be a-marching,
 Every one his true love a-sarching.

We believe that the girl who, except for sufficient reason, deliberately keeps out of the way of the march is doing herself and human nature a wrong; we believe, too, that it is not a fine but a mean thing for the girl who loves her lover to hide her feelings from him until he has committed himself to the verge of humiliation; yet, oh, my dear, be sure that you are not premature. He may not be the right one; it may have been a passing fancy on one or both sides; and it is a fact that the largest proportion of the sayings and doings of our early life which we hate most to think of are not our actual sins, but the little silly sentimentalities, the adorations of our teacher, our minister, a favorite actor &c., arising from just this source—an unsatisfied heart. A good deal of what is called flirting with girls is really, as one may say, unintentional: how is she to find out if the person in question is her proper mate unless she gets pretty well acquainted with him? She means no harm, and yet she often does it in one of two ways; she may lead a man to love her earnestly, and then find out to his pain, perhaps to his after disbelief in the sincerity of all women, that he is not, after all, for her. Or she may, by too frequent intimacies, wear off the bloom from her own nature. This is a great misfortune.

For the sort of girl who deliberately sets herself to

REAL CHILDREN.

— is a little gentleman of two, with forms of expression both precise and picturesque. He wanted some huckleberries, and asked for them, thus—"Please give me some of those small dark blue peas." (L. C.)

A. R. had been encouraged to be brave and go to bed by himself. His mother, going up to tuck him in as soon as all seemed quiet, found that he had just succumbed to sleep, but that a somewhat anxious expression had not left his face. Without waking, and as if in continuance of a soliloquy, he murmured,— "I know there's no bears in that bureau drawer." (E. R.)

Little M,—went into the parlor to entertain a visitor while her mother was getting ready to come down stairs.—To show herself quite up to the times she said: "Do you find much difference in prices when you are shopping since the McGinty bill passed?" (C. P.)

A SUMMER CITY.

Lake Chautauqua is in Western New York, seven miles distant from Lake Erie, and at an elevation of 700 feet above it. The water of the one lake flows to the Gulf of Mexico, and of the other to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Between Mayville at the northern end and Jamestown at the southern end, a distance of 20 miles, there is a line of steamboats which gives a delightful change from railroad travel. At a point jutting out into the lake from the western shore, three miles from Mayville, is the pier of the Chautauqua of Chautauquas.

From its park reservation along the lake, extending a mile or more, there is a well wooded slope to a higher level, divided by three ravines. In the middle ravine nature provided the needed conformation for an amphitheatre seating 6000 people, and this has become the centre of the community. Near it is the hotel and around it on the converging streets are cottages of various sorts, from the primitive combination of tent and house of the early days, to the elaborate modern cottage. Along the main streets are many public halls and denominational houses, from the Hall of Philosophy at the south, to the College at the north.

The Chautauqua Assembly, the corporate power of the place, has provided liberally for its population by an extensive system of water service and a sewerage system and by regulations admirably fitted to the government of a transient population, which begins to grow in the latter part of June from a small resident winter population up to a maximum in August, estimated as high as 15,000. The personality of this population is no small part of the interest, for the living in the woods fenced in from the world, gives a freedom and brings out traits of character which a more conventional life hides from view. Almost every state and territory is represented. At the spelling-bee, a contestant from Kentucky carried off the first prize, and

win admirers from mere love of conquest, we have no patience; the motive is too mean.

We lately read an instance of an incorrigible flirt, a girl in a good position in a business establishment, who could not be happy until she had got into sentimental relations of some sort with every man in the place. Each confidential, of course, and the poor ostrich-like thing supposed she had so covered up her doings that none knew about the others; whereas the fact was, of course, that there was a daily discussion of the matter and comparing of progress, in which those men took great joy.

There are so many degrees of relations between men and women, ranging from the strictest (possible) platonic friendship, to the merest and most Frenchy personal attraction, that it is not easy to classify them, to say:—"In such a case you should comport yourself thus, in such another thus," but we might suggest one or two positions in which there is danger.

The society girl who conceives a passion for her coachman, or for some disreputable actor, is doubtless influenced thereto by a romantic desire to leap conventional walls. There is a deadly distaste for the life inside, and a glamour to her imagination about the Bohemian freedom outside. Of course, she awakes to misery, but we can partly understand her temporary insanity. And there is a position almost the reverse of this, say of a bright, aspiring young girl, who has had few chances in life, who finds a friend in her refined and cultured employer. This man may be to her the truest of helpers, but he may be, intentionally or unintentionally, a calamity. "He is so refined," she thinks; "such a man of the world; he takes such broad views of social questions, so unconventional; some of them startled me a little at first, but, of course, he knows better than I. And he gives me so many pleasures; concert tickets, theatre tickets, flowers, books; and he leads me into new worlds of thought, especially poetry; and he shows such a noble confidence in me, coming to me for a sympathy which he seems to think he cannot get elsewhere; and he takes such an interest in my welfare he makes me feel that we are equal friends." Yes? And does he introduce you to any of his other friends? And does he try to interest his wife in your welfare? No? Then beware, lest the intercourse which might have been so elevating, develop insidiously into something which causes you suddenly to awake, confused, dismayed, with a conviction that the relation must be broken, and an astonished sense of what it is going to cost you to forego it.

(To be Continued)

E. S. TURNER.

I find that the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.—O. W. Holmes.

another from New Jersey the second; while at the pronunciation match, the first prize went to a Georgian, and the second prize was captured by a Missourian.

It is impossible to condense satisfactorily an account of the varied entertainment and instruction, furnished to old and young, from morning until night, during the season. The admission fee for the day, week, or season at the gateway at pier, railroad station or highway, admits to one of three great departments,—the Assembly, which provides a daily programme for all the people in the public halls, in the way of religious services, lectures, concerts, exhibitions, recitals, games and, on special anniversaries, fireworks, carnivals, tournaments, regattas, &c.

In the Collegiate Department, provided at moderate charges, are schools of "English Language and Literature," "Modern Languages," "Classical Languages," "Mathematics and Science," "Social Science," "Sacred Literature," "Pedagogy," "Music," "Fine Arts," "Expression," "Physical Education," and "Practical Arts." These twelve schools are divided into so many branches that students are much puzzled in selecting. A Kindergartner, for instance, wishes, of course, to take all coming in her line, but how is she to choose between "psychology and child-study," "nursery songs," "nature studies," "story telling," "physical training," observation classes "on insects," "on birds," "on trees," and lectures pertaining to her particular interest, sometimes two of the branches coming at the same hour? There is nothing to do but to make choice of what one has strength and time to take, and let the remainder go as though it were not.

Music enters largely into the programmes. The chorus persistently drilled under able leadership grows with the season. The several hundred voices, accompanied by the large organ with a full orchestra, attracts the largest audiences. No pains seem to be spared in securing high talent, both for the schools and for the public concerts.

The gymnasium, with its near neighbors, the boys club tent, base-ball ground and swimming beach, is, of course, the centre of interest for the juniors. There are both normal and childrens' classes, following each other closely, under admirable discipline and conducted with much spirit and earnestness.

In connection with the school of Pedagogy, or working along with it for two weeks, is a new department provided by the state affording teachers of New York opportunity to prepare for examinations. These teachers are admitted free to the grounds and have choice also of two branches of study, free, in the school of Pedagogy.

No attempt is here made to give names of professors and specialists at the head of the classes or delivering the public lectures, for space will not permit. One is much impressed with the marked ability of the instructors and the high character of the instruction given.

Working along with these two great departments to

provide for the social life of the community, are the clubs; The Woman's Club, Girls' Senior and Junior Outlook Clubs, Boys' Club, French and German Clubs, and the Musical Literary Club. The many receptions of a special nature, through the season, give evidence of the varied social interest.

From the sand piles under the trees to the camp across the lake, there is variety of entertainment to fill up the day for the young folks, and they are as busy as the grown people in their classes. All departments which may interest them seem to be drawn upon: for the girls; gymnasium, boating, swimming, camping, kitchen-gardening, nature studies &c., and for the boys a yet more extended programme. The claim made that nowhere between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans is provided such full entertainment for children is probably true.

An observer of the life at Chautauqua notices that during July and the early part of August, the chief activity is in the College Department and its many branches, though in the general programme emphasis is placed upon special subjects for a day or more appointed, as College Settlement work, W. C. T. U., Humanitarian work, Suffrage, the Grange, the Grand Army &c., but toward the end of July, the third great Department of Chautauqua, the one by which it is known the world over, begins to manifest itself, and becomes the predominant idea of the place, until the end of the season, the

C. L. S. C.

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, of which the Guild has some knowledge through its local circle, provides for systematic home reading, individually or in small circles, the essentials of which are; (1) A definite four year course, (2) Each year's course complete in itself, (3) Specified volumes approved by the Counsellors, and (4) Allotment of time.

The course for 1897-98 is, The German-Roman year, and the course includes the study of German History, Roman Life, Roman and Medieval Art and Sociology in the United States. The Chautauquan, a monthly magazine, contains additional reading in the form of articles prepared by prominent authorities, outlines of study, notes, &c. &c. In a C. L. S. C. circular, the question is asked, "why not abandon desultory reading and take up a plan which over 240,000 have adopted since 1878? Members of the Guild may well consider this question now, for our Chautauqua circle has completed its four year course, and this fall, a new circle should be formed.

The C. L. S. C. life at Chautauqua begins with the classes and Round Table. The Alumni have their own building divided into class rooms, each used by many classes in common.

The culmination comes on Recognition Day when those who have completed the four years course march in procession, pass through the golden gate to the Hall of Philosophy, and afterwards receive diplomas at the Amphitheatre.

The chief impression made upon the mind of an observer of this summer city, so inadequately described in the foregoing, is the marvelous growth of a practical idea from small beginnings, nursed by co-operation and organization: and, immediately upon this impression follows the thought and inquiry, why "Assemblies" after the same general plan, uniting entertainment and instruction, could not be established on the outskirts of the large cities so as to be accessible to many more people.

On the shores of this same lake is an excursion ground of the pattern found near the cities, but which the frequenters of Chautauqua, visiting, find to be a tame place compared with the more sensible attractions of their own summer resort.

G.

THE CONSUMERS' LEAGUE AGAIN.

In our May Journal, we noted the beginning of a League, which the following article, authorized by its Board, will more fully explain. It is still almost an infant, but, for its age, has progressed far beyond our expectations, both in the cordial co-operation it has received from such employers as we have thus far had time to interview, and from the shoppers, who are, almost to a woman, ready to subscribe to our pledge—which is, in fact, not so much a pledge to the Society as a promise to themselves.

WHAT ARE THE NEEDS OF A CONSUMERS' OR SHOPPERS' LEAGUE.

One of the first is our own education as women shoppers. We wish to keep in mind, and suggest to others, that it rests chiefly with us, as women, to regulate the methods of the retail stores frequented by us, so far as they relate to the welfare of employées. It is not the merchants, for instance, who desire long hours of selling; it is we who make it necessary by shopping late in the afternoons. We could, by a little self-denial, break up the custom of keeping stores open on legal holidays, by declining to buy on such days; we could decide, in the two weeks before Christmas, to do all our shopping in the day time, or only on Saturday evenings; and in many other ways we could lighten the hardships of employées, and this to the almost equal relief of employers.

The pledge we prescribe to ourselves explains our own position. It is as follows:

"In becoming a member of the Consumers' League of Pennsylvania, I signify my wish to deal, as far as practicable, with merchants on the Fair List, and to buy at such hours and in such manner as to give least inconvenience to them and their employées."

Another need lies in the fact that while there are merchants who are ready, even at a sacrifice, to make such innovations as to hours, pay, chances of rest, sanitary conveniences &c. as tend to the comfort and health of employées, there are others who would gladly do these things, in conformity with a general standard, but who are unwilling to forgoe the business

advantages enjoyed by the majority: this is only reasonable, and here we feel that we might be able to help in affecting a general co-operation. And there is still another class, whom nothing will induce to rise to higher standards, except the conviction that it will be to their financial interest to be ranked, in the minds of the community, as just and kindly to those in their control. There are now many thoughtful women who, as a matter of conscience, never go into certain stores whose methods they disapprove, such women we can aid by giving them a list of establishments which conform to the accepted standard of a Fair House.

A number of the merchants held in highest esteem in our city, and who have nothing to gain from our recommendations, have given us the weight of their names, as subscribing to our conditions—conditions which have, indeed, been formulated with their advice and suggestions. The requirements are as follows:

A Fair House is one in which ten hours (with three quarters of an hour for luncheon), constitute the working day, and in which a general half holiday is given on one day of each week during at least two summer months.

In which a vacation of not less than one week is given, with pay, during the summer season.

In which overtime is compensated for.

A Fair House is one in which the work, the lunch, and the toilet rooms are apart from each other, and conform in all respects to the present sanitary laws.

In which seats are provided to the number of one for every three females employed, and such employées permitted to use them at reasonable times, to such an extent as may be requisite for their health.

A Fair House is one in which fidelity and length of service meet with the consideration which is their due.

In which wages are paid by the week.

In which fines, if imposed, are paid into a fund for the benefit of employées.

In offering a list of stores at which we advise our friends to deal, *we shall not commend them equally*. Some have shortcomings, (although conforming to the standard) which they hope to obviate; some go far beyond the requirements in every respect. There are also varying forms of trade, necessitating one system, for instance, in the selling of groceries, and another in dry goods. Some hardships seem, in our present business methods, beyond the power of employers to control; yet in some such cases the disadvantages are compensated for by unusual privileges in other directions.

Again *we do not claim that the establishments now on our list are the only ones whose proprietors are just and kind*. We hope to constantly enlarge it as we gain further information, and we earnestly solicit such information from every trustworthy source. Especially do we ask for instances of generosity, consideration, and true friendly sympathy between employers and employées, instances of which we already have many, and to which it is our desire constantly to add.

The Fair List, as at present formed, can always be found at the office of the New Century Guild, 1227 Arch St. this being the headquarters of the Consumers' League.

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Committee on Legal Protection,

The Committee on Legal Protection for Working Women furnishes advice, court charges, and counsel, free to women who work for their living, and are too poor, or uninformed of legal methods for the recovery of wages due, or money unjustly withheld. Committee meets on SATURDAYS, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 124 S. TWELFTH ST.

MRS. S. C. F. HALLOWELL, Chairman.

THE NEW CENTURY JOURNAL

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS

VOL. X.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 2, 1897

NO. 8.

NEW CENTURY GUILD.

No. 1227 ARCH STREET, PHILA.

Educational, Industrial, Social

MEMBERSHIP—Open to self-supporting women. Fee \$1.20 per year, payable in advance.

Officers of the Guild.

MRS. E. S. TURNER, President.
MISS CARYL S. PEROT, 1st Vice-President.
MISS LAURA MASTERS, 2d Vice-President.
MISS K. T. O'FLAHERTY, Secretary.
MISS MARY B. NILES, Treasurer.

Officers of the Executive Board.

MRS. E. S. TURNER, Chairman.
MRS. M. T. GAWTHROP, Vice-Chairman.
MRS. KATE L. GALLAGHER, Secretary.
MT. HENRY GAWTHROP, Treasurer.

The Guild House is open for the convenience of members from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. every day, except Sunday.

MISS LISBETH CANNING, Actuary. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

MISS SARAH B. GRAY, House and Library.

Bulletin for October.

Saturday, 2nd—Lyceum.....	8.00 P. M.
Friday, 8th, New Century Trust.....	2.00 P. M.
“ “ Executive Board Meeting.....	3.00 P. M.
Saturday, 9th Library Committee Meeting	7.30 P. M.
“ “ Hospitality “ “	7.30 P. M.
“ “ Business Meeting of Guild..	8.00 P. M.
“ “ Saving Fund Deposits and	
Withdrawals.....	7.45 to 8.15 P. M.
Tuesday, 12th—Dressmakers Association....	8.15 P. M.
Saturday, 16th—Anniversary Exercises.....	8.00 P. M.
“ “ 23d—Sociable.....	8.00 P. M.
“ “ —Saving Fund Deposits and	
Withdrawals.....	7.45 to 8.15 P. M.
“ “ —Dramatic Entertainment..	8.00 P. M.
Tuesday, 26th—Dressmakers' Association..	8.15 P. M.

SCHEDULE OF CLASSES.

Monday, 11th, 18th, 25th—Advanced French Class.....	7.30 P. M.
Tuesday, 12th, 19th, 26th—Bookkeeping Class.....	7.30 P. M.
“ “ “ “—Physical Culture.....	8.00 P. M.
“ “ “ “—English Branches.....	7.30 P. M.
Wednesday, 13th, 20th, 27th—Advanced German.....	7.30 P. M.
“ “ “ “—Dress Cutting and Fitting	7.30 P. M.
Thursday, 14th, 21st, 28th—Elocution.....	7.30 P. M.
“ “ “ “—Millinery (Primary).....	7.30 P. M.
Friday, 15th, 22d, 29th—German (Primary).....	7.30 P. M.
“ “ “ “—French “ “	7.40 P. M.
“ “ “ “—Millinery (Advanced).....	7.30 P. M.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lunch for self supporting members, daily except Sunday, 12 to 2 P. M.

Lunch for Guild members, Saturday evenings, 6 to 8 P. M.

A Bicycle section. Why not?

THE N. C. SAVINGS FUND.

At the stated meeting of the Board of Managers, held on the 11th inst., Miss Mary S. Foley was elected treasurer for the unexpired term of Miss Brinkmann, whose business engagements do not now permit her to attend on Guild nights.

The Board of Managers adopted the following:—

Resolved, That this Board records its high appreciation of Miss Anna W. Brinkmann's faithfulness and exactness in fulfilling her duties as treasurer of the New Century Saving Fund, and expresses regret that circumstances prevent her continuance in the service.

The treasurer's report to 1st of September, showed total deposits of \$1989.85 on that date.

THE SATURDAY EVENING TEAS.

Those members who live at a distance from the Guild House who have not already taken advantage of this arrangement for their convenience, do not know what they lose by not coming to their guild home for tea on Saturday. Here they may have pleasant companionship, a social meal, a good rest before, or after, and be on hand for the entertainment, which is sure to be provided on this evening; and all at an expense which is hardly more than the two fares paid for the tiresome rides in the crowded cars. Or, they may bring their meal with them and eat it under the same cheerful conditions.

The committee in charge will be prepared for guests on the 2d of October, and every Saturday evening thereafter.

OCTOBER 16TH.

Fifteen years ago, on the fifteenth of this month, the Guild was organized, and an able committee is preparing a programme for the anniversary, which will be attractive and which no Guild member can afford to miss. The committee can now only give a few hints as to the character of the exercises. They are planning something like this. A reception to Miss Beaux, a reminiscent word from Mrs. Turner, singing, music, refreshments and smiling faces and general rejoicing. The JOURNAL cannot wait, and we may not say more. *Come.*

Our members will be glad to know that the well known teacher, Miss Reilley, has consented to take charge of the class in dancing.

Pupils will please register at once as the term opens Wednesday evening, October 13th.

9/8

X

P

women

DAY CLASSES.

The Guild will open, if sufficient numbers apply, a day class in dress cutting and fitting, under the care of Mrs. E. M. N. Crittenden, who taught the dress-making class when the Trades classes were conducted a few years ago, on Girard St. This class will be for business purposes, and application may be made at the Guild Office, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., where all information will be cheerfully given. As the class will be limited, applicants should register early.

THE FAIR.

The Annual Fair of the Guild will take place on Friday and Saturday, November 19th and 20th, from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

The tickets will be the usual price of ten cents single admission and fifteen cents for the two days. Members may do good work in selling tickets, as the money thus received is nearly all clear gain. They will be ready October 9th, and may be had in quantities from Miss Gray or Miss Canning.

These are our needs:—

The Domestic Table. Mrs. Peirce, wants fruits, preserves, and when the time comes, home-made cakes, crullers, bread and biscuit. This table stands ready to receive all kinds of towels and everything useful that delights the housekeeper's heart.

Mrs. Gallagher is quite right in saying we have never had aprons enough, for last year all were sold by noon of the second day.

This is equally true of the candy table, Mrs. Phillippe in charge, as all the home-made candy sold the first day. Donations of sugar and nuts are needed, as the committee is quite equal to making more.

Mrs. Wright has several dolls that should be dressed. They are not large and may be dressed as infants. Will not some friends offer to do this? The clothing must all be made to order.

The fancy table solicits new, fresh, dainty articles, which will attract the buyer. For the Guild holds a Fair not for fun altogether, but to make money as well.

Just now, our greatest need is, contributions to purchase materials, as our members are eager to make up articles if the goods were furnished.

We will tell about the restaurant in our next.

Miss Anna H. Howell, Miss Ida Warrington and Miss Caryl S. Perot have been added to the Committee.

The Modest members' box has of late fallen very much into disuse. It has been suggested that questions, the answers to which would be of general interest, be deposited therein and the replies published in the "Journal." The editors are quite willing to undertake the experiment if there is any interest shown in the plan.

Members are invited to take the circulars of the L. C. S. C. for 1897-8, to be found in the Guild library.

The business firms in the following list have agreed to allow to Guild members a discount on goods purchased; the purchaser to present her membership card of the current year, *in person*.

The amount of discount allowed by each firm can be learned at the Guild office.

New names will be added to the list as received.

Bonschur & Holmes, Opticians	1527 Chestnut Street.
W. H. Boner & Co., Music,	1314 Chestnut Street.
Richard J. Lennon, Cloaks and suits,	1220 Chestnut Street.
Thos. H. McCollin & Co., Photographic Supplies,	1030 Arch Street.
H. O. Hurlburt & Sons, Watches and Jewelry,	938 Market Street.
Howard Thomas & Bro., Carpets,	927 Market Street.
E. D. Trymby, Fine Furniture and Upholstery,	1007 Market Street.
Ask for Mr. W. R. Richardson.	
H. L. Ross, Picture Frames and Artist Materials,	25 N. 13th Street.
George Allen, Millinery Goods,	1214 Chestnut Street.

A large number of members attended the opening sociable of the season held September 25th, and all present seemed to enjoy the privileges of the guild house with renewed zest after the summer vacation.

A dramatic entertainment has been promised for October 23d, and all guild members are cordially invited to be present and to bring their friends.

Non members will be charged an admission fee of ten cents. Guild members free.

K. L. GALLAGHER,
Chairman of Entertainment Committee.

The Evening Classes will open the week commencing October 11th, as follows:—

Monday—Advanced French, Mlle. Bouame.
Tuesday—Bookkeeping, Mr. C. F. Richardson.
English Branches, Miss Ina Warren.
Wednesday—Advanced German. Dress Cutting and Fitting.
Thursday—Primary Millinery, Miss Jennie Raynor.
Elocution, Miss Ella P. Warren.
Friday—Primary French, Mdlle. Louise Beucler.
Primary German, Miss Clara Levy. Advanced Millinery, Miss Jennie Raynor.

The Library Committee calls attention to the fact that the *Outlook* is added to our list of periodicals.

The Hospitality Committee meets the 4th Saturday evening of the month at 7.30 P. M. in the Guild Study.

LYCEUM ECHOES.

The first Lyceum after the summer's rest met on September 4th, and the first Saturday of the month will hereafter, *always* be the date for the Lyceum.

The advantage of the present arrangement is that our meetings will not necessarily be interrupted as in previous years, by the Holiday season.

This first meeting was of an informal character, but full of interest. Several suggestions were made relative to our winter's work, one of which was that of having a regular membership. As there has never been any special method of joining the Lyceum, no one feels any responsibility as to attendance. Therefore we have, as one member put it, a sort of "floating" membership.

Another suggestion talked about, was—that the Lyceum be responsible for some lectures, as coming under the legitimate work of such a body. In connection with this suggestion was some talk of the securing a complete apparatus for illustrating lectures. This would presage some very pleasant evenings for us. Still another idea talked over, was, the making a Literary feature of some of the evenings, when special efforts on a given subject would be made.

The October debate will be on the question:—"Is American Home Life Declining, as Club Life Increases?"

For November we shall have a "timely topic," "Football versus Prizefighting—what is the difference?"

We now have plenty of time to consult the men of our families, who think they are better qualified to give us a fair opinion on the subject, and whose views will be very welcome. In the meantime let us get our own views in order so that when the time comes, they can be "on parade."

E. M.

PROGRAMME.

October 2d, Lyceum.
October 9th, Business Meeting.
October 16th, Anniversary Exercises.
October 23d, Sociable.
October 30th, Shakesperian Burlesque. Admission to non-members, 10c.
November 6th, Lyceum.
November 13th, Business Meeting.
November 20th, Annual Fair.
November 27th, Sociable.

I am glad a task to me is given,

To labor at, day by day;

For it brings me health and strength and hope,

And I cheerfully learn to say:

"Head, you may think, heart, you may feel;

But hand, you shall work alway."

L. M. Alcott.

October 16th, the Guild's fifteenth birthday.

LITTLE SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

THE BENEFICENT "SHIRT WAIST."

Year by year does living become more convenient for womankind. Who would have thought that so innocent a thing as a bicycle would be able to settle the question which has convulsed the universe for so many generations—the length of women's skirts? Yet this it seems likely to do. Once admitted that the wheel is the proper means of locomotion for both sexes, and the short skirt is inevitable; once habituate the masculine eye to the sight of thousands, nay millions of short skirted women and the garment seems the most natural thing in the world; and already a girl may occasionally be seen, on a rainy or muddy day, in a bicycle dress without her wheel, and without exciting emotions of horror, or even a passing notice from anybody.

From skirts to waists is an easy transition; it may seem a slight matter to notice in print, but we do feel that the very general acceptance of the "Shirt Waist" is quite a step in the ease of feminine living. It is so easy to make; it is so easy to wash and iron; it will fit with almost any sort of skirt; it is so inexpensive; it is so universally becoming; it will "do" for so many occasions, for travelling, for boating, for picnics, for all morning and much afternoon wear—at least in the summer. It must of course be dainty, and one can put severe study into the collar and necktie; but it *must* be simple; an elaborate shirt waist would be a vulgarity. Long life, then, to the shirt waist; may it become so endeared to us by its many virtues that we will never consent to let it go out of fashion.

A GUILD MEMBER.

The Boston Herald, in calling attention to the action of the New England Telephone Co., in substituting women in the place of men as night operators at the central station in Boston, says:—

"We do not understand that this change has been made from motives of economy, but solely for the reason that the women operators perform the service required of the company's employees more efficiently and more courteously. The field for the employment of women thus grows wider and more comprehensive with the development of modern life, and this growth comes not by favor, but by merit."

We are glad to see that a recognition of these facts is becoming more widespread. Especially gratifying is it to see the ability of women acknowledged. The next step in advance will be to discover that no charm and no romance is lost to life in this development.

Oh, in the dreamy October

The perfect days we see,

When the autumn flushes with splendor

Each wayside bush and tree,

And the purple air is radiant

With the glory that is to be!

HENRY PETERSON.

The New Century Journal

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

Issued by the New Century Guild on the first Saturday of each month, except July and August.

MRS. MARTHA B. EARLE, Publisher.
MRS. ELIZA S. TURNER,
MRS. MARY E. MUMFORD,
MISS ANNE H. WHARTON,
MRS. JESSIE F. RINGWALT,
MRS. E. M. N. CRITTENDEN, } Editorial Committee.

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ABOUT LOVERS.

(Continued from last month.)

In an article written some time ago we alluded to the charm (and the danger) of making acquaintanceships in irregular ways; in traveling, through an accident, through correspondence, even through newspaper advertisements—the latter always purely for fun, of course, but leading sometimes to calamity. A young, inexperienced girl with no knowledge of the world, is scarcely safe in thinking that she has the strength of mind or the force of character, to enter into a sort of play acquaintanceship with a man of whose standing she knows nothing; that she can amuse herself with it as far as she sees fit, and as easily drop it. This is like the fatuity of the young man who says indignantly, to friends who venture to warn him against tippling—“Don't you suppose I could stop at any moment if I chose?” They are so pretty—in novels, these chance relations; even a premeditated-accidental meeting is so much more interesting than meeting in a parlor under the odious observance of Mrs. Grundy. And they always come out right—in the stories, indeed, the mysterious admirer often proves some sort of nobleman in disguise. To be objected to by parents too, this naturally throws a glittering halo about a lover and makes it all the more noble to cling to him. What do parents and other elderly people know about such things? And yet, it might be only reasonable to humor those who are really kind to us in other matters and to insist that he should approve himself to them as ordinarily industrious and respectable. Even the preposterous Mrs. Grundy has often a foundation of common sense in her officious requirements. In fact, the one direction in which a girl cannot afford to defy that objectionable creature is in her relations with men. Be

free, O maidens; exercise your own taste in dress, express your own opinions with courage, do as you think right in spite of the crone's cruel comments; but in this one matter it is the part of wisdom to conform to her views; your liberty would cost too dear. It is not enough that you know your action to be right; it must be such as not to compromise you in the eyes of the world.

The good old times, the quite old times, were in some respects far less healthful than our modern days. Then the men had nothing to occupy them but love and fighting, and the women nothing but love and sewing; and as there was not much excitement in sewing, the women were obliged to make love their one dissipation and allow it to take an unwholesomely large place in their thoughts. Now it is not quite the same. The heart of a nineteenth century girl is as tender, as deep, as capable of a true and constant love, as that of her of the 14th; but she has many other things to interest her. The assertion, albeit made by a poet, that “Man's love is of his life a thing apart; 'Tis woman's whole existence”—is no longer correct. Indeed, the girl who now-a-days devotes her whole time to thinking about the tender passion would be deemed so tender as to be actually soft; and Mariana of the Moated Grange, if met in real life, would be considered by any healthy young woman as a rather pitiable creature and advised to get up and do something, if it were only to take charge of the family marketing.

But even yet there are varieties of this passion. There is the kind so prettily described in Lalla Rookh, where the whole-souled creature says:

“I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart;
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.”

For our own part, unromantic as it may appear, we think the largest sum of happiness might be secured (supposing the attachment one which looked to finally living every day with the adored being) by making pretty sure beforehand that he was of respectable character; and while it does seem to give a sentimental relish to love that it shall

“Never find its earthly close,”

yet it is certain that the true tendency of true love is life in a home. For a man and woman to spend their lives happily together within the same four walls, requires more than rosy cheeks and a yielding disposition on the one side, and a fine moustache and a Claude Melnotte expression on the other. It demands real home-making virtues; strength of character on both sides; patience on both sides; reasonable conformity on both sides; mutual confidence; mutual respect; tastes and opinions sufficiently alike to admit of friendship and companionship; a capacity for the affection which lasts when mere passion subsides. This is not saying, however, that respect and friendship between a man and woman are sufficient to make a happy marriage. This sort of partnership, unlike one of business, is very easy to enter and very hard to withdraw from; moreover, the personal closeness of

the tie makes it different from any other in life. You might have a sincere respect, admiration and affection for your business partner, or for any man who aimed only to be a friend, and in this relation his sort of physique, his little personal peculiarities, might not in the least interfere with your pleasure in his society, but if he should ask for the relation which means the closest personal intimacy, you might experience a sense of repulsion which had never entered into your mind before. I knew a girl who, after a slight acquaintance with a man of talent and high character, did not meet him for some time, but corresponded with him, was charmed with his letters and considered herself in love with him, as he proved to be with her. But when he came to see her, indeed before he had seen her, she caught a glimpse of his hand as he gave his card to the servant, and, as she put it, “The look of his little finger gave me such a queer feeling of distaste that I knew it was off from that moment.”

Now there was nothing the matter with that hand; it might have pleased another woman; but it was not the sort for her.

This may seem to be looking at the matter from a low level, but it is the level which must be considered, or there can be no happiness in the union. You might marry a man in every way worthy to be loved; he might be good-looking, intelligent, kind; just the man to make another sort of woman, as good as yourself, happy; but if, for causes you may be unable to explain, he is personally distasteful to you, beware of undertaking to live with him. Love by itself is not enough; without respect and affection—love is not always affection—it will melt away and leave an empty heart; but marriage without it is sure to be either actively miserable or deadly dry. You cannot be patient, forbearing, or even just to one who is personally displeasing to you, and who is the more unpleasant the more he tries to please. It has been said that if we dislike a person, the way he holds his knife and fork will make us dislike him more. The other woman, who loves him, can view his small peculiarities with the sort of tender amusement she would feel for those of her children, but to you, who do not love him, they would grow more and more irritating as the years went by. Now let us think of love as it may and ought to be. In all the possibilities for blessedness in this mortal life, there is none to compare with a true marriage. When husband and wife, “not like to like, but like in difference,” each incomplete apart, each supplementing the other, each with such capacity for growth and development that neither can tire of the other's society, because that other is always a new person, when two such come together to build a home, the angel standing at the gate of Paradise steps aside to let them in.

I have known a few such unions; just now I think of one: the wife, a loving mother and accomplished housekeeper, and active besides in many outside scheme of helpfulness, has no one interest or activity which

she does not bring to her husband, sure of his sympathy and coöperation; the husband, a tender father, a man of large outlook into the world, has nothing in his life (except professional confidences) which he does not share with her. I never knew two persons so identified with each other in all their pursuits and feelings. One small instance occurs to me as an illustration. They were at a public meeting, and one of the speakers alluded to the husband in terms of high and unexpected praise. When he got to his wife, he said, “How did you feel, Emma? You hardly knew which way to look, did you?” Such a little thing, but it told the whole story of their oneness.

Again I say, in all this life there is no such blessedness as equal, mutually respecting, mutually trusting love.

ELIZA S. TURNER.

HIS FIRST POEM.

LONGFELLOW'S COMPOSITION ON THE FATE OF MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP.

When our great poet Longfellow was nine years old, his master wanted him to write a composition.

A half hour had been allotted for his first undertaking. In a half hour he carried in his work all accomplished, and his master is said to have been affected almost to tears when he saw what little Henry had done in that short time.

MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP.

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew, and it grew,
And it grew behind the barn,
And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew,
Till it could grow no taller.
Then Mr. Finney took it up
And put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay,
Till it began to rot,
When his daughter Susie washed it,
And she put it in the pot.

Then she boiled it and boiled it
As long as she was able.
Then his daughter Lizzie took it,
And she put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife
Both sat down to sup,
And they ate, and they ate,
Till they ate the turnip up.

—New York Tribune.

“There is one thing about me; I am not afraid to say just what I think.”

“Of course you are not afraid, but you ought to be ashamed.”—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"WHICH SHALL WE EDUCATE?"

[Composition received from a boy in one of the lower rooms, on the all important question to these people, "Should parents with limited means educate their sons, or daughters?"]

A man had a boy and a girl and only enough money to educate one, which one would you educate?

Why the boy of course. If he had a boy and a girl and only had money to educate one, certainly educate the boy and not the girl.

In the first place the boy might live to vote for the President of the United States; next, he might become even President, Vice-President, Congressman or any other officer of the United States. But a girl can never be good for anything but to want a silk or a satin dress, or to run around and raise quarrels about some boy who hasn't her in the back part of his head, and she too hasn't enough sense to know that he is only fooling her.

Certainly educate the boys in preference to the girls all the time. It is said that girls will never have any moustaches because they talk so much they chew the roots off. Is it any wonder that people say girls are good for nothing? Of course I think boys should have the education instead of girls. I love girls sometimes but I don't make it a practice because,

"Love is such a simple thing,
Some think it quite absurd,
But I have been loved by many girls,
If I would take their word.

"Its more a study than a gift,
Especially with our race,
They tell you that they love you,
But of course that's not the case.

"The girls are far from true,
They call you sweet and tender names,
But their object is to hoodoo you,
Now boys say nothing but saw wood,
And when one says he loves you,
He surely loves you good."

But a girl is not responsible for anything she says or does.

A boy might be fortunate enough to go to the navy yard and be drilled for a soldier, so as to be able to aid his country when in need. Look what the girls are doing in Cuba! Fleeing through the streets bare-headed, and in all other fashions, while even the littlest boys are fighting for their father's, mother's, brother's and even their own liberty. What do you think of that? I think it is bravery in boys. What are girls doing? I can tell you. They are not doing anything but running around after boys. You don't catch a boy running after a girl unless he don't have any sense.

Look, when a mother tells her son to do anything, he don't stick out his mouth and go off grumbling like some one who hasn't any sense. Let a mother tell her son to do something, do you think he will

stick out his mouth? No, not he! Because he has some sense, while a girl acts like some one crazy. Of course educate the boys.

Don't you think it right to educate the boys? Any one that does not, I don't know what to think of them. I think a girl does very well in a sense, but in some cases she is good for nothing.

I would not be a girl for all the money in Aiken. In the first place I would like to help my country in some way; next I would like to hold some office in a city, town or country, while a girl can never vote unless she leaves her own home and goes to Utah or Idaho.

I guess I will stop as I have written up so many pages of paper. The last I have to say is: *do educate the boys.*

SCHOFIELD SCHOOL BULLETIN.

Women inventors have made a record in the Patent Office of which they may well be proud. Applications for patents of their own invention have been made by over 3000 women since the Patent Office was organized. These inventions, while covering a wide field of articles for women's use, include such unexpected inventions as submarine telescopes, processes for hardening copper, foot stoves, refrigerators, and even locomotive driving wheels. As early as 1809 a patent was granted to Mary Kies, of Connecticut, for an improved method of straw weaving with silk or thread. Many patents were issued a few years after to women for improvements on corsets, foot stoves, spinning wheels, moccasins and ice cream freezers. During the war a great number of women inventors came forward with many designs in canteens, military caps, ambulances and all kind of hospital appliances. Prior to the war the number of women applicants for patents was small. Only three patents to women were issued in 1850, in 1860 there were only four, in 1870 there were sixty, in 1880 ninety. In 1887 the number rose to 187, and has been increasing steadily ever since. The inventions of the women compare well with those of the men in usefulness and ingenuity. The most profitable inventions of women are those of costumes and clothing, and artistic designs of wall paper and decorated chinaware.—*New York Telegram.*

REAL CHILDREN.

A little colored child, who must have been a relation of Topsy's, was asked by his school teacher the usual questions concerning creation, and at last the question, "And who made you?" After some deliberation, he said; "Nobody; I was so afore."

The foregoing was told by Professor Stowe, who heard the question and answer. (M. G.)

Raining.—Little Brother disappointed in getting out, stands at the window and wails; then breaks off with—"Oh dear, why does my mother let me be so cross?"

RECORD OF VIRTUE.

(This is no longer new, having been crowded out of our last issue; but we are not going to lose our moral for a trifle like that.)

HEROISM OF ENGINEER TAYLOR.

STATEMENT OF SECOND VICE PRESIDENT PUGH.

The Paoli Express, with eight cars filled with residents of the towns and villages along the Pennsylvania Railroad, between Ardmore and Paoli, ran off the track at Fifty-ninth street, about 5.20 o'clock last evening. The engineer and fireman were killed. All the passengers escaped. The trouble was caused by a broken switch.

George Taylor, the engineer, saw that there would be a wreck, but stuck to his post, reversed his engine and put on the air brakes. The engine toppled over, pinning him beneath it, but not one of the eight cars was turned over. The passengers, those in the forward cars at least, owed their lives to Taylor's nerve. They worked side by side with railroad men to release him from the vise in which the broken ironwork held him, and before the wrecking train arrived he was taken out and hurried to the Presbyterian Hospital. He died there a few minutes after being admitted. He was 43 years old, and had been in the Pennsylvania service almost from boyhood. He lived at 3304 Haverford avenue and leaves a widow.

