

ARE STENOGRAPHERS ABUSED

The Question Discussed in the Commercial Club Rooms.

HOW TO MAKE PEACH PRESERVES

Are People Sociable News-Days?—The Man Who Forgot His Wife—Fashion and Feminine Notes.

"Now this is elegant, isn't it?" inquired the autumn-haired girl, one of a quartette of young ladies of the type writer, glancing admiringly round the new rooms set apart for their use in the Commercial club's restaurant recently opened. "Yes, indeed, it is nice. I am so glad they concluded to admit ladies," replied the tall girl with the American Beauty roses on the front of her dress.

"Say, girls," said the little brunette with fair leather straps on her jacket and a pencil in her hair, "have you noticed the slush in the papers lately about some man mistreating his stenographer, that is, scolding her and acting the brute generally?" "Yes, but I don't believe a word of it," said the red-haired blonde, "I have been working a good while, and I have never been scolded yet unless I deserved it." "I once worked up in the northern part of the state, you know, and my boss, who was elected representative by the way, used to get drunk, and once in a while he would go to sleep after dictating his letters, before I could get them written off; then I used to leave the office until he would brace up and walk out himself, then I would go back and finish my work. But that is the worst time I ever had, and he never said anything out of the way to me."

"You all know what an awful crank my boss is said to be," said the girl with red hair. "I had heard so much about him that I was so scared when I first went to work that I made a complete failure. I did not get over half of any of the letters he dictated, and made such a bungling mess of it I was tempted to run away from the office and never go back. You know I was awfully worried at that time over my brother, who was in trouble, and take it altogether, I was so rattled I did not know at all of my boss's name. Of course, the boss could not sign the letters, but when I got up courage to tell him that I believed I could do the work better if he would give me one more trial, what do you suppose he said? Well, he said: 'It is impossible to do anything with so many people round. I could not half dictate the letters. But these janitors will not bother again until you get more used to the work.' Then I remembered for the first time that a couple of colored men were cleaning the windows while the letters were being dictated, though I had not noticed them before. He had made the excuse for me out of the kindness of his own heart. I tell you, now, I appreciate it, and if all 'cranks' are as considerate as the gentleman who dictates letters to me, I say, long live the cranks. I think it is all both about men mistreating girls who work for them and do the work in any kind of shape. They haven't time."

"Well," said the girl with a low forehead and earnest eyes, who had her hair parted because she knew the new style was becoming to her, "I have a boss who is as kind to me as he is to any one, but he is a resurrectionist." "A what?" said the other three in a chorus. "A resurrectionist. He digs up long dead and buried old fashions and puts them to me when he is not busy. Only yesterday he told me about the man who wanted to do something religious and could think of nothