

The New Century Journal

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

Vol. XIII.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 1, 1900.

No. 1.

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 CLARA BOLD, 1st Vice-President.
Miss ABBIE STONE, 2d Vice-President.
Miss MARY AIKEN, Secretary.
Miss MARY B. NILES, Treasurer.

Officers of the Executive Board.

Mr. E. S. TURNER, Chairman.
Mrs. KATE L. GALLAGHER, Vice-Chairman.
Miss HILDA JUSTICE, Secretary.
Mr. Wm. WRIGHT, 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 FRANCES W. JONES, House and Library.

Bulletin for January.

MONDAY, 1st—House closed.
SATURDAY, 6th—Lyceum. 8.00 P.M.
MONDAY, 8th—Senior Sociable. 8.00 P.M.
TUESDAY, 9th—Dressmakers' Association. 8.15 P.M.
FRIDAY, 12th—New Century Trust. 2.30 P.M.
FRIDAY, 12th—Executive Board. 3.00 P.M.
SATURDAY, 13th—Business Meeting of Guild. 8.00 P.M.
FRIDAY, 19th—Annual Meeting
New Century Trust. 2.00 P.M.
FRIDAY, 19th—Annual Meeting
Executive Board. 3.00 P.M.
SATURDAY, 20th—Annual Meeting of Guild. 8.00 P.M.
TUESDAY, 23d—Dressmakers' Association. 8.15 P.M.
SATURDAY, 27th—Sociable. 8.00 P.M.

ATTENTION.

Ho, Seniors! Every one expected to attend the Senior Sociable, Monday evening, January 8th, when we receive our new Seniors.

C. S. PEROT, Pres.

MARRIED.—Miss Jennie B. Raynor and Mr. Elwood Allen,

SCHEDULE OF EVENING 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.
“ —Elocution.....7.30 P. M.
“ —German.....7.30 P. M.
Wednesdays—Dress Cutting and Fitting...7.30 P. M.
Thursdays—Millinery.....7.30 P. M.
Fridays—Primary French.....7.30 P. M.

NEW MEMBERS.

Mrs. Gertrude W. Buck. Miss Alberta Moorhouse.
Miss Addie S. Hover. Mrs. A. Reeder Chambers.

ANNUAL MEETINGS.

The Annual Meeting of the Guild will take place Saturday, January 20th, at 8 P.M. The standing committees, the Secretary, and the Treasurer will submit their annual reports. An election will be held for a first and second Vice-President, a Secretary, and a Treasurer. Three members of the Executive Board are also to be elected for a term of three years.

The nominating committee consists of Miss Katharine Ringwalt, Chairman; Mrs. C. S. Tomlinson; Miss Mary Aiken.

The Annual Meeting of the Corporators of the New Century Trust will be held Friday, January 19th, at 2 P.M., to elect three Trustees, and the officers of the Trust, and to receive the annual reports of the President and Treasurer.

On the same day, at 3 P.M., the Annual Meeting of the Executive Board will be held, at which the President and Treasurer will submit their annual reports. Three members of the Board, and the regular officers will be elected.

Chairmen of committees please note that now is the time to send the President the report of each committee's work for the year.

THE STATE FEDERATION OF PENNSYLVANIA WOMEN.

The fourth annual meeting was held in Pittsburg on November 7th, 8th and 9th. There were 112 clubs represented by delegates, and at each session the beautiful Carnegie Music Hall, which was the home of the convention, was comfortably filled. The hospitality of the Pittsburg entertainers was boundless, and will ever be a pleasant memory to those

broken china for dishes. Sometimes you have a fence and a gate. She likes also to show city children how she used to make a house on her slate; a square with beautiful "scollops" all round it, and sometimes a sweet little dot in each of the scollops. It was inferior as a work of art to the sort our children now learn to make at the kindergarten, and yet—

She likes it when the big conductor gets quite out of his car to see her off at the corner, and says, in a cooing sort of voice, as he almost lifts her down each step, "There now—*there* now!"

She rather enjoyed, the other day, the reassuring tone of a small and ragged boy with a cigarette, who, seeing her stop in a public building to watch the mail chute, remarked, "It won't hurt ye; they're just a-firin' the letters down to the postman."

She likes to feel, when called upon for a committee report in her club, that it is sure to be well received, and that they are even going to laugh at her small witticisms; she knows that this is not because they are really very funny, but because she is such an old timer in the club. (But she doesn't mind that.)

She likes to feel the arms of her grandchildren round her neck, and to be secretly aware that, although other people may not recognize it, there is a something about these children which makes them different from and more interesting than anybody else's.

She enjoys one sort of pleasure which can be experienced only by old folks—the ability to see a thing from several standpoints at once. For instance, say she gets into a street car, and is disposed to look with disfavor on a young thing near her because her hat is so ridiculously high, and because she giggles with her companion. Suddenly the girl jumps up, and cordially insists on giving up her seat. "Well," thinks the old lady, with instant change of base, "so many are wearing high hats just now, and what is more natural than for girls as young as that to giggle? And she has such a pleasant smile!" In the corner of that same car is a beefy man with a bottle nose, and a way of spreading out over the seat, which is most objectionable; and what right has he to let that big cigar continue to smoke between his fingers? But just then he perceives the older person, and says in a wheezy voice, "La-dy, would ye like to have this here end seat?" At once the critic surmises, what had not occurred to her before, that he does not realize how strong that cigar smells—smokers never do. And how can he help spreading? It is the way he's formed. Now the last judgment in each case is the one most just.

She likes to feel that, as the days of her youth recede, in time, she can still live, when called upon, in the lives of the young, can realize their temptations, can feel their chagrins, can go back and

look at certain situations from their standpoint, without which she could not properly rectify it by her own. So when some young soul comes to her for counsel before embarking on one of youth's many journeys, she need not say, "Don't try it for yourself; take the word of experience and observation that it is risky." No, for that advice would be useless; but she can, instead, get into the boat with the youngster, point out, as they go, the special rocks and shallows, and so be far more likely to land the tyro safe.

One of the requirements for this JOURNAL was a poem. Now rhyme is not like reason (which, of course, we always have on tap). Sometimes the edges of the lines will match, sometimes not; this time they would not, so we have hunted up some old rhymes that were written before some of you were born, and will perhaps by this time seem new again.

A LITTLE GOOSE.

BY ELIZA S. TURNER.

The chill November even seemed
A night of storm preparing:
A wind came roaring down the street,
And set the gas lights flaring.

And helplessly, and aimlessly,
The old seared leaves were flying,
When, mingled with the brawling gale,
I heard a small voice crying.

There, shivering on the corner, stood
A child of four, or over;
She'd dropped her hat, but, held with care,
A bunch of faded clover:

And, one hand round her treasure, while
She slipped in mine the other,
Half scared, half confidential, said,
"Oh, pleas., I want my mother."

"Where does your mother live, my pet?
Don't cry, I'll take you to it."
Sobbing, she answered, "I forget;
The organ made me do it."

"He came and played near Miller's house;
The monkey took the money.
I followed down the street, because
That monkey was so funny.

"I've walked about a hundred hours
From one street to another;
The monkey's gone; I've spoiled my flowers;
—Oh, please, I want my mother."

"But what's your mother's name, and what
The street—now think a minute.
"Why, mother's name is Mother Dear;
The street—I can't begin it."

THE BEAUTIFUL SKIRT.

Only a little dust. Almost imperceptible dust,
caught on the rug on the floor of the handsome
hall.

It was a Turkish rug, lying on the perfectly
waxed, hardwood floor, in a hall where neatness
seemed to reign along with all the appointments
of wealth.

But there was that almost imperceptible dust!
How did it come to be there? If you had ears
that could hear its voices, it could tell you. It
would say that it had clutched a fold on the beautiful
lady's gown, and come in from the street.

It was a beautiful gown as well as a beautiful
lady. A tailor-made gown, and its fashionable bias
flounce trailed stylishly on the ground.

Soon after coming in on the beautiful lady's gown,
other steps followed and other gowns helped to
move the dust along farther into the house; but it
had a fancy for the beautiful lady. Her frailness
attracted it, and it followed her to her bed-chamber.
Her feet had never trod the loathsome precincts
from whence it came, but it came to her on
her gown.

Soon there came to the chamber a little child; a
sweet, rosy cherub. In its romping it stirred the
dust about.

Then the dust began to be separated, being formed
of many particles, and these talked among themselves.
As they talked they danced back and forth,
waltzing, swirling, capering, with every motion of
the child and its mamma, the beautiful lady.

A scientist could have understood them if he had
caught some of them under his microscope. He
would have called them "germs." With what alarm
he would have recognized the diphtheritic, and with
what dismay would he have seen the tuberculosis
germ approaching the frail lady.

Back and forth, dancing, capering, waltzing, the
germs kept time while baby in its mother's arm
said, as thousands of other little ones were saying:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

This baby was saying it for the last time.
When night came again, thousands of little voices
sent up again the babies' prayers, but this one was
gasping out its little life on mamma's bosom, destroyed
by a germ.

A yellow card at the front door warned all comers
against the diphtheria.

The beautiful lady sought health vainly for a year
or more, then found rest "beyond the sorrow and
the parting."

"Broken hearted" it was said. "Found death in
the dust of the street," said the microscope. A victim
of the long skirt.

"Then what is strange about the house,
Or new—not like the others?
"I guess you mean my trundle bed,
Mine and my little brother's."

You see I ought to be at home,
To help him say his prayers;
He's such a baby, he forgets,
And we are both such players.

"And there's a bar between, to keep
From crowding on each other;
For Harry rolls when he's asleep.
—O, dear, I want my mother."

The sky grew wrathful; people passed
All muffled, homeward faring.
"You'll have to spend the night with me,"
I cried at last, despairing.

I tied my kerchief round her neck;
—"What ribbon's this, my blossom?"
"Why don't you know!" she smiling said,
And drew it from her bosom.

A card, with number, street, and name!
My eyes astonished met it.
"For," said the little goose, "you see
I might some time forget it,

"And so I wear a funny thing
That tells you all about it;
For mother says she's very sure
I should get lost without it."

A LITTLE STORY.

If we could only give the names and photographs!
This delicacy, which is our chief characteristic, is
at times inconvenient; anyhow, it was a Jewish
rabbi well known and honored in this city and else-
where, and a Catholic archbishop also widely known
and honored, and they were dining together, for
they are great friends. Said the archbishop to the
rabbi, with a twinkle in his eye, "I had a queer
dream last night; I thought I had gone to heaven
and was introduced to St. Peter, who hospitably
asked what he could do for me. I said I had always
desired to know what a Jewish heaven was like.
'Certainly, this way,' said the saint, with a wave
of his hand. And what do you think I saw? Great
crowds of men, women, and children, and every-
where piles of every sort of merchandise, and such
a noise of buying and selling and bargaining I
never heard in my life. It seemed to be their notion
of having a good time."

"Curiously enough," said the rabbi, with another
twinkle, "I too dreamed last night of being per-
mitted to see the Catholic heaven. Oh, it was a
beautiful place! Streets of gold, music, altars, pic-
tures, but there wasn't a soul there."

GREAT TIDINGS.

The poet hath the child's sigh: in his breast,
And sees all new. What oftenest he has viewed,
He views with the first glory. Fair and good
Pall never on him, at the fairest, best. . . .
Why, God would tire of all His heavens as soon
As thou, O godlike, childlike poet, didst
Of daily and nightly sights of sun and moon;
And, therefore, hath He set thee in the midst,
Where men may hear thy wonder's ceaseless tune,
And praise His world forever as thou didst.

—L. B. Browning.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

—Whittier.

There shall never be one lost good; what has been
shall be again.—Browning.

Saying, what is excellent
As God lives, is permanent:
Hearts are dust; heart's loves remain;
Heart's love shall meet thee again.

The weakest among us has a gift, however seem-
ingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which,
if worthily used, will be a gift also to his race.—
Ruskin.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

—Emerson.

RECORD OF VIRTUE.

THE WAY OF PETER WIDENER.

In the queer old times the generous man, prob-
ably one who had just come back to his castle from
a successful raid on somebody else's castle, makes
his return a triumphal procession by scattering gold
from his purse or purses among a cheering popu-
lace, then going to the nearest cathedral to give
thanks for his victory, and again, after service, fling-
ing gold in the aisles to a seething and scrambling
congregation. That was the good old way. In
these new days, the successful man, who desires to
so share his good fortune with his fellow beings as
to do most good and least harm, sits down to study
the matter; studies it, perhaps, for years, before he
matures his plans.

Such was the way of our townsman, Peter Wid-
ener, and the result, as explained below, comes as

near to ideal giving as can well be conceived. No
creed, no sex, no color; only the question of who
most needs a friend. No pauperizing, either; for
surely the crippled child has a rightful claim to the
help of the whole and strong, and even here is a
provision for the preserving of self-respect, for each
is to be trained to earn to the extent of his or her
power.

When we have such givers as Peter Widener we
can well afford to forego the childish largess of the
olden time.

PURPOSES OF THE HOME.

Accompanying the letter and draft of the ordi-
nance were a number of architects' drawings of the
grounds and proposed buildings, and this explana-
tion of the scope and purposes of the institution:

It is proposed to establish, on North Broad Street,
at Logan, a home to be known as the Widener In-
dustrial Home for Crippled Children.

It is a matter of common experience in the man-
agement of orthopedic hospitals that patients, af-
ter they have received the immediate surgical and
medical attention which their cases demand, and
being well started on the road to recovery, require
considerable time to effect a permanent cure.

* * * * *

In too many instances, after the return to the
home, where the demands of the family livelihood
are insistent, the patient either drifts into some in-
jurious occupation which fatally retards recovery,
or, if not put to work, neglect soon tends to the
same end. The cares of daily life press too hardly
upon the unskilled laborer, or even upon the me-
chanic, when times are hard and work is scarce to
make it possible for self-sacrifice to go as far as
complete recovery demands.

It is just here that this Home for Crippled Chil-
dren will open its doors and save many helpless
ones from poverty, transforming them into useful
and self-sustaining men and women.

As will be seen from the plans, which are here
for your inspection, the transfer from the hospital
to the home means a transfer from a hospital pure
and simple to a home hospital, where skilled surgi-
cal and medical attendants will continue the treat-
ment demanded by each case, and where in addi-
tion—and this is the feature of the scheme—each
child will receive during treatment, as the condi-
tion of the case may warrant, not only elementary
and grammar school training for the younger mem-
bers of the home, but technical training in addition
for the older, which will fit them to earn their own
living when discharged.

* * * * *

Facilities will be afforded for trained instruction
in dressmaking, tailoring, the manufacture of surgi-
cal appliances, fishing tackle, and other trades speci-
ally adapted to the capacity of the inmates. For

PROVINCETOWN THE DELIGHTFUL.

(The following is from a Guild member, who is
in the habit of spending her holidays in the region
described, and, therefore, speaks with authority con-
cerning it.)

Even the casual visitor to Provincetown, Cape
Cod, cannot fail to be impressed by the quaint old
place, with its town crier and other last century
customs. But to feel its charm one must stay
awhile and live among its people, and so get into
the spirit of the place and into the hearts of the
most kindly people in the world.

Then its delights will grow and grow, and the
cares and worries of life will gradually slip away.
The harbor will grow more beautiful every day,
and the spirit of restfulness will pervade the atmos-
phere.

There is no monotony there—a new boat, a new
fish, a new light will come to its waters—some-
thing always to arouse the interest of the tired
wanderer.

But it is of the residents I want most to speak.
They are, indeed, the most kindly people. Nothing
is too much trouble for them to do for the stranger
who "likes here." The greeting upon arrival is,
"How do you like here," or, "How do you think
you are going to like here?" and if you do appre-
ciate the charm you have won their hearts, and
they make your stay among them one long delight,
and give you of their time, their boats, and their
homes, oh! so freely.

A large percentage of the population now is
Portuguese, and they are most interesting. The
big brown eyes and curly heads of the children and
their beautiful faces make one long for the brush
of an artist to portray their charm.

They are a very simple-minded, industrious peo-
ple, and are fast adopting our customs and becom-
ing good citizens. They are even abandoning their
names as being too long and cumbersome for Amer-
ican use, and are assuming shorter and more simple
ones.

To spend a summer in the quaint old town will
convince any one that it is indeed a haven of rest-
fulness, and yet of ever varying interest.

EMMA L. CROWELL.

December 18, 1899.

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

We want to thank Mrs. C. A. Shrigley for a very
good carpet, which, in addition to the stair carpet
given us by Mrs. Brazier, will add much to the
respectability of the house.

Nothing can be politically right that is morally
wrong.—Kansas City Star.

the girls, in addition, special attention will be paid
to instruction in housework, laundering, etc.

It is proposed to receive both boys and girls who
are convalescent patients from hospitals or institu-
tions who are either partially or wholly crippled by
accident or disease, where exclusive hospital treat-
ment is not demanded.

The education offered will be a practical and
business education. Boys and girls having a ca-
pacity or desire for higher education can be sent to
the already existing institutions. Every child will
be required to be regularly and systematically em-
ployed during the time prescribed in the educational
and industrial departments, unless excused by the
house surgeon. The care of stock, the raising of
fruit and vegetables, poultry raising, etc., will be
among the means employed to ensure regular and
systematic out-of-door exercise and employment.
There will also be provided for the younger mem-
bers of the home special playgrounds of smooth
grass and gravel, with sand heaps, swings, and other
devices for summer, and for winter play grounds of
concrete, easily cleaned and dried. All buildings
will be low, with easy stairs and double hand-rails,
and large elevators for stretchers and beds will be
found at various points where needed.

And, finally, the advantages of the home will be
freely offered to all crippled and deformed children,
as above described, without distinction of creed,
color, sex or nationality.

This is the sort of thing (and we constantly dis-
cover more and more of it) which encourages the
Consumers' League.

James A. Hearn & Son, department store, New
York, gave their employees, instead of the now
customary summer half holiday once a week, the
whole of three Saturdays in July, four in August,
and one in September, also Labor Day. It was an
experiment, but they found it worked so well that
they expect to do the same next season.

REAL CHILDREN.

What parent would not give much for such a
faith as this?

A three-year-old, having been naughty, was put
in the corner with the warning that she was not
to move. Pretty soon she slowly but firmly walked
out, whereupon her father was obliged to punish
her more severely. With tears in his eyes he said,
"You know how unhappy it makes me to do this;
you know I love you."

"There's no doubt about that," said the little one
between her sobs. G. D. R.

A small girl was trying to thread her needle.
She turned, twisted, frowned, and squirmed in vain.
At last she exclaimed, "Dear Lord, help me to
thread this needle!" Just at that moment the thread
went in, and she hastily added, "Oh, never mind."
M. G.

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Postage.**

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Life Insurance may be
wrong. If you wish to know
the truth, send for
"How and Why,"

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The Penn Mutual Life,

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Turkish Treatment for the Complexion, Facial Steaming
and Massage. Shampooing and Massage for the Head,
also Restoring Hair to the Natural Color a specialty.

Manicuring and Chiropody.

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Open Tuesday and Friday Evenings.

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W. M. J. DOYLE,

Plumber, Gas and Steam Fitter,

51 North Thirteenth Street,

Jobbing Promptly
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Supplies of every Description.
The latest Kodaks always on hand.
Photo Printing and Developing.

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COOK & BROTHER,

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Committee on Legal Protection.

Wages collected and advice given in all Civil cases, free of charge.
Magistrate's fees and all Court charges paid by the Committee, when
the applicant, in a worthy case, is unable to advance them. For
Women and Girls only.

This Committee of the New Century Club meets on SATURDAY,
from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., at 124 S. TWELFTH ST.

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

IF YOU DON'T CARE

What you eat, any little Corner Grocery Store will answer
as your department of supplies. But if you want the best, the finest
of the world's food products, you will come or send your order to th
family grocery store. That's our store.

HANSCOM'S, 1311 Market Street.

**JAMES BRYCE ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN
WAR.**

If there is any Englishman in active political
life whose opinions have weight on this side of the
Atlantic, it is the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P.,
well known to us as the author of "The American
Commonwealth," and of "Impressions of South
Africa." Those who desire to judge for themselves
whether England is justified in her attempt to coerce
the Transvaal will do well to read the account of
antecedent events which Mr. Bryce has contributed
to the *North American Review*. As it happens, his
statements and deductions are confirmed in another
article which Mr. Karl Blind has written for the
same periodical.—*New York Sun*.

INTERIOR DECORATIONS.

ELIZABETH J. ABEL,

1437 Chestnut St., corner 15th St.

Makes a specialty of additions or alterations in homes already furnished,
the same careful attention being given to the papering of a single room
or the covering of a single chair as to the decoration and furnishing of
an entire house. Exclusive fabrics and wall paper at moderate prices.
No commissions charged.

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MISS LAURA F. MASTERS, Secretary.
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MISS FRANCES W. JONES, House and Library.

Bulletin for February.

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Friday, 9th—New Century Trust..... 2.30 P. M.
Friday, 9th—Executive Board..... 3.00 P. M.
Saturday, 10th—Business Meeting of Guild.8.00 P. M.
Saturday, 10th—Library Committee..... 7.30 P. M.
Saturday, 10th—Willing Hands..... 7.30 P. M.
Monday, 12th—Musical at New Century
Drawing Room.
Tuesday, 13th—Dressmaker's Association. 8.15 P. M.
Thursday, 22d—House closed.
Saturday, 24th—Sociable..... 8.00 P. M.
Tuesday, 27th—Dressmaker's Association. 8.15 P. M.
Saturday, March 3d—Illustrated Lecture
by Professor Holman.

Saving Fund Deposits, notices of withdrawals, and withdrawals during business hours at Guild Office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lunch for self-supporting women, daily except Sunday, 12 to 2 P. M.

NEW MEMBERS.

Miss Mabel S. Kidd, Mrs. Herbert M. Fuller,
Miss Addie Graham, Mrs. S. H. Symonds.
Miss Bessie H. Lyman.

DIED.—January 18th, Carena Whitaker.

A FRIEND'S TRIBUTE.

On January 18th, Carena Whitaker passed away, after a long and painful illness. She will be remembered best by the members whose connection with the Guild is of many years' standing. It was she who started the Building Fund, and none of us will forget her zeal and untiring effort. In our early endeavors on Girard Street to have "a home of our own," she was our inspiration.

Her sterling qualities commanded our admiration and respect, while her high standard of living impressed us all. Her patience throughout her indescribable sufferings was remarkable, but knowing her as we did, it was not surprising. We who had the privilege of her friendship found it very precious; our loving companionship must now be a memory—but a most tender and helpful one, for we are better for having known and loved her.

Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won—
And now comes rest.

T.

At the Annual Business Meeting, we had the pleasure of listening to an informal talk on "Russia," given by Madam Sonia Friedland, who, being herself a Russian, gave us a vivid description of life in a country radically different from our own.

GUILD MEMBERS, ATTENTION!

Come one, come all to the New Century Drawing Room on Lincoln's Birthday, Monday, February twelfth, at eight o'clock.

Some of our professional friends have planned a charming Musical for our benefit. We have every reason to feel assured of a rare treat, and it is our duty, as well as privilege, to make it a financial success. Tickets, fifty cents, at Guild Office.

Our fellow-member, Annie Laurie Maclaughlin, who has been instrumental in securing the talent, has a fine, well trained voice. The following artists will take part:

Mrs. Elizabeth Bundy-Culbert, Violinist.

Miss Kate Hall Bundy, Piano Soloist.

Mr. Harry B. Gurney, Tenor.

Mr. Horatio P. Connell, Jr., Baritone.

Miss Annie L. Maclaughlin, Soprano.

Mrs. Chas. Wesley Dempsey, Miss Althea W. Sears, Accompanists.

The "Friendly Visitors" of 1900 will please note that the monthly meeting of the Committee will be held at 7.30 sharp on the second Saturday evening in the Office.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

This important and interesting meeting of the New Century Guild was held Saturday evening, January 20th.

The following officers were elected to serve during 1900:

- First Vice-President, Miss Anne McDonough.
 - Second Vice-President, Miss Laura Norris.
 - Secretary, Miss Laura F. Masters.
 - Treasurer, Miss Mary B. Niles.
 - Executive Board, elected for three year term:—
Miss Elizabeth Abel, Mrs. Louisa Longstreth, Mrs. Wilfred O. Higgate.
- The reports will be found below.

MARY B. NILES, Treasurer, in account with the New Century Guild, January 1, 1899, to December 31, 1899.

Dr.
To Balance, January 1, 1899..... \$121 87

Receipts.

Membership Dues, 1898...	\$3 60
1899...	429 60
1900...	34 80
1901...	1 20
1902...	1 20
	<hr/>
Associate Membership Dues, 1899..	\$470 40
Contributions	15 00
Library Fines.....	4 25
Interest on Bank Balance.....	9 30
Dancing Class.....	3 82
Proceeds of Progressive Euchre...	2 00
	12 00
	<hr/>
	516 77

\$638 64

Cr.

Disbursements.

Appropriation to Executive Board.	\$300 00
“ “ Friendly Visitors.	5 00
“ “ Entertainment Committee	2 00
“ “ Saturday Evening Tea.....	1 00
Dues State Federation of Penna. Women	5 00
Delegate State Federation of Penna. Women	5 00
Books, Magazines and Papers.....	94 64
Stationery, Printing and Postage..	13 75
Subscription to “New Century Journal”	79 40
Librarian	60 00
Dancing Class.....	30 00
	<hr/>
	595 79

Balance—Piano Fund.....	\$16 47
General Fund.....	26 38
	<hr/>
	42 85

Finance Committee, Sara A. Nelson, Chairman, has examined the account of Mary B. Niles, Treasurer, and finds the same correct.

A statement of membership for the year 1899 is submitted as follows:

Membership, December 31, 1898.....	436
Subsequently Paid for 1898.....	3
Renewals for 1899.....	8
New Members, 1899.....	69
	<hr/>
	526

Loss of membership in 1899 by death, resignation, removal from city, delinquent and other causes

	84
Total membership, December 31, 1899.....	442
Joined for 1900.....	12
Renewals	2
	<hr/>
	456

Members in good standing, January 1, 1900.... 456
Total membership from 1882 to close of 1899... 1861

SAVINGS FUND NEW CENTURY GUILD.

L. CANNING, TREASURER.

Balance to Credit of Depositors, January 1, 1899.....	\$1835 40
Total Receipts from Depositors.....	791 75
Interest Credited.....	57 28
	<hr/>
	\$2684 43

Total Amount Withdrawn..... 438 09

Due Depositors, January 1st, 1900.....	\$2246 34
Surplus (Net Earnings).....	86 70
Deposited with New Century Trust.....	\$1500 00
Deposited with City Trust.....	799 29
Interest N. C. Trust.....	33 75
	<hr/>
	\$2333 04

Balance Assets, January 1, 1900.... \$2333 04
There are forty-two depositors using the Savings Fund.

Ida E. Turner, Auditor, has examined the account of Lisbeth Canning, Treasurer, and finds the same correct.

PRESS COMMITTEE.

IDA E. TURNER, CHAIRMAN.

Owing to the fact that the heads of the women's pages in our newspapers make almost daily visits to the Guild and that Club notes have formed a feature of their work, every event or happening of more than ordinary importance has been well advertised from day to day; in this way the work of the Committee has been lessened while the purposes for which it was formed have been advanced. The Cake Sale held in April and the Annual Fair in November, received a special share of newspaper space, to the mutual advantage of the Guild and the women editors.

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE.

KATHLEEN T. O'FLAHERTY, CHAIRMAN.

This Committee has the honor to report a season of activity in the line of entertainments, commencing with a sociable followed by a lecture (illustrated) on Iceland, given through the courtesy of Mrs. C. A. Shrigley. The next in order was the Senior Sociable, and in February a dance. In March, a delightful musicale was given by Miss Alice M. Needles and her friends. Then came the donation party, which supplied the house with many needed articles, and later in the month a sociable.

On April the fifth, the euchre party made us richer by twelve dollars, and on the fifteenth a dance brought an unusual attendance of the stronger sex. On the twenty-second, Miss Kleinert and her friends gave a fine concert, and in the same month came our cake sale and the ever famous cake walk.

In May, again a musicale and dance, and in June the usual sociable.

In September, a sociable and reunion, and the splendid talk on "Irish Songs," by Miss Jane Campbell, illustrated musically by Miss Caryl S. Perot, ably accompanied by Miss Nina Van Steenburg. In October a sociable, and November was largely taken up with the fair. December being a holiday month, the Committee found its services not required.

In making our farewell, your Committee suggest that every Guild member may assist by her lively interest and appreciation, the labors of the new chairman and committee on entertainment.

The following is the financial report for the year:

Balance from previous year.....	\$5 70
Received appropriation.....	2 00
	<hr/>
	\$7 70

Expended for Music and Refreshments.... 4 70

Balance, January 1st, 1900..... \$3 00

FRIENDLY VISITORS.

IDA E. TURNER, CHAIRMAN.

During the year the Visitors have been as active as circumstances would permit. Five visits were made to the sick; as many bouquets furnished; four letters of condolence were written, and between fifty and sixty communications sent to those whose membership appeared to be lapsing. From the sick and bereaved have come special marks of appreciation, while the result of our efforts among the "backsliders" has been quite encouraging. In a word, the Friendly Visitors, as one of the many links between the Guild and its children, has endeavored on every occasion to do its part towards keeping the organization in touch with the members.

LIBRARY COMMITTEE.

ZETA B. CUNDEY, CHAIRMAN.

Another year has passed and once more we meet to present our reports of work accomplished and of encouragement for the coming year. As in former years, we have to acknowledge the kindness of friends who have given us books.

A bulletin of new books has been placed in the Library, in a convenient place, and each month the new ones are added to it.

During the year, it has been necessary for us to give up the "Study" and bring the Reference books down to the Office, which may be used for quiet reading in the evenings. There is a good drop-light there and no one is likely to be disturbed.

On our shelves and table are to be found thirty-two periodicals, which, though not to be compared to the nine hundred of the University of Pennsylvania, is still a goodly number to which to have access, especially as they may, with the exception of the current number, be taken out under the same rules as the books. Some of these are subscribed for, some are exchanges, and some are given by friends.

Books in Library, January 1, 1899, 2929; added during the year, 121; making a total, January 1, 1900, of 3050 books.

There were 252 members who borrowed books during the year; they read 2200 books and 453 magazines. The greatest number of books read by one person was 52.

WOMEN'S WORK.

MRS. E. S. TURNER, CHAIRMAN.

This Committee is still acting in co-operation with the Consumers' League of Pa., which has lately taken a great step forward in the adoption of a legally authorized Label for women's white underwear, certifying that all articles bearing it are made under healthful conditions, and at a living wage to the sewers. When women are making, for Philadelphia stores, undershirts for sixty cents a dozen, and sewing bags at ten cents a dozen, it is surely our duty to try to modify such conditions. The Guild is now the headquarters of the League.

HOSPITALITY COMMITTEE.

ADAH B. CORSON, CHAIRMAN.

During the past year this Committee has exerted itself to add in every possible way to the comfort and pleasure of both members and strangers who have attended the sociables and entertainments. We have served them with the ever-refreshing lemonade and cake, which we feel they fully appreciated; have given introductions and tried to make one and all feel at home and at ease among us.

The Senior Section held its annual meeting on Monday evening, January 8th. The officers elected for 1900 are as follows:

- President, Mrs. Magoun.
- First Vice-President, Miss Viola Richmon.
- Second Vice-President, Miss Pauline Davis.
- Registrar, Mrs. Gawthrop.

The Dressmaker's Association has continued during the year to hold its meetings on the second and fourth Tuesdays of the month. These have been unusually well attended, the members, seeming to make it a point of duty to be present, no matter how inconvenient it might be to do so, and also to bring new patterns, fashion books, ideas and so forth to share with each other. The result of this has been a decided gain in interest and helpfulness, and the future of the Association now presents a very bright outlook.

Following the usual custom, we had our annual birthday party in June, at which games, music, recitations and dancing formed the much enjoyed programme, followed by refreshments.

The dues of the Association are forty cents yearly. On January 9th, 1900, the annual meeting was held, resulting in the election of the following officers:

- President, Miss Draper.
- Vice-President, Miss Thomas.
- Secretary, Miss Shengle.
- Treasurer, Miss Keating.

Hoping that all Guild dressmakers will join the Association and so make the coming years even more prosperous than the past, because in "union there is strength,"

I am, respectfully yours,
MARGARET KEATING,
Chairman.

LYCEUM.

MARTHA MACKAY, PRESIDENT.

During the year 1899, the fourth of the Lyceum's existence, we have held nine meetings, the intellectual value of which has been excellent. But in the line of general attendance, we regret that we cannot claim any great success. Upon two occasions, when we departed from the regular routine of the Lyceum, by having special readings and music, we were favored with a good audience. We feel, however, that our smallest meetings, although not advancing the "greatest good to the greatest number," were equally profitable, as in each instance sentiments were expressed and opinions voiced which, in larger gatherings, would have remained in reservation.

We have had two debates, the first held in March, "Resolved, That working women organize;" and

the second, "Resolved, That an alliance with England would be advantageous to America," took place in May.

We have frequently indulged in discussions, some of which, namely, the question of seating Brigham H. Roberts, and the Boer problem, were, owing to humanitarian and moral principles involved, one-sided, and could not be resolved into debates.

Since October, we have had at each meeting papers presented upon the "Current Events," also newspaper and magazine clippings, containing information relative to woman's work. With a view to making our meetings more entertaining, we have, during the past four months, devoted the last hour to participation in some game of a distinctly literary character. Aside from being a means of mental training, this departure has greatly increased our sociability.

This has been the first year that the Lyceum has possessed a Treasury, the maintenance of which is due to a penny collection taken at the meetings. We have found it to be a "good thing," as we were enabled to devote our June meeting to the holding of a sociable, at which games were played and refreshments served.

On our literary evenings, we have studied the life and works of J. M. Barrie and Rudyard Kipling.

At our last meeting, it was decided to continue the features of "Women's Interests" and "Current Events," and also to consider as the main subject for the February meeting, "Cromwell," and his influence upon the present time.

At this meeting, the election of officers for 1900 was held, with the following result:

- President, Miss Mary Shengle.
- First Vice-President, Miss Margaret Keating.
- Second Vice-President, Mrs. Charles Guilliam.
- Secretary, Miss Kathleen T. O'Flaherty.
- Treasurer, Miss Margaret Thomas.

A Standing Committee of five was also appointed to co-operate with the officers in arranging programmes and carrying on the work of the Lyceum, and with this help we feel confident that a bright year lies before us.

WILLING HANDS.

EMMA C. HANINGTON, CHAIRMAN.

The Committee of Willing Hands has no very brilliant report to put on record this year. We shall not begin making excuses, say that we look hopefully forward to the opening year, and expect this new century to bring us bright ideas that we may be able to put into execution for the helping of those less fortunate than ourselves.

We want new subscribers. Will not the Guild members who feel at all able, add the extra sixty cents to their yearly dues and thus aid our Committee in this work, for which funds are absolutely necessary?

IS THE GUILD UNSOCIABLE?

Organizations, like individuals, are subject to their particular temptations. From the frequency with which it occurs and the unconscious yielding to it, the writer is led to believe that the particular temptation of the Guild is its willingness to accept the criticism that it lacks sociability. She also believes that this temptation might be effectively resisted by a quickened sense of gratitude and a keener sense of duty.

Because the unselfish thought and constant effort behind the ever-increasing benefits of the Guild and its administration are not frequently intruded upon her attention, she should not think it non-existent. Guild membership has its duties and obligations as well as its privileges, and the Guild member should not lose sight of the fact that she is indebted to this body for having conserved and set in motion those influences—the benefits of which she is constantly enjoying, founded upon the single principle of the advancement of woman. Guild membership does not necessarily mean that one is to be identified with all of its activities, but it does mean that each one is to be alert in the direction in which she can be of service. It would also be well for any Guild member who has not responded to the stimuli afforded by the JOURNAL, the sociables, the business meetings, the sections, the special classes, or any of the other many tangible advantages of the Guild, to ask whether the cause is not within herself.

Apropos of the foregoing, attention is called to the discussion to be held at the February business meeting on the topic, "Guild Sociability; What It Is, and What It Is Not." The discussion is to be opened by Miss Kathleen O'Flaherty, and all are invited to attend and participate. CLARA BOLD.

THE LIBRARY.

ACCESSION OF BOOKS SINCE LAST REPORT.

- F 1120 Red Pottage.....Mary Cholmondeley
- F 1121 The Danvers' Jewels and Sir Charles Danvers.....Mary Cholmondeley.
- F 1122 The Sixth Sense.....Margaret S. Briscoe.
- F 1123 That Fortune.....Charles Dudley Warner.
- L 107 The Sun and His Family,
Julia MacN. Wright.
- E 211 Letters to Dead Authors....Andrew Lang.
- E 212 Essays in Little.....Andrew Lang.
- K 38 Jess. Bits of Wayside Gospel,
Jenkin L. Jones.

CORRECTION.

Through inadvertence, the report of your delegate to the State Federation stated that "Pennsylvania's representation in the General Federation was recommended to be by clubs rather than by members." The correct version is that representation should be by States and not by clubs.

We would especially thank the Needlework Guild of America, also the Philadelphia Branch of the same, for the many useful garments which they have contributed. The Guild members, as well, have our warmest thanks for aid in the way of clothing and money.

During the past year we distributed one hundred and twenty-five garments, and expended fourteen dollars.

The Loan Fund has not been used as frequently as in some former years, which may augur that matters are going financially well with our members. Any member in good standing is eligible to the use of this Fund in emergency, which makes it a valuable feature of Guild membership. Through the kindly gift of \$11.81, our Loan Fund has been raised to \$260.00, distributed as follows:

Amount Loaned.....	\$62 50
On Hand.....	19 36
Invested	178 14

COMMITTEES FOR 1900.

LIBRARY.

- Miss Clara Bold, Miss Zeta B. Cundey,
- Miss Marion Mackenzie, Miss K. J. Kantner,
- Miss Laura Niles, Miss K. H. Ringwalt,
- Miss Emma Crowell.

HOSPITALITY.

- Miss Emma Marsteller, Miss Mary Vanderslice,
- Mrs. C. D. Phillippe, Miss Mabel Kidd,
- Miss Mary Foley, Miss Alice Hoyle,
- Miss Mattie Mackay, Miss Addie Hover,
- Miss Ida Warrington, Miss Sarah Draper,
- Miss Kathryn Flynn, Miss Mary Shengle,
- Miss Mary Megurr, Miss Sarah Berryman.

FINANCE.

- Miss Mary Aiken, Miss Sara A. Nelson.

FRIENDLY VISITORS.

- Miss Ida Turner, Miss Clara Foley,
- Mrs. Laura Davis, Miss Frances Jones,
- Miss Bessie Pyle.

ENTERTAINMENT.

- Mrs. Eva Magoun, Miss Anne McDonough,
- Mrs. Kate L. Gallagher, Miss Minnie Kidd,
- Miss Caryl L. Perot, Miss Emma Penniman,
- Miss Alice M. Needles, Miss Noemi Chabut,
- Miss Emma Kleinert, Miss K. T. O'Flaherty,
- Miss Anna H. Howell, Miss Helen May.

PRESS.

- Miss Ida Turner, Mrs. E. S. Turner.

WILLING HANDS.

- Mrs. Emma Hanington, Mrs. Ida Meinel,
- Miss Abbie Stone, Mrs. Laura Davis,
- Dr. Mary Wenzel, Miss Tillie Meyer,
- Miss Zeta B. Cundey, Miss Georgia Bender,
- Miss Louisa Gaskell, Miss Frances Jones.

WOMEN'S WORK.

- Mrs. E. S. Turner, Miss Lisbeth Canning.

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Committee on Legal Protection.

Wages collected and advice given in all Civil cases, free of charge.
Magistrate's fees and all Court charges paid by the Committee, when
the applicant, in a worthy case, is unable to advance them. For
Women and Girls only.

This Committee of the New Century Club meets on SATURDAY,
from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., at 124 S. TWELFTH ST.

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

IF YOU DON'T CARE

What you eat, any little Corner Grocery Store will answer
as your department of supplies. But if you want the best, the finest,
of the world's food products, you will come or send your order to the
family grocery store. That's our store.

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The New Century Journal

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

Vol. XIII.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 1, 1900.

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.

Officers of the Guild.

Mrs. E. S. TURNER, President.
Miss ANNE McDONOUGH, 1st Vice-President.
Miss LAURA NORRIS, 2d Vice-President.
Miss LAURA F. MASTERS, Secretary.
Miss MARY B. NILES, Treasurer.

Officers of the Executive Board.

Mr. E. S. TURNER, Chairman.
Mrs. KATE L. GALLAGHER, Vice-Chairman.
Miss HILDA JUSTICE, Secretary.
Mr. WM. WRIGHT, 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 FRANCES W. JONES, House and Library.

Bulletin for March.

Saturday, 3d—Lecture, Pictured Music, 8.00 P. M.
Friday, 9th—New Century Trust, 2.30 P. M.
Friday, 9th—Executive Board, 3.00 P. M.
Saturday, 10th—Business Meeting of Guild, 8.00 P. M.
Saturday, 10th—Library Committee, 7.30 P. M.
Saturday, 10th—Willing Hands, 7.30 P. M.
Saturday, 10th—Friendly Visitors, 7.30 P. M.
Tuesday, 13th—Dressmakers' Association, 8.15 P. M.
Saturday, 17th—Lecture, Around the World
on a Man of War.
Saturday, 24th—Progressive Euchre Party, 8.00 P. M.
Tuesday, 27th—Dressmakers' Association, 8.15 P. M.

Saving Fund Deposits, notices of withdrawals, and withdrawals during business hours at Guild Office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lunch for self-supporting women, daily except Sunday, 12 to 2 P. M.

NEW MEMBERS.

Mrs. H. B. Ragan, Mrs. Charles S. Crowell.
Miss Lottie Dungey.

Professor Holman's lecture, to be given at the Guild on the evening of March the third, bids fair to be a great treat, and a large audience is expected.

NOTICE.

The Entertainment Committee announces a progressive euchre party for the evening of March the 24th. The tickets will be twenty-five cents, and the proceeds used in providing entertainments during the year.

IMPORTANT.

In order to make sure of insertion in the Journal on a particular date, all notices should be in the office on the 21st day of the month preceding the date.

The great event in our Guild life during the past month was the musicale which took place on the evening of Monday, the 12th of February. I say, in our Guild life, although it was not in the Guild house. The way was made smooth to our use of the N. C. Drawing Room for that evening, and any entertainment is pleasant in that pretty and comfortable hall. Ours, however, was not any entertainment, but a delightful treat. The instrumental artists, Miss Bundy and Mrs. Culbert, by their technical skill, were able to interpret the musical compositions which they had selected in a way to charm the hearers. The singers, Miss MacLaughlin, Mr. Gurney and Mr. Connell, were no whit behind in their contributions to the pleasure of the evening, and without the accompanists, Mrs. Dempsey and Miss Sears, the final success would not have been assured.

To all of the above named our hearty and appreciative thanks are due. To Mrs. Balderston and Miss MacLaughlin, who engineered the affair, we feel that we cannot express the measure of our gratitude.

THE LIBRARY.

ACCESSION OF BOOKS SINCE LAST REPORT.

E 120 The Cost of Living....Ellen H. Richards.
G 108 The Story of Cuba.....Murat Halstead.
D 234 Recollections of An Old Musician,
Thomas Ryan.
F 1124 In Old New York.....Wilson Barrett.
F 1125 Nada the Lily.....H. Rider Haggard.
F 1126 The Short Line War...Merwin Webber.
F 1127 A Bride of Japan.....Carlton Dawe.
F 1128 The Terror.....Felix Gras.

The Library is indebted to Mrs. Louis P. Evans and to Miss Adelaide Cornog for a gift of books.

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE.

Who is there among us who would not like the experience of going around the world on a man-of-war, simply because it is impossible? But we can learn what it is like by coming to the lecture to be given by Mr. William H. Rau, on Saturday evening, March 17th.

GOOD THINGS DONE BY EMPLOYERS.

The following missive was handed, last month, to every woman employee (several hundreds) employed in the publishing establishment of the *Farm Journal* of our city:

"January 6th, 1900. From this date all lady employees of the *Farm Journal* will be allowed one day off, with pay, every month. W. A. Co."

When we read the above, we asked permission of the editor, Mr. Atkinson, to acknowledge it, in behalf of our nearly five hundred members; for although we are not all working in printing establishments, we are all self-supporting women, and every such token of consideration gives us pleasure.

One whole day in a month! To some it would not mean much, and yet how much it means besides the convenience of a day at home. It is the sort of act which is apt to make a social scientist smile, as an illogical attempt to mix up sentiment and business: it makes some others smile for another reason: it seems to some of us that such little actions will one day be found to have a distinct market value. Suppose the spirit of confidence, the sense of mutual friendliness, the conviction on each side that the other side means to act justly—suppose that this spirit, instead of being the exception, were the rule in the relations between employer and employed, think what thousands, what millions, of good solid money would be saved to the business world in the mere absence of strikes.

NEW PRISON INDUSTRY.

Roses, beautiful roses, to be worn at throat or waist belt of fashion's favorites, raised in the grounds of a city prison by the women of the slums, confined for misdemeanor.

Chicago is going to do it. Unfortunates who find their way to the House of Correction in the western metropolis are to be put to work cultivating flowers for the market.

The idea originated with Superintendent Sloan, who has charge of the institution, and he has looked ahead before trying the experiment to the extent of enlisting the assistance of many women of social position in that city. When the proposition was laid before them, assurances were general.

With this understanding, Mr. Sloan went ahead, and has just built three greenhouses, each 75x15 feet, covering 4000 square feet of ground. It is his purpose to employ in the work the most hardened

women who are committed to his care, and he believes that it will have a more softening and beneficial effect upon them than the heavier labor in the laundry, which is usually selected for women prisoners.

How Mr. Sloan got the idea of trying floriculture as a refining influence on hardened womanhood is of pathetic interest.

"One day," he said, "a beautiful girl, the only daughter of one of our great merchants, who was deeply interested in charitable work, came here and asked to see the women prisoners. I took her among them where they were at work. She wore a red rose in her hair, and the minute the women saw her some began cursing, others stuck out their tongues at her, and seemingly all resented the sweet-faced woman who had come to cheer and comfort if she could. There was one exception—'Maggie the Terror.'

"Maggie was a little woman, with a frightful temper and a great scar across her face, where she had been wounded in a brawl. Maggie was more dreaded by the other women in the institution than any of the rules, and was the ringleader in frequent revolt. She would be released at the end of sentence, to be brought back within a week.

"Just why she did it I do not know, but the visitor walked up to Maggie, and, taking the rose from her hair, handed it to the prisoner. Maggie looked worried, and then she smiled, and, though I had known her for years, for the first time I heard her say, 'God bless you.'

"This gave me the idea of putting the most unruly of the women in my charge at work raising roses. Maggie, I may add, is now a faithful servant in the home of the young woman who handed her the rose, and if the flower did so much for her, I cannot see why flowers should not help others."

Students of sociology will watch the movement with the greatest interest. So, undoubtedly, will the gardeners and florists, whose business will naturally be interfered with.—*Boston Globe*.

REPORTERS SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL.

Believing so implicitly as we do in whatever statements we find in a newspaper, it puzzles us to notice in to-day's account of a fire in a Chicago boarding house, in which several were fatally injured, that two children who had been overcome by smoke were rescued by their mother, "at the risk of her life." This must have been a slip of the reporter's pen, for we know that, according to that fraternity, every woman, in a time of danger, faints and screams—no, screams and faints; so how could they rescue anybody? But perhaps she went after them first, and fainted and screamed afterward.

Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under the rule of a just God cannot long retain it.—*Abraham Lincoln*.

REAL CHILDREN.

The "New" Child.

Mamma: Now, dear, if you climb on that chair, the next thing you know you will tumble, and there won't be anything left of you but a little grease spot.

New child: I don't care; then you can put me in a book and read about me. E. M. B.

The Old-Fashioned, Innocently Sacrilegious Child.

— wanted, very much wanted, a bicycle, and said he was going to pray for one for Christmas. Just as his parents were prepared to surreptitiously answer his prayer, they heard of an accident to a neighbor's child, and decided to get him a tricycle instead.

On Christmas morning they covertly listened for his exclamations. But instead of joy it was a wail. "O but God, *didn't* you know the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle?"

Little two-year-old Eleanor wished to say her prayers as her elder brother did, so her mother said the prayer and Eleanor repeated it after her until she came to the "Amen." After her mother said that she stopped an instant and then said, "A boy."

"WATER, WATER EV'RYWHERE, AND NOT A DROP TO DRINK!"

From how many parched throats must this despairing cry have come within the last three or four weeks, since the bountiful heavens have opened and poured down the pure liquid in abundance from the clouds! Or, has the taste for water among those people who have not the means to buy filters, and those the delicacy of whose olfactory organs are not—we were about to say "happily"—blunted, has the relish for water among these become one of the atrophied senses? There is always poisonous whiskey and adulterated gin to be had for a small outlay, and we have heard it said that those who habitually use some such drink never wish water.

Americans have been called the most good-natured of all people, and we are sure that Philadelphians must be, par excellence, in this respect typical Americans; but let us not take credit to ourselves for it, as though it were a virtue. It may be, nay, often is, criminal. What is it when one stands by and sees poison given to a child and says no word? What is it when a man looks on while another strikes a deadly blow at his neighbor's throat, and neither puts out a restraining hand nor utters a warning cry? Are we not all of us "participes criminis" who, having the power of utterance, do not lift up our voices against the homicidal administration of our city? Are we cowards, or what is the matter? We certainly are not guilty of the mild blasphemy even, of Pistol, who, when compelled to eat of the Welshman's leek, averred, "I eat, and eke I swear."

How is it that the women of Philadelphia have not risen in their might as one man and taken into their own hands the control of the water department, when they have seen their children stricken down with typhoid fever? Has the maternal instinct at last disappeared from the human breast like so many other instincts that have been the glory of the natural animal?

Why have not the citizens found a way long before this, to save the lives of their fellow-citizens and the fair fame of their city? Has so much patriotism been expended on the flag that there is none left for the fireside?

"Strike, for your altars and your fires!" was the old cry, and the old custom to pour libations first to the gods of the hearth. Alas! our war-cry is: "Glory to the extension of commerce!" and our libations are poured to the gods of the nether world. When the fate comes to us which awaits those who choose the lower rather than the higher, it will be too late to repine, we shall be among the people not the fittest to survive. M. B. E.

COULD THEY HAVE BEEN REAL LADIES?

One might have supposed that the Queen of England knew how to behave, especially at an important social function; yet this is the solecism she is reported to have committed. A lady who was being presented happened to be afflicted with a malady which made it difficult to execute the sweeping courtesy obligatory on such occasions. When she came near enough, she murmured, deprecatingly, "Your Majesty, I have the rheumatism so badly that I cannot"—

"Neither can I," whispered the Queen with a confidential smile.

We are compelled, in this connection, to reprint the following from the *Philadelphia Ledger*:

"Christine Nilsson, the Swedish singer, was once at the house of a retired Chicago merchant. A distinguished company had been invited to meet her at dinner. On entering the dining room, she dropped her host's arm, and hurrying in amazement to the stately young butler, seized him effusively by the hand, and engaged him in conversation, while the other guests stood waiting and the entertainer looked on in astonishment. 'That man,' she explained, when all were seated at the table, 'is the son of a kind old nobleman on whose estate my father worked as a day laborer when we were children. Fortune has smiled on me, while it has frowned on my old playmate.'"

Now, could Miss Nilsson have been a real lady?

MARCH.

"Mad," March is christened, yet he is not so!

He feels the stir of spring, and he must play; His music is the shrill arpeggio

That preludes the soft harmonies of May.

—*Clinton Scollard*.

had first become acquainted with by correspondence, who afterward visited him in England. This man had passed through a "strict philosophical discipline," had studied the New Testament, and in trying to refute it had become a Christian. Before going to Europe, we quote from the book, "He had evidently dreamt of a Christian country, where everybody loved his neighbor as himself; where everybody, if struck on the right cheek, would turn the other also; where everybody, when robbed of his coat, would give up his cloak also. All this, as we know, is no longer the fashion in the streets of London, and what he actually saw in those streets was so different from his ideals that he said to me, 'If what I have seen in London is Christianity, I am not a Christian.'"

A few remarks on the influence of language on religion we will quote, and then leave the book for readers to find out the many good things in it. "In religion, anything that is not home-grown, or has become familiar to us from our childhood, cannot easily be divested of a strange and almost grotesque sound. When Bishop Colenso published an English translation of a beautiful prayer addressed to Vishnu, it produced nothing but merriment among his English readers, and why? Because Vishnu was addressed in it by his well-known popular name of Hari, and the invocation, 'O Harry,' was too much for the risible muscles of John Bull.

"The same effect was produced on the Hindus when they were told of a God that had made the world in six days, and rested the seventh day, or when they heard Christ invoked as 'Agnus Dei,' or Vatsa Devasya. Language is a very important element in religion, and the slightest incongruity is sometimes fatal. It is well known that Dr. Arnold had to part with an excellent French master at Rugby simply because he had spoken of the Holy Ghost as a pigeon, instead of a dove. The boys could never forget or forgive it."

I'd rather be a cyclist
Than any other beast,
For though he slays, he never stays
Upon the slain to feast.

It's pleasant to remember,
While lying on the stones,
How, though you're dead, you needn't dread
That he will pick your bones.

He comes! You fall! He's gone! That's all!
He doesn't mind the least.
Oh! I'd rather be a cyclist
Than any other beast!

—J. J. Bell, from *The Public*.

What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me.
—Browning.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

There is nothing which fills us with such tender melancholy as an occasional glimpse into the Good Old Times. Such a glimpse is given us in a late issue of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, as follows:

In the year 1786 there was a house full at a certain country place in the autumn. It consisted of an elderly dowager and her two unmarried daughters, a member of Parliament, two young officers, a clergyman, the writer whose letter I am copying, and the family. There were, besides, occasional visitors from the neighborhood. The first night of his arrival, my informant, fatigued by his journey, went to bed early. In the morning he got up betimes in order to enjoy the air. The house, however, was still locked up. Not a single servant was down. Presently a boy appeared, who told him that Mr. L.'s "gentlemen" had entertained the visitors' "gentlemen" at cards till 5 in the morning. At 11 o'clock the party began to appear, one by one, for breakfast. The dowager and Mrs. L., the hostess, did not come down, because, as the young ladies put it, they could not be "made up" so early; the girls themselves, who had not taken the trouble to "make up," were in rumpled nightcaps, and their hair "in a brown paste" over their shoulders. The gentlemen "joined with the second teapot"—a very odd way of dividing the meal; their heads were still "in disorder" from the gin punch of the night. Breakfast was got through about 1. The weather being rainy the gentlemen played billiards and cards; our friend would have sought refuge in the library, but found that the books were for show and not for use. A box of things from a London dressmaker having providentially arrived, everybody—men and women together—spent the afternoon discussing chiffons. At 5 they dined; at 9 the men joined the ladies, and they sat down to cards. Farthing loo was the favorite game when the young ladies played. On Sunday some of them went to church. The young people nodded and laughed all through the service; they sat in a gallery by themselves; they cracked nuts and pelted each other with the shells, while one of them who could draw made caricatures of the country people down below. The clergyman, however, was a great favorite at the house, because he kept the ladies acquainted with all the village scandals; could tell the gentlemen where coverts of partridges were to be found; was useful in drawing corks, and always knew where the "toast" stood. It remains to be stated that one of the guests taught a new way of dressing mushrooms, and superintended in person the preparation of the grouse soup.

Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways.
—Helen Hunt.

ONE OF THE ANGELS.

At the Albany Station of the N. Y. Central and Hudson R. R., there is an old man of the name of Booth, who is a gate keeper and calls out departing trains. He is one of the most gentle and kind men in the world. He answers every question asked as pleasantly and patiently as if he were an angel, and you may rest assured that many thousands of fool inquiries are fired at him. In calling out the trains, he does not shout in guttural-doggeral-mutteral, which nobody can understand. He never raises his voice, yet it is far-reaching, and his enunciation and his pronunciation are so distinct every word he speaks is heard. He is particularly good to women and children. This is a fair sample of his calling:

"The train for Schenectady, Fonda, Amsterdam, Little Falls, Rome, and all points west is now in the station—on track No. 3. It will leave in *ten minutes*."

After a minute, he will again call out: "If there are any women with children here, who wish to take the local train west, they had better start now, to save hurry and confusion. The train leaves in nine minutes." Sometimes he calls out: "Be sure to get your handbags and parcels all together; do not forget anything."

So all day long this gentle old shepherd looks out for stray sheep; and I tell you, on a hot, tiresome day, such thoughtfulness is appreciated by the wearied traveller. The only man in the United States who approaches him in goodness is the policeman under the car-shed in Columbus, O. *He is an angel in uniform.*—*New York Press*.

IN A GARDEN.

Our gardener prides himself upon his historical and legendary plants. Among those he is always ready to show are:

First. The flower that sprang up when Apollo killed his follower with a quoit.

Second. The one that grew from the youth who died from admiration of his own beauty.

He exhibits also the flowers Third of York, Fourth of Lancaster, Fifth of Bourbon, Sixth of Bonaparte, Seventh of Hohenzollern.

He has also, Eighth, the flower with which girls tell their fortunes; and Ninth, that flower by which fortunes were made and lost in a strange manner in Holland.

In a small pond floats, Tenth, the lily whose fruit brings forgetfulness of care; and Eleventh, on the bank is the plant used by St. Patrick as an illustration of the Trinity.

From the vegetable garden has crept in, Twelfth, the plant a Welshman wears on St. David's day, and near by we once saw a fine specimen of, Thirteenth, that plant which once saved the Scottish army from surprise, but this the gardener quickly uprooted and destroyed.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS.

1. Dryden.
2. Holmes.
3. Akenside.
4. Chatterton.
5. Churchill.
6. Chaucer.
7. Saxe.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CATECHISM.

Why did the Boers migrate to their present abiding places?

Because they abandoned their former holdings for the sake of being further away from the English.

Were the English undesirable neighbors?

It seems a safe inference when a whole nation gives up its homes and moves away.

Why did the English follow them up?

Because gold and diamonds were discovered in the new territory.

What was Jameson's raid?

An attempt by the English to possess themselves of this new land.

By fair means or foul?

Foul.

Then are Jameson and his fellow conspirators still in disgrace?

They have never been in disgrace. They are national heroes.

But the English were at peace with the Boers at that time?

Yes.

Then the raid was in open violation of international law?

Distinctly.

An indefensible attempt to gain possession of a neighbor's country in time of peace?

Yes.

What led up to the present war?

A desire of the English to control a country which was not their own.

What is the ultimate object of the English?

Treasure.

And for what are the Boers fighting?

For their country.

Will the British outnumber the Boers?

About ten to one.

Do these facts explain why the sympathies of civilized countries are wholly with the Boers?

They do.—*Life*.

War will exist as long as we not only profess, but tolerate, without anger and indignation, that distortion of Christianity which is called the Christian Church, according to which such things are admissible as a Christ-loving army, the consecration of guns and the recognition of a Christian and righteous war.—*Tolstoi*.

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The New Century Journal

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

VOL. XIII.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 1, 1900.

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.

Officers of the Guild.

MRS. E. S. TURNER, President.
MISS ANNE McDONOUGH, 1st Vice-President.
MISS LAURA NORRIS, 2d Vice-President.
MISS LAURA F. MASTERS, Secretary.
MISS MARY B. NILES, Treasurer.

Officers of the Executive Board.

MR. E. S. TURNER, Chairman.
MRS. KATE L. GALLAGHER, Vice-Chairman.
MISS HILDA JUSTICE, Secretary.
MR. WM. WRIGHT, 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 FRANCES W. JONES, House and Library.

Bulletin for April.

Saturday, 7th—Lyceum,	8.00 P.M.
Tuesday, 10th—Dressmakers' Association,	8.15 P.M.
Friday, 13th—New Century Trust,	2.30 P.M.
Friday, 13th—Executive Board,	3.00 P.M.
Saturday, 14th—Business Meeting of Guild,	8.00 P.M.
Saturday, 14th—Library Committee,	7.30 P.M.
Saturday, 14th—Willing Hands,	7.30 P.M.
Saturday, 14th—Friendly Visitors,	7.30 P.M.
Saturday, 21st—Sociable,	8.00 P.M.
Tuesday, 24th—Dressmakers' Association,	8.15 P.M.

Saving Fund Deposits, notices of withdrawals, and withdrawals during business hours at Guild Office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lunch for self-supporting women, daily except Sunday, 12 to 2 P. M.

NEW MEMBERS.

Miss Henriette Leypoldt, Miss Ella M. Jones,
Miss Helen Lippincott, Miss M. W. Rutter.

DUES.

Under the three months' rule, unpaid membership dues for 1900 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 those joining in April pay ninety cents dues for the remainder of the year.

NOTICE.

A special meeting of the Savings Fund Committee is called for the evening of April 14th, at half-past seven o'clock. Will all the members of this Committee please be present?

A TRIBUTE TO OUR TEACHERS.

Why we have been so favored in the teachers of our evening classes, we have never known, but it is certain that all through the history of the Guild we have had, with scarcely an exception, and for the quite inadequate remuneration we were able to pay, teachers of such ability and zeal as money alone could never have secured. And this season we have been especially fortunate. The teachers who have done so much for us this winter are Mademoiselle Boname, who took an advanced class in French at her own house; Mademoiselle Beucler, Primary French; Miss Henriette Leypoldt, German; Mr. Richardson, who has been our staff in book keeping so many years; Mrs. Allen (Jennie Raynor), millinery; Miss Ella Jones, dressmaking. The latter has given extra time, coming early to cut patterns for pupils to use at home. Miss Ella Warren, physical culture, day and evening; Miss McDonough, singing; and last, but not least, Miss Ina Warren, who teaches each of her pupils a different thing, according to need, as reading, grammar, arithmetic, etc. Several of the above are well known outside our Guild, and command elsewhere higher prices for their services, but nowhere could they give more to their pupils than they give to us.

WILLING HANDS.

There are some Guild members who do not attend the monthly business meeting, and do not often hear of the "Willing Hands" Committee.

This Committee needs contributors; the yearly membership fee is sixty cents. Clothing, particularly children's clothing, and most of all, children's shoes, are in urgent demand. Will you not become a contributor?

EMMA C. HANINGTON, *Chairman.*

TAKE NOTICE.

The Entertainment Committee promises entertainments for the Saturday evenings, April 21st and 28th.

OUR LAST MUSICAL.

The exact sum realized for this, notwithstanding the storm, is \$189.

LYCEUM.

The N. C. G. Lyceum held its regular monthly meeting on the evening of March 3d. After the usual routine business, the members were entertained by Prof. Holman, in a most interesting and instructive manner, by an illustrated lecture on "True Color." Some of the combinations of color thrown on the screen by the different voice tones were bewilderingly beautiful. The Guild takes this opportunity of thanking Prof. Holman heartily for the valuable entertainment afforded by him.

The Committee on Programme announce that on the next meeting night, April 7th, there will be a general debate, the subject of which will be kept a profound secret until it bursts on the surprised ears of the members from the lips of one of our ablest speakers, on the night of the meeting. After the opening address, the discussion will be general, and as the subject is one of vital interest to all women, and business women in particular, it is expected that a large percentage of Guild members will attend. If they do, it goes without saying that they will "speak their minds"—for the subject will take the most timid so much by surprise that she will never feel satisfied until she has voiced her sentiments. MARGARET KEATING, *Chairman pro tem.*

THE LIBRARY.

ACCESSION OF BOOKS SINCE LAST REPORT.

- E 213 My Study Fire.....Hamilton W. Mabie.
C 161 The Golden Treasury..Francis L. Palgrave.
C 162 The Golden Treasury—Second Series,
Francis L. Palgrave.
E 184 The Power of Silence..Horatio W. Dresser.
E 214 Voices of Freedom....Horatio W. Dresser.
E 215 Voices of Hope.....Horatio W. Dresser.
E 216 Methods and Problems of Spiritual
Healing.....Horatio W. Dresser.
E 217 The Perfect Whole....Horatio W. Dresser.
E 218 In Search of a Soul...Horatio W. Dresser.

Mr. Horatio W. Dresser has given to the Guild Library a set of his books, the titles of which may be seen above. It was upon hearing of our little class in Metaphysics, the members of which have been studying his works, that Mr. Dresser became interested in the Guild, the result being this beautiful gift, for which we are all most grateful.

Some time during April, we hope to have the pleasure of seeing and hearing Mr. Dresser at the Guild.

The euchre party held at the Guild on the evening of March 24th, was a great success, both socially and financially, about one hundred persons being present. The Entertainment Committee will provide an entertainment for April 21st and 28th, and hope the Guild members will take a more active part than heretofore in these entertainments.

EVA C. MAGOUN, *Chairman.*

A FINE OPPORTUNITY.

The managers of the University Extension Centre, which holds its lectures at Association Hall, Fifteenth and Chestnut Streets, offer to give Guild members the advantage of lower rates next winter, if they can know very soon of enough who will attend them to warrant them in making their preparations for it now. This Centre secures the best lecturers, and it is therefore a rare chance for those who are near enough, to avail themselves of it. Those interested in obtaining this advantage will please leave their names with Miss Canning or Miss Jones as soon as possible.

WANTED!

Advertisements for the JOURNAL. Will not each Guild member make an effort to secure one advertisement? The editors will then be able to make our sheet even more attractive than it is at present, and we may be obliged to have more than a thousand copies issued. We agree not to let the advertisements encroach upon the reading matter if we get enough to require another sheet.

ANSWERS TO "IN A GARDEN."

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. Hyacinth. | 7. Cornflower. |
| 2. Narcissus. | 8. Daisy |
| 3. White Rose. | 9. Tulips. |
| 4. Red Rose. | 10. Lotts. |
| 5. Lily. | 11. Shamrock. |
| 6. Violet. | 12. Leek. |
| | 13. Thistle. |

In connection with the last answer, we give the following, copied from the Philadelphia *Ledger*: "The thistle has a story similar to the famous one of the cackling geese that saved Rome. An invading army of Danes, stealing after nightfall to surprise the Picts, under King Achaius, found themselves almost at the goal, when, unexpectedly, their bare feet were greeted by an unfriendly belt of thistles. A general outcry was spontaneous, and Achaius, warned, saved the situation.

"He afterwards adopted the thistle as his device, but his motto was: 'For my defence.'"

AS TO DEATH.

The feeling of the survivors, after the one we loved and tried to keep with us has risen from among us, varies with each individual. One wishes to testify his sense of loss by outward signs of mourning; another does not. It is not for any one of us to measure the sense of bereavement in another by the form of expression. The case here recorded, at least, appeals to us as fitting.

It was a woman of eighty, and she died, as we call it, painlessly, in her sleep, with the smile remaining on her face when they saw her in the morning. Her daughter tied some roses with white ribbon, and hung them on the door instead of crape.

The New Century Journal

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

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

MRS. MARTHA B. EARLE, Publisher.
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MRS. MARY E. MUMFORD,
MISS ANNE H. WHARTON,
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O FOR A HOME!

To those of us who have an individual home, with our own father and mother and perhaps some brothers and sisters, and maybe a baby brother or sister, and our own pussy cat, and a grandmother taking care of the baby, this item will have no special interest. No, it is for the many, many girls in Philadelphia who have no nest of their own. For such, what is the nearest to a substitute? Is it a regular boarding house, where, to make a living for herself and children, and chronically out-of-work husband, and at the same time charge for board no more than we can afford to pay, the poor Mrs. Todgers is obliged to give us very tough cow steak and chicory coffee and oleomargarine butter and sawdust bread and middle aged eggs, and keep a dilapidated door mat, with the ropes frizzled out, and invalid chairs in the parlor, and the prickly haircloth bristling out of the sofa? No, we don't like that. Well, is it the semi-charitable institution home, in which we must put out our light at a certain moment in the evening, and generally conform to rules made by the managers, and therefore, such is our human nature, sure to be obnoxious to us? where, although everybody is kind, and we get more for our money than we do with Mrs. Todgers, we are somehow always discontented and "ungrateful?" Or would it be a mammoth hotel for women, such as they are experimenting with now in New York and other places for men? There would have to be many rules and conditions in that, or young girls would not feel it to be respectable to live there.

And to succeed financially, it would have to be on so large a scale as to deprive it of most of the features of a real home. Or do we prefer the solitary lodging room, where, after our day's work, we make our cup of tea in a little kettle over a lamp that will smoke, or now and then for a change get a meal at a clattering restaurant, where the overworked waiter mops up the oilcloth after the previous guest with a slippery gray-streaked towel?

What, then, can we try, that is at all within our means?

When Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, was lately in our city, she told of a certain housekeeping club, called (after her) the Jane Club, in which some ten or a dozen young women joined their forces, rented, I think, a flat in a large house, elected one of their party housekeeper for a certain time, and thus had all within their own control. Of course, they had their rules, as stringent, perhaps, as those in the institutions; but the laws we make for ourselves are very different, even when in one sense precisely the same as those imposed on us for our good by other people.

From the original ten, the number was increased to about thirty, at which they stopped, believing it better to form other organizations than to have any one too large. Now, if this thing is practicable in Chicago, would it not be worth trying in Philadelphia? Does it not seem to come pretty near to the idea of a real home? There would be comparative economy, sense of ownership, choice of associates, and freedom; for, as we have already said, conformity to conditions made by ourselves is freedom.

It might, if thought desirable, be limited to Guild members or persons recommended by them. It would naturally be started by friends who know each other, and would like to live together. It ought to include some practical persons, with a taste for domestic life, and what is called Yankee faculty. And while its members might avail themselves of the advice and suggestions of older outside friends, it should be wholly managed by themselves.

If any readers are sufficiently interested to inquire at the Guild, either of Miss Canning or Miss Jones, they could perhaps gain further information concerning the methods of the Chicago association.

A CHRISTMAS GHOST STORY.

South of the Line, inland from far Durban,
There lies—be he or not your countryman—
A fellow-mortal. Riddled are his bones,
But 'mid the breeze his puzzled phantom moans
Nightly to clear Canopus—fain to know
By whom, and when, the all-earth-gladdening Law
Of Peace, brought in by some One crucified,
Was ruled to be inept, and set aside.

—Thomas Hardy.

MENTAL ATTITUDE.

Success is in the blood. There are men whom Fate can never keep down. They march jauntily forward, and take by divine right the best of everything that earth affords. They do not lie in wait, nor scheme, nor fawn, nor seek to adapt their sails to catch the breeze of popular favor. Still, they are ever alert and alive to any good that may come their way, and when it comes they simply appropriate it, and tarrying not, move steadily on.

Good health: whenever you go out of doors, draw the chin in, carry the crown of the head high, and fill the lungs to the utmost; drink in the sunshine; greet your friends with a smile, and put soul into every hand-clasp.

Do not fear being misunderstood; and never waste a minute thinking about your enemies. Try to fix firmly in your own mind what you would like to do, and then without violence of direction you will move straight to the goal.

Fear is the rock on which we split, and hate is the shoal on which many a barque is stranded. When we are fearful, the judgment is as unreliable as the compass of a ship whose hold is full of iron ore; when we hate, we have unshipped the rudder; and if we stop to meditate on what the gossips say, we have allowed a hawser to befoul the screw.

Keep your mind on the great and splendid thing you would like to do; and then, as the days go gliding by, you will find yourself unconsciously seizing upon the opportunities that are required for the fulfillment of your desire, just as the coral insect takes from the running tide the elements that it needs. Picture in your mind the able, earnest, useful person you desire to be, and the thought you hold is hourly transforming you into that particular individual.

Thought is supreme, and to think is often better than to do.

Preserve a right mental attitude—the attitude of courage, frankness and good cheer.
To think rightly is to create.

Darwin and Spencer have told us that this is the method of creation. Each animal has evolved the parts it needed and desired. The horse is fleet because he wishes to be; the bird flies because it desires to; the duck has a web foot because it wants to swim. All things come through desire, and every sincere prayer is answered.

We become like that on which our hearts are fixed. Many people know this, but they do not know it thoroughly enough, so that it shapes their lives. We want friends, so we scheme and chase 'cross lots after strong people, and lie in wait for good folks—or alleged good folks—hoping to attach ourselves to them.

The only way to secure friends is to be one. And before you are fit for friendship, you must be able to do without it. That is to say, you must have

sufficient self-reliance to take care of yourself, and then out of the surplus of your energy you can do for others.

The man who craves friendship, and yet desires a self-centered spirit more, will never lack for friends.

If you would have friends, cultivate solitude instead of society. Drink in the ozone; bathe in the sunshine; and out in the silent night, under the stars, say to yourself again and yet again, "I am a part of all my eyes behold!" And the feeling will surely come to you that you are no mere interloper between earth and sky; but that you are a necessary particle of the whole. No harm can come to you that does not come to all, and if you shall go down it can only be amid a wreck of worlds.

Thus by laying hold on the forces of the universe, you are strong with them. And when you realize this, all else is easy, for in your arteries course red corpuscles, and in your heart there is the will to do and be.

Carry your chin in, and the crown of your head high.

We are gods in the chrysalis.—*From the March Philistine.*

MARY'S LAMB.

English version.

Mary had a little lamb;
It's fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

American-German.

Dot Mary haf got ein leedle schaff,
Mit hair shoost like some vool,
Und all der place dot gal did vent,
Dat schaff go like ein fool.

American-Celtic.

Mary had a little shape,
And the wool was white entirely;
And whiniver Mary would shtur her shtumps,
The young shape would folly her completely.

American-French.

La petite Marie had le jeune mouton;
Ze wool was blanche as ze snow;
And everywhere la petite Marie vent,
Le jeune mouton was sure to go.

American-Chinese.

One gall name Moll had lambee,
Fleece allee samee whiter snow;
Evely place Moll gall walkee,
Baa-baa hoppee long too.

Vain the illumined head
And the enkindled heart,
Unless the dauntless will
Performs its destined part.

BISHOP COLEMAN.

Bishop Coleman, of Delaware, is one of the most striking of Episcopal prelates, says the Reading, Pa., *Times*. He had never worn an overcoat until the last year or so. He is not only a total abstainer from alcoholic beverages, but from all stimulants, including coffee, tea, and tobacco. His summer vacation is annually spent as a tramp, but he differs in one respect at least from the ordinary representative of that profession, as he works his way through the country he traverses. In this way he has covered thousands of miles on foot through some of the most picturesque and interesting sections of the United States. For example, one summer he carried on the trade of watch and clock repairing, giving his skillful services in this line in return for board and lodging.

Of course, he has had many adventures, the accounts of which have from time to time found their way into newspapers all over the country, but has scarcely ever experienced anything but good and square treatment, nor has he found reason to complain of the hospitality wherever he has tramped. No wonder he is a great believer in the common people of our land, and no wonder he gets in close touch with them, for in him they feel that they have a friend and a brother.

This, too, has given him an unusual knowledge of human nature and accounts in a great measure for his influence with men. As a preacher he is particularly in favor among men, and when he preaches in Wilmington, men fill the church. He is an enthusiastic fireman. Some years ago the Neversink Steam Engine Company, of Reading, elected him an honorary member, and they always attend church when he comes to town. He preached for Rev. J. F. Nichols last Lent, and the church was crowded.

SOUTH AFRICAN CATECHISM NO. 2.

Why did the Boers migrate to their present abiding places?

Because they wished to have a country peculiarly their own, where they might practice slavery, and have no religion or speech different from theirs—at this stage of the world's progress, something impossible.

Were the English undesirable neighbors?

It would not seem so, as in 1876, bankrupt in finances, torn by internal discord and fearing complete annihilation by the savage races whose people they had carried into slavery, the Boers appealed to England for aid, which she gave, spending blood and money freely in their cause.

Why did the English follow them up?

Protection being assured by England, and on invitation of Kruger, thousands of emigrants came into the country, scientifically opening up the mines. Through the sale of their lands, the Boers became

immensely wealthy, and the country prosperous. Now they rose in revolt, attacking the British troops without warning. In 1881, independence and free self-government was granted by England, Kruger promising "free and equal civil and religious liberty of all white inhabitants of the Transvaal;" also "freedom from all special, class or distinctive taxation." These promises have never been kept.

What was Jameson's raid? Was it fair? Are the conspirators in disgrace?

The Jameson raid was the untimely outburst of a few men who could no longer endure injustice. It was unfair, and the English as a nation do not approve of it.

But the English were at peace with the Boers at that time; and the raid was an open violation of international law, an indefensible attempt to gain possession of a country in time of peace?

The English were smarting under their wrongs, and thus easily goaded on to a breach of international law. The Boers were not defenceless.

What led up to the present war?

Exorbitant taxation, without representation.

Object of English?

To give every justly entitled man a voice in the government of the country. Catholic and Hebrew, who had been debarred from every position of trust and honor, an equality in religion and law.

For what are the Boers fighting?

The Boers are fighting to maintain an oligarchy and absolute Boer government, where seventy-five per cent. of the taxable property is owned by the Outlanders. CANADIAN.

When Tom Johnson, son of Herschel V. Johnson, of Georgia, was collector of customs at Savannah, an acquaintance called one morning to ask his opinion on Central Railroad stock. "Why do you want to know?" said Tom. "Got any of it?" "Yes, I have, and I'd like to know whether it's worth holding on to or not. What's your honest opinion?" "See that old colored mammy sitting out there on the sidewalk with her little stock of goobers and chestnuts? She's blind. This morning I passed her, and as I was feeling sorter blue I gave her a piece of paper I happened to have in my fingers. She crumbled it up, and, discovering it wasn't a bank note, said: 'Mars Johnson, what is dis yo's gibin de ole mammy?' I told her it was 100 shares of Georgia Central Railroad stock, and she handed it back, saying: 'Mars Johnson, dis ain't no time fo' jokin'; please, sah, take dis back and gimme a nickel.'"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A WICKED NEW YORKER.

This is what he says about our beloved city: Some one asking him how many children he had, he replied, "Two living, and one in Philadelphia."

A. C.

REAL CHILDREN.

This story is so queer that if we had not got it at first hand, we should have been disposed to hint at the fisherman in regard to it:

A friend was walking down an out-of-the-way street the other day, and noticed that she was entirely alone, except for one small boy, who seemed to be amusing himself in some sort of small boy fashion. She passed him, and immediately after a cry arose, and he followed her, calling in broken English, "O my money! O lady, give me my money—give me my five dollars! O lady!" over and over.

"Why, child, I haven't got your money," she said, but the tears began to flow, and still he bawled, "O lady, my money! You've got it in your head. O, my father he'll beat me. It's in your head!"

"He's crazy," thought the lady; "but just to pacify him I'll show him my head."

So she took off her hat, when out from its brim rolled a five dollar bill. His English was so limited that it took him a long time to explain that, just for fun, he had been tossing up the bill and catching it, and the last time it had landed in her hat. But it was a pretty close call, for she was just about to get into a car at the corner. K. R.

And beginning so early! Little Mary at her prayers:

"Aunty, why do we always say a-men? Women are just as good as men. I'm going to say a-women." A. B. H.

We were preparing for Washington's birthday, and as a little lesson in patriotism, we were learning "My country, 'tis of thee." We came to the line, "My native country thee," when I stopped and asked what "native" meant, and as their ideas were vague, I tried to explain. I told them that any one born in a certain country was a native of that country, as Germany; or a person born in Philadelphia or Germantown was a native of either place. The children seemed to understand and some said, "Then I'm a native of Germantown, because I was born there." And I said, "Yes."

All this time I noticed Elizabeth was twisting her fingers upon each other and that her face was getting redder and redder, while she grew more nervous. At last she said, "Teacher, I was born in the third story." E. M. B.

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

A friend was talking one day to her cook about culinary matters, and incidentally remarked, "When I visit Mrs. ———, I sometimes make some of my favorite dishes for her. She just gives me *carte blanche*—"

"And if you please, ma'am, how does she cook that?" said the cook. M. L.

THE PERSISTENCE OF CHILDREN.

Few little children, of course, voluntarily set themselves to overcome difficulties, yet more would do so if parents and nurses were not in the habit of catering to that flightiness characteristic of all young things which leads them to follow up whatever momentarily attracts their attention, is the position taken by Florence Hull Winterburn in the *Woman's Home Companion*.

The capacity to dwell for a long time upon one thought involves both intensity of desire and innate ambition to reach right results. I have seen this struggle for perfection in an incipient form show itself in a little child but eighteen months old. And how sincerely I respected that little one!

He was sitting in his mother's lap beside the library table one evening, when in an idle mood she took up a penny and set it on the head of a small gilt image three or four inches high and with a head scarcely larger than the coin. Seeing that the baby watched her, she said playfully, "Baby can't do that."

The little one's brown eyes sparkled with a look that seemed to say, "Oh, can't I?" and taking the penny in his fingers he essayed to balance it as she had done. It fell.

"Oh!" said baby, quietly, and picking it up, tried again, with the same result. Without the least sign of discouragement or impatience, the little thing tried over and over again for a score of times, until at last he succeeded in balancing the coin on the head of the image. The brave baby!

We gave him a round of applause, and he looked from one to the other of us with a curious little glance of satisfaction. The next day he could not be prevailed upon to undertake the same feat again. Once having demonstrated that he could do it, the act lost its interest.

Here was a tiny hero in want of difficulties to conquer; an infant Newton, excelling in the ability to concentrate his whole mind upon a single object so long as it was necessary for that object to engross his attention.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

The squire's son had just been ordained and was to take the morning service in his native village. He was a young man and very nervous. However, he did his best and returned to the vestry, having accomplished the service to his own satisfaction. "I think I got through the service without a mistake, John!" he remarked to the old clerk, who was helping him off with his surplice.

"It was first-rate, Master Dick," said the old man, with enthusiasm: "I don't know as I ever heard it better done." After a pause he added: "But the old parson, he never gives us the evening service in the morning."—*Exchange*.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but not bowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the Captain of my soul.

—*William Ernest Henley.*

A SAD CASE.

It does pain us so to hear anything against the larger sex. What a shame it was for anybody to tell such a story as this!

A certain married man, who had often warned his wife that if she was so careless about her pocket book she would certainly be robbed, saw her the other day in one of the shopping streets, in the midst of the sort of congestion which sometimes occurs in such localities. Getting near her, he noticed that her pocket book was sticking temptingly out of some futile arrangement she had devised for it. He slipped close up to her, softly abstracted it, and at dinner time carelessly asked her if she could give him some change, as he was out. She ran upstairs to get it, and, alas, came down with it in her hand. The man, aghast, put his hand in his own pocket, and drew out another, and in it, for one thing, was over one hundred dollars. And he has stolen it from a stranger, and he has no means of returning it. He has advertised, but nothing comes of that.

But, after all, it must be his wife's fault, somehow. E. L. P.

She handed the check to the paying teller. She was calm and collected, as if it was an everyday matter.

"Madam," said the teller gently, "you have forgotten to endorse it."

"Endorse it?" with a little worried smile.

"Yes; you must write your name on the back here to show that you will repay this back in case the issuer of this check should fail to answer or call."

"Oh!" she said, accepting the pen.

When the teller looked at the check again, this is what he read:

"The ——— bank has always paid up what it

owes, and you need have no worry. Therefore, I endorse this check. Very truly yours, Mrs. J. B. Blanks."

The teller fell over into the vault.—*Syracuse Herald.*

OBITUARY METHODS.

There is something which strikes us as being quite whole-souled in the following notice of the death of a citizen of a certain county in Virginia. It has a complimentary word not only for the deceased, but for a number of those who had the good fortune to be related to him:

"Mr. W. was one of the most prominent and popular Christian gentlemen of Gates County, of whom no one has ever heard anything detrimental to his good name. . . . He was taken sick with a chill on Monday last, which developed into pneumonia, of which he died. . . . He had been twice married, his first wife being a Miss G., aunt of Mr. H., of Suffolk. His second wife, eight children, one brother and one sister, together with grandchildren and many other relatives and friends, are left to mourn. . . . Mr. H. W., of Norfolk, is his brother, and Mrs. E. C., of Gates County, is his sister. Two of his children are, etc., etc. . . . Several citizens of Suffolk will attend his funeral."

A retired English army officer, General Swindley, has for some time been conducting experiments in South Florida, and the results, according to the *Jacksonville Times-Union*, are quite gratifying. On his home place, two miles west of Orlando, General Swindley has several acres planted in camphor trees of different sizes. He is adding to the number each year. The trees are hardy and not injuriously affected by heat or cold, excessive moisture or extreme drought. They thrive without artificial fertilization, and form heads that are a joy to look at. The trunks are short, or almost entirely absent, branches putting out close to the ground. The tops are in the form of a rounded cone, symmetrical and shapely. Others in the vicinity are planting to some extent, and it is probable that camphor trees will receive a good deal of attention during the next few years. The large trees bear an abundance of seed, which germinates readily.

There's no use dodging the fact—slang is a lingual commodity that the best of men can't and will not dispense with. When pat and apt and expressive as nothing else is, there's nothing for it but to embrace the new locution and make it one of the family of common usage, allowing all purists who protest to turn their ears the other way.—*Boston Transcript.*

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

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The New Century Journal

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

VOL. XIII.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 1, 1900.

No. 5.

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 ANNE McDONOUGH, 1st Vice-President.
MISS LAURA NORRIS, 2d Vice-President.
MISS LAURA F. MASTERS, Secretary.
MISS MARY B. NILES, Treasurer.

Officers of the Executive Board.

MR. E. S. TURNER, Chairman.
MRS. KATE L. GALLAGHER, Vice-Chairman.
MISS HILDA JUSTICE, Secretary.
MR. W. M. WRIGHT, 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 FRANCES W. JONES, House and Library.

Bulletin for May.

Saturday, 5th—Lyceum,	8.00 P.M.
Tuesday, 8th—Dressmakers' Association,	8.15 P.M.
Friday, 11th—New Century Trust Meeting,	2.30 P.M.
Friday, 11th—Executive Board,	3.00 P.M.
Saturday, 12th—Business Meeting of Guild,	8.00 P.M.
Saturday, 12th—Library Committee,	7.30 P.M.
Saturday, 12th—Willing Hands,	7.30 P.M.
Saturday, 12th—Friendly Visitors,	7.30 P.M.
Tuesday, 22d—Dressmakers' Association,	8.15 P.M.
Saturday, 26th—Sociable,	8.00 P.M.
Wednesday, 30th—Memorial Day, House Closed.	

Saving Fund Deposits, notices of withdrawals, and withdrawals during business hours at Guild Office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lunch for self-supporting women, daily except Sunday, 12 to 2 P. M.

NEW MEMBERS.

Miss Anna Fitzpatrick.

Miss I. Warren will have a class in Mathematics and English Branches at the Guild for a summer term, to prepare for examinations and coach backward pupils. Apply at the Guild, 1227 Arch Street

LYCEUM.

At the regular meeting of the Lyceum, held on April 7th, we were greatly favored by having with us Miss Rena Wolff, a fine elocutionist. She gave two recitations, which were enjoyed by all.

These were followed by a debate on the question: "Will women be retained permanently in the business field, or will they return to the home life?" A lively interest was taken in the discussion.

Although the attendance was good, we hope for a still better one at our May meeting, when there is to be a discussion on the question: "Are the English justified in their attitude toward the Boers?"

M. I. SHENGLE, *Pres. Lyceum.*

THE LIBRARY.

ACCESSION OF BOOKS SINCE LAST REPORT.

- F 1129 The Lady of Cawnpore,
F. Vincent and Albert E. Lancaster.
E 219 Living by the Spirit, Horatio W. Dresser.
F 1130 To Have and To Hold... Mary Johnston.
F 1131 Prisoners of Hope..... Mary Johnston.
F 1132 Via Crucis..... F. Marion Crawford.
F 1133 Autobiography of a Quack,
S. Weir Mitchell.
D 235 Vailima Letters... Robert L. Stevenson.

We are indebted to Miss Emily Campbell for the author's autograph copy of "The Lady of Cawnpore," and to Mrs. Dunwoody for books.

AS TO REFERENCE BOOKS.

The writer recently attended a lecture on an "Eminent Man." The next day, in trying to recall what she had learned, she found that she had simply a hazy idea of what one man thought another man might have been. So seeking the definite, she dropped into the Guild, and there found a Biographical Dictionary, which gave a succinct account of the eminent man from his birth to his death. This brought a realization of what a boon reference books may be if one is trained to their use.

On the Guild shelves are a number of useful books of this character, from the Encyclopædia Britannica to the Standard Dictionary, not forgetting the Reader's Handbook, Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary and Allibone's Dictionary of Authors. C.

The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be—but finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means. —Browning.

ANENT A "DRAMATIC."

For some time past, there has been quite an expression of interest in the Guild in regard to the organization of a dramatic section, to be called the "New Century Guild Dramatic." An informal meeting, for the discussion of the subject, was held on the evening of March 28th. Twenty-five members were present, of which number twenty-three signed the roll of names of those wishing to become members. Including the names given of four who were not present, this makes a total of twenty-seven.

It was decided to write to the Guild President, asking her sanction and patronage for the new section. Pending the receipt of her answer, the members present made and agreed to the following rules, to be put into execution as soon as the section is officially recognized by the Guild.

Dues to be five cents per week.

Meeting every Tuesday at 8.15 p. m.

Fine for non-attendance at meeting, ten cents.

Fine for taking a part to study and then dropping out—fifty cents.

It was agreed that the members meet on Tuesday evening, April 3d, for a discussion, and if the consent of the Guild President had been given, to form a permanent organization and select a play for preparation. On that evening, the officers *pro tempore* of the coming (?) Dramatic were on hand, to find present *two* members of the twenty-seven who had at the first meeting expressed a desire to join.

Now, it will be plain to all reasonable-minded persons that a body of women aiming to accomplish anything in the dramatic line must have the following attributes before they can attain success: They must be prompt, persevering, patient, persistent and present in a body at each meeting.

The system of fines was introduced to maintain the Dramatic, and if those who made the rules do not intend to live up to them, then let them meet once again and declare their intention of disbanding, before the final steps are taken, that we may know just where we stand.

The money paid as dues will not be spent in notifying the members of meetings, since the meetings are set for a special time, and all know of them; it is designed to pay for costumes and other accessories for which there is no other provision.

Will not all members who would like to help the Guild, either as dramatists or "supers," or ticket agents, or ushers, be good enough to attend on any Tuesday evening, at 8.15, and join, or leave their names in the library, where there is a list of the members?

It would add greatly to the attractiveness of our extra Saturdays (for which the Entertainment Committee has such trouble in providing), had we an amateur performance of some kind, and of home talent, to offer the members. Surely, enough of us can hold together, if we try very hard, to practice

up for one comedy. After that, I have not a doubt the N. C. G. Dramatic will be able to stand on its own feet, and even do a little something toward the Guild treasury.

Come and join us; numbers make enthusiasm, and enthusiasm forces success. There is talent in the Guild—why not use it?

Let us have a big meeting on Tuesday, May 1st, and on Tuesday May 8th, and get our own Dramatic in working order; let us have a comedy, practice for it, work for it, get an audience for it, talk about it, and come and clap for it—and when it is over, not only shall we have more confidence in ourselves and our sister members, but every outsider, Guild member or not, will say with us: Long live the N. C. G. Dramatic Association.

K. T. O'FLAHERTY, *Pres. pro tem.*

THE JANE CLUB AGAIN.

Here is a letter from an old Guild member, who spent some time in the Jane Club of Chicago, and knows all about it. She says:

You ask me what to do and what to avoid in such a club. Some of the things to have are, first, an adviser, like Miss Jane Addams; next, a good provider and steward, and first and always a good cook. Not a cook of fancy dishes, but one who always makes potatoes taste good; ditto all vegetables and plain meats and coffee.

Another important office we found to be that of treasurer. There were always grumblers, untidy ones, disagreeable ones. If we had an able president, she could keep the sailing smooth. Sometimes the treasurer found her duties rather difficult; sometimes the members were not prompt about paying, in spite of the rules, or the table expenses were too great, or the coal and gas bills ditto. She had to look after the interests of the Club so closely that she was almost as much a manager as the president herself.

A good stewardess will provide a healthful bill of fare at the same price that an ignorant girl will give an unhealthful one. We found it best to buy as much as possible at wholesale. We often felt that we were cheated in our coal. No one would be at home when it was delivered except the cook, and at first we did not know the capacity of our box.

We sometimes had quarrels, stormy meetings, some one or more who felt aggrieved. In such cases we submitted the matter to a board of advisors, of whom Miss Addams was chief. She steered us clear of many a reef on which we might have split.

All our rooms were held at the same price, at least no officer was allowed a privilege because of her services to the others. This was because of our principle of absolute equality. It is the best kind of home I know of for those temporarily or permanently without one. Every one has a voice in

the government. A good many weddings took place from the Club, and on "beau nights" the young men fairly buzzed around the place; yet never, to my knowledge, did anything happen that was "off color."

I have written mostly about the difficulties, because that is what you asked.

MARY SEARLE.

NEW CENTURY JANE CLUB.

We can secure a fine, old country house, with porches, surrounded by trees, a half hour's ride from the city by trolley; fare by trolley or railroad only five cents. But to be able to furnish board at \$3.00 per week, we must have fifteen persons; at present we have but seven. Will not all of our members try to secure the other eight? If you cannot join us yourself, tell your friends about it. We ought to have the requisite number by the tenth of May. If you wish to see the house, address Miss Viola Richmon, care of The New Century Guild.

DEAR EDITOR:—I heard the subject for discussion at the last Guild Lyceum, and should have liked to take part in it. I could not, however, be present at the meeting; and I wonder if I may say my little say in the columns of the JOURNAL?

In the first place, I don't like the wording of it; very unimportant, perhaps, that may be thought, but I maintain that a vital principle is involved just in that form of words.

"Shall women be retained," etc. By whom, I should like to know. The implication is clear: that women themselves are to be at the will of an outside force. True, they have been heretofore. But is their experience of the last forty years, while they have been in the world of men, to count for nothing? They should have been building character in that time. They should have been developing a will of their own and some degree of wisdom to guide it.

I hope they will not long suffer themselves to be retained. I hope they will retain or leave, as they see fit, their position in the business world. It is not a very beautiful world, to be sure. The influences are not of the most highly refining nature. We don't often hear of saints growing after a business fashion. Not yet have the Rockefellers and the Vanderbilts, the Carnegies and others of that ilk, developed wings. Although they do good with some of their money after they have it, the wings don't grow.

None the less, business may be the best thing that women can turn their hands to for a long time to come, and they may improve it, as well as be improved by it. Who knows? as our present friends, but late enemies, the Spaniards, say.

Now, women are not all made after one pattern. They forget that sometimes, forget that they are

made to match the men; and the home, noble and beautiful and inspiring as it is, is not the place to call out what is best in some women. Even the home may change for the better. It does not yet appear what it shall be when the men take their place in it, when it is not exploited merely by women, for women. When men once get an assured foothold there, as they undoubtedly will, stranger things have happened, there will be a turning and an overturning, and perhaps they will desert business altogether, and there will be no business world as we know it, for, of course, the women will follow where the men lead. And something may come out of a temporary chaos better than either the present home or the present business world, and neither alternative contained in the question need come about; again, who knows? B.

A SUMMER RESORT.

In the wealthy old town of Fallsington, Bucks County, Pa., between Bristol and Trenton, stands one of the summer homes of the Girls' Friendly Society of New Jersey, "The Hillside."

The large and well arranged house is near the end of a long, picturesque lane, leading from the main road down to a brook crossed by a simple bridge, and then up a gently rising slope. The land is owned by Miss Williamsson, who has generously given the use of the entire property of forty-four acres to the Society. The farm proper, including a house beyond the "Home," is rented, the sum accruing being applied to the current cost of maintaining the "Home." The idea of this holiday work was originated by Miss Letitia Townsend, then General Secretary of the Society. The farm includes a wood, in which are delightful walks, a lovely, partly wood-inclosed lake, with boats on its placid surface. There are games for both outdoor and indoor enjoyment, drives and bicycling, a piano for music, song or dance accompaniment, in short, every provision for a happy and most restful vacation.

On making a number of inquiries, it seemed to the writer that the place is little known outside of the Society, yet its doors are hospitably open to any one who is recommended by an associate member, for a very moderate charge—three dollars per week for members; to others three dollars and a half to five, according to the room.

The Hillside is open from July 1st of each year. The usual time for closing is October 1st, but if a sufficient number to meet running expenses wish to remain longer, it will be kept open as long as necessary to accommodate this desire. And last, but not the least attraction, is the charming spirit in which all are welcomed by Miss Richter, who acts as hostess, making just and appropriate in its best sense the title of "Friendly."

E. M. N. C.

REAL CHILDREN.

Once in a while we like to remind our readers that the stories in this department have come to us at first, or at the farthest, at second hand. Sometimes we find them later in newspapers (printed without acknowledgement), but they were fresh with us.

A FRESH APPLICATION OF THE HYMN BOOK.

They did not mean to be sacrilegious, but one day the wee brother and sister, well brought up in Sunday school, found that in the kitchen two captures had been made, in one trap a rat, in the other a mouse. Somehow each managed to get the tail of his or her victim through the wires, and holding it thus, still in the trap, went marching through the house singing, "O heavenly rest! Sweet heavenly rest!"

F. W. J.

SERVED THEM RIGHT.

This also comes at first hand. I was invited, with some others, to dine with a friend, who had at the same time invited several children. The latter were served earlier, and our hostess said, "Wouldn't you like to see them at table?" So we opened their door, and made, aloud, what we supposed to be very complimentary remarks, as, "Aren't they behaving well! How nicely they eat!" etc., etc. Our conversation was received by the children without response of any kind, and we retired feeling rather abashed. Somewhat later we had our own dinner, and in the midst of it the door softly opened, three or four heads appeared, and they began solemnly to make remarks on the other side. "Don't they behave pretty! How nicely they eat! They don't spill anything on their bibs!" etc., etc., etc. Then they gently closed the door and left us to our thoughts.

A. T. W.

CLEARWATER VALLEY.

The Northern Pacific R. R. has recently finished a short connecting line through the Clearwater Valley, Idaho. We give an account of this remarkable valley, taken from the *Minneapolis Journal*:

"The Northern Pacific now follows the Clearwater River from its junction with the Snake, at Lewiston, for a distance of seventy-five miles. The country through which it passes has a native grandeur found nowhere except among the Idaho hills.

"The temperature of the Clearwater Valley is semi-tropical, being warmed by some mysterious agency mentioned by the early explorers as a "heated zone" in the mountains.

"The Clearwater Short Line is a scenic route from beginning to end, and every mile of the road has its special attraction. It skirts the river bank just above high water mark, through continuous box canyons. The whistle of a locomotive is repeated time and again by echoes that seem never entirely to die away.

"The most beautiful place in all Idaho is on the Clearwater Short Line at Kamiah. Here the valley widens to about four miles, and along one side flows the river in a bed of white pebbles. Birds sing the year round among the willows that dip their branches in the sparkling water. There is no merchantable timber in the valley, but clumps of wild apple trees grow everywhere.

"There is no month in the year when the ground is not carpeted with flowers, for they bloom perpetually. This valley was always the home of the Indians, and they still live there, and they resented the intrusion of the railroad with spiteful opposition."

CURIOUS EXPERIENCE IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

One of the latest reports from the scene states that the simple-minded British soldiers have mistaken troops of ostriches for bands of Boers and bands of Boers for troops of ostriches.

In some cases the ostriches have made friends with the soldiers. One of the best known correspondents at the front, who was with General Methuen at the Modder River, reports this remarkable incident:

"While I ranged the valley or plain with my glasses, something slipped and tumbled heavily over the loose stones behind me. I turned, thinking to dodge or help a stumbling man, and found myself staring into the great brown eyes of an ostrich six feet tall and with legs almost as thick as and longer than my own.

"He came up here some days ago," said a soldier, "and he always stays here now. We feed him and fool with him, and he seems very happy."

"The ostrich stalked past me and took a position between the major and the captain, where, after appearing to observe that they were very busy scanning the landscape, he, too, stared at the plain and remained erect and watchful, the highest type of a sentry in appearance. He marred this fine effect for just a moment by seizing and swallowing a box of safety matches. After that he continued his sentry duty with satisfaction in his eyes."

The ostrich is a great figure in public life in South Africa. He is a source of wealth, and often a friend and companion. He is a valuable substitute for a watch dog. He can kick a horse to death, and is, therefore, very formidable to burglars. He eats with relish things that would poison the strongest goat that ever lived.—*N. Y. Journal*.

A QUESTION OF ADVANTAGE.

Man is distinguished from the beast by the power to speak his thoughts; the beast from the man by the power to keep its thoughts to itself.—*Detroit Journal*.

THE RIDICULOUS OPTIMIST.

There was once a man who smiled
Because the day was bright,
Because he slept at night,
Because God gave him sight
To gaze upon his child;
Because his little one
Could leap and laugh and run,
Because the distant sun
Smiled on the earth, he smiled.

He smiled because the sky
Was high above his head,
Because the rose was red,
Because the past was dead!
He never wondered why
The Lord had blundered so
That all things have to go
The wrong way here below
The overarching sky.

He toiled and still was glad
Because the air was free,
Because he loved and she
That claimed his love and he
Shared all the joys they had!
Because the grasses grew,
Because the sweet winds blew,
Because that he could hew
And hammer, he was glad.

Because he lived he smiled
And did not look ahead
With bitterness or dread,
But nightly sought his bed
As calmly as a child!
And people called him mad
For being always glad
With such things as he had,
And shook their heads and smiled.

—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

THOSE DRABBLING SKIRTS.

Not long ago I saw one of the ladies' clubs of the city had a discussion on the abominable fashion of women wearing their skirts *en train* on the streets. While it is agreed by nearly every one that it is a most filthy and germ-scattering fashion, yet the women say, "What shall we do about it? We do not like to appear odd, and to be out of fashion—we might as well be out of the world." Out of the world we will be, some of us, I think, before our time, if this detestable mode is not put a stop to. I know the men do not approve of it. Then why do they not use their influence with wives, sweethearts and sisters? Has it gotten to that pass where they have no influence? I can hardly believe that. Has fashion become more to women than health or personal cleanliness? Why a woman should feel

she looks odd to wear the only skirt that was ever intended for the street, one that escapes the sidewalks, is beyond me, and I am a woman, and one who loves fashionable and pretty things when they are in accord with reason. If the leaders of fashion in this city of ours would wear short skirts on the streets, keeping the trains for the house alone, I think it would not be long before we would be rid of these dust-raising, germ-scattering skirts.—*R. Stockwell, in Los Angeles Times*.

The above was handed us by a Guild member for publication, therefore we insert it in the present number; not that we have any faith in the efficacy of all of the talk on this subject. Of much more value are accounts of something doing, like this in the following clipping. We may talk till all is blue, and accomplish nothing, while the old world is going ahead of us in reform. Ed.

REFORM DRESS IN BERLIN.

The Reform Dress Society of Berlin is in earnest in its agitation to do away with the corset and with the filth-gathering skirts. Hundreds have signed a pledge which demands the discarding of stays of whatever sort or shape, and as soon as a suitable garment can be found to take its place the skirt will have to go. In the case of little girls, the problem seems to have been solved.

ADAGES.

Once upon a time a certain man set himself the task of discrediting the adages.

Beginning with the adage that honesty is the best policy, he soon had them all discredited except the adage that no man is ever a hero to his valet.

Here he experienced much difficulty.

During many years he labored, becoming successively champion pugilist, a magazine poet and Mayor of the Greater New York, and all in vain.

But it chanced in the end that his strenuous life reduced him to penury and he was compelled to be his own valet.

"At last!" cried the man the next day after this, and died happy in the thought of having achieved his purpose.—*Detroit Journal*.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall brighten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth;
But thought's a weapon stronger:
We'll win our battle by its aid—
Wait a little longer.

—*Charles Mackay*.

The very first step towards action is the death-warrant of doubt.—*G. Macdonald*.

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This Committee of the New Century Club meets on SATURDAY,
from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., at 124 S. TWELFTH ST.

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

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The New Century Journal

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

VOL. XIII.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 1, 1900.

No. 9. 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 ANNE McDONOUGH, 1st Vice-President.
MISS LAURA NORRIS, 2d Vice-President.
MISS LAURA F. MASTERS, Secretary.
MISS MARY B. NILES, Treasurer.

Officers of the Executive Board.

MR. E. S. TURNER, Chairman.
MRS. KATE L. GALLAGHER, Vice-Chairman.
MISS HILDA JUSTICE, Secretary.
MR. WM. WRIGHT, 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 FRANCES W. JONES, House and Library.

Bulletin for June.

Saturday, 2d—Lyceum.	8.00 P.M.
Friday, 8th—Executive Board Meeting.	3.00 P.M.
Saturday, 9th—Business Meeting of Guild.	8.00 P.M.
Saturday, 9th—Library Committee,	7.30 P.M.
Saturday, 9th—Willing Hands.	7.30 P.M.
Saturday, 9th—Friendly Visitors.	7.30 P.M.
Tuesday, 12th—Dressmakers' Association,	8.15 P.M.
Saturday, 23d—Sociable.	8.00 P.M.
Tuesday, 26th—Dressmakers' Association,	8.15 P.M.
Saturday, 30th—A Play.	8.00 P.M.
July 4th—House Closed.	

Savings Fund Deposits and Withdrawals during business hours at Guild office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lunch for self-supporting women, daily, except Sunday, 12 to 2 P. M., through June. The lunch room will be closed during July and August.

Miss McDonough's very successful classes in Sight Singing are drawing to a close for this season. In the fall, however, they will resume work quite early; and Miss McDonough will have the usual evening classes in singing as well as pupils in the afternoon, in the Studio on the third floor.

NEW MEMBERS.

Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, Miss Alice M. Barrett,
Miss Clara Hunsicker.

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES, TAKE NOTICE.

It will very much facilitate matters if all chairmen of committees, both in Executive Board and Guild, will send their communications for the September JOURNAL to the Guild early in the summer. Where it is practicable, they might be left before the end of June, and where that is not possible, not later than August 15th.

BUSINESS MEETINGS—PAST AND FUTURE.

At the May business meeting, Miss Marion Mackenzie gave an interesting and instructive review of Emilie Poullson's book, "Love and Law In Child Training." A general talk on the kindergarten idea and practice followed the review, and several present stated that they would like to have the discipline and development which the system exemplified.

It was a surprise to find that so general an interest was evinced in a subject which it was thought would be of moment only to Kindergartners, and went far to prove the thought conveyed by Miss Mackenzie's paper, that the kindergarten principle is the higher life principle.

Miss Elizabeth Chanler Clayton, Elocutionist, will be with us at the June business meeting, so those who attend may expect a programme of much interest after the business of the evening has been dispatched.

THE GYMNASIUM.

It is with pleasure we report much success in this department during the past season. There is such a demand for physical training that early in the autumn Miss Warren proposes to establish day classes in our Gymnasium, as well as the regular course in the evenings. Those wishing to join a day class will do well to register early and get information as to terms, time, etc.

We have received an invitation for some of our members to spend two weeks at a beautiful country place, the visit to begin the twelfth of June and extend to the twenty-sixth. Will those who can accept please leave their names at once at the Guild office, as we do not wish to miss this delightful opportunity for a summer outing.

THE FAIR.

The "old, old story!" Whether we can say, "the old sweet song," we are not quite sure. But in spite of the critics of fairs (if such critics will tell us how to raise the eight or nine hundred dollars necessary to keep up our running expenses in some easier way, how we will bless them!), in spite of the bothering and contriving, and the months of hard work essential to a successful fair; in spite of, worst of all, the eternal nagging we have to keep up among our friends, to ensure the necessary amount of eatables, wearables and fancy articles, and, later, to remind our same friends to buy—in spite of all this, we *must* begin to think about it now, and suggest to everybody interested to take some fancy work to do on their sojourns among the lakes and mountains and by the sea.

And to our own members we say (as annually), that if each Guild member will be responsible for some one article, apron, bag, doll, or anything else she thinks would be salable, this will go far toward the starting of a fair.

To any who would like to help with their needles, materials will be furnished at the Guild office.

LYCEUM NOTES.

The May Lyceum was fairly well attended, and every one present enjoyed the exercises. Miss Keating led the English forces, while Mr. Panzerbeiter talked for the Boers most learnedly and convincingly. In fact, there were so many strong arguments, pro and con, that some of us were bewildered; however, at the close the Boer sentiment seemed very strong. The dialogue between Misses Keating and O'Flaherty, representing British and Boer respectively, was quite spirited and enlightening.

The June meeting will take the form of a sociable, during which Mrs. Magoun will introduce an intellectual game, for which she has kindly and generously offered to award prizes. There will be several other interesting features—especially refreshments.

All Guild members, whether frequenters of the Lyceum or not, are invited to this sociable.

The Entertainment Committee announces a play for one of the June Saturdays, by the Guild Dramatic Association, and a closing Sociable on June the 23d. We shall have a vacation during July and August, and in September hope to have many new attractions, but shall be ready at any time for suggestions from Guild members.

The entertainments have not been so well attended as we could wish, but we hope for better attendance in the fall.

Read the JOURNAL and the Bulletin Board, and make an effort to be present at least one evening in the month, and encourage the friends who entertain us and the Committee.

EVA F. MAGOUN, *Chairman.*

THE DRAMATIC.

On the last Saturday in June, the N. C. G. Dramatic Association will present in the Guild assembly room a short play, entitled, "The Two Buzzards." Price of admission, ten cents.

The Dramatic hopes that the Guild members will come out in force on this its first night, bearing in mind the timid, shrinking nature of the debutante artist and its need of encouragement.

We assure our fellow-members that, if there should be any shortcomings in our representation, we are doing and shall continue to do our best for the advancement of histrionic art in our midst. Any suggestions for improvement in our methods, made in a friendly spirit, will be gladly welcomed at the complaint desk, Gymnasium, third floor front. But we beg you all to remember that an element of success most important to such an undertaking as ours is the enthusiasm of numbers. Crowded benches glow where empty chairs shiver and depress the actors.

Should our maiden effort not be all you expect, you may cheer yourselves with the thought that in the fall you will be treated to a revival of the Minstrel Troupe of yore, which needs no trumpet to sound forth its praises.

K. O'F., *Pres. Dramatic.*

THE LIBRARY.

ACCESSION OF BOOKS SINCE LAST REPORT.

- F 1134 The Strength of Gideon. . . Paul L. Dunbar.
 F 1135 In Connection with the De Willoughby
 Claim. Mrs. Frances H. Burnett.
 F 1136 An Inheritance. Harriet P. Spofford.
 F 1137 The Gentleman from Indiana,
 Booth Tarkington.
 K 40 The Autobiography of a Grizzly,
 Ernest S. Thompson.
 L 84 Love and Law in Child Training,
 Emilie Poullson.
 E 220 The New Humanism,
 Edward Howard Griggs.
 H 124 A Sentimental Journey. . . Laurence Sterne.
 E 221 Under the Trees. . . . Hamilton W. Mabie.

We are indebted to Mrs. Louisa C. Longstreth for a gift of books.

May we again call the attention of our members to the fact that new and popular books should not be kept longer than one week, as otherwise it deprives our friends of the pleasure which we have enjoyed, that of reading a book while comparatively new.

Through the energy of the House Committee, the third story rooms are to have a fresh coat of paint, and to be nicely papered. This will render our house much more attractive, and make us feel like urging friends to join the classes which are held in those rooms.

A RETRACTION.

Did we say "Jane Club?" Well, there isn't any. The twelve young women now proposing to try the experiment of co-operative housekeeping, have decided to call their place, at least for the present season, The New Century Co-operative Camp. New Century, because it emanates from our Guild; co-operative, because it is to be a government of the members, by the members, for the members, and so they are sure to have things just their own way (perhaps); camp, because this word is temporarily descriptive; for the coming six months she will be a sort of summer girl, in an old-fashioned country sort of house, with trees and porches and sweet, fresh air, so that even those of us who have to work all day in stuffy, stifling places, can get into the trolley at the end, and in half an hour, for five cents, can leave the noise and smells, and spend the evening and night in wholesome conditions, not exactly under our own vines and fig trees, for these are not in the bill, but under our own foliage—and we could even, if we chose, and anybody had time, raise our own summer vegetables, for our kindly landlord offers us the ground.

Anyhow, we can try our hand on flowers.

The place is Kingsessing Avenue. You go on the Darby cars to Woodland Avenue, and walk two blocks to Kingsessing, and there you are.

The Club is limited to fifteen members, and there are, or were when this was written, just three places yet to fill. There is a strong desire to begin with a congenial party, such as are likely, through similarity of tastes, and general reasonableness of expectations, to make a harmonious family. Aspirants for the three vacancies can apply to Miss Viola Richmond, S. E. Corner of Twenty-third and Mt. Vernon Streets, or make inquiries at the New Century Guild.

The Camp expects to open on May the twenty-sixth.

OUR COLUMN OF PROFOUNDNESS.

What is Wetness? And if so, what is wetter than a young lady with a waterfall in her waving locks, a gurgle in her laugh, dewy lips, snowy shoulders, liquid depths in one eye and a cataract in the other, a creek in her back, spring heels to her shoes, several currents in her tea cake, and a fine flow of language, with a sprinkling of slang and a torrent of vituperation? We met her on the ocean steamer "Niagara," where she was the raining belle, and showered smiles on her admirers; she wore a Nile-green watered silk, with rippling ruffles on her train, and she was playing pool with the rest, when she became so seasick that she burst into a flood of tears and plunged into a watery grave. But if you know anything else that is moist about her, donner wetter! we can fish her out again.

The JOURNAL is in receipt of the Annual Report of the Fairmount Park Art Association. This report, unlike most others, is anything but dry reading, including, as it does, not only the usual statistics, but also a list of the works of art scattered through our beautiful park, and some addresses made before the Association during the year, notably an analytic and interesting one on "The Sculptor Barye and His Work."

Civic pride is a wholesome element in every city, and an apparently much needed one in the life of our own city. Let us be glad that we have an Association working constantly in the direction of beauty, although that alone is not its aim, for in beautifying a neighborhood more practical benefits follow. Could we see the banks of the Schuylkill redeemed from the hideousness through which that not limpid stream winds its course between the city proper and West Philadelphia, it would mean slums removed, which are now a disgrace and a menace to the community. Compare our Schuylkill with the Seine at Paris, and see how, with originally the same environment, one is now a thing of beauty and the other—what?
L. C.

Our Guild Library and Office have had a thorough scrub and general cleaning, thanks to the kindness of one of our Board members, who paid a woman to do the necessary two days' work.

A DOG AS A GOOD SAMARITAN.

A butcher of Wissahickon has a little dog that is so clever that it is sent every morning to the baker's with a basket for a dozen rolls. The baker always gives it thirteen, but there came a day when the dog only brought home twelve. Next day and the next it continued to be a roll short. The baker declared he had never placed less than thirteen in the basket. It was determined to watch the dog. It got its basket filled at the baker's and then set out for home by a roundabout way. It entered the yard of a stranger. In a kennel lay a mother dog with a litter of new-born pups. The visitor took out a roll in his mouth, pushed it into the kennel, took up his basket again and came home. The trick was so captivating that the dog was not interfered with. He continued his attentions to his friend until she was able to be about again. Since then he has brought home thirteen rolls.—*Philadelphia Record.*

No one has sent in answers to the Anagrams given last month, so we refrain from publishing a very, very old-fashioned riddle sent in by one of our subscribers. We will run no risk of wearying the patience of our readers. Perhaps the summer outing will have freshened the wits of some, and we shall have the answers for our September number.

was found flowing through a crevice, causing a continuous roar like distant thunder. In the last apartment visited by the explorers, then being compelled to return because of expiring torches, everything had an ossified appearance, and a petrified snake was brought out, so solid that it can be used for a walking stick.

THE WORLD'S PURPOSE.

Men say that life's high hope is vain;
That one force holds the heart—the hope of gain.
Are, then, the august powers behind the veil
Weary of watch and powerless to prevail?
Have they grown palsied with the creep of age?
And do they burn no more with pallid rage?
Are the shrines empty and the altars cold,
Where once the saints and heroes knelt of old?

Not so; the vast inbrothering of man—
The glory of the universe—began
When first the mother darkness heard
The whisper, and the ancient chaos stirred.
And now the feet of Christ are in events,
Bridging the seas, shaking the continents.

His feet are heard in the historic march
Under the whirlwind, under the starry arch.
Forever the Great Purpose presses on,
From darkness unto darkness, dawn to dawn,
Resolved to lay the rafter and the beam
Of Justice—the imperishable Dream.

This is the voice of Time against the Hours;
This is the witness of the Cosmic Powers;
This is the music of the ages—this
The song whose first note shook the first abyss.

All that we glory in was once a dream;
The world-will marches onward, gleam by gleam.
New voices speak, dead paths begin to stir;
Man is emerging from the sepulchre!
Let no man dare

To write on Time's great way, "No Thoroughfare!"
—Edwin Markham, in *New York Journal*.

BURROWING ANIMALS.

Ventilation, or, rather, the want of it, must be a difficulty in the underground life of almost all mammals. The rabbit and the rat secure a current of air by forming a bolt hole in connection with their system of passages, but the fox, the badger and many of the field voles and mice seem indifferent to any such precaution. There is no doubt that whatever gave the first impulse to burrow, many animals look upon this, to us most unpleasant exertion, as a form of actual amusement. It also confers a right to property.

Prairie dogs constantly set to work to dig holes merely for the love of the thing. If they cannot

have a suitable place to exercise their talent in, they will gnaw into boxes or chests of drawers, and there burrow, to the great detriment of the clothes therein contained. In an enclosed prairie dog "town," they have been known to mine until the superincumbent earth collapsed and buried the greater number. A young prairie dog, let loose in a small, gravel-floored house, instantly dug a hole large enough to sit in, turned round in it and bit the first person who attempted to touch him. Property gave him courage, for before he had been as meek as a mouse.

It is noticeable that the two weakest and least numerous of our mice, the dormouse and the harvest mouse, do not burrow, but make nests, and that these do not multiply or maintain their numbers, like the burrowing mice and voles. But the fact that there are members of very closely allied species, some of which do burrow, while others do not, seems to indicate that the habit is an acquired one.

In this connection, it is worth noting that many animals which do not burrow at other times form burrows in which to conceal and protect their young, or, if they do burrow, make a different kind of a more elaborate character. Among these nursery burrows are those of the dog, the fox and sand-martin, the kingfisher and the sheldrake. Foxhound litters never do so well as when the mother is allowed to make a burrow on the sunny side of a straw stack. In time she will work this five or six feet into the stack and keep the puppies at the far end, while she lies at the entrance. Vixens either dig or appropriate a clean burrow for their cubs, which is a natural habit, or, at any rate, one acquired previously to the use of earth by adult foxes. —*London Spectator*.

THE BOERS.

Mrs. Louise de Lassomm, of San Francisco, returned from a tour of South Africa a short while ago, and relates some interesting impressions of the Boers.

"The children, both boys and girls, are taught the use of firearms as soon as they are old enough to hold a gun. They practice constantly.

"From one generation to another the Boers have been preparing for war, until to fight is now their natural instinct.

"The women are as courageous and combative as the men. A Boer woman is never too old to shoot straight. You should see them as I have seen them coming to the station to say good-bye to husbands, fathers, brothers and sweethearts on their way to the front. Such stoicism is astonishing.

"Not a tear does a Boer woman shed when she sends a son away from her to fight for his country. Not a tear does she shed when he falls in battle. Fighting to them is a business, a duty—anything but a matter for sentiment.

"My opinion is that when there are no more Boer men left on the field, the Boer women will take their places and give desperate battle to the English foe, whom they hate with all their hearts. These Afrikaner women are better soldiers than most men.

"Life in the Transvaal for Boer women is very pleasant. In Johannesburg I saw more bicycles than in any large city, and I have visited all the large cities of the world."—*N. Y. Journal*.

CONFECTIONERY IN ARMY RATIONS.

The Germans about ten years ago introduced the use of candy into the diet of their soldiers. The idea was the outcome of experiments undertaken by the German Government. It was demonstrated that the addition of candy and chocolate to the regular ration greatly conduced to the improvement of health and the endurance of the troops, and at the present time the army authorities in Germany issue cakes of chocolate and a limited amount of other confectionery.

The British were the next to follow this example, and the Queen, as has been extensively advertised, forwarded five hundred thousand pounds of chocolate in half-pound packages as a Christmas treat for the soldiers in South Africa. Jam has also found great favor with the British War Office, and 1,450,000 pounds have been dispatched to South Africa as a four months' supply to 116,000 troops.

The United States is following in the same path, says the *Medical Record*, and candy has been added to the regular army ration of the American soldier. It is stated that one New York firm has shipped more than fifty tons of confectionery during the past year for the armies in the Philippines, Cuba and Puerto Rico.—*New York Journal*.

PLANT AND FLOWER CHARADES.

Being called upon rather suddenly for an outflow of journalistic wisdom—that is to say, "more copy"—the frivolous editor, who is just engaged in making charades for a little entertainment at home, has decided to kill two birds with one stone, by passing along the charades to the *JOURNAL*. Their only merit is that they are so easy to get up.

BOUNCING BETTY.

Robust looking girl bounces in at the door, and some one calls out, "Why how do you do, Betty? Do sit down and tell us everything." Bettie: "I can't stay but a minute; I've got to call on ——— and ——— before I get home. O, I forgot to shut the door;" jumps up and bounces down again. "O, I don't like this chair (bounces up and into another). "I just came to ask if you would all come to our house next Thursday. Well, I must be going" (bounces up again and exit).

SWEET WILLIAM.

Two girls talking at once: "O, I'm so glad Willie's coming home. He may be here any minute. He's such a lovely brother—O, here he is. O, Willie, we have missed you!" Both rush up to him fervently. Willie smiles very broadly. "Here you are, girls! I've been so anxious to get home. I've brought a new golf set and my banjo and two of my college chums are coming and we'll have high old times——"

Girls, enthusiastically: "Oh, isn't he just sweet!" Exit all, holding hands.

DANDY LION.

Dude with mask of lion's head, twirls cane, steps mincingly. Raises eyeglass to inspect audience. Stops, gives loud roar, and exit.

VIRGINIA CREEPER.

Little colored piccaninny creeping over the floor.

POPPY.

Father, coming home with scythe or spade on his shoulder. Looks round anxiously.

"Why, where's my little daughter? She always comes to meet me in the evenings. I do wonder if anything's the matter?"

Enter small girl, runs up to man.

"I was so afraid I wouldn't get here in time! The chickens got in the garden and there's four new kittens and I tumbled getting over the fence and——"

Father: "Never mind; you're here now anyhow, and we'll take a canter home, and see the new kittens" (takes child up on his shoulder and exit).

HOPS.

A lot of people hopping round vigorously for a while, and exit. (These short things serve to fill up the time, while others are preparing.)

SCARLET RUNNER.

Man—or girl—dressed in bright red, with green trimmings, runs in hastily.

Runs round and round all the time, saying:

I'm a sort of a bean,
You know what I mean.
I climb and I run;
I go just for fun.
O, I'm all out of breath,
I'm—all—out—of—breath, etc. Exit.

Miss Engaged: "I must tell you, Harold, I do not like smoking."

Harold Sigaret: "I'm glad you don't, my love! I don't approve of it for women, either."—*N. Y. Journal*.

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

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The New Century Journal

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

VOL. XIII.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 1, 1900.

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 ANNE McDONOUGH, 1st Vice-President.
MISS LAURA NORRIS, 2d Vice-President.
MISS LAURA F. MASTERS, Secretary.
MISS MARY B. NILES, Treasurer.

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MRS. E. S. TURNER, Chairman.
MRS. KATE L. GALLAGHER, Vice-Chairman.
MISS HILDA JUSTICE, Secretary.
MR. WM. WRIGHT, 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 FRANCES W. JONES, House and Library.

Bulletin for September.

Saturday, 1st—Lyceum.	8.00 P.M.
Friday, 7th—Executive Board Meeting.	3.00 P.M.
Saturday, 8th—Business Meeting of Guild,	8.00 P.M.
Saturday, 8th—Library Committee.	7.30 P.M.
Saturday, 8th—Willing Hands.	7.30 P.M.
Saturday, 8th—Friendly Visitors.	7.30 P.M.
Tuesday, 11th—Dressmakers' Association,	8.15 P.M.
Saturday, 22d—Sociable.	8.00 P.M.
Tuesday, 25th—Dressmakers' Association,	8.15 P.M.

Saving Fund Deposits, notices of withdrawals, and withdrawals during business hours at Guild Office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lunch for self-supporting women, daily except Sunday, 12 to 2 P. M.

THE LIBRARY.

ACCESSION OF BOOKS SINCE LAST REPORT.

F 1138	The Alabaster Box.....	Walter Besant.
F 1139	Bob, Son of Battle.....	Alfred Ollivant.
F 1140	The Solitary Summer.	
F 1141	The Beth Book.....	Sarah Grand.

NEW MEMBERS.

Miss Amelia Clanton, Mrs. Jennie Leonard,
Miss Mary I. James.

NOTES OF DRESSMAKERS' ASSOCIATION.

The annual sociable of the Dressmakers' Association took place the second Tuesday in June. We were very much favored by having with us Miss Baker, an elocutionist and reader, who read an interesting article called "Sallie Ann's Experience," and also recited a short humorous sketch. Refreshments were then served and a pleasant evening spent.

Our Association has been carried on with greater success this past year, but we still have room for new members. If there are any Guild members who are dressmakers, and who do not belong to our Association, we will be very glad to welcome them at our meetings.

M. I. SHENGLE, *Secretary.*

LYCEUM NOTES.

The June meeting of the Lyceum was in the form of a sociable. One of the main features of the evening was an Alphabetical Game, which Mrs. Magoun kindly brought and conducted. The first prize was won by Miss Aiken; the second by Miss O'Flaherty. The game was followed by refreshments and social amenities. The attendance was fair.

The next meeting of the Lyceum will be on the first Saturday in September. Something of a novel feature will be introduced at this meeting. The program for the October meeting will also be announced. We hope for a large attendance.

The meetings of the Lyceum have been attended better this year than formerly, but there is still room for improvement in this respect. We would like to have a still larger attendance in the autumn, and would like each Guild member to make a special effort to see what she can do for the Lyceum.

M. I. SHENGLE, *Chairman.*

OBITUARY.

Miss Sara E. Nelson died at the residence of her brother in Baltimore, August 1st, 1900.

She was a Guild member of many years standing; beloved by all who had the privilege of intimate friendship, for her unvarying sweetness and selflessness. Her illness was long and painful, but few who saw the placid smile dreamed of the suffering so bravely borne.

Fortitude, humble trust and bright hope never failed, even when those who so tenderly cared for her knew the end was very near. The Everlasting Arms supported her through transition from pain to perfect rest.

F. W. J.

DIED.—July 31st, at West Chester, Helen Mar Wilson.

On July 31st, Helen Mar Wilson passed away, after an illness of a month. For some years, with the exception of this last year, which was not spent in Philadelphia, she was an active and very much interested member of the Guild. She was a young woman whose high ideals and true worth won for her a large circle of friends, who also admired her for her highly artistic temperament, which expressed itself in many ways.

Miss Wilson was born in Harford County, Maryland, but of late years had lived in Philadelphia. Her summers she spent at "The Haven," Cape Cod, as the guest of her friend, Rev. Anna H. Shaw, who says: "There is no word of praise for a pure white life which does not belong to her." She spent the summer of the World's Fair at the Hotel Endeavor, where she had charge of the King's Daughters' Headquarters, and where her influence for good on the young women help employed was very marked. She had at various times been an inmate of the home of Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, as general helper and loving friend. She had a warm, sympathetic nature, that showed itself in unselfish devotion to friends and appreciation of the needs of the poor. A life of great simplicity, of beautiful, earnest purpose, has passed from among us. May its lesson linger with us.

THE T-B CLUB.

What a name to give it, someone says; and yet, "What's in a name?" Well, there is a great deal in this name. If you cannot guess what it stands for, we say on our word of honor we will not tell you. It means all the world to us—nothing to the world at large.

How is the co-operative plan working? Oh, do come and see us and let us show you, instead of trying to tell you. Come and sample one of our dinners of well-cooked, wholesome food. Take a peep at the daintily-furnished rooms. The writer would like to send you a photograph of the sitting-room and dining-room. All we can say in reference to co-operative housekeeping, from our personal experience, is that it is proving to us each day what satisfactory results can be obtained when each one does her part. In this way none are overtaxed and the best results are obtained.

We have fifteen members, and are preparing to increase the number to twenty when we take a house in town. We feel that one of the greatest reasons why we have succeeded so well has been because we have tried to carry out the idea that we are one family, and the Vice-President presides at the table and acts as hostess. We have but one table, as this makes it much more homelike, and we keep as far away from "boarding house" methods as possible.

In order to divide the duties of our large household, we have recently appointed a Laundry Committee, whose members look over and check off all clothing, and a Closing House Committee, who attend to barring the doors and windows against robbers—and such.

Our Vice President, A. Edith Meyers, has proved herself equal to the task of marketing, catering and entertaining many of the Club's guests; she has made an admirable Vice President, and presides with the dignity becoming the head of so large a family.

Matilda Godshalk has served as Treasurer, and although one of the younger members of the Club, has attended strictly to business and has done her duty well.

Through the kindness of one of our members we have the use of a large telescope, and Miss Frey, our astronomical student, has been teaching us many things.

On the whole we must say our plan is succeeding far better than we had anticipated, and the officers feel much encouraged.

At our last regular meeting, Bertha E. Pope was elected President, and Nina S. Rogers Treasurer.

We regret very much that we are obliged to leave The Grange, as this fine old house, with its spacious halls, large airy rooms, porches, lawn and fine old trees, in fact everything about the place, has seemed to lend itself to us, and has added to our enjoyment. It has been in every way an ideal place in which to start our club. Were it possible, we should like to move the house and all into the city.

We have decided to have "Open House" the third Saturday in September, and we hope our Guild friends who have not yet visited us will give us the pleasure of entertaining them at that time.

We hope to locate somewhere as near the central part of the city as possible by October 1st. Any person desiring to join the club please make application at an early date.

VIOLA RICHMON, *President.*

At the Business Meeting, June 9th, after the conclusion of the regular work, Miss Elizabeth Chandler Clayton gave some readings and recitations in a charming manner; her selections being refreshingly varied and unhackneyed. The Chairman, in thanking our entertainer, said, "Miss Clayton has shown us what beauty of voice and correct expression will do, and has given us a renewed sense of the beauty of the English language and of its wonderful flexibility."

All members of the Entertainment Committee are requested to meet the Chairman on Saturday, September 8th, at 7.30 p. m. sharp.

EVA F. MAGOUN.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE WAY.

Whenever a man casts about for the strongest argument he can find against woman suffrage, he eagerly accepts that one about the loss of deference. "Why," he adds, "not a man will get up and give a woman his seat in the street car, and how will she like that?"

This is invariably the most telling deprivation or sacrifice which men can marshal! Many of us have had the opportunity to watch this street car drama or farce at all hours of the day and evening, and, to express it in its mildest form, it is unique: some of the men who retain their seats wear a defiant, uneasy look; while others appear sheepish and uncertain. Now, if they only knew it, the women who are patiently standing up are not troubled about it and are not thinking half so much of it as the sitters; in fact, these women would much rather stand than obtain a seat grudgingly, or even secure one from the man who, when a square away from his destination, rises, elaborately bows and, with a magnificent flourish, resigns his place; this is always a touching sight!

Then, as to that libel about a woman never thanking a man for giving her his seat, we think the truth is he is too angry, on being disturbed, to hear the invariable "Thank you," or else he, metaphorically, stops up his ears so that his pet theory that a woman has never chanked him and never will, shall not be shattered!

Nine out of ten women prefer to be treated as men when they enter a car, instead of meeting the usual spectacle of a car filled with men behind hastily erected barricades of newspapers! When women get a vote and the famed deferential manners which men assume at the present time to so conspicuous advantage are lost to them forever, we think it will be more of a pleasure to women to use such conveyances.

Time was when to wear a short skirt placed one in that despised company—strong-minded women. If fashion decreed that women should wear a dragnet street dress, they dutifully donned it, and gave the women with non-ground-touching or cleaning skirts a cool stare and a wide berth! The dame mentioned sometimes, though, alas, seldom, dictates a sensible custom—and so the rainy day skirt has come into vogue, and now the so-called strong-minded women smile quietly when they find that the dress which they have been wearing so many years and which not so long ago made them an object of remark, is now "just the thing!"

It all depends, after all, upon the point of view; only, these revolutions, or evolutions, are slightly amusing to the observant and thoughtful!

I. E. T.

Let us not seek to alter our destiny, but let us try to make the best of our circumstances.

ETC.

Do we not often take credit for things that are no credit to us, if seen from the point where our inmost soul stands watching? Those who have great ambitions, accompanied with great energy, rise. They do not rise because of the ambition, nor because of the energy, but because of the combination scientifically applied. The energy is wasted without the ambition to give it direction, the ambition is a mere vapor without the energy to give it concrete life.

So many of us have one or the other of these qualities singly, that the world's great medium mass is composed of "us who are not well balanced." We know men who have dreamed ambition's dream for a life time, dreamed of the opportunity that would come some day, and of the great success they would make and the wonderful things they would accomplish; yet, if their families were dependent on their efforts alone, they would be poor indeed; for they dream on to the end.

We know men full of energy, full of pluck, hard workers, steady, always at it, and they never seem to get a step further on. They are in the bondage of steady work and steady wages, and in that bondage will the end find them. They waste no time in dreaming, but keep everlastingly "at it," never looking for reward beyond what they wring from the world by the "sweat of their brow;" yet they never get ahead.

It requires the combination of the two applied to one's circumstances; and here is where the man with ambition and grit succeeds. He does not wait for a favorable opportunity, like the dreamer, nor does he beat out his brains against the stone wall of unthinking, unstudying, hard, daily labor for wages, like the satisfied laborer. No, he applies his ambition and energy to his circumstances, be they as unpromising as those of a female slave in the East, and so doing, he must progress.

The question is: Do we deserve credit because the combination is found in us? I do not think so. But for the application of the condition in the most effective manner, I think some small praise is due.

The head of a business firm, or of a company, will see a young man in whom this condition is to be found; the young man will be promoted to a nominal officership, be made in the eyes of the law legally responsible for the acts of others. He may never have cause to regret his promotion. On the other hand, he may, as many have done, find himself in jail for the failure of a scheme, which, had it succeeded, would have enriched his associates without their having risked anything on its failure. This man wanted to gratify his ambition and save his energy. He was misled. Does he not deserve the same credit as the man who took the same risk and succeeded? Yet he is called a fool, and the successful one a keen business man. K. T. O'FLAHERTY.

The New Century Journal

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

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

MRS. MARTHA B. EARLE, Publisher.

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WHAT TO READ.

Some books leap into popularity at a bound, while others, at least equally good, rise very slowly into favor. Of the latter class appears to be "The Gentleman from Indiana," by Booth Tarkington. With plenty of incident, the adventures not treading so closely on each other's heels as in that somewhat chaotic story, "To Have and To Hold," but quite as exciting in their way—with much delicate humor, with a hero gentle, quiet, modest, and of a valor quite above the swashbuckler variety of some of our modern novels, and, above all, with a heroine who is not only a dainty little beauty, and a tender, winning woman, but an individual person, with a will as strong as her heart, and an intelligence which makes her the equal of the man who loves her.

One quite original feature of the story, and which we commend for its novelty to succeeding writers, is a certain new departure in the behavior of the heroine in an emergency. She has put herself in a position of danger to save the hero's life. He orders her to go back; she smiles and stays. Then he calls up all the force that is in him, and says again: "Will you go back?" Now, in all the stories heretofore written, when the "conquering male" assumes this tone, the female instantly succumbs; but in this case she violates immemorial precedent by sweetly answering, "No."

The whole tone of this writer, whether in love or in politics (both forming the staple of his story), is so exceptionally high, that we cannot but hope he will write many more stories, and that many

thousands of readers will come to know them. For to our mind there are few sorts of teaching more valuable than noble thought in fiction. Its dramatic form introduces it into the minds of so many who would not otherwise take it in, as insidiously as do the meaner ways of looking at life in the meaner literature. E. S. T.

The following letter is from one of our younger managers. We should like to give her full name, but she is too far off for us to get her permission. We could not, however, resist the temptation of printing the letter:

July 12th, 1900.

MY DEAR MRS. T——:—We have just passed such a delightful two weeks in the Austrian Tyrol, and in places that I know you would enjoy, that I am going to send you a few pages to tell you about it all, and to let you know that I often think of you and "1227."

We have been exploring a part of northern Italy and southern Austria, that for some curious reason has been practically unknown to the general traveler, and especially to American globe-trotters, until the last ten years or so. The mountains are called by the rather cheerless name of Dolomites, but a brighter or more beautiful region it would be hard to find. The peaks are *real* peaks, and quite fill one's early idea of what a mountain ought to be. But their special source of fame is in their wonderful coloring—the bright yellows and dull orange-reds that cross the mountains with great streaks of color. At sunset the effect is particularly beautiful and striking, and often the higher peaks seem turned to bright coral. The valleys are very rich and fertile, and the flowers make you feel as though you were walking in a fairy tale. The fields were literally blue with forget-me-nots, and it was impossible to take a step without treading on perfect carpets of pansies and purple orchids. Even with my unbotanical eyes, I found over sixty varieties of flowers, and without doing more than pick them as we went along the road. I found in the little store at Cortina a very good Alpine Flora, with colored plates, giving all the flowers we found, I think. After seeing so many places, and so many miles of old masters in Italy, it was a relief to go away into the mountains, and we found the long carriage drive so delightful that we almost regretted that steam engines had ever been invented.

We continued our drive from Innsbruck through the Tyrol to Oberammergau, making a twelve hours' journey last three days, so that we could see the country and enjoy the quaint bits of peasant life we met on the way. We were much impressed with the clean and thrifty air of all the villages; the houses were not merely freshly painted, but even the smallest could boast of at least one fresco, and some of the houses seemed to have the entire history

of the Old and New Testament painted on their walls! All along the road were small shrines, and we noticed how much more reverent the people seemed than any we saw in Italy, even the pilgrims in Rome.

It was very interesting, as we came nearer to Oberammergau, to see how many more people there were on the road. We met a great many peasants, most of them wearing the Tyrolese costume, and no distance seemed great enough to discourage them from going to see the Passion Play.

The town itself was a curious sight the evening before the play. From six until after nine, people poured in from every direction, and in the proportion of three Americans to every one of any other nationality. It is impossible to give you an idea of the impressiveness of the play; it is something so fine and so unique that it cannot be compared with anything else. In every way it went beyond my expectations, and the more I think of it, the more inconceivable it seems that peasants in a little far-off mountain village could give anything so beautiful and dignified and impressive as is their play. The details, too, of scenery and stage management, would put many of our managers to shame. The evening before the play we found the "St. John" selling carved wood in his little shop, and saw the "Christus" on his doorstep talking to some of the visitors who were to lodge in his house. All the peasants are very polite, and the children one meets on the road always say "Gruss Gott" as you pass. And their cooking is delicious! Even in the smallest villages we found such good things—it made us groan to think of the country cooking among our American farmers. Truly we in our country have much to learn. H. J.

WE KNOW NOT WHAT'S BEFORE US.

If we did, would not some of us have learned French in the Guild Class last winter! and for many winters before—so that when landed in New France one could voice some of the many inquiries which seethe within her! When one has registered a life-long vow that she never will abide in a Gallic country, and has a firm conviction that her angular tongue cannot possibly slip over the rounded sides of French syllables, and has resolved to spend her vacation on Prince Edward's Island, with a Scotch-woman whose dialect would make her feel herself in a Barrie book, when her attempts at "Very good" result in "Trees bean," surely it is a warning to all to expect whatever one especially desires not to "come to," and never to neglect opportunities to prepare for it.

Here on the shore of the noble St. Lawrence, in a place which means "Land-Slips," and bears many traces of volcanic disturbances, one longs to say, "When shall we have another earthquake?" and when Madame sallies out through long wet grass

to build a fire in the big clay oven under a sloping roof which broods over it like a four-legged hen, it is a loss to the world's progress that one cannot advise her to move her clumsy bakery into her kitchen—witness George Washington's brick one at Valley Forge—that she may conserve heat and steps.

(Wood is as free as air, but one cannot see that the cutting off of the forests has so far influenced atmospheric conditions, for it has rained eleven days out of twelve, and one desires to enter into discussions—perhaps mingled with mild grumblings at facts.)

One yearns to know why the seventeen little turkeys are fed six times a day with moistened wheat-meal and chopped lettuce, and why they never take a drink, and how the goslings know enough to come up the mountain from the river at night, and why the five thin little pigs and their leaner mother graze on the hillside, and why most of the animals wear pokes.

It is a positive grief that one cannot tell Madame what a hit she makes when she serves crushed maple sugar—ten cents a pound—on flap-jacks, and how scientifically she cooks eggs—no tough albumen there—and how judiciously she mixes her salad dressing with the best cream as an important factor.

It is sad not to learn from Monsieur how a thatched barn keeps fodder dry, and why he does not begin haying until nearly August, and how a horse can come up a perpendicular road of wet clay, down which you slip backward, and in which you vainly endeavor not to leave your overshoes.

When the little "chore-boy," Polycarp, with his sad, dark eyes, says, "Bon jour," one wishes to say a friendly word to make it more so, and when one is about to enrich him with a jack-knife, where then is the polite speech of presentation!

And the other children—the little gentle-faced things who go by with tin cups of wild strawberries in their hands—what would not one give to understand and join in their queer chatter! There is a wee girl at the post office, with the merriest little face, who comes to sit by one on the fence, and one cannot tell her the story of Alice in Wonderland! How many years would one require in the French class to reach this height of achievement? Surely one should have high, even if impossible, ideals.

Even the fat-dogs—why is plumpness here canine instead of porcine?—bark and indulge in jerky grumblings at your "Nice doggie?" What do they want?

After enduring all these trials, one finds comfort in gazing at the mountains which are forever near, and sometimes appear, and in climbing into ravines and across foaming, rushing streams, and by swimming in the icy river, and one keeps up hope and cheer by reflecting that one will not always be

dumb, for one's stay is short and the acquirement of fluency in the elusive speech of Old and New France is sure to take "years and it may be forever."
A (ROLLING) STONE.

THE BLIND ORGANIST.

The long-drawn cadence floated by upon the summer air,
And seemed to rise away to heaven, the very soul of prayer;
Again, the notes would murmur on, so mournfully and slow,
We felt the gloom which here on earth poor human hearts must know.
And now and then the chords swelled out, so deep and rich and strong,
We thought of the angelic host, and the unnumbered throng.

The silence always seemed so deep, so full of Sabbath awe,
A sweet solemnity hung round both all we felt and saw.
Thro' windows stained, the sunlight fell in glory down the aisle,
Until, illumed, the pictured Christ seemed to divinely smile.
And then, soft stealing on the ear, an echo of past years,
Some sweet old air would tremble forth, and melt the heart to tears!

And ever, as the organist played, the stillness deepened more,
And world-worn hearts, now strangely stirred, could worship and adore.
When "Home, Sweet Home," his touch evoked, the dear old plaintive tune
Brought some with mem'ries sweet and sad, in tender, close commune,
Yet drew us to the verge of life, when, all rough journeys past,
The weary souls that wandered far, come home, come home at last!

Surely upon the organist's way a light from heaven shone,
And sacred converse filled the hours when he was thought "alone."
The wailing of a wretched world, its mingled cries of pain,
Of one great harmony within, became the minor strain;
And the musician, in whose breast grief dwelt but to refine,
Thro' sorrow touched each listener's heart, and struck a spark divine!

BEATRICE CLAYTON.

A REMINDER.

One of the fullest interpretations of Emerson's searching phrase, "Character is destiny," is unconsciously given by Professor James, of Harvard, in one of his text books, in which he shows the physiological connection between character and habits of action. In it he teaches how indissoluble this connection is, and also awakes one to the fact that conscious co-operation to attain the higher moral qualities would mean the fullest development of the supreme power of personality. Renewal of attention is also called to this truth in a recent article on political education by President Hadley, of Yale, in which he says: "It must constantly be borne in mind that the training of the free citizen is not so much a development of certain lines of knowledge as a development of certain essential qualities of character and habits of action."

Under the pressure of certain conditions of modern life, this truth is in danger of disregard, and nothing, perhaps, has contributed more largely toward this tendency than the premium placed upon knowledge. In the expansion of opportunity for mental and manual education, the demand for the trained worker has steadily increased. So imperative has this demand become, that few men or women can secure employment or command material success without technical training or mechanical skill. In the acceptance of this condition, and in the effort to meet its requirement, it has been unavoidable that the training is regarded by many as an end in itself, and that the standard has arisen of estimating a person by what he *knows*, rather than by what he *is*.

No denial, however, is intended of the fact that there is development of character through the effort made to acquire the training, for, as Professor James clearly shows, character and action are so closely blended, that the reaction of one upon the other is incessant, and from the thorough performance of every task, no matter how trivial, is derived the discipline in direct proportion to the effort made; and likewise, no task is beyond the impulse of the highest ideal of which it is often the most effective expression. Nevertheless, the fullest development of one's possibilities is retarded when training is regarded as all important in itself, rather than the effective means contributory to a higher purpose. What is desired is a shifting of the emphasis placed upon knowledge, and a clear apprehension that "the end of all education is character." Upon this end all the activities of life should be concentrated.

Perhaps at no other season of the year is it so necessary to ponder this truth than now, when nearly every club woman is making her mental memoranda of the intellectual pursuits to which she intends to devote herself during the coming winter.

CLARA BOLD.

HEROINES OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

Fiction and the drama seem to have two leading types of women—the married who wish they were single, and the unmarried who yearn to be wed. Of the former class, we will not at this time speak, confining ourselves to the latter.

In the olden times, we found the tender, elderly, reminiscent maiden with a past; she went frequently to a lavender scented chest and gazed tenderly upon a bunch of faded violets, or looked with tears at a package of yellow letters tied with blue ribbon. She ever lingered at the casement, waiting for the coming of the lover who went from her side when her heart beat young.

At the present time, according to the books and the drama, the maiden is a masculine individual, with a loud voice; she is an alleged man-hater, whom a college education has spoiled, or taken out of her sphere! She stalks through the pages and lines disdainful marriage and scoffing at convention. She secretly lies in wait for the first man who stumbles her way, and on the earliest occasion capitulates. Or, if she be more independent and earns her own living, she sighs for a strong arm to protect her; when fame perches upon her banners, she finds that the chance of matrimony which in her foolishness she once cast aside for her vaulting ambition, represents the sum of happiness, and the plaudits of the world are as wormwood and gall!

Now, while all of this is in books, etc., simply, it reflects the tendency of the day and makes an erroneous impression; to say the least, it is an unnatural state of things. It is unfair to the thousands of women who have won their way to a comfortable position in life, and who have elected to remain unwed, for, after all, these published utterances remain in the public mind. Why, unless it be the effect of these books, is every spinster considered unhappy, however much her appearance belies this condition; while a married woman, rejoicing in the possession of a husband and children, is believed to be deliriously happy, irrespective of any signs to the contrary?

Granted that marriage is the ideal condition in the abstract, now that women have reached a period when they may choose their lot, it is certainly a little odd to conclude that the unmarried women are objects of pity. How many commiserate bachelors? And yet it is just as unfair to women to decide that a single woman is a failure or is not doing her life work, as to believe that every bachelor is such from necessity.

The unmarried woman does not need sympathy; she is oftentimes far happier than those who are worried about her; but she does certainly desire to be let alone and not placed in a false position by her too willing critics.

From the tone of some of the magazines, women

are making queer use of their comparative freedom; witness the following:

"On the whole, are women in the aggregate any the happier for having broken bounds?

"In one sense, yes, for the bounds of olden days were often foolish and vexatious; but underneath there lay sometimes a good substratum of common-sense, and women who have thrown this to the winds lay themselves open to ridicule of the sharpest kind.

"Have you ever heard of slavery which was fullest life—of a freedom worse than death? And yet such things exist and cannot be gainsaid."

There are very few who are going to such extremes, but judging from some of the utterances in the papers, it is the rule.

In the same publication from which the above quotation was taken appears this pathetic picture:

"While the fine weather lasts, while the sun gleams warm on golden hair, while the freshness of roses and lilies combine, so long that butterfly life may please; but when dark threads dim the sheen of gold, when time has rifled the rose of its color, will the fair weather friends still cluster around you?

"Will you not then have a longing for the sanctuary of a home you have failed to make, for the peace of a sure haven in your husband's heart which you failed to cultivate?

"For there lies your work."

We have had the privilege of speaking to scores of women who have spent the best part of their lives in rearing a family, only to see one by one go from the home nest—leaving their hands and hearts empty; are these in much, if any, better position, than those women (or men) who have never entered the marriage state, but on whose golden hair the sun has ceased to gleam?

This life is individual; all are free to select their pathway. A life that suits you may be distasteful to your neighbor, and vice versa. The only true plan is to allow each human being to be the arbiter of his or her own fate, and in this way will one's best work be done.
IDA E. TURNER.

REAL CHILDREN.

Jack, aged five, made the following original prayer. Sickness had pervaded the home, prostrating nearly every member of the family, and the ministrations of the father were largely depended upon:

The form of prayer was: "Please, God, bless mamma, and make her well," and then the others were named, and the conclusion was: "Please bless papa and keep him from getting sick, so that he can wait on the rest of us. Amen." C. B.

"Life must be not only sound and vigorous; it must also be free, gracious and beautiful."

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

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The New Century Journal

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

VOL. XIII.

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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 ANNE McDONOUGH, 1st Vice-President.
MISS LAURA NORRIS, 2d Vice-President.
MISS LAURA F. MASTERS, Secretary.
MISS MARY B. NILES, Treasurer.

Officers of the Executive Board.

MR. E. S. TURNER, Chairman.
MRS. KATE L. GALLAGHER, Vice-Chairman.
MISS HILDA JUSTICE, Secretary.
MR. WM. WRIGHT, 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 FRANCES W. JONES, House and Library.

Bulletin for October.

Saturday, 6th—Lyceum.	8.00 P.M.
Tuesday, 9th—Dressmakers' 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 Guild,	8.00 P.M.
Saturday, 13th—Library Committee.	7.30 P.M.
Saturday, 13th—Willing Hands.	7.30 P.M.
Saturday, 20th—Sociable	8.00 P.M.
Tuesday, 23d—Dressmakers' Association,	8.15 P.M.
Saturday, 27th—Illustrated Lecture. Rev.	
Robert Forsyth.	8.00 P.M.

Friendly Visitors meet one-half hour before every business meeting (7.30) in the Studio.

Saving Fund Deposits, notices of withdrawals, and withdrawals during business hours at Guild Office.

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.

NEW MEMBERS.

Miss Julia P. Williams, Miss Matilda B. Kalck,
Miss Ethel N. Winder.

MARRIED.—Saturday, September the first, Miss Minnie Benson Kidd to Mr. Frank Bain Ball.

CLASSES.

The Evening Classes will begin the week of October the eighth. In the schedule below will be seen the various studies and the evening for each. We announce with pleasure the return of our much-valued teachers, and hope to welcome also many of the old pupils as well as new ones. It will be advisable for pupils to start with the first lesson, so that each class may get down to work at once.

Monday—Advanced French.....Mlle. Boname.
Monday—Sight Singing..Miss Anne McDonough.
Monday—Millinery.....Mrs. Elwood Allen.
Tuesday—Physical Culture...Miss Ella P. Warren.
Tuesday—Bookkeeping.....Mr. C. F. Richardson.
Tuesday—English Branches....Miss Ina Warren.
Tuesday—Elocution.....Miss Ella P. Warren.
Wednesday—Dress Cutting...Miss Ella M. Jones.
Thursday—Sight Singing..Miss Anne McDonough.
Friday—Primary French.....Mlle. Beucler.
Thursday—German.

There will also be classes at the Guild during the day. Miss Warren will organize classes in Physical Culture and Miss McDonough will have her usual Sight Singing classes in the Studio.

Circulars may be had by applying at the Office or Library.

THE OCTOBER BUSINESS MEETING.

The second hour will be devoted to "Vacation Experiences," and arrangements are being made to have five minute talks by certain of our members, who will give us the north, east, south and west. We look for a large attendance, and there will be time allotted for "voluntary contributions" respecting the summer holidays on the part of those who do not care to promise beforehand even a minute "address."

The Entertainment Committee announces a Sociable and games for Saturday evening, October 20th, and for October 27th an illustrated lecture, entitled, "A Little of London," by the Rev. Robert Forsyth, when it is to be hoped that we shall have a large audience.

A call for the Annual Meeting of the State Federation of Pennsylvania Women has been made, the convention to be held at Williamsport on October 9th, 10th, 11th. The Guild, as a member of this body, will send representatives, who will report the proceedings at the October Business Meeting.

NOW COMES THE FAIR.

Every fall we say, to every Guild member as well as to our outside friends, Now is your chance to show your interest in your Society by some sort of contribution to the Annual Fair. There are so many ways of contributing that no one need be left out. Dolls, of course; of these we cannot have too many: all will sell, from the little ten-cent article to the china or wax young lady of any price you choose to make her—which price will be doubled by the work you put on her toilet. Aprons, of course—we never have enough aprons: of every shape and quality, and for every use. Bags, of course; from clothes pin bags to the daintiest fancy article. Domestic goods, of course; towels, soap, brushes, preserves, canned fruits, pickles (we are apt to be short of pickles), anything that can be found in a house-furnishing establishment, a grocer's, a bakery. And these things you can get in several ways; you can make them, buy them, beg them; the latter is often quite successful. Any one who has a friend in trade should call upon him or her at this season to prove his or her friendship by a liberal donation to our Fair.

There are always some Guild members who should not be called upon to spend money, but who could give time. Such we remind that the money for material, or the material itself, will be provided to any who will take it home to sew, or make bees at each other's houses or at the Guild for the purpose.

There is another way in which members can help—in suggesting new ideas to the Fair Committee. A new idea for a fair is a boon indeed; even one nearly new is a treasure.

Ponder these things, dear Guilders; remember that the money annually raised in this way is an absolute necessity to the continuance of your Society. The house needs fresh carpets; the library needs fresh books; the furnace needs coal; the electric light people would shut us off if we failed to pay, with as little feeling as if we were an ordinary dwelling house.

Many of our members need no reminder of Fair time: one came in the other day, saying, "Give me something to do. I've had a good vacation, and feel well and strong, and I want to go right to work for the Fair." But to the newer members it may not occur that the fair is their fair, and that it lies with them to do their share in making it bring in the money which is absolutely necessary to the running of their house.

NOVEMBER 30th-DECEMBER 1st.

The Annual Fair will be held on the dates given above. This will allow a longer time than usual for our faithful workers, there being a gain of two weeks. We expect every Guild member from this on to make the Fair a "special order" for each day,

and sell a ticket, solicit an article, set a few stitches, and later spread the good news by enlisting the interest of would-be purchasers.

The tickets will be, as usual, ten cents for one admission, and fifteen cents for the two days, and will be ready early in October, and every one is invited to take ten to sell to others, as the income from this source is nearly all pure gain.

Contributions of money and material is needed now, and may be sent to the Guild House, care of Miss Canning or Miss Jones, or to the following in charge of departments:

Aprons	Domestic
Mrs. Gallagher	Mrs. Phillippe
Mrs. Hooker	Mrs. Hannington
Fancy	Mrs. Feirce
Mrs. Balderston	Miss Johnson
Mrs. Brubaker	Candy
Mrs. Gawthrop	Mrs. Longstreth
Miss Justice	Miss McDonough
Dolls	Restaurant
Mrs. Wright	Miss Campbell
Mrs. Lewis	and
Miss Shrigley	Noon Rest

The Fair Committee will meet Saturday, October 6th, at 10.30 A. M., and any member or Circle having a fresh idea is invited to send a representative or a communication to that meeting. The T-B Club is elaborating an entirely new feature.

ANNA B. LEWIS, *Chairman.*

THE WILLING HANDS.

This adjunct of the Guild comes with its autumn greeting to the members, and extends not only willing but beseeching hands for material to prosecute its winter work. Perhaps few know of the work it has done in the past—how the clothes donated were looked over, remodelled and dispensed to the needy; how a few hours spent now and then with needle and thimble, fashioned coverings for some cold little ones, or reduced the pile of mending accumulating for a busy sister working-girl.

But when appeals come to them for help that requires money, they have none. The membership is small, and the dues—five cents a month. And there are many appeals that a dress or a coat or a pair of shoes does not answer.

Will not the members think of the possibilities of relief, and work and help us to organize a fund, either by donations outright or by the payment of the dues and as much more as they feel able and willing, monthly? Just last week came word of a member who, because of sickness, has been obliged to neglect the payment of her Guild dues and so lapsed from membership. The Willing Hands, had it such a fund, would meet that call in the quiet way that characterizes its work.

The writer is acquainted with and has visited two ladies of refinement and education, who, she knew,

had been left, by the death of supporting relatives, in very reduced circumstances; but a chance call last week revealed the fact that they are old, sick, alone, and almost penniless. Their small stock of furniture was packed, ready to move away from the two rooms they had occupied for a year, because more rent had been demanded of them, and they were going to cheaper rooms, for which they had money to pay one month's rent and a little left for food. For many days they had eaten one meal a day—and that bread and coffee—in order to save the money for rent. God comes to the assistance of such cases as this through human agency—why not the Guild's own WILLING HANDS.

The class in Psychology has held its weekly meetings all summer. They have been purely social reunions of the stay-at-homes. The coolest, breeziest, happiest subjects, talked over in the most desultory fashion, to the accompaniment of iced lemonade and sweet cake, dispensed by the hands of a lovingly self-instituted hostess, made each evening an addition to the pleasure events of a summer otherwise to be remembered for its long-continued hot days and nights—days when just to keep awake has seemed exertion enough.

But with the cooler weather comes the desire to get back to work. To the study—now two years old—that has proved to be not only an intellectual but a really practical benefit to us all. We are learning the theory of the control of *mind* over *all things*. That "as we think, so we are;" that "as we think, so we see things and people and events," and are proving, as we learn, that the cheerful, hopeful, confident thought, persistently dwelt in, makes of the individual a healthy, happy person, who can see in the somberest surroundings rays of light, that can illuminate the whole. And we have among us—dare I tell it?—star students who have realized that highest truth of the teaching "that right thinking can change *things*." "That our habit of thinking literally makes our world." How much this means to the sick and sorry, to the weak and discouraged!

There is no teacher, therefore no cost for membership, and a welcome to visitors. The regular lessons will begin Wednesday, October 3d, at 8 P. M., in the Studio. I. A. M.

LYCEUM.

The New Century Guild Lyceum resumed its monthly meetings in the assembly room on Saturday, September 1st, and notwithstanding the fact that this first meeting occurred in the last week of summer, and with a temperature in accordance, the attendance was larger than ever before at a September Lyceum. However, as the conductors in crowded cars say, there was still room up front, and in this case, a welcome, too.

After arranging the October programme, the members, one and all, entered spiritedly into the informal discussion which followed, on vital topics. One subject in particular, "Are Spinsters Unhappy or Lonely?" called forth a very animated expression of opinion. As a finale to this meeting, the President, Miss Shengle, conducted a palmistry party, and the Lyceum members were conducted through the mysterious paths of destiny as portrayed by the lines of the hands; and as the conductress very considerably only pointed out virtues, it proved a very pleasant innovation, and was reluctantly brought to a close.

At the next meeting, on October the sixth, the Lyceum is to decide the question, "Are men to be allowed the sharing of women's privilege, wearing the shirt waist?" As this encroachment on their rights is a momentous question, it is hoped that the Guild Parlor will have "standing room" only. MARGARET KEATING.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE N. C. G. LYCEUM.

DEAR LADIES:—Some of my male friends, learning that the subject of the "Shirt Waist" is to be discussed by your association, have appointed me to ask you to consider our case as favorably as possible, remembering that this is the first chance we have had for many generations to wear something a little picturesque and becoming. Why should our sex be limited to the stiff coat of every day, or the dress suit which makes us all look like restaurant waiters, or valets, while you are at liberty to change your fashions, to study your complexions, to make yourselves attractive in every possible way? In all the lower creation, the gentleman has the advantage; it is he who wears the gay colors, and makes himself conspicuous, while she takes the sober colors and the retiring demeanor; but with us! all the ugly tints, all the unbecoming shapes. Even a cheerful necktie lays us open to criticism, while if we are seen, once in a while, looking wistfully at a beautiful masculine dressing gown in some window, people turn and smile. And yet, why should we not like to attire ourselves becomingly? Think how we all want to please and be admired by you; how, in humble imitation, we are even now choking ourselves with two-story collars, not minding the torture if we thereby find favor in your sight; think how tolerant we have been all summer to the "net waist," although if we did not know that your sex could not possibly do anything immodest, we might have suspected them of being a little queer; consider all these points, and now, when at last there comes a chance for us to wear a garment at once comfortable and graceful, forbear to crush us.

O dear ladies, please, if you can,
Do let me be a Shirt Waist man.

JOHN.

THE "OLD"

WOMAN.

BY CONFUCIUS,

The Great Chinese Philosopher.

Woman is subject to man; she cannot herself direct affairs, but must follow the rule of three obediences.

At home, before marriage, she must obey her father.

When married, she must obey her husband.

After her husband's death she must obey her son.

She may not presume to follow her own judgment.

—Confucius, 550 B. C.

1900 A. D.

A FEMALE PHARMACIST.

The American Pharmaceutical Association, at its last session, elected Miss Josie A. Wanous, of Minneapolis, third Vice-President. Miss Wanous is the first woman to hold an office in this association. She is called the leading woman pharmacist of America, and her pharmacy in Minneapolis is conducted on a sound business basis. Miss Wanous always dresses in exquisite taste, is prominent in society, as well as in her profession, and while in no way an aggressive "new woman," is an active member of the local Political Equality Club.

THEY TOOK US IN.

Broadly speaking, all the streets in Quebec are saintly, and, to come down to detail, some of the landladies are not. After six weeks of blissful repose on the promise of one resident of a saint's namesake, she flatly failed us on our hopeful arrival. In righteous indignation we marched over to the street of St. Anne, where, on a large, square, brown mansion of ancient aspect and with thick walls, we saw the pleasing words, "Women's Christian Association." A pleasant maid really welcomed us to a large room with two beds in the fourth story, overlooking the St. Charles River, and to a smaller one in a building which was formerly a Methodist chapel, and was modestly situated behind the first house. A hall connected the two houses on the first floor, and a roof-garden, gay and sweet, with benches for floral admirers, permitted one to pass between the second stories.

Both houses were fresh and clean, and prettily pa-

THE "NEW."

Mrs. Fannie Lamar Rankin will represent the State of Georgia at the approaching convention of wholesale druggists in Chicago. She is the only woman member of the Druggists' Association, and this is the second time she has been selected to act as a delegate for the drug merchants of Georgia.

Mrs. Rankin is financially interested in several large drug concerns in her State and the heads of these firms have requested her to represent them at the Chicago convention.

pered and each had two or more spacious bathrooms, with plenty of hot water. To one who had bathed for seven weeks in the icy St. Lawrence, this seemed sybaritic.

The people were in keeping with our delighted impressions of the house. The matron was sweet and motherly, ready to offer an early—even very early—breakfast or dinner if we wished to go on an excursion to Indian Lorette or St. Anne de Beaupré, eager to change a five dollar American bill into Canadian money, that our caleche driver might be appeased, and most compassionate when unusually warm days made the fourth-story room rather Philadelphian, in climate. The maids were nice girls, glad to tell one anything interesting about the city, and quick and thoughtful in their table service.

In the large basement kitchen was the best-natured cook, who allowed one to examine her range dampers, and who exhibited with pride the deep window-seats and told how the house was an officers' headquarters a great many years ago.

There were two dear kittens also, and one could cuddle them to complete the home feeling.

The table was simple and wholesome—clean, of course; such was the atmosphere of the place—and the boarders, although of French, Scotch, Irish, English and American prejudices, agreed admirably and enlivened each other with tales from their native lands.

One attractive French girl, who had enjoyed this home for several years, told us amusing Quebec stories, and she kept the garden between the two houses beautiful with flowers.

Another girl, with Scotch accent, most obligingly supplied us with time-tables for our excursions. Every one was cordiality itself, and during our week's stay we had that delightful feeling of "belonging."

Surely we found comfort and not at hotel prices. Perhaps some of the Guild sisters will try this home—notice the little *h*—in summer days to come.

A. S.

THE GERM OF BAD MANNERS.

"Independence is a trait I like in Americans," said a girl near me the other day. "To think that 'I am as good as every one else' puts a strain of confidence into me."

"That same reflection, 'I am as good as every one else,' is at the bottom of a great deal of our proverbial bad manners," was the reply. "Would it not be better to think 'every one else is as good as I am?'" It certainly is a commendable trait to be self-reliant so far as material affairs are concerned, but there is an equality of worth to be recognized in others which is above the obligations to self.—Ada C. Sweet, in *Woman's Home Companion*.

DIAMONDS AND BLOSSOMS.

One day, near the close of the long winter, there came a faint new whisper in the air. It was as if the sun were asking the earth if she were ready to awake from the domination of the North wind, and begin again to live.

As under the Northwind she had contracted and hardened, so under the Sun's smile she relaxed and softened; in her gladness she sent up her mists to tell the moon, and there they became silver mists, very lovely to see.

The Northwind saw this with displeasure; said he, "I will show the Sun that his time is not yet come; and I will show the earth that I can make her beautiful, too. Instead of those green things that he brings out on the trees, I will cover them with diamonds."

Forthwith he attacked the mists with fury, so that they clung to tree, and bush, and vine, and little twig, wherever they could hold. Colder and colder blew the Northwind as the night wore on, and finally retired to wait for the coming of the Sun.

When he arose, appeared a scene of dazzling beauty: every tree, and bush, and twig, and old dead grass blade, was ablaze with diamonds.

"But I don't like it," cried an apple tree from the orchard; "I am bound so tight and fast that I have no room to grow."

"Do you want to grow?" said the Sun.

"Surely," replied the apple tree. "Why, only yesterday I was dreaming about a time of blossoms, and golden light, and later of rosy apples to hang where the flowers had bloomed."

"Wait and see," said the Sun. "Live in hope, and for every diamond I will some day give you a blossom: I will shine on the jewels and melt them at your roots, and every one of them shall turn to growth."

And slowly but surely began the drop, drop, drop, as the diamonds vanished, only to turn into flowers and fruit.

Perhaps we, too, have our wintry times, when the Sun of Life and Love seems gone forever, and only the Northwind moans through our days. But then comes a prophecy—a desire which is a prophecy; we hear a poem, read a book, get a glimpse of some soul-sunlight; or it may be that music is the bearer of the message, or even it may be sorrow; however it come, if we accept it as our own awakening call, the very frosts will turn to blossoms, the very trials that encased us will make for our final good.

E. MARSTELLER.

TO AUTHORS.

Our kind contributors are requested to add to the value of their contributions consideration for the editor, by writing on only one side of the paper.

REAL CHILDREN.

The moral of the following is for those who forget to practice what they preach.

A band of mercy was organized by a woman deeply interested in this form of philanthropy, and met with the warmest response from the children. It was noticed, after several meetings, that A., whose interest had been enthusiastic from the beginning, had become indifferent to the meetings and did not attend. His mother asked him the reason, and was given the following answer:

"Why, mamma, at one of the meetings, Mrs. X. was reading to us and telling us how kind we ought to be to every living thing. Just then along the road came a horse and wagon, and the driver was beating the horse dreadfully. I was sure that Mrs. X., as soon as she saw it, would make him stop. Instead, she looked out of the window and said, 'Oh, what a shame!' and went right on reading."

C. B.

THE OPTIMIST.

When I am in the dentist's chair
I do not raise a fuss.
I thank my lucky stars I'm not
A hippopotamus.

When baggagemen destroy my trunk,
I do not rave and rant,
But mentally I say I'm glad
I'm not an elephant.

When my new shoes are hard and tight,
And painfully impede
My walk, I smile and think, "'Tis well
I'm not a centipede."

—Selected.

If, in a school, twenty years hence, it shall be asked: "What celebrity lived in Canton?" and a boy answers, "McKinley," and another boy, "Li Hung Chang," which of the boys will be marked perfect?—G. T. E., in *The Public*.

THE CORNFED PHILOSOPHER.

"You must not think, young man," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "that a young woman doesn't know anything just because she has a habit of asking foolish questions, that give you a chance to impart information with a superior air."—*Indianapolis Press*.

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The really cheerful and happy people in the world are those who are satisfied to be little, do little, and know little.—Max O'Rell.

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The New Century Journal

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

VOL. XIII.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 1, 1900.

No. 9.

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 HILDA JUSTICE, 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 FRANCES W. JONES, House and Library.

Bulletin for November.

Saturday, 3d—Lecture on Trees,	
Dr. Emily Hunt.	8.00 P.M.
Friday, 9th—New Century Trust.	2.00 P.M.
Friday, 9th—Executive Board Meeting.	3.00 P.M.
Saturday, 10th—Business Meeting of Guild.	8.00 P.M.
Saturday, 10th—Library Committee.	7.30 P.M.
Saturday, 10th—Willing Hands.	7.30 P.M.
Saturday, 10th—Friendly Visitors.	7.30 P.M.
Tuesday, 13th—Dressmakers' Association.	8.15 P.M.
Saturday, 24th—Sociable.	8.00 P.M.
Tuesday, 27th—Dressmakers' Association.	8.15 P.M.
Friday, 30th—	
Saturday, Dec. 1st FAIR	10.00 A.M. to 10.00 P.M.

Saving Fund Deposits, notices of withdrawals, and withdrawals during business hours at Guild Office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lunch for self-supporting women, daily except Sunday, 12 to 2 P. M.

NEW MEMBERS.

Miss Mary E. Chamberlain, Miss Amy Sartain,
Mrs. Katharine Paul, Mrs. Lillian M. Turner.

FORESTRY.

The Lyceum is pleased to be able to announce an illustrated lecture on "Trees" at the next meet-

ing, Saturday, November 3d, at eight P. M. There are few subjects which have received so much attention lately as this; and when it is stated that the lecturer will be Dr. Emily G. Hunt, nothing more need be said to insure a large audience.

We wish all of our members to enjoy this privilege, but there will be room for their friends also.

THE ANNUAL FAIR.

Our Committee needs:

Contributions—in money to buy materials for our members to fashion into salable articles.

Aprons—more of all kinds and sizes.

Small articles—inexpensive, for Miss Howell's "Grab Woman."

Members—to sell tickets.

Friends—to enjoy our dainty luncheons and teas on the days of the Fair.

Everybody—to come and buy on November 30th and December 1st.

The Committee reports that the following have kindly consented to aid in the different departments: Candy—Miss Aiken; Dolls—Mrs. Ball; Miscellaneous or Fancy—Miss Perot, Mrs. Halligan and Miss Hillman. Volunteers are needed for day and evening. Names may be left with Miss Canning or Miss Jones.

The evenings promise to be interesting. A continuous minstrel performance is assured, which will be quite novel and taking.

At the Lyceum meeting on October 6th, there was a spirited parliamentary drill, in which the leader was assisted very materially by Mr. Charles F. Richardson, who, we might say in passing, is undaunted by the fact that he is oftentimes the sole representative of creation's lords. He helped to appeal from the chair, and, in fact, it was only by resorting to Speaker Reed tactics that the occupant upheld her dignity and retained the reins of government.

The shirt-waist man had an easy time of it—the majority feeling that he may be in evidence if he will confine such toilet to proper occasions; for instance, he must not attend receptions, church and other solemn functions, without the conventional coat. In a word, so far as the New Century Lyceum is concerned, the coming shirt-waist man will be welcomed to the ranks of comfortably and seasonably dressed folk.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURES.

The members of the Guild will be interested to learn that arrangements have been made by which they may secure tickets for the University Extension lectures at Fifteenth and Chestnut Streets this winter, at a large reduction from the ordinary rates. This is such an unusual opportunity for them to attend the most interesting lecture courses at very low prices, that we urge the matter upon their attention. Full information may be had by addressing the Actuary at 1227 Arch Street, who has a supply of these tickets, and though whom alone our members can secure these special rates.

The lectures this winter are delivered on Monday evenings in Association Hall, Fifteenth and Chestnut Streets, and are all by the most popular University Extension lecturers.

The full schedule is as follows:

November 5th, a lecture by Richard G. Moulton, Ph. D., of the University of Chicago, on "King Lear: A Moral Problem Dramatised."

November 12th to December 17th, six lectures by Thomas Whitney Surette, of New York City, on the "Great Composers: Classical Period." Mr. Surette's lectures will be illustrated by stereopticon views and also with musical selections. He will be assisted by such well known artists as Messrs. William Stoll, Jr., E. A. Brill, R. Schmidt, and R. Hennig, of the Beethoven String Quartette; Miss Edith Wood, Violinist; Mr. George R. Strauss, Baritone; and Mr. Edward Garrett McCollin, Baritone, who, at Mr. Surette's request, has kindly volunteered his services for the first lecture.

January 7th, a lecture by Henry van Dyke, LL.D., on "Tennyson."

January 14th to April 1st, twelve lectures by Edward Howard Griggs, M. A., on "The First Part of Goethe's Faust."

The price of the season ticket for all of these twenty lectures to the public at large is \$3.00. Information as to the reduced rates offered to members of the Guild will be furnished upon application to the Actuary.

The Willing Hands would thank those who have been so kindly helpful during the past month. The cold weather is coming on now, with the many needs which follow in its wake, and we would again ask our friends, and *their friends*, to remember us with money, or warm clothing; children's shoes are always greatly in demand.

This winter we are anxious to raise a special fund, having regular monthly contributors. This fund is to be used in particularly deserving cases, which would not come under the head of ordinary charity. The "cup of cold water" offered, rather than sought. Can you help us in this?

E. C. HANINGTON,
Chairman Willing Hands.

INTERMEDIATE FRENCH.

Members of the Guild and any others who have studied French for a year and then stopped because there was no intermediate class for them to join and they did not know enough to study with the advanced class, will be glad to know that a class has been started under Mademoiselle Beucler, which meets on Monday evenings in the Studio, at 7.30 o'clock.

This class is independent of the Guild course, and the cost is regulated by the number of scholars: each member of the class pays one dollar, and Mademoiselle gives as many lessons as there are dollars; at present we have five members in the class, and we are very anxious to increase this number to eight or ten. The same method is used as in the beginners' class—conversational, and for the present the same book answers the purpose.

Everything strange seems hard, and if those who became discouraged after one year's study of French would attend the intermediate class as visitors one evening, they would realize that the real "fun" has just begun.

THE DRAMATIC.

The N. C. G. Dramatic gave its second short sketch on Saturday, October 20th, and it is hardly necessary to say that it was well received.

We thank our friends and fellow-members for their warmly expressed interest, and will continue to endeavor to deserve their appreciation.

The Dramatic is at present preparing for a grand vaudeville, to be presented early in December, and any member of the Guild who would like to take part in the same is invited to send her address to the President of the Dramatic.

It is confidently expected that the vaudeville, being something entirely novel, will prove most attractive and entertaining.

K. T. O'FLAHERTY, *President*.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE WAY.

We learn that there will be another attempt made, during November, to place smoking cars on the railway lines, and it is hoped "that the public will be sufficiently unselfish to permit them to remain a feature of the service." It may as well be remarked that if these conveniences, for a certain class, are to be extended upon the same basis as before, they will fail again. There was much grumbling because women boarded such cars and thus interfered with the comfort of the smokers; but in the majority of cases, the action on the part of these "invaders" was born of necessity. The railway companies did not arrange that such special cars should become a trailer of a general car, or be placed in front of such, but in almost every instance this particular car took the place of a general one, and

if a shivering woman failed to take it, it meant several minutes more of discomfort, and, in the morning, lateness and consequent fine at destination; this applies especially to the morning hours, when the cars are patronized to such a large extent by working girls and women; and, respecting the cars at the close of a working day—well, this is too tender a subject to discuss.

We notice that no women have been selected for the Hall of Fame, and it would appear that the distinguished judges have made invidious sex distinctions. Women were eligible, but their fate was sealed when they were not represented on the board. Every woman chosen would have made one place less for men, and that would never do. There is a movement on foot to establish an annex for the accommodation of "foreign-born Americans," and if so, dare we hope that a few famous women will be included?

I. E. T.

REPORT OF THE STATE FEDERATION MEETING.

"Whom the gods love, they honor with such guests."

It was with this motto that the State Federation of Pennsylvania Women was received at Williamsport by the Clio Club of that city. This Club is but three years old, and yet the entertainment it gave was perfect in every detail, and the spirit of cordial hospitality, most cheering. As a member of the Credential Committee, I can state that 117 clubs belong to the Federation. Of these, 51 were represented, sending 80 delegates, independent of officers of clubs and other visiting club women.

The first evening was devoted to a reception tendered by the Clio Club to the visitors. It was at this charming affair that we were presented to the President of our State Federation, Mrs. Ellis Lewis Campbell, whose beautiful character made its impress on the meeting from the first day to the last, and made the convention one to be remembered for the spirit pervading it.

On Wednesday morning began the real work, and let me say here that all the business was conducted in the most thorough manner. There was nothing about it experimental, and no hitch occurred from start to finish. The programme was full, but not crowded; the honor of this part of the work is due to Miss Elizabeth Lowry, Chairman of the Programme Committee.

Miss Jessie Little, the Secretary, being ill, a heartfelt resolution of appreciation of her services was passed, and our own Miss Garvin was installed as Secretary pro tem. Miss Garvin read the minutes and all subsequent papers so finely that special notice was called to her work.

The three-minute reports of clubs, contrary to the usual idea, were interesting and very entertaining. It is astonishing to know what the small clubs are

accomplishing, and your delegate was impressed with the fact that strength does not lie in numbers, but, rather, in the unity that is more possible in a club small enough for each member to feel that she is of it a vital part.

An amendment to the rules, on payment of dues, was made, to this effect: that any club may send delegates to the State Federation, providing its dues are paid before the stated meeting. This, you see, will allow a delegate to walk into the annual meeting bearing the dues of her club in her hand.

The star speaker was Miss Mira Loyd Dock, who reported the Milwaukee meeting, and, of course, touched on her own subject, Forestry. Miss Dock's loveliness and enthusiasm made each one feel that nothing was quite so important as her subject.

Miss Charlotte Wilkinson, with her usual dignity and earnestness, presented the subject of Working Girls' Clubs; after which a pet theory of your delegate yielded up the ghost. She has always contended that any woman can do what any other woman has done. But she can't, and may as well recognize her limitations. She cannot speak in public, but we did have our report read, and it seemed to be of interest.

Mrs. Litch's paper on "Reciprocity" called out a lively discussion, and showed that all the clubs had been, unknowingly in some cases, working on this line.

The Sewickley Woman's Club reported having graduated a class of 17 club women and 17 colored cooks, side by side, in Domestic Science.

Miss Elizabeth Carpenter's paper on "Club Ethics" was scholarly, and showed such a fine spirit that I wish every one could have heard it.

Mrs. Turner's paper on the same subject was read, and I was proud to see how all those club women love and honor our President.

Besides the transaction of business, there were charming social affairs—a drive, a tea, a musicale, a reception by the Men's Club, and others, which I did not stay to participate in.

The three subjects which impressed me as being at present most prominent in club work are these: Libraries, and the Mental Training Side; Domestic Science and the Manual Training Involved; and Forestry.

The thought I brought home with me is this: "Criticism is easy, and art is difficult;" and a club is what it is because of each member—a club takes its tone from the individual; what it means to you, that you are. And finally, let me quote the motto on the State Federation programme, "The only force capable of giving any institution a permanent vitality is the constant presence of the same spirit that gave it birth; and when this is present, it is working ever toward higher results." So only while the form is growing better is it good.

L. CANNING.

The New Century Journal

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

Issued by the New Century Guild on the first 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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The present is one of the times that tries the souls of American women, a time when a sense of their nothingness, their inadequacy to really fill any part in life's drama, is forced upon them and rubbed in. Social attractions fall flat. If, perchance, a social function takes place in a house which never opens its doors without making a success of it, there is now an exception to the rule. The men collect in one corner with serious brows, and the women pine and languish in another.

Young men forget to go to church Sunday evenings.

New bonnets attract little attention, and consequently rouse no envy, that tribute to taste so dear to the female heart.

Charity makes no demands or gains no hearing.

Even the charms of the club are at the lowest ebb. The bright woman who is ordinarily listened to with respect, who is heard with apparent pleasure, and can even draw men into an argument and maintain her side with good temper and skill, is now ignored. There seems, in short, to be no place for the sex in a land whose proud boast it is that here women are supreme.

What is the matter? What blight has fallen on our graces?

It is the eve of a Presidential election.

Politics engross the minds of the lords of creation. Those even who affect to despise it, or to take part in it only under protest, have now neither eyes nor ears for anything else. And, after all, what can our women know or care about politics? How

should they be able to decide between the claims of tariff for revenue and tariff for protection, and free trade with direct taxation? If called upon to decide, they would be sure to make a personal matter of it, and want to know how each one would affect them, or else they would go off on some Utopian track and wish to know how the world in general would be affected.

How can they form any opinion about imperialism? If they were Filipino or Porto Rican women, they might have some practical knowledge of it; but here, in our favored republic! never!

What ideas can we form about the currency, whether bimetalism or the gold standard, bank-shin plasters or greenbacks, are better for the welfare of the rank and file of the people?

Do we not take all we can get, either as scanty wages or as due to our sex from our male relatives, asking no questions for conscience' sake?

Though the trusts and syndicates make it harder for us to obtain the necessaries of life, what means are there at our command for knowing that it is not better for the ultimate welfare of all that millions should, by painful toil, achieve a bare subsistence, while the few pile up the millions for which they have no use?

Evidently, this is a period of well-deserved humiliation for us. But courage, sisters! When it is past and our sun shines out again undimmed, we shall be grateful to the powers that kept our secret longings in check and preserved intact our feminine delicacy.

THE WAIL OF THE WOEFUL ONE.

Some poet [how many a multitude of sins is covered by the generous mantle of poesy (?)] has referred to the corrector of the press as a being who stands

“ . . . calm, serene,

The power behind the throne.”

This is unkind—it is at the same time damning with faint praise, and belittling with too much.

The power *before* the throne would better suit the case, for it is the brain of the corrector which directs into the channels of lucidity the oftentimes erratic streams which gush from the minds of the great, and his skilled hand directs into the fields of legibility the truant hieroglyphics of genius which erst had strayed into the fastnesses of the unknown.

But calm! serene! O, shades of Lindley Murray, how could the human animal be calm while the seconds are being ticked off in his ears by the palpitations of a dozen presses, each capable of running off, at the rate of 1800 copies per hour, the printed evidence of his own incapability to cope with the problem, that is to say, the vagaries of the English language.

No one so well qualified to give good and reliable reasons why the spirit of mortal should not

be proud, as the average proof-reader, for no other business has the questionable advantage of impressing on the minds of its votaries such a clear-cut idea of their own fallibility. No reader so capable as not to bask continually in the knowledge that at any given moment he is as liable as the next fellow to put his foot in it. It is this consciousness of the presence of the Damoclesian sword, forever suspended above his professional head, forever quivering on the single thread, that is responsible for casting over the personality of the reader such an edifying suggestion of self-depreciation, and which gives to his individuality such meekness and humility.

But calm, serene! Only a poet could see in a proof-reader any evidences of a calmness so colossal as to withstand serenely the bold, black, printed evidence of his pigmy attempts at grappling with the problem.

Once upon a time a butcher ordered to be printed and scattered broadcast through the neighborhood, a card informing a hungry public,

“Our meat can't be beat.”

He must have experienced all the sensations of drowning when he read, under his firm name, printed, according to orders, in bold, striking type, the legend,

“Our meat can't be eat.”

The advertisement of a dry goods house announced that ladies' petticoats, with endless frills and flounces, tucks, puckers, and lace trimmings would be sold at .25, which resulted in a feminine foot ball scrimmage, to the consternation of the clerk, who spent the best part of the day explaining that the dollar mark and an inoffensive little 2 had been smashed on the press.

If the power behind the throne has any semblance of calmness or serenity, when his tired eyes behold a member of the firm bearing down upon him, armed with a finished copy of the most valuable work in the house, it is the calmness of despair.

There was comedy enough and tragedy enough in the feelings of the reader who was shown printed and bound evidence of the fact that Luke xii: 27, was authority for the statement that “the All would not be the All unless it contained a Personality, and that Personality is God,” while Victor Hugo was credited with having recommended us to “Consider the lilies, how they grow.”

The simple transposition of foot notes was responsible for this joke.

Once there was an author who thought he knew it all, and he didn't, but he said the proof-reader was to follow his copy exactly and not try to edit his job; and he said *edit* with such an italic accent of satire that the reader didn't change his copy a bit, and followed his style in everything. Result, the proof-reader was discharged.

Of late years, The Problem grows more and more

intricate, for there are authors who use American English, authors who use English English, a few pioneers who use the “simplified” (?) English recommended by the National Educational Association, which lops off all unsounded letters, and uses t's for hard d's and so on. Now, the force of habit is great, and after reading the “simplified” author for a week or so, a reader allowed a proof to go to the English English author reading like this: “A markt increas in rufness was laft off thruout the program, altho thoroely opposit to the conservativ taste of the members.” The calm and the serenity of the power behind the throne was not in evidence in that proof-room when the proof came back corrected and commented upon by the admirer of old style English.

Moral: Don't credit the author with being as familiar as yourself with The Problem, even when he has a good reference from himself.

And the lesson to be learned from all this is that the more familiar you are with the English language, the less likely you are to say what you mean, so that the other fellow will know what you mean to say.

K. T. O'F.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MRS. EDITOR:—I am a Guild member, and a bona fide working woman, but as I am married, my work is of a kind that keeps me at home.

I hear and read a good deal of talk about how to make home happy, and especially how the wife must make it happy for the husband.

One of the first rules is: “Don't talk to him of your household troubles; he has doubtless had business worries of his own through the day, and he ought not to be bothered with yours in the evening. He comes to his home as to a haven of peace and rest.”

Second. “Don't complain to him of the children; settle all little difficulties with them yourself, as they arise: it is more dignified anyhow, and more likely to command their respect than if you let them think you are not equal to them yourself (this part is certainly true). Reflect, moreover, that he may have been counting on having a good time with them when he gets home, and that if he is obliged to punish them as soon as he comes in, his evening, so far as they are concerned, is spoiled.” That last part I had never thought of. Very well, I won't.

Third. “Don't complain of your servants; until you learn to manage them yourself you will never be a successful housekeeper. Talk about anything else, but not the servants.” Very well, I won't.

Fourth. “Don't talk about your little ailments. If you need to call a physician, or if you are worn out and need a change to avert nervous prostration, that is another thing; but if you have had a headache or faceache, or if you have been all unstrung some

time during the day about some trifle, he can't help that now, and why worry him for nothing? Don't mention that." Very well, I won't. It is rather hard to smile when you have the toothache, or to seem merry when your girl has just given you warning, but still—

And now, Mrs. Editor, let me say a word on my side. I have a good sized house and three children, and one very average maid, consequently I am at home a good deal; still, I have some time for outside interests, if they were thought compatible with my domestic obligations; but here I am met again with advice. "Don't seek outside occupation; don't join clubs or societies or unions or anything that will draw your interest away from your home," etc., etc., etc.

Then may I ask you, kind advisers, what *am* I to talk about? And how am I to be good company for my husband? He is a physician, and without violating any confidences, he can tell me incidents from his day's experiences which take me into a new sort of world, are like an outing to me. And when he feels in the mood, he does. And once in a while he reads the newspaper aloud while I am darning his stockings, with side comments he has gleaned from people on the street. And here I would suggest, if I thought any men read our JOURNAL, that one of the best things a married man can do with his newspaper is to read at least some parts of it—yes, something more than the "Household Column," to his wife in the evening while she is darning.

Now, I confess that once in a great while I do go to a mothers' meeting, where I hear not only a comparing of notes concerning the safest way to use pins on a baby's clothing, but earnest questions and suggestions about the best ways to train that baby, and the thoughts of women who have gone down into the study of the principles of education and training. So also if I should go to hear Miss Mira Dock on "Forestry," or Prof. ———, I might have something to tell in the evening worth my husband's attention. But then they say I mustn't, because if I don't watch out I shall step over the line and be out of my sphere. So please, Mrs. Editor, what am I to do?

O no, dear correspondent, you mustn't get out of your sphere; that is, you must not meddle with any subject which is not in some way related to the interests of the home. We hardly know where to point to such a subject; of course, it is not education nor the war policy, nor the labor troubles, nor the saloon—anyhow, if you do find it, you are to avoid it, and attend only to the rest. It does really seem to be for the happiness of your whole family that you should be saved from sinking into such a mere household drudge that you are competent to manage

only your children's food supply and your husband's buttons, thus growing every day further away, especially from him, in a comprehension of all that makes the outside world for him: his companion no longer; only his cook.

However, it must be considered that we are the radical editor, and our views should perhaps be taken with allowance.

REAL CHILDREN.

A little girl, whose mother was a dressmaker, gave to one of the beatitudes a new version: "Blessed are the Dressmakers." M. G.

A small girl and boy stood at the window, looking at the sky.

Boy—"Isn't Dod a dood Man to make the clouds and the pretty stars!"

Sister—"Harry, don't you ever call Him God or a man, for if there was ever a perfect gentleman, I think He's one." M. G.

THE STUNTED CHILDREN OF THE COAL FIELDS.

"For, oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap—
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as white as snow.
For, all day long, we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark underground;
Or, all day we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round."

—Mrs. Browning.

When the big hearted Fred. Dilcher, of the executive board of the mine workers, conceived and organized that procession of half-clad, half-starved children in the anthracite coal fields last week, he swayed the hearts and stirred the souls of his countrymen to greater depths than could have been done by the greatest orator in the world.

Here was a procession of young little old men from eight to sixteen years of age. Stunted and blunted, robbed of the playground and the school room, they knew of nothing but work! work! work! The day that witnessed that demonstration was a glad day to those children. Somehow they felt that their deliverance was nigh, and a thrill of joy and hope quickened their steps as they marched through the town.

In a conversation with the writer, Thomas I. Kidd, who witnessed the procession, said: "I never saw such unbridled joy as was manifested by those boys. Two of the kids were so intoxicated with the ex-

citement of the occasion, with the liberty which it gave them to do something independent and in spite of their task-masters, that they danced the 'cake-walk' all along the line of march." Oh! how sad this comedy! What a spectacle for the citizens of this republic to behold!

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity.
"How long," they say, "how long, oh, cruel nation.
Will you stand, to move the world on a child's
heart—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?"

Why are these little lives dwarfed in body and mind?

Is it that labor is so much in demand that the older boys and men cannot supply it? No, for we are informed that 175 days is all the time the mines were operated during the year. Is it because the labor of these children is necessary for our common good? No, every consideration for the public weal points the other way. Their blood and bones are converted into gold, so that more millions may be added to the colossal fortunes of the coal barons and a few railroad kings who own and dominate the anthracite fields, the richest coal bed in the world, placed there by God for the use and benefit of all. No true American can read of this procession of children without feeling ashamed that the conditions which it exposed should exist in this republic.

Is it any wonder that the illiteracy of Pennsylvania is forty per cent. greater than that of Kansas?

When the procession was over, Dilcher, in company with some of his juvenile friends, approached Mr. Kidd, and said: "Tom, these are all my boys."

Kidd laid his hand on a little fellow's head and asked: "How old are you?"

"Sixteen," was the reply.

"And you?" to the next.

"I am fifteen."

"And you?" to the third.

"Fifteen."

"Well, well, how small you all are! Why, I have a boy at home in Chicago who is only twelve, and he is bigger than either of you," said Kidd.

"Do he work in the mine?" asked one.

"No."

"What do he work?"

"Why, he doesn't work at all; he goes to school," said Kidd.

"Oh!" they all chimed in, as if that solved the mystery. "We'd be bigger, too," said one, "if we'd go to school."

No one can read of this without being reminded of similar conditions that prevailed in Great Britain in the early part of the century, when women were harnessed in chains, and on all fours hauled coal cars in English mines, and when little boys and girls were working in mines and factories fourteen and sixteen hours a day. But to the credit of England be it said that no such spectacle as that witnessed in the Pennsylvania coal fields disgraces her any longer.

I am told that during a parliamentary investigation, brought about through the efforts of Robert Owen, a little boy employed in one of the mines was placed on the witness stand, and among other questions was asked whether he knew anything about God. The little fellow reflected awhile, and then shook his head and said: "No, I don't know God. He doesn't work in our mine; maybe He works in one of the others."

That disclosure of the positive ignorance of the child about God startled the English people and contributed much toward the overthrow of the conditions that fostered it.

But what must we think of Pennsylvania, originally settled by William Penn and his Quaker friends, one of the thirteen colonies that contributed so much towards the triumph of the American revolution? Upon its sacred soil was signed the solemn declaration of American independence, and its "liberty bell" chimed forth the glad tidings to the world "that all men are created equal" and entitled to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Benjamin Franklin, writing of early colonial days, said: "Childhood was sure of its joys, industrious men and women of their reward, and old age of its comforts." What a change! To-day she is dominated by a heartless clique of millionaires upon the one hand, and on the other populated by a horde of imported foreigners, whose ignorance and poverty have made them an easy prey, but who, unable to endure the oppression any longer, are now in revolt against their task-masters. Is the commonwealth of Pennsylvania an irreclaimable degenerate? Is the conscience of her people dead? Is there no power within her border to rise and redeem her name? Has privilege so thoroughly entrenched itself that no one dare contest its power?—George A. Schilling, in *The Public*.

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The New Century Journal

OF WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

VOL. XIII.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 1, 1900.

No. 10.

NEW CENTURY GUILD,

1227 ARCH STREET.

FAIR

November 30th and December 1st, from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

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MISS M. B. NILES.

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MRS. A. B. LEWIS.

THIRD STORY,

Continuous Performance by T. B. Club.

The **Fair Restaurant** will be, as last year, in charge of Miss Emily Campbell and The Noon Rest. 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.

NEW CENTURY GUILD,

No. 1227 ARCH STREET, PHILA.

Educational, Industrial, Social.

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Miss MARY B. NILES, Treasurer.

Officers of the Executive Board.

Mr. E. S. TURNER, Chairman.
Mrs. KATE L. GALLAGHER, Vice-Chairman.
Miss HILDA JUSTICE, Secretary.
Mr. WM. WRIGHT, 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 FRANCES W. JONES, House and Library.

Bulletin for December.

Friday, Nov. 30th **FAIR** 10.00 A.M. to 10.00 P.M.
Saturday, Dec. 1st
Friday, 7th—New Century Trust. 2.30 P.M.
Friday, 7th—Executive Board Meeting. 3.00 P.M.
Saturday, 8th—Business Meeting of Guild. 8.00 P.M.
Saturday, 8th—Library Committee. 7.30 P.M.
Saturday, 8th—Willing Hands. 7.30 P.M.
Saturday, 8th—Friendly Visitors. 7.30 P.M.
Tuesday, 11th—Dressmakers' Association. 8.15 P.M.
Saturday, 22d—Sociable. 8.00 P.M.
Tuesday, 25th—Christmas Day. House Closed.
Tuesday, Jan. 1st— House Closed

Saving Fund Deposits, notices of withdrawals, and withdrawals during business hours at Guild Office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lunch for self-supporting women, daily except Sunday, 12 to 2 P. M.

NEW MEMBERS.

Mrs. J. B. Adams, Miss A. C. Boyce,
Mrs. D. A. Frost, Miss Charlotte K. Baur,
Miss Susan E. Sensor, Miss Elizabeth L. Baur,
Miss Frances T. Scobey, Miss Anna Wildman,
Miss Frances E. Peirce, Miss Alice O'Connor,
Miss Lina C. Zietz.

THE EVENING CLASSES.

During the holidays, the classes will take the usual ten days' vacation, resuming work on Wednesday evening, January the second.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Lyceum will not hold any meeting in December, as the first Saturday of that month has been appropriated by the Fair. The members of this debating society will kindly report for duty on that evening to President Shengle.

At the January meeting, there will be a strenuous debate on the burning question, "Resolved, That old maids should be taxed." It was at first thought to include widows, but the committee was overruled. A full attendance of the species and others is requested. The Guild orators—notably Misses Bold, O'Flaherty, Keating and Turner—have been engaged to open the debate, and we do not expect that there will be a dull moment.

THE DECEMBER BUSINESS MEETING.

The second hour will be devoted to a discussion of the true spirit of Christmas gifts. Each member surely has an opinion, and we want to hear it at that meeting.

Reverend Robert Forsyth's lecture on "London," given to us late in October, was very fine, and we have a similar treat in store for us, as Mr. Forsyth, in the near future, promises to take us with him to Belgium.

One of the attractions of the Fair this year will be a twentieth century minstrel show given by the T.-B. Club.

Many novel and unique features will be introduced; and as an interlude, the company will render a highly original song, composed for the occasion by one of the members and set to music by another.

Come and see the German darkey, and hear old black Joe sing. It will be well worth the admission.

THE LIBRARY.

ACCESSION OF BOOKS SINCE LAST REPORT.

E 122 Education and the Philosophical Ideal, Horatio W. Dresser.
F 1148 Monsieur Beaucaire...Booth Tarkington.
K 41 Extracts from Thoreau..Emily R. Lyman.
F 1149 Eleanor.....Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
F 1150 Jane.....Marie Corelli.
O 125 Classic and Italian Painting, E. J. Poynter, R. A.
Y 25 Litterature Francaise.

The Library is indebted for gifts of books to Mrs. Turner, Miss Lyman, Mrs. Brubaker and Mrs. Keehmle.

During the two days of the Fair, books will not be returned and taken from the Library.

'Tis not what man does which exalts him,
But what man would do.

—Browning.

AN EVENING WITH THE TREES.

The illustrated lecture of Dr. Emily G. Hunt on October 3d, formed one of the most pleasing and instructive occasions of the season. The audience, though not large (solely on account of the weather), was most appreciative, and the attention throughout was the closest. That king of trees, the oak, was described, and the elm, chestnut, willow (even the pussie willow!), etc., followed in turn. The benefit which trees are to mankind was emphasized, and we were urged to plant at least one tree every year, as well as to lend our influence in sparing as many as possible from the woodman's axe.

After learning of New Jersey's contribution to interesting tree specimens, our respect for that much maligned section of country was increased.

The birds and the insects received a share of attention, in connection with the trees. The talk was delightfully informal, and altogether too short.

To many of us, a ramble in the country, whether in summer or winter, will hereafter have new charms, as a direct result of Dr. Hunt's address. We have thanked her personally for her kindness, and take this opportunity to express publicly our deep sense of appreciation of this service.

N. C. G. DRAMATIC.

The Dramatic presented an entertainment for the benefit of the Fair on Saturday, the 24th, for the large attendance at which we beg to thank the Guild members and their friends. It is very encouraging to find our efforts so well received.

In January, the Dramatic will present a more pretentious play than any it has so far attempted, and even so far ahead we make bold to bespeak your sympathy and encouragement.

It has been said that Guild audiences are very cold, but we cannot endorse this opinion in view of the warm and hearty reception so far tendered our tottering efforts; and we will buoy ourselves up with the hope that this appreciation was partly, at least, the result of a successful (and we assure you an earnest) effort to please on our own part.

The Dramatic meets on Thursday evening, in regular session. Any member of the Guild wishing to join will kindly send name and address to the Guild Library.

Members wishing to enter the Minstrel Troupe of the Dramatic will kindly address the undersigned. String instrument players are needed sorely, and will be most welcome; but for that matter, all Guild members who wish to join will be heartily welcome.
K. T. O'FLAHERTY, President.

We need a lot of old baskets for our Fair, grape or any kind, in which to deliver jellies, ferns and other articles. Will our friends please send us some?

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR IN THE OFFICE?

"Mr. H. has a new stenographer—she dresses like a banker's daughter." This remark naturally provoked the smile and jest it was intended to call forth, and while I could not but feel that we stenographers have a perfect right to spend our earnings on fine clothes if we choose, I regretted that my unknown sister worker had arrayed herself in such a manner as to attract the attention of a passing acquaintance of her employer.

Few, if any of us, enter upon the career of stenographer and typewriter for the mere love of work or money. We do so because it is absolutely necessary, and is it not, therefore, ridiculous for a young woman to go to her daily work in the disguise of a fashionable lady of leisure?

On the other hand, it is not essential that the wage-earning woman should be conspicuous by shabby, unfashionable, slovenly or unbecoming attire. It is the duty of every woman, whatever her station in life, to clothe herself as becomingly as possible, endeavoring, however, to dress not only according to her means, but in keeping with the place she occupies in the community.

Neither is it essential that the stenographer or office clerk should be uniformed like a house maid or mill hand. The unsightly long, black muslin apron, with oversleeves to match, is as much out of place in the modern business office or the study of the litterateur, as a gown of delicate hue and texture would be in factory or mill.

The most becoming dress for a young woman who spends the best part of her life in a business office would be that which attracts the least attention—black, for instance, or dark blue; but as our means will not always permit of our buying a special gown for business purposes, and we are usually compelled to appropriate last year's best dress to everyday use, would it not be well to select our materials, especially winter fabrics, with a view to next year's needs, leaving the lighter woolen or silk garment to be purchased in the spring, with a view to adapting it for evening or home purposes the following autumn and winter?

Of course, no young woman who claims any knowledge of good form, would wear rings or bracelets or showy jewelry of any kind, in office or work-room, beyond the necessary neat pin or clasp, and watch attached to black ribbon or cord.

ELIZABETH DAVIDSON.

In the September number of the JOURNAL was a notice of the death of Helen Mar Wilson, for eight years an active member of the Guild. To those of our members who have not been able to attend our business meetings, it will be a pleasure to learn that she remembered us in her will. The trustees of her very small estate have informed us that she left a bequest to the Guild of \$200.

A CHILD'S STORY REPRINTED.

THE FIFTH KITTEN.

Once upon a time there was a little girl, and her name was Emma, and it was me; and she had a great large brown cat, and her name was Hepzibah, but the little girl called her Heppy; and one day she went to give Heppy her supper, and no Heppy was there; and so I went to Heppy's bed that she had in a box in the back kitchen, and there I saw five little wee kittens, butting about with their eyes shut, and Heppy mewed, and the little girl took out all the kittens, and set them on the floor, and Heppy was very proud, and the little blind things bobbed about for a while, and then I put them back, and went to the parlor, and told mother, and the little girl's mother said I might keep one, and all the others must be drowned; and the little girl cried, and after supper she went to her own room, and sat in the dark, and thought, and thought, for nearly half an hour, and then I jumped up, and took down my slate from the nail, and wrote—"Give one kitten to Mrs. Andrews." And then I sat down and thought and thought, and all at once another thing came into my mind, and I took the slate and wrote down—"Give another to Miss Sophronia"—that was the little girl's teacher. And then I thought again, till the clock in the little entry struck nine; and just as it struck the ninth time, it came to me that father used to say he wanted a cat at the barn, and so I wrote that down; and then it was bed-time, and still there was one kitten left.

Oh, that was a dreadful evening! I went to bed and cried, and thought, and cried, till I found myself going to sleep, and still nothing would come in my mind about that poor little fifth kitten; and I thought, what a cruel girl you are, Emma, to go to sleep and forget about the poor little thing that has to be drowned to-morrow. So I pinched myself till I got wide awake, and then all of a sudden I thought of old Hansey, by the Creek (her name's Ann, but they call her Mammy Hansey for short), and she had four cats already, that she took from people to save them from being drowned; but I thought likely she might take another, and so I felt easy in my mind, and went to sleep.

And next morning, long before breakfast, I ran down to Mam Hansey's, and she wasn't up, and the door was bolted, but she told me if I got a stick, and put it through a hole in the door, the bolt would push back, and I went in and told Mam Hansey about the fifth kitten; and she said she had three too many now, but she would walk over and look at them, and if there was a very pretty one, she might take it; and I told her they were all beautiful, and so she went over with me, and I took her to the back kitchen, and I put the five kittens on the floor, and Mam Hansey looked at them a great while, and at last she picked out the prettiest, and said

that if it had only been black, with a white nose and a white collar round its neck, and a white tip on its tail, she thought she would have kept it; and then she put on her bonnet, and all was as bad as ever for the poor little fifth kitten.

And mother said it *must* be drowned, and she sent for Jake, and he brought a big bucket from the stable, and mother told us all to go away, and take the poor old mother puss with us, till it was all over; and I said no—if the darling little fifth kitten must be killed, I know Heppy would rather I should do it than Jake, for Heppy couldn't bear Jake, and he didn't like Heppy; and so I sent Jake away, and mother carried Heppy to the parlor, and Hansey and I took them all out of the box, and I didn't know what to do, for we couldn't tell which *was* the fifth kitten; and I said, when I wrote down one for father, I am sure I meant the brown one; and when I set down one for Mrs. Andrews, I think it was the yellow and black, but the other three are all mixed in my mind, and I don't see how we *can* tell which I meant for the fifth; and Mam Hansey said we should leave the two in the box, and put the other three in my lap, and the first that crawled out should be the poor little fifth; and so we did, and I sat quite still for a good many minutes, and then the darling little white with brown ears put out its little soft paws, and travelled over my knee and down to my foot, and rolled itself out on the floor; and then I sighed, and Mam Hansey sighed, and I took the darling blind little fifth, and dropped it into the water, and I turned my back to the bucket, and Mam Hansey stood off by the wall, and shut her lips tight, and said nothing; and all at once her face got very red, and she dashed up to the bucket, and took out the little fifth, and wiped it dry with her apron, and turned to me quite angry, and said, now she had five, and I should never dare to offer her a kitten again, for she wouldn't take it, and then I remembered that she had said just that last winter, when I gave her the gray and black with white feet; and so she left it a few days, and then took it home, and it was the funniest little soft fat thing you ever saw, and there it is this very day, and that's all.

E. S. TURNER.

An Ohio woman has patented a curtain pole which needs no pins or other fasteners to hold the curtain in position, the pole proper being covered with a sleeve having a plurality of raised knobs or teats which catch in the fabric of the curtain and hold it in place.

Is thy friend angry with thee? Then provide him an opportunity of doing thee a great favor. Over that his heart must needs melt, and he will love thee again.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE WAY.

Have you ever noticed how much is done in philanthropic and other circles for the boys? How many condoning remarks are made about their "wild oats?" How gladly the freest sowers are welcomed back to the fold? On the other hand, have you ever observed how little is done for the girls? How hard the door is shut when they attempt the "sowing" process? How difficult, if at all, it is for them to gain recognition or secure a footing afterwards?

It seems to be an understood thing that "boys will be boys," and the growing lad has every inducement, apparently, to follow the prescribed course; whereas, for the most part, a girl must be circumspect—it is traditional—and it is not necessary that any effort be made to prevent her young feet from straying into the wrong paths. But, if by any remarkable circumstance she should so wander, society gives her "the cold shoulder," and there is but one chance in ten that she will ever be restored to favor.

Of late years there has been a tendency to see the one-sidedness of all this, and the establishment of our Guild eighteen years ago for the broadening of the life and increasing the happiness of self-respecting and self-supporting women, has led those interested in questions dealing with the betterment of the condition of the submerged and other helpless classes to extend some portion of their effort to young girls beset by temptation. Nevertheless, until the work sought to be done is more along the line of prevention than reclamation, the contrast drawn in the foregoing will be seen and deplored by the thoughtful.

Turning to the thought of what we Guild members can do to help this cause, we are encouraged to believe that the assistance will be considerable. With the broadened views and opportunities given her by such association, a woman notes that much which she had considered hopeless is remediable; she takes a different attitude toward derelictions of both men and women. Remaining under the control of father or husband, how could she but condone fault in him on whom she was absolutely dependent? Released from said control, practically standing for herself, because self-supporting, she sees, from her own point of view, not his, and is helped by contact with other women wrestling with the same problem, to expect from him the same restraint which she imposes on herself. When he learns that the best is expected of him, he will give the best, and in so doing be raised from the slough into which centuries of uncontrol have plunged him.

J. F. C.
I. E. T.

Truth can no more be soiled by the outward touch than can the sunbeam.

ETC.

Speaking of Fairs just reminds me—somebody asked me: What is there for me in this Fair? Well, that all depends. There is the restaurant, where everything is good; there is the candy table, where everything is delicious; there is the household table, where everything is useful; there is the doll table, where every doll is exquisite in its particular line; there is the apron table, where everything is necessary, and there is the fancy work table, where everything is pretty.

Is this all?

Not by a long shot! There is the witch who tells the truest, truest as can be, fortunes, and just take a peep at the third floor—do.

A PLEASANTNESS.

Once we had a Column of Pleasantness; will not some of our friends send us some new instances? Here is one that happened to the writer last night. She was in the midst of one of those bad dreams where the sleeper is in some direful predicament, from which there seems to be no possible escape. She said to herself in her dream—"If this were only a dream! If only I could wake up and find it had been all a mistake!" And then she did waken; and O, the blessed sense of relief! She did not at once get rid of the anxious feeling, but as the comfort of it dawned more and more brightly, she felt that it had been worth while to have the ridiculous dream for the delight of getting rid of it.

SOME PLAIN FACTS.

In thirty-seven States to-day a married woman has no right to her own children.

In sixteen States a wife has no right to her own earnings outside the home.

In eight States a wife has no right to her own property after marriage.

In seven States there is no law compelling a man to support his wife and family.

In all the States except four there is discrimination against women in the matter of employment and compensation.

Such conditions in the closing days of the nineteenth century show that there is still work for women to do.

Dem audumn days dey seem to be
Der saddest in der year,
Ven efery hour id helbs to bring
Der Christmas present near.

—Dinkelspiel, in *N. Y. Journal*.

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

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