(*Philadelphia Ledger.*)

"Herosim?" says a reader; "he simply did his duty. He was the one man on the train on whom the lives of all depended. For him to have tried to save his life would have been dastardly."

True, he did what he ought; but under circumstances far more appalling than those of any soldier who, excited by the spirit of antagonism, fronts death on the battle field. Memorial days for our fighters, if we will, but especial honor to such heroes as this.

The improvement in methods of transportation in recent years, has made travel a mere change of place instead of a series of experiences. Vast ranges of mountains can now be crossed during a night of restful slumber, or in full daylight their very existence can be obliterated from memory by the fascination of a novel or a game of cards. It is to be hoped that the use of the bicycle will have a wholesome effect in correcting this deadening of the powers of observation. Possibly, when further improvements have rendered transit by mechanical means vulgarly cheap, walking may become the fashion as an exhibition of luxury and leisure.

R.

Some very good old literature is cast aside as wearisome because it inculcates prudence and discretion, yet what is newer under the sun than the last bicycle advertisement that says: "Buy our wheel and you will not have to walk home or be brought home." Could Poor Richard himself utter a harsher warning in stronger words!

R.

A CONFESSION BY THE UNSCRUPULOUS EDITOR.

The following touching incident was not, like most of our stories, heard at first hand; it was in fact, stolen, from a little steamboat sheet, so unprotected that we felt we could do it with impunity.

"John, love," said the weeping wife to her dear departing, "is there anything at all that you think you could relish? Just a little taste of something?"

A wan smile appeared on his pallid face as he answered feebly—"I think I smell a ham cooking somewheres. Perhaps I could take a taste of that."

"Oh no, dear, you couldn't have the ham; that's for the funeral."

TAMING BUTTERFLIES.

Two Parisian ladies have taken to taming butterflies. A gentleman recently returned from Asia happened to bring the young ladies rare specimens as souvenirs of the trip.

Each lady has about fifty in her collection, and it is marvellous how tame the creatures have become. Upon the entrance of their mistress they fly to greet her, perching upon her shoulders, head and finger tips.

The way they were trained was by feeding them with honey from the finger tips. They have been most serviceable as studies for all kinds of art work, on the wing and in groups, when embroidering and when reproducing their gorgeous hues in oil. The butterflies have shown themselves very susceptible to the charm of music. SELECTED.

WE'RE ALL PLAGIARISTS.

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land and sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took—the same as me!

The market girls an' fishermen,
The shepherds-an' the sailors, too,
They 'eard old songs turn up again,
But kep' it quiet—same as you!

They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed.
They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,
But winked at 'Omer down the road,
And 'e winked back—the same as us!

—Kipling.

The only real concordance between sun spots and terrestrial happenings is the fact that magnetic storms are more numerous, and vary in intensity in a remarkable manner, with the size and number of sun spots.

Cincinnati.

It is now generally thought that there is some connection between the Aurora Borealis and sun spots, as there certainly is between remarkable displays of it and magnetic storms.

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[Below Arch]

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Committee on Legal Protection,

The Committee on Legal Protection for Working Women furnishes advice, court charges, and counsel, free to women who work for their living, and are too poor, or uninformed of legal methods for the recovery of wages due, or money unjustly withheld.

Committee meets on SATURDAYS, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 124 S. TWELFTH ST.

MRS. S. C. F. HALLOWELL, Chairman

THE NEW CENTURY JOURNAL

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS

VOL. X.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 6, 1897

NO. 9

NEW CENTURY GUILD

1227 ARCH STREET.

FAIR

November 19th and 20th from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

FIRST FLOOR

REFRESHMENTS NOON REST
Committee, assisted by
Miss Emily Campbell and Aids.

SECOND FLOOR, BACK

CANDIES Mrs. C. D. Phillippe and Aids

THIRD FLOOR BACK

Exhibition and Sale of Pictures,
Miss Ida E. Turner and Aids.

THIRD FLOOR, FRONT

Palmistry and Horoscope.

ASSEMBLY ROOM

BABY AND DOLL TABLE . Mrs. Anna B. Lewis
Assisted by Miss Shrigley and Aids

APRONS . . . Mrs. K. L. Gallagher and Aids

DOMESTIC . . . Mrs. C. L. Peirce and Aids

MISCELLANEOUS . . . Mrs. E. N. Brubaker
and Mrs. E. M. Balderston

CHILDREN'S CORNER . Miss Anna H Howell

LEMONADE . . . Miss Lizzie Yoos and Aids

TREASURER FAIR COMMITTEE:
MRS. MARY T. GAWTHROP.

CHAIRMAN FAIR COMMITTEE:
MRS. ANNA B. LEWIS.

ART EXHIBITION AND SALE.—Reproductions of pictures of E. A. Abbey, C. D. Gibson, Howard Pyle, Alice Barber Stephens and other well-known artists.

The **Fair Restaurant** will be, as last year, in charge of the Noon Rest Committee, fortified by the invaluable assistance of Miss Emily Campbell and her coadjutors. We are quite sure that all who partook of our Soups, Croquettes, Salads, Home-made Bread and Biscuits last year will come again, and we hope that adventurous spirits who have not yet made the experiment will try their fate between 12 and 3, and in the two evenings of the Fair. Supper will not be served after 9 P. M.

Fortune Telling. Do we tell common fortunes at New Century Fairs? Of course not, because that would be wrong. But Palmistry is virtuous, and so is your Horoscope. The skill of our Palmists has been tested heretofore, and on this point we have only to say that we have succeeded in engaging the same genius which has so astonished our visitors in previous years. The Horoscope is a new feature, for which we predict a great success. In fact, orders are already coming in for this department; this is a wise step, as each case has to be assiduously studied, and the predictions all made out in writing.

Novelties for the children.

Bulletin for November.

Saturday, 6th—Lyceum.....	8.00 P. M.
Monday, 8th—Senior Meeting.....	8.00 P. M.
Tuesday, 9th—Dressmaker's Association.....	8.15 P. M.
Friday, 12th—New Century Trust.....	2.00 P. M.
Friday, 12th—Executive Board Meeting.....	3.00 P. M.
Saturday, 13th—Business Meeting of the Guild.....	8.00 P. M.
“ “—Library Committee Meeting.....	7.30 P. M.
“ “—Hospitality Committee Meeting.....	7.30 P. M.
“ “—Savings Fund Deposits and Withdrawals.....	7.45 to 8.15 P. M.
Friday, 19th— FAIR	10.00 A. M. to 10.00 P. M.
Saturday, 20th— FAIR	10.00 A. M. to 10.00 P. M.
Tuesday, 23d—Dressmaker's Association.....	8.15 P. M.
Saturday, 27th—Dramatic Entertainment.....	8.00 P. M.
“ “—Savings Fund Deposits and Withdrawals.....	7.45 to 8.15 P. M.

Schedule of Classes.

Mondays—Advanced French.....	7.30 P. M.
Tuesdays—Book-Keeping.....	7.30 P. M.
“—Physical Culture.....	8.00 P. M.
“—English Branches.....	7.30 P. M.
Wednesdays—Dress Cutting and Fitting.....	7.30 P. M.
Thursdays—Millinery.....	7.30 P. M.
“—Primary German.....	7.30 P. M.
Fridays—Primary French.....	7.30 P. M.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lunch for self supporting women, daily except Sunday, 12 to 2 P. M.

Lunch for Guild members, Saturday evenings, 6 to 8 P. M.

ADVANCED DRESSMAKING.—A class under the care of Mrs. E. M. N. Crittenden, will be organized Monday, November 8th, at 7.30 p. m., punctually.

SAVING FUND.

Total deposits on 1st inst., \$1,957.01. The Treasurer requests that depositors leave their books on any evening advertised for deposit, that interest to 1st of November may be added.

The regular meeting of Willing Hands' Committee, will be held as usual, on the 4th Saturday of November (27th), 7.30 p. m. All interested in the work are invited. We are glad to receive all kinds of clothing, particularly for children.

E. GARTLEY, Chairman.

MEMBERSHIP.

Now is a good time to hunt up new members, for any joining at next meeting are entitled to the benefit of the remainder of this year, on paying dues for 1898.

Members will please make a note of the Lyceum programme one month in advance of the meeting, otherwise they will not be prepared for the debate. This is rendered necessary by the change in the time of the meeting from the 3rd to the 1st Saturday of the month.

NEW MEMBERS.

Miss Edith K. Allen,	Miss Alice Demery,
Miss Emma M. Kleinert,	Miss M. Lulu Kleinert,
Mrs. Otto F. Peeler,	Mrs. C. A. Shrigley,
Miss Helen D. Grant,	Miss Mary B. Struble.

SENIOR MEETING.

To take the place of the usual Fall conference, a meeting has been arranged for Monday, November 8th, at 8 p. m., in the Guild parlor. Seniors will please bring thimbles and needles, and while the talk is busy over some important Guild matters, the fingers may be busy, too, in hemming towels and dusters. The materials will be furnished by the Fair Committee. There will be no business except the election of a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Secretary and a Registrar.

For those to whom the senior section is new, the word of explanation is that membership in this division of the Guild is acquired after paying Guild dues for five consecutive years.

Do not forget the date nor the thimbles and needles.

WHAT HO, STENOGRAPHERS!

There is apt to be a surplus in this world of almost every kind of labor, but this is rarely true of the very best. In stenography, for instance, there is an un-supplied demand for the woman who has not only a good general education, but a knowledge, in at least one direction, of technical words, phrases and professional forms. Physicians say they are unable to find stenographers who can take down, from dictation, original MSS. or even ordinary professional letters, without a tedious stopping to give the spelling, and even then, a constant danger of mistakes; for it is hard to transcribe correctly what one does not understand.

Now would it not be worth while for a few professional stenographers—but they must have the general education—to make a study of the terms most frequently used in medicine, and others the same with legal phrases? We know of one who has thus enhanced her money value very considerably.

But how shall we go about acquiring this knowledge most economically? How shall we choose from a mass of technical phraseology that which would be most needed for our purpose? Will some physician, some lawyer, tell us how to get what they want?

Since writing the above, we are told by a lady who undertook to find a special stenographer for one of our most eminent physicians, that she tried 22 before she found one that suited. We are pleased to say that the one who "suited" is a Guild member.

A WORD TO GUILD MEMBERS.

As our good friend Shakespeare aptly remarks: "Good wine needs no bush;" likewise a good cause needs no apology, but for fear that all our Guild members have not been sufficiently apprised of the

fact, this opportunity is taken to let them know that on the evening of November 18th, a chance will be given them not only to enjoy a delightful entertainment, but also to aid a worthy cause, the piano fund.

The Guild piano has seen its best days, and no longer responds harmoniously to the touch of the musician's fingers, but to quote our friend, the poet, once more, is "like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh," so that we lack the temerity to ask our friends to use it, or to accompany it with their voices. This has been a great drawback on many occasions, when the various committees had offers of musical entertainments which had to be given up because forsooth, our piano was not up to the standard.

Now we want to change all this, which is our reason for appealing to Guild members to help us by buying tickets for the proposed concert. Buy one for yourself and get your friends to buy them, and by so doing the New Century Drawing Room, where the concert is to be held, will be filled to overflowing, likewise the treasury of the Piano Fund, and the possibility of a new instrument, worthy of our Guild house, will become a delightful reality.

The numbers on the programme together with the fine talent that has been secured, give promise of an evening of rare enjoyment. Below is the programme in full:

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Selection,	Quaker City Mandolin and Guitar Club.
Baritone Solo,	"Answer" Robyn,
	Mr. Frank B. Ball.
Soprano Solo,	"Roses of June," Lane,
	Mrs. Katharine G. Brennan.
Duett,	"I Live and Love Thee," Campana,
	Miss Anna Kelley and Mr. Frank B. Ball.
Bass Solo,	"Thy Sentinel Am I," Wats.n,
	Mr. H. Bovee Schermerhorn.
Trio,	"Madre Del Sommo Amore," Campana
Mrs. Brennan, Miss Kelley and Mr. Geo. Dougherty.	
	PART II.
Selection,	Quaker City Mandolin and Guitar Club.
Contralto Solo,	"He was a Prince," Lynes,
	Miss Anna Kelley.
Duett,	"I Pescatori" Marzocchi,
	Mrs. Katharine G. Brennan and Mr. Frank B. Ball.
Tenor Solo,	"Queen of the Earth," Pinsuti
	Mr. Geo. Dougherty.
Baritone Solo,	"Yeoman's Wedding Song" Poniatowski
	Mr. Frank B. Ball.
Sextette,	"Lucia," Donizetti,
	Mrs. Brennan, Miss Kelley,
Messrs. Dougherty, Ball, Schermerhorn and Bradley.	
	Miss Minnie B. Kidd, Accompanist.

LYCEUM NOTES

The October meeting was almost wholly confined to a consideration of the question: "Is American home life declining as club life increases?" The discussion developed a very strong faith in the strength of the American home; and it was the sense of the meeting that while the club might not deepen a man's love for his home, a woman's club will make her a more valuable member of her home and a more intelligent companion of her husband and children.

For the meeting on the first Saturday evening of November, the 6th, the theme will be "Foot-ball vs. Pugilism—what is the real difference." It is expected that this will bring to the meeting the champions of the college sport in great numbers.

The subject of the December meeting, Saturday, the 4th, is "Why do women immediately upon marrying, leave lucrative positions?" This is certainly an interesting topic and should crowd our parlor with those anxious to give opinions.

Besides the main discussion there are answers to questions, parliamentary practice, quotations, music, etc., affording a splendid opportunity for every Guild member to spend a profitable and entertaining evening.

Let everyone reserve the first Saturday evening of the month for the Lyceum meeting.

PROGRAMME.

For the programme of meetings, &c., consult the monthly bulletin of November. Experience has shown that our members are too busy on the Saturday preceding Christmas to come to the Guild for an entertainment, therefore that date will be omitted, and as the house will be closed on Christmas day, the Lyceum on the 4th, and the business meeting on the 11th, will be the only meetings in December.

Owing to the reception to Miss Beaux on the evening of October 23rd, the program prepared for that evening will be given at the next regular sociable which falls on November 27th. A glance at the names of those who will take part, will discover some old friends who on previous occasions, have delighted the Guild by their clever portrayal of various characters and sweet singing. The following is the program:

PETTICOAT PERFDY.

Mrs. Norwood Jones,	Miss Bertha Faas.
Juliet, (the maid),	Miss Clarisse Valette.
Mrs. Montrevor,	Miss Lulu Kleinert.
Vocal Solos, Selected,	Miss Emma Kleinert.

The Entertainment Committee request particularly that Guild members will come out and bring their friends. Guild members free. Non-members ten cents.

THE FAIR.

The last words we have to say are:

First. Are Guild members selling admission tickets?

Second. We shall need all sorts of good things as donations to the restaurant, chickens, butter, eggs, cream, pickles, oysters, &c., besides money to buy such as do not come in.

Third. Miss Howell will have a children's corner, and desires contributions of Japanese napkins and very small toys or tiny articles, worth five cents, for boys and girls. Any one contributing such things, should send them to the Guild immediately.

Fourth. Miss McEwen has offered her services from 8 to 10 every evening as a manicure. We trust that she will be patronized.

OUR FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY AND
RECEPTION TO MISS CECILIA BEAUX.

Of course we had a fine turn-out; we always have. The difficulty on our special occasions is not the lack of guests, but of room. The house was thronged, not only in the assembly room, but office, library, study, up to the topmost floor. The decorations were almost wholly home-made—that is to say, ferns and autumn leaves brought from the woods by country members, and flowers presented by friends. Conspicuous over the stage, lined out in shield ferns, were the date of our birth, 1882, and that of our present existence, 1897. Music, not the sort which costs many ducats, but just as good to talk through and dance to, enlivened the air. Light refreshments comforted the spirit.

The great feature of the occasion was the presence of "our" artist, Miss Cecilia Beaux. We call her ours not only because she painted for us a notable picture, but because she is so friendly to all our doings and hopings, and because she came to get acquainted with us in our own home.

A few outsiders were invited, one of whom, the Rev. Dr. H. L. Wayland, helped to make the evening luminous by his expressions of accord. After some hearty words of encouragement to the original of the picture, the doctor gave one view of the missions of art which is too rarely considered. True art, he said, is that which presents things as they really are; it should be true of the spirit as well as of the letter. When, for instance, one artist paints a picture of Napoleon he makes the man appear the sort of hero which he was not. His technique may be perfect, but his art is used for falseness. When, another artist presents Napoleon his style may be open to criticism, but he does with his brush the one great thing, he tells the truth.

Earlier in the evening the president made a short address to the following effect:

"We hesitate to bring a set address into what is chiefly a social occasion; but as it is also an anniversary, we may be allowed a little formality; a little self-gratulation; a little indulgence in not only counting, but displaying our mercies.

How do we stand in this, our 15th year? We began in two rented rooms, now we own our own property, and, indeed, a handsome mortgage on it. We began with a few experimental classes, we can now get instruction in pretty much everything this side the sun. We stood at first alone, being the pioneers of the movement in this country, we can now point to many other such clubs which received from us their first suggestions and aid in organizing. We began by scarcely knowing ourselves what we wanted, or what was to be gained by working together instead of each for herself. We now understand the power of organization, that 10 times one are somehow far more than 10; that 10 times 10 are far, far beyond 100. When we began to hold meetings for conference and dis-

cussion, no one could express an opinion to more than one person at a time; if she had to get up and say it to six, her tongue seemed to swell, and darkness to gather before her eyes, and she sat down speechless; now a large proportion of our members can rise to speak, and if their knees do tremble, no one else knows it. In those old days, if a member heard her opinion publicly controverted, she was sure to be hurt in her feelings, and not unlikely to respond by tears; now we can strive impersonally, wrestle with all our force for the side we think right, and finally accept with perfect serenity the decision of a majority. When we began, we had no particular standing in the community, now we are a recognized member of the Federation of Clubs, and have just appointed our delegates to the State convention at Harrisburg. When we began, we had a vague idea that certain phrases, such as the "Dignity of Labor," and the "Divinity of Womanhood," were just pretty words strung together to keep laborers and women quiet. Now we have learned for ourselves that while toil, as toil, is neither high nor low, any sort of work into which the worker puts his true soul is worthy of honor. And we have learned that Womanhood, when it does not stop at being merely female, but illuminates love with intelligence, is the highest thing this human life can know. What shall we accomplish in the next fifteen years? Larger things, I am sure; and the largest will be in the line of our own womanhood; in the cultivation, training, discipline, of our own sort of virtues, gentleness, power of sympathy, enthusiasm, purity, lovingness, in sending these qualities, so to speak, to college—and every club like this is in part a college, in teaching them to think as well as to feel, until we find that femininity is no longer a source of weakness, but of actual power; an essential force in the civilizing of the world.

This is all we mean to say of ourselves; the rest is a little story. The members of this association, observing that their Guildmother is beginning to turn down hill, and might some day get out of sight, decided to have a picture of her for remembrance. Who should paint it? None but the very best. Who is the best? It is not often that such a question is so easy to answer. And, as it is fitting, it is a woman; moreover, she is a Philadelphian, and to crown all, she enters into their scheme, and makes it possible, by becoming, so to speak, one of the contributors, for them to secure so costly a thing as one of her portraits. It is because of our pride in this work of art, which has been seen as yet by scarcely any but our own members, that we have invited this evening a few outside friends to have a "private view" of our picture, and to take by the hand its creator, Miss Cecilia Beaux.

"Well," says Mr. Fresh, "I don't see why they keep discussing this question of marriage; it's simple enough. If a fellow is poor, he can't afford to get married; and if he is rich he doesn't need to."

A CORRECTION.

One of the directions in which we are conspicuously ahead of all other papers is that we are always ready to print corrections when we have made a mistake, or even when somebody thinks we have. For our own part, we have a great mind to continue to believe that Henry W. Longfellow wrote the verses entitled "Mr. Finney's Turnip," for we think them very bright for a boy of his age. Moreover, they were copied from the New York Tribune, and who are we that we should go back of such an authority? However, we suppose we shall have to consign them to the limbo of other vain myths, such as Tell's Apple and Washington's Axe.

To the Editor of the New Century Journal:

DEAR MADAM:—

In the last issue of your paper, on page 61, appears an article, or rather poem, supposed to have been written by Longfellow.

Curiously enough the poem was brought to our attention a few months ago and we took pains to find if it really was written by this poet.

In a life of the poet by his brother, Samuel Longfellow, published by Ticknor & Co., in 1786, you will find on page 22, vol. 1, the following foot notes: "It may not be amiss to say, on Mr. Longfellow's own authority, that some silly verses about Mr. Finney and his Turnip," which went the rounds of the papers a few years ago, as his first poem," were never written by him."

In the same life his first poem is given, a copy of which I enclose, hoping that you will publish it at your earliest opportunity.

THE BATTLE OF LOVELL'S POND,

Cold, cold is the north wind and rude is the blast,
That sweeps like a hurricane, loudly and fast,
As it moans through the tall waving pines lone and drear,
Like a requiem sad o'er the warrior's bier.

The warwhoop is still, and the savage's yell
Has sunk into silence along the wild dell;
The din of the battle, the tumult is o'er,
And the clarion's voice is now heard no more.

The warriors that fought for their country and bled,
Have sunk to their rest; the damp earth is their bed;
No spot tells the place where their ashes repose,
Nor points out the spot from the graves of their foes.

They died in their glory surrounded by fame,
And victory's loud trump their death did proclaim;
They are dead but they live in each patriot's breast,
And their names are engraved on honor's bright crest.

(Signed) HENRY.
Published in the Portland Gazette, Nov. 18, 1820.

BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY SINCE
LAST REPORT.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| F. 967, Quo Vadis, | Henryk Sienkiewicz. |
| D. 220, Memories of Anna Jameson, | G. Macpherson. |
| E. 194, Equality, | Edward Bellamy. |
| F. 969, Aesop's Fables. | |
| F. 970, The Story of the Rhinegold, | Anna Alice Chapin. |
| F. 971, The Sowers, | Henry S. Merriman, |
| F. 972, The Master of Ballantrae, | Robert Louis Stevenson. |
| F. 973, Susan's Escort and Others, | Edward Everett Hale. |
| F. 974, The Choir Invisible, | James Lane Allen. |
| F. 975, Captains Courageous, | Rudyard Kipling. |

RE-UNION OF A SHEEP FAMILY.

Sheep are gentle and loving, but not noted for their sagacity, yet there are exceptions. A Pennsylvania farmer had some fine sheep in pasture, and one day some vagabond dogs got into the field and scattered them widely. The farmer drove away the dogs and collected all the sheep, as he supposed, into a smaller field. Then he went home to dinner, and had just seated himself when a sheep came running into the room, bleating piteously and rubbing against him. He rose from the table and she ran out. He followed her through the large field to a wide creek, and there on a rock was her lamb. Terrified by the dogs, the sheep and lamb had rushed to this place of refuge, and now the lamb was afraid to venture into the water again. The farmer carried it to the bank in his arms and reunited the family.

"Thin, speculative Jonathan is more like the Englishman of two centuries ago than John Bull himself is. He is nearer than John, by at least a hundred years, to Naseby, Marston Moor, Worcester, and the time when, if ever, there were true Englishmen. John Bull has suffered the idea of the Invisible to be very much flattened out of him. Jonathan is conscious still that he lives in the world of the Unseen as well as of the Seen. To move John you must make your fulcrum of solid beef and pudding; an abstract idea will do for Jonathan."

THE BIGLOW PAPERS.

The Co-operative Committee presents the following list of firms allowing a discount on purchases to Guild members:

- | | |
|--|-----------------------|
| Bonschur & Holmes, Opticians, | 1527 Chestnut Street. |
| W. H. Boner & Co., Music, | 1314 Chestnut Street. |
| Richard J. Lennon, Cloaks and suits, | 1220 Chestnut Street. |
| Thos. H. McCollin & Co., Photographic Supplies, | 1030 Arch Street. |
| H. O. Hurlburt & Son, Watches and Jewelry, | 938 Market Street. |
| Howard Thomas & Bro., Carpets, | 927 Market Street. |
| E. D. Trymby, Fine Furniture and Upholstery, | 1007 Market Street. |
| H. L. Ross, Picture Frames and Artist Materials, | 25 N. 13th Street. |
| George Allen, Millinery Goods, | 1214 Chestnut Street. |
| Phillips, Photographs, | 1206 Chestnut Street. |
| G. S. Lovell, Clocks, | 1019 Market Street. |
| J. & T. Cousins, Shoes, | 1226 Chestnut Street. |
| Wm. Curry, Leather Goods, | 834 Chestnut Street. |
| Gutekunst, Photographs, | 712 Arch Street. |

The New Century Journal

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

Issued by the New Century Guild on the first Saturday of each month, except July and August.

MRS. MARTHA B. EARLE, Publisher.
 MRS. ELIZA S. TURNER,
 MRS. MARY E. MUMFORD,
 MISS ANNE H. WHARTON,
 MRS. JESSIE E. RINGWALT,
 MRS. E. M. N. CRITTENDEN, } Editorial Committee.

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"I never read poetry," said a woman of my acquaintance. "I read no poetry," said a modern philosopher, "it is a waste of words; what is said in poetry would almost always be better said in prose." And it is possible that more than half the people in our country do not read poetry. Shall we therefore look upon it as an elegant luxury, useless waste? Shall we discourage the making and the reading of it? Doubtless, life may be good and noble without it, doubtless the wheels of commerce would run without it. But without the spirit of poetry, without that which makes it loved by simple and sage, by savage and civilized, the world over life loses in nobility, and commerce becomes a vulgar greed for gold. Imagination is its inspiring force as it is that of all the arts, music, painting, sculpture, architecture, noble acting. This is the glow in the artist's pictures; it gives pathos and joy to the harmonies of the musician, the tragic actor touches the hearts of men in the proportion that his art borrows from his own imagination and appeals to that of his hearer.

In all the arts it is the prophetic fire breathing the promise of the grander future, showing not only what may be but what shall be. Wanting it, philosophy and science would be dumb. Through it, Newton saw in the falling apple the rhythmic motion of the spheres, by it Watt heard in the rattling lid of the kettle the whizzing of the locomotive over the face of the land from shore to shore. It is indeed the creative power in mechanics, the perception of essential truth in all things.

There is then no call to question the need of cultivating the imagination, and as it is in the arts and through them that it appeals oftenest to men, so we should cultivate them. Not that each one should try to learn all of the arts. That were truly useless and

impossible, but let us learn what we can of some one of them. Let us study pictures, for instance, till we know something about them, and learn to distinguish and love the good ones; or, if we remain cold before them, let us follow the bent of our nature; nourish that which has power to move us, to quicken our pulses and bring us into harmony with the universe, that which represents to us, as Emerson says in his essay on Art, "the Unknown, the Inevitable, the Divine." It may be that there are those who only in work of the hands, in contact with earth, among the elemental processes of nature, can find this something.

The philosopher already quoted, says: "I find poetry in machinery, in the steam engine, in the town meeting." Indeed, I believe that only through some such contact can the fullest harmonies be heard. It is the Divine of which the Psalmist sang: "If I ascend into Heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in Hell, behold, Thou art there." Yet not every one has that perfect balance of mind and harmony with his surroundings that he can see "the softness, the grace, and the art of life" in the moving of a stone by a lever. Not all can hear in the bustle and rush on the wharves of a great city at the departure of steamers, "the song of love and business" or feel at the tinkling of the telephone, "the mellowed pulse of life."

We are so confronted, so elbowed by pettiness and incongruities that constantly call a halt to aspirations and motions toward reality and truth, that we need and must grasp at any and every help to throw off the sloth that threatens to possess our powers, blinding us to the heavenly vision and making deaf our ears within the sound of celestial harmonies.

Let us learn that there is no merit in avoidance of graces, arts and amenities, but rather in finding them everywhere. M. B. E.

LIFE'S SECRET.

A friend writes to *The Outlook* that the secret of pleasure in life is self-forgetfulness. She says:

Forget that you are weary, and cheerfully respond to the first touch of a human soul's longing for your companionship.

Give, give freely of yourself. Give, and there will be room to receive; that you, too, may be filled with the spontaneous overflow of love and joy waiting all about your soul.

That is what rest is; that is what love is; that is what strength is; that is what health is. It is not hoarding what one possesses that gives the increase, it is giving freely that it may return unto one's self laden with the blessing.

It is the law of the universe. "No man liveth unto himself," he reaches his highest attainment by the freedom with which he gives of himself unconsciously.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE MASTER.

[FOR THE PUBLIC LEDGER.]

The music of the spheres had rolled,
 Among the worlds through space;
 Earth dwellers listened to the charm
 Of sound and rhythmic grace;
 Then smaller themes rang out from men
 Who sang of Hope and Heaven,
 And voices cried, "To us at last
 True music has been given."

The Master came. A throbbing hush
 Fell on the weary world;
 No tinkling, silvery notes were heard;
 A massive strain was hurled.
 Great chords and crashing harmonies
 Poured out with stress and throe,
 Tremendous power and pain. Alas,
 The gods were voicing woe.

The elemental passions raged,
 The earth-bound answer made,
 And while the flesh cried, "Master, cease!"
 And trembled, all afraid—
 The Master voiced the sound of spring,
 Love called to love her name,
 The perfect man held wide his arms,
 The perfect woman came.

O, Master, you have brought the world
 The gods from out the skies;
 Have shown to men the depths of souls,
 The heights to which they rise;
 Laid bare the quivering heart of man,
 Of good and ill its strife.
 Scribe, Prophet, Priest, you strike the chord,
 The Threnody of Life.

LISBETH CANNING.

REAL CHILDREN.

The daughter of an Andover Professor on coming home from Sunday school one day, announced that she had joined a beautiful society. When asked what kind of a society it was she replied: "Well, I'm not quite sure, how do you spell Christian?" The word was spelled to her, and then "How do you spell Devil?" When that was spelled she said with animation, "O yes, that's it, Christian Devil Society."

A BORN ANIMAL TRAINER.

Here is a story so strange that if it had not been told to us by the mother of the child, we should not have believed it.

— did not care much for dolls; they did not seem to her alive; but she had a kitten of whom she made a baby, dressed it in a coat and cap, and wheeled it around in her toy carriage, to which species of locomotion it took very placidly. It occurred to the little mother that it was unnatural for her child to lap milk out of a saucer, so she got a small nursing bottle, and actually taught the kitten to take its food from that. When it saw the little girl coming with the bottle it would stand on its hind legs and reach with its fore paws for it, seize and suck it dry.

WANTED—A HOME.—A woman out of occupation this fall, would do light housework for her board. Apply at Guild Office.

One summer a child brought me a humming bird for a gift. The little creature had flown in at an open window where there were flowers, and had been captured without injury. On our lawn was what we called "our butterfly ranche." A great room had been made with poles and mosquito netting, and in it many-colored butterflies lived their little lives, fed from the flowers brought to them fresh every day, and laid the tiny, sculptured eggs that were used for microscope work. The dainty little bird with its shining green and gold feathers, was put into the butterflies' sunny home. At first it flew ceaselessly about, back and forth, never stopping for a moment; at last it learned to rest on the cords stretched to make perches for it, and to take its food from the flowers and the little dishes of honey. Always, however quiet it might be, if a stranger came to look at it, it would begin its swift flight again, but it would let me stand near it and would only turn its shining head to look at me or move the wings softly as I talked.

One morning after an unusually cold night, it was found in the grass nearly dead. It was brought to the house and I warmed it with my hands and breath, and by and by it revived and ate honey from the dish I held for it, darting its thread-like tongue far beyond the long, slender bill. After that its home was a large peach basket, lined with vines and flowers and covered with netting. Here it would sit contentedly enough until I held my finger for it, when it would instantly come to me to be taken out. Many an hour it stayed on my hand while I read, or flew about the room and came back to me. And as I looked at it, its tiny feet resting securely on me, its eyes seeking mine, while I touched its soft feathers or held it warm in the hollow of my hand, all my heart went out to it, and I thought how strong an appeal was its helplessness and trust. It was loved so much the more that it was so very little and weak. So it must be with God toward us, I thought, and with the added claim that He has created us; it is no wonder we are safe in the hollow of His hand.

"You can never keep it here in New Hampshire through the winter," my friends said, "however warm you try to have the room it will feel the chill in the air and die." So as it grew toward Fall, I took it out of doors one bright, warm day that it might fly away and have a chance for its life. But no matter how much I moved my hand it would only balance itself with the little wings and keep its eyes on mine. I put it on a low branch, and it flew back to me, and I had to take with me into the house again the little bird that would not leave me.

But my friends were right. One morning the tiny body lay lifeless in the pretty cage.

Would God miss us as much if death were the end of our lives? M. D. C.

Haverhill, N. H.

A principle is the only infallible thing that walks the earth.—Corydon Ford.

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[Below Arch]

Committee on Legal Protection,

The Committee on Legal Protection for Working Women furnishes advice, court charges, and counsel, free to women who work for their living, and are too poor, or uninformed of legal methods for the recovery of wages due, or money unjustly withheld.

Committee meets on SATURDAYS, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 124 S. TWELFTH ST.

MRS. S. C. F. HALLOWELL, Chairman

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT,

GATHERED FROM THE RELIGIOUS
PRESS.

Words of Wisdom and Thoughts Worth
Pondering on Religious and Moral Sub-
jects.

A Prayer.

[FOR THE PUBLIC LEDGER.]

Our baby trying to say his prayers
I heard, as going up the stairs;
And every word was "God bless Fader."
The little lips, then trying harder,
Got safely through to "fore I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take
Medicine." Then a sweet giggle,
The little toes began to wiggle,
And baby's prayers done for the night,
He soon curled up; eyes shut to light.

His dewy kiss upon my lip,
I turned and thought upon the slip,
"Take medicine." Dear Lord, may I
In dark days coming, by and by,
Mine take, if Thou needs send it me.
May gratitude ne'er fail to Thee.
For my soul's good I must take
Bitter, too, for Thy dear sake.
My eyes close on the day
—let me do Thy way.

L. CANNING.

THE NEW CENTURY JOURNAL

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS

VOL. X.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 4, 1897

NO. 10

NEW CENTURY GUILD.

No. 1227 ARCH STREET, PHILA.

Educational, Industrial, Social

MEMBERSHIP—Open to self-supporting women. Fee \$1.20 per year, payable in advance.

Officers of the Guild.

MRS. E. S. TURNER, President.
MISS CARYL S. PEROT, 1st Vice-President.
MISS LAURA MASTERS, 2d Vice-President.
MISS K. T. O'FLAHERTY, Secretary.
MISS MARY B. NILES, Treasurer.

Officers of the Executive Board.

MRS. E. S. TURNER, Chairman.
MRS. M. T. GAWTHROP, Vice-Chairman.
MRS. KATE L. GALLAGHER, Secretary.
MR. HENRY GAWTHROP, Treasurer.

The Guild House is open for the convenience of members from 10 a.m. to 10 p. m. every day, except Sunday.

MISS LISBETH CANNING, Actuary. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

MISS SARAH B. GRAY, House and Library.

Bulletin for December.

SATURDAY, 4th,—Lyceum..... 8.00 P. M.
FRIDAY, 10th—New Century Trust..... 2.00 P. M.
“ “ —Executive Board Meeting..... 3.00 P. M.
SATURDAY 11th—Business Meeting of Guild, 8.00 P. M.
“ “ Library Committee Meeting, 7.30 P. M.
“ “ Hospitality Com. Meeting... 7.30 P. M.
“ “ Savings Fund Deposits and
Withdrawals..... 7.45 to 8.15 P. M.
Tuesday, 14th—Dressmakers' Association... 8.15 P. M.
Saturday, 25th—House Closed.....
Tuesday, 28th—Dressmakers' Association... 8.15 P. M.

SCHEDULE OF CLASSES.

Mondays—Advanced Dressmaking..... 7.30 P. M.
“ “ French..... 7.30 P. M.
Tuesdays—Book-Keeping 7.30 P. M.
“ —Physical Culture..... 8.00 P. M.
“ —English Branches..... 7.30 P. M.
Wednesdays—Dress Cutting and Fitting..... 7.30 P. M.
Thursdays—Millinery 7.30 P. M.
“ —Primary German..... 7.30 P. M.
Fridays—Primary French..... 7.30 P. M.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lunch for self supporting women, daily except Sunday, 12 to 2 P. M.

Lunch for Guild members, Saturday evenings, 6 to 8 P. M.

THE FAIR.

The Fair is over, and we thank most heartily the Guild members who worked so hard both before and on the days of the Fair to make it a success. We wish also through the Journal to thank those who helped us so generously by giving money, provisions, candy, articles for sale, time and work, and those who came and purchased. The following is the financial report to date:

Received:

Contributions,	38.00
Sales from Candies,	41.61
“ “ Aprons,	94.25
“ “ Dolls, etc.,	64.90
“ “ Flowers and Ferns	19.21
“ “ Domestic Table	79.17
“ “ Children's Corner	4.70
“ “ Lemonade	3.56
“ “ Other Tables	139.27

From Palmistry	1.10
“ Horoscopes	10.35
“ Manicure	3.00
“ Art Gallery	19.05
“ Restaurant	83.57
“ Tickets and Admissions	62.98

Total Receipts, 664.72

Paid:

For Postals, Printing and Tickets	9.00
“ Appropriations to tables	8.00

Total Payments 17.00

Balance on hand, Nov. 27th 647.72

ANNA B. LEWIS, *Chairman.*

The entertainment given Saturday evening, November 27th, was a brilliant success, “Petticoat Perfidy” being charmingly portrayed by Miss Clarissa Vallette, Miss Bertha Fass and Miss Lulu Kleinert. Such clever acting is seldom seen on an amateur stage, and the Guild is much indebted to these ladies, and also to Master Wilson Woellper and Master Ralph Kleinert for violin and piano solos, and to Miss Emma Kleinert with whose delightful singing we were before familiar.

NEW MEMBERS.

Mrs. Albert Williams	Miss Mary E. Gowan
Mrs. Elizabeth Powell Bond	Miss Mary Megurr
Miss Mary F. Albertson	Mrs. Sara Elder
Miss Simona Costa	Miss Emilie B. Fogg
Miss Kate J. Kantnor	Miss Mary S. Pancoast
Miss Isabella Hutton	Miss Ada L. Kidd

THE LYCEUM.

The November meeting of the N. C. Guild Lyceum, was one to make the heart of a "Sporting Editor" glad, had he been present.

The subject of discussion, "Football versus Pugilism," gave occasion to much merriment, and some surprise in its development. With five to one in favor of pugilism, the debate was quite characteristic of a football game. But the football champion was equal to the "rush" of evidence which sought to overwhelm her, and "bobbed up serenely" every time, with the surprising result, that at the end of the evening when the question was put to vote, the decision was unanimous in favor of Football.

There was also an original poem read, said to have been sent by John L. Sullivan for the occasion, treating of football.

The December meeting will take the question: "Why should a woman upon marriage, give up a lucrative position?" There will also be a paper on "Gift giving," a timely subject, with the holiday season before us and weddings happening all the time.

We shall begin the New Year with more of a literary character in our meetings, particulars of which will be given later. We have a promise of readings from Hugh Wynne, "Free Quaker," announcement of which will be given in due time, as we wish all to enjoy this pleasure who can.

The Musicales held at the New Century Drawing Room on the evening of November the eighteenth was a most enjoyable affair, and many thanks are due Miss Kidd and the other musicians who so kindly gave their services. While the fund has not yet assumed the proportions of a piano yet we have reason to be encouraged as a good beginning has been made.

We believe in our "Record of Virtue" column, nevertheless we do not believe in ignoring such facts as the following quoted by City and State. If we know that there are such things we may help, by word or deed to put an end to them.

"There are women in the flax mills of Paterson who work ten hours a day ankle deep in dirty water, and breathe an atmosphere like that of a Turkish bath. They receive \$5.70 a week. There are other women in these same mills who work ten hours a day, and at every breath take into their lungs a fine dust that breeds early death as surely as do germs. They receive \$4.50 a week."

BOOKS

Added to the library since last report.

- | | | |
|-------|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| F 976 | The Damnation of Theron Ware. | Harold Frederick Hall Caine |
| F 977 | The Christian. | J. Kendrick Bangs |
| F 978 | The House Boat on the Styx. | Mary E. Wilkins |
| F 979 | Jerome. A Poor Young Man. | Allen Upward |
| F 980 | Secrets of the Courts of Europe. | Kate D. Wiggin |
| L 79 | Kindergarten Principles and Practice. | |

NOTICE.

It is thought that important suggestions concerning the Saving Fund will be presented for consideration at the December meeting.

The Shakesperian burlesque given October 13th, proved to be one of the happy occasions which test the full capacity of the Assembly Room. Friends and members of the Guild turned out in force to enjoy Juliet, Portia, Ophelia and Lady Macbeth, not according to Shakespeare, but modernized, and it must be said, dis-illusioned also.

Miss Vallette, whose charming Rosalind is still fresh in our minds, gave the part of Juliet with her accustomed spirit, the woes of the too confiding Portia were adequately portrayed by Miss Walton. Dr. Davis, in her original role of Ophelia, told us, as all good wives should, what "Ham" said, and Miss O'Flaherty made a successful initial appearance as the much slandered Lady Macbeth. Appropriate vocal selections by Miss E. M. Kleinert, Miss Caryl Perot and others added to the enjoyment of the evening.

As a Guild, we are always grateful to our friends for their help in these entertainments. We are also pleased to note that a number of Guild members have discovered in themselves the ability to take part in dramatic entertainments. This being the case, a dramatic section is now a possibility at least.

"AND TO LEND A HAND."

Mrs. Vocum, of Berea, Kentucky, who gave us, at our last Business meeting, such a deeply interesting account of her college work among the "mountain people," spoke especially of their dearth of reading matter, and some of our members desire to pass along their magazines, etc. to them. We cannot well send boxes, as many of them have no means of transportation; but we can send what can go by mail. Mrs. Vocum gives below a few names and addresses:

Mr. Lee Jones, Manchester, Clay County, Ky., is a teacher in the school where they wanted papers etc., and he will distribute any extra numbers sent. I wish he might have a number soon as his school closes in Dec. But his home is in town named.

Miss Ella Frederick, Goose Rock, Clay County, Ky., is the sixteen year old sister in the home where nine of us stayed over night and they had no sugar, etc.

Miss Martha Burns, Brutus, Clay County, Ky. She is the oldest (14) in a family of 8 or 9 children. She is eager to learn and already knows more than many. Is a fair reader and writer.

Miss Sarah Jackson, Traveler's Rest, Owsley Co. Ky., is one of two sisters in the home where the linen towel was made. They have a grown brother also and are good Christian people.

Miss Maud Bicknell, Locust Branch, Estell County, Ky. One of a large family—9 or 10—several grown girls, one brother that is grown and several smaller ones.

Mrs. Tom Flannery, Conkling, Owsley County, Ky., is the mother of ten children, has taught district schools for years, is eager to "get out of the hills." Is a "great reader" and any good magazines for self or children would be welcome.

Miss Eva M. Click, Kerby Knob, Ky., is the eldest in a large family of brothers and sisters whose mother died a little more than a year ago. A dear girl.

Miss Sallie Harrison, Big Hill, Ky. Eager to learn, lives in a poor home, has gone to Berea.

Miss Martha Lake, Clover Bottom, Jackson County, Ky. She and her sister were at Berea last year. Are "nice" girls.

Miss Martha Estridge, Maulden, Jackson County, Ky. An only daughter (18) in a family of boys. Is a nice housekeeper and musical.

Luther Watkins, Berea, Madison County, Ky. A pale delicate boy; his father an invalid. His one hope is "to learn to be a preacher and make the world better." He is 13. oldest of several children.

Report of Mrs. Blankenburg, the delegate representing the New Century Guild at the recent meeting of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Clubs.

The annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Clubs has become a matter of history. The sessions were held on the 27th and 28th of October in Harrisburg.

Fifty-one clubs sent delegates to the Convention. These clubs represent a variety of interests. The most numerous were the Literary clubs, including the department club such as the New Century Club and New Century Guild. Next the Village Improvement, Woman Suffrage, Civic, Singing and the Philanthropic societies. The day sessions were devoted to the reading of reports and the election of officers, the evenings to papers on Forestry, Civics, Schools and Public Libraries. Miss Garret gave an interesting account of her home school for deaf mutes.

Traveling Libraries were recommended as a means of enlarging the reading opportunities of country neighborhoods.

The attention of club members was called to the importance of an intelligent understanding and an interest in Forestry.

Civics claimed a major portion of one evening. The value of woman's aid in municipal affairs was ably presented by Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson of Philadelphia, president of the Civic Club. The indications are that many of the clubs will add Civic sections to their organizations and open an active campaign.

The Guild delegate was honored by being made the Judge of Elections. It is often said women do not want to vote, at this election every woman who was entitled to vote cast her ballot. They not only voted, but scratched their tickets, in one case the candidate on the ticket was defeated and the out-going officer re-elected.

Hon. John B. McPherson who gave the address of welcome said he believed woman's place was by the fireside; he thought man's place was there also, but he did not think either of them need tend the fire all the time.

The next Federation convention is to be held at Chester.

The following notice was sent to the President of each club represented in the Federation:

STATE FEDERATION OF PENNSYLVANIA WOMEN.

"MADAM PRESIDENT:—At a meeting of the Executive Board, at Harrisburg, on Friday, October 29th, 1897, the election of Mrs. W. H. House, as Treasurer, and Mrs. C. C. Huff, as Director, was held to be illegal, under Article IV. of the Constitution, and the offices to which they were elected were declared vacant.

The Board, desiring to carry out the wish of the members of the Federation as far as possible, then elected Mrs. C. C. Huff, of Pittsburgh, as one of the Directors, she having received the highest number of votes cast for the offices of Treasurer and Director, at the election held on Thursday, October 28th, 1897. The office of Treasurer was then filled by the election of Mrs. George F. Baer, of Reading.

Kindly have this notice brought to the attention of your Club as soon as possible.

By order of the Executive Board.

JESSIE R. LITTLE, Secretary.

PROGRAMME.

- | |
|--|
| December 4th—Lyceum. |
| " 11th—Business Meeting. |
| " 18th—No entertainment has been provided as all our Guild members are so busy. |
| December 25th—Christmas, house closed. |
| January 1st—New Year's day, house closed. |
| " 8th—Business Meeting. Miss S. P. Chambers, a Guild member, will read a short paper on Dolly Madison. |
| January 15th—Annual Meeting. Reports of committees and election of officers. |
| January 22nd—Sociable. Readings by Mrs. Mary B. Combs. |
| January 29th—A lecture by Miss Anne M. Earle, on Old London. |
| The two last may be subject to change. |

The Co-operative Committee presents the following list of firms allowing a discount on purchases to Guild members:

- | | |
|--|-----------------------|
| Bonschur & Holmes, Opticians, | 1527 Chestnut Street. |
| Richard J. Lennon, Cloaks and Suits, | 1220 Chestnut Street. |
| Thos. H. McCollin & Co., Photographic Supplies, | 1030 Arch Street. |
| H. O. Hurlburt & Son, Watches and Jewelry, | 938 Market Street. |
| Howard Thomas & Bro., Carpets, | 927 Market Street. |
| E. D. Tymbby, Fine Furniture and Upholstery, | 1007 Market Street. |
| H. L. Ross, Picture Frames and Artist Materials, | 25 N. 13th Street. |
| George Allen, Millinery Goods, | 1214 Chestnut Street. |
| Phillips, Photographs, | 1206 Chestnut Street. |
| G. S. Lovell, Clocks, | 1019 Market Street. |
| J. & T. Cousins, Shoes, | 1226 Chestnut Street. |
| Wm. Curry, Leather Goods, | 834 Chestnut Street. |
| Gutekunst, Photographs, | 712 Arch Street. |

The New Century Journal

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

Issued by the New Century Guild on the first Saturday of each month, except July and August.

MRS. MARTHA B. EARLE, Publisher.
 MRS. ELIZA S. TURNER,
 MRS. MARY E. MUMFORD,
 MISS ANNE H. WHARTON,
 MRS. JESSIE E. RINGWALT,
 MRS. E. M. N. CRITTENDEN, } Editorial Committee.

Entered at the Post Office at Philadelphia, as second-class matter

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One year (ten numbers), one inch	\$3 00
“ “ “ “ “ “ one-third column	7 50
“ “ “ “ “ “ one page	40 00
Single insertion, one inch, payment in advance	40
“ “ “ “ “ “ one page	6 00

Proportionate rates for special advertisements.

Address all communications, editorial and business, to
 THE NEW CENTURY JOURNAL,
 1227 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.

Subscription Price, for year (ten numbers) 25 Cents
 May begin at any time, and payment may be made in stamps.

The JOURNAL will be issued on the first day of the month instead of the first Saturday as heretofore, after this number. When the first day is Sunday it will be published on the Monday following.

WHAT TO READ.

To those who cannot spare the time to go over many magazines to try which articles are best worth reading, it would be a help for some of us who happen on a good article to suggest it to others. To this end we note the following as well worth a careful perusal.

"An Adventure with a Dog and a Glacier," by Prof. Muir, in the Century for August. This is to be recommended for two virtues; the story would be fascinating as mere fiction, for its dramatic telling; it is fine in a literary point of view, for its vivid descriptions, its clearness of style, its actual poetry. Moreover, it is true. The other, by Carroll D. Wright, "Are the Rich growing richer and the Poor poorer," in the September Number of the Atlantic Monthly, is both interesting and valuable. It is the assertion of a man of the highest authority on statistics of labor, that such a belief is mistaken; with a substantial array of facts and figures to prove it.

In Scribner is a series of articles by Walter A. Wyckoff, called "The Workers—An Experiment in Reality." They begin in the August number, and are the actual experiences of an educated and thoughtful man in various kinds of unskilled labor. There is plenty of theorizing on labor by persons who have never worked, and plenty of, so to speak, swearing at capital by workers who have never thought; but here is a view from the inside, and yet from a mind trained to draw general deductions from special facts. The articles are deeply interesting to every self-supporting man and woman.

WHAT HAPPENED TO AN EGG.

Many of us have watched the changing of a chrysalis into a butterfly, but here is the full story of one all the way back to the egg. It is told by one of our friends, Miss Emily Richards of Germantown.

"MONARCH."

It was a snmmer's delight, having found on the roadside milkweed over which the butterflies hovered a tiny pale green egg about the size of a period, to watch it become caterpillar, then chrysalis and finally a beautiful great tawny butterfly called Danais Archippus or popularly, the "Monarch."

We brought the milkweed stalk into the house and kept it fresh in water. This was August sixth. In about three days the egg became parti-colored and when examined through the magnifying glass we could separate the transparent shell, like spun glass, from the tiny creature within who "looked like a little bear in a cage" the children said, as he ate his way out of his crystal house.

It only took him a few minutes to do this and show himself a little caterpillar wise beyond his size, by immediately crawling to the most tender pair of leaves on the stalk, the topmost ones, and begin to eat. This eating seemed almost never to stop for the next two weeks and when, as a consequence, he grew too big for his skin he just split it and crawled out of it, having a larger one ready grown within.

This happened four times and then came perhaps the most interesting moments of all when, having hung himself up by his tail, or hind pair of legs he split his skin again and came out of it, and remained hanging, no more a caterpillar but a beautiful acorn shaped chrysochrysalis with burnished gold spots on it.

As such he hung about fifteen days when, having turned amethyst color, the clear chitinous covering split, and slowly and carefully there emerged a most beautiful butterfly. His expanse of wing when fully spread was four and a quarter inches, while in color he was a tawny red, having his veins distinctly marked with black and a black border to his wings, in which were two rows of white spots.

These butterflies migrate like birds and when they return next summer we shall be eager to find their eggs again. For several years we have hailed the caterpillar and watched it develop, but we never had the eggs before.

The caterpillar is easily found as it feeds on the milkweed, and after casting its baby coat is conspicuously covered with black, yellow and white having a pair of black horns at either extremity.

I have given but the main points of this story. Miss Ballard in "Among the Moths and Butterflies" will tell you more, while Scudder makes the "Monarch" the hero of a whole book called "Life of a Butterfly." No amount of reading though is equal to once seeing.

E. S. R.

DEAR EDITOR:—From distant Los Angeles the writer, one of the first members of the "Guild," shakes hands with her "Guild" sisters wishing them a happy and prosperous winter and sincerely hopes that "the Fair" will be a success, socially and financially.

Perhaps some of you would like to know that a summer can be spent very delightfully in Southern California. We generally imagine that a semi-tropical sun must needs be a very sweltering one, and that where perpetual sunshine dwells there must necessarily be oppressive and exhaustive heat. This is not the case in Southern California. Although there is no rain in our summer season, the temperature is equable and the nights cool. Even at midday the sun's rays do not prostrate, and sunstrokes are unknown. And the flowers, to attempt to describe their luxuriance and splendid profusion, would be an impossibility. Roses grow everywhere, not only on prolific bushes, but on trees. Geraniums of all hues peep into the second story windows, and such velvety lawns! The wide streets or avenues are shaded by graceful pepper trees whose fern-like foliage casts lacy shadows on the sidewalks. Palms and eucalyptus trees also cast their shades. On many of the streets of Los Angeles there are rows of very pretty one-story cottages almost imbedded in the flowers, and in the distance the mountains are to be seen, adding to the beauty of this charming garden city of homes. The business section of "this City of the Angels" is as bustling and busy as many larger cities having a greater population. The last census, however, gives Los Angeles a population of 100,000 exclusive of the tourists who spend the winter here. It is the second city in size in California and owing to its location near the sea, and being also the terminus of several railroads, it is becoming a great commercial centre. When the citizens of Los Angeles grow weary and think they need a change of scene, an hour's ride in an electric car takes them to a mountainous seaside resort, Santa Monica, on the great Pacific Ocean, where they can not only enjoy the balmy sea air but revel in an ocean bath.

The Spanish language is often heard on the streets and in the stores and it is taught in the public schools. A stroll along Spring street, the shopping thoroughfare of Los Angeles, is quite interesting. One meets odd looking people from every part of the Union, as well as numerous Mexicans and half-breed Indians, occasionally a Chinese family, the pater-familias carrying numerous parcels, the mater leading a little one by the hand, all chatting gaily in their native tongue as they stop to gaze in the attractive shop windows. There at the corner is a Tamale cart, pronounced (Ta mahlee) "What is a Tamale" you ask. Well, a Tamale is a Spanish article of food composed of chicken or meat, hot peppers, olives, raisins, corn-meal and tomatoes, all hashed up-together and rolled into a corn husk and then thoroughly steamed. This is a favorite dish in Southern California. This street

is always crowded on Saturday night. Some of the stores are open until ten o'clock and entertain their patrons by giving free instrumental concerts.

October brought the first rains. Before they come those having gardens or ranches irrigate twice a day, which accounts for there being so much verdure in the dry summer season.

E. A. D.

DOES THE EDUCATION OF OUR GIRLS KILL THE SENTIMENT OF CHIVALRY IN MAN?

A charming anecdote is told of Prof. D'Arcy Thompson, the expert sent by England to investigate the seal question. While conducting examinations at an English University he learned that one of the students to be examined, a young woman who was a candidate for a degree, was so timid and so nervous that it was likely she would not do herself justice, and he was asked to make allowances for this. Prof. Thompson asked to be presented to her before the hour for the examinations, and after meeting her he suggested that as they had a few moments at their disposal, he would be pleased to have her show him about the museum. She gladly assented to this and they spent a delightful half hour. When the dreaded time approached the nervousness of the young woman became apparent. Finally she summoned courage to ask when the ordeal would take place. The conclusion of the story is obvious—Prof. Thompson told her the dreaded hour was over. While they meandered about the museum he had put her through a rigid examination, she had answered his questions brilliantly and she received her degree.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE JUDGMENT.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

Thou hast done evil
 And given place to the Devil;
 Yet so cunningly thou concealest
 The thing which thou feelest,
 That no eye espieth it,
 Satan himself denieth it.
 Go where it chooseth thee,
 There is none that accuseth thee;
 Neither foe nor lover
 Will the wrong uncover;
 The world's breath raiseth thee
 And thy own past praiseth thee.

Yet know thou this:
 At quick of thy being
 Is an eye, all-seeing,
 The snake's wit evadeth not,
 The charmed lip persuadeth not;
 So thoroughly it despiseth
 The thing thy hand prizeth,
 Tho' the sun were thy clothing,
 It should count thee for nothing.
 Thine own eye divineth thee,
 Thine own soul arraigneth thee;
 God himself cannot shrive thee
 Till that judge forgive thee!

—Independent.

DRESS NOTES.

Never before were the fashions so varied and so easily adapted to face, figure, coloring and fabric, as at the present time; though the majority, as usual, favor one or two models each season, and leave the few to use or abuse the hundred and one styles shown as correct. This time the Russian blouse with its variations is prominent, and as the season advances, is taking its proper place as a substitute for the useful shirt waist, and is not so rashly chosen for all occasions and materials, as on its first appearance. When the circular skirt is omitted, the blouse (pronounced blues) is not unlike the shirt waist, the main difference being in the plain effect across the shoulders, both front and back, the only fullness being at the waist line.

One model that is seldom seen in Philadelphia, is particularly becoming to full figures. It is open in the front—but not cut away—and shows at each movement of the wearer a tightly fitting vest of a contrasting color, the blouse being fastened only at neck and belt. Forslight figures, the fronts may be slashed on either side of the center, and the tabs thus formed cut long enough to show four inches below the belt, while the vest is made full by plaitings or shirrings.

For out of door wear, the circular skirt and Empire collar are added, which completes the coat form of the blouse. Dress skirts are somewhat narrower, and all fullness about the waist is massed in the back. At the bottom the flutes once so much loved in the past are "out of sight," and a closely fitting skirt in front and sides is now the vogue. Hair cloth is still used, but much narrower than formerly except in the French flared skirt, where it is cut sixteen inches deep. For evenings at home, white skirts are again in favor, and are worn with silk bodies of dainty tints, or net over color. The materials chosen are mohair, wool bengaline, poplin and corded duck. The latter seems a little odd for Winter wear, but is popular with young ladies, and already a number have been ordered by our college girls for their evening entertainments. Leading modistes favor the "French circle" for these skirts, as the shape allows many pretty effects in simulated over dresses, panels, etc., without making ugly lines across seams as would be the case in gored skirts.

Sleeves are as various as the people who wear them, and are anything from the nearly plain sleeve with only three small plaits at the top, to the tucked and shirred, puffed and ruffled affair that is also capped at the arm hole. But in all, the arm is carefully fitted to within two or three inches of the arm hole on the inside seam. Sleeves continue to be worn long for most occasions, and are much trimmed at the wrist. Cuffs, ribbon and satin folds are all used, and sometimes all together. A pretty finish of dark gowns is a very full plaiting at neck and wrist of chiffon in three colors or two colors and black, i. e. turquoise blue, yellow and black, or burnt ivory, red and leaf brown. This garniture is also used in connection with plaids.

RECORD OF VIRTUE.

I have been asked to write something for this column, but I don't know; standards keep changing so now-a-days; even the proper conduct of a hero in time of war is not what it used to be. In the good old times it was the expected thing for a conqueror to drag his vanquished kings by chains behind his chariot wheels, with all the world looking on at the procession, and hooting at the victims. But in these degenerate days it is all so tame. See, for instance, the spiritless way in which General Grant managed the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. It is told by General Horace Porter in the Century magazine for October, 1897.

"Ord and others were standing in the group before us, and as our party came up General Grant greeted the officers and said, 'How are you, Sheridan?'"

"First rate, thank you," cried Sheridan, with a voice and look which seemed to indicate that, on his part, he was having things all his own way.

"Is Lee over there?" asked Grant, pointing up the road, having heard a rumor that he was in that vicinity.

"Yes," answered Sheridan; "he is in that brick house waiting to surrender to you."

"Well, then, we'll go over," said Grant.

In the little room in which the transaction took place there were not more than half a dozen persons. A grave but friendly greeting passed between the generals; some papers were signed and Grant refused to take Lee's sword at all; indeed, there was a sort of pained reluctance on his part through the whole affair.

And yet, a good many times since reading the story, that simple way of accepting the result of a tremendous conflict recurs to my memory, and it deepens more and more into a sense of greatness, as when one looks up to the stars on a quiet night. "Well, then, we'll go over."

The days of heroic, even romantic honesty, are not yet passed. Conductor Carl Henderson of the cable car line in San Francisco, after fifteen years' service, in a fit of absent-mindedness, or from some cause not known, neglected to take his car properly over the crossing and his grip cut the cable and stopped the cars on that line for a whole day. He was discharged and severely reminded of the loss his negligence had cost the company, which was estimated at \$1,000 in fares. Not having the tobacco or the liquor habit, this stalwart Swede had been able to save out of his paltry wages the sum of \$600, and a few hours after his discharge he laid this sum on the superintendent's desk, saying that was all he had at this time. As he was walking out, the astonished superintendent called him back and told him to take his grip as usual the next day. The rest of the story is not so pleasant. The superintendent counted out the money and put it in the safe. This was three years ago, and the man is still gripman at \$2.10 per day on the Larkin street line.—*Woman's Tribune*.

REAL CHILDREN.

(We have a dim suspicion that the following story of a plausible youngster has been told before; nevertheless, we know it to be true.)

— was ambitious to be considered a skillful artist, which he was not. He drew on the blackboard a long shapeless something, and when asked what it was, replied,

"It's the tail of a Dreadful Dragon."

"But where's the dragon?"

"Oh, it wouldn't do to draw him; he's such a Dreadful Dragon."

(E. H.)

YOUNG AMERICA.

"I wish," said a maiden of five summers, whose mother had reprimanded her for some misdeed, "that you and I were strangers to each other."

(A. C.)

Can the following be true? We only got it from a newspaper, and it is contrary to all the traditions—and yet we are so anxious to believe it. (Ed.)

"You know, Dorothy, these biscuit of yours," he began, as he reached across the breakfast table and helped himself to the fifth. "Y's?" said his wife with a weary, feeble smile. "Ah! they are nothing like mother's." "No?" And the smile was gone. "Not a bit. You see mother's were heavy and gave me dyspepsia, while yours are as light as a feather, and I can eat about—why, what's the matter, Dorothy!" She had fainted.—*Kate Field's Washington*.

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SONG.

Yankee Doodle went to town
Upon his little pony;
He tried to get an office, but
'Twas got by Mick Maloney.

Yankee Doodle entered trade;
That was filled by Blymer,
Einstein, Isaacs, Abrahams, Schaub,
Moos and Oppenheimer.

Yankee thought with pick and spade
To earn his daily sago.
Alas! that job was filled by Gi-
Ovanni Pietro Dago.

By shoveling ore upon the dump
He sought to keep his house. He
Discovered that that work was done
By Wyciel Szostakowsky.

"Humph! Some heiress I must wed,
Aged and uncomely;"
That doubtful prize was carried off
By Bertie Cum-Nothing Cholmondeley.

Yankee Doodle rode back home,
Cast down, to be a farmer;
But all the farms were owned by Lud-
Vig Steiner and Von Yarmer.

BEE—BEES.

We once knew a man who had such a queer way of putting things that they stuck to the memory by reason of their queerness. We got to noting such expressions from him or from others, as "B. Bs. Here are a few samples. "Well, doctor, you've hit the child on the head this time." (The child's disease had turned out to be of the head.)

"What branch of meeting does she belong to? I think it's the Oxydized friends."

"Yes, he's pretty sick; it's what they call complication. His inward materials was all diseased."

"Them hemigrants? O yes; I only wish I 'ad as much money as them hemigrants say they 'aven't when they 'ave."

"How big were the bears? Oh, monstrous; one of them would fill a whole corner of a room."

DIRGE IN THE WOODS.

A wind sways the pines,
And below
Not a breath of wild air;
Still as the mosses that glow
On the flooring and over the lines
Of the roots here and there.
The pine tree drops its dead;
They are quiet, as under the sea.
Overhead, overhead
Rushes life in a race,
As the clouds the clouds chase;
And we go,
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
Even we,
Even so.

—GEORGE MEREDITH.

When Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, in strict observance, to his honor be it said, of the civil-service ordinance of the municipality over which he presides, appointed Mrs. Paul head of the Street Cleaning Department of the city,—naturally, owing to the situation of Chicago and to the immense extent of its thoroughfares, an extremely difficult post to fill satisfactorily,—his singular choice excited remark all over the country; but those who know something of Mrs. Paul's history and her past efficiency in civic work are not at all surprised to learn that she is doing admirably. One of the sweepers, according to a newspaper reporter's version, recently said:

"We like the woman. She doesn't curse and swear at us. Man foreman drive us around like slaves and call us bad names. We don't like that, so when he go 'way to get drunk we loaf on the job. Foreman come back full of whiskey and find work not done; he swear lot more. Woman she come in happy in morning and stay so all day. She say, 'How do?' and other nice things, and then we do good work. She see it and say so. That make us feel good and we work more. Woman all right."—*City and State*.

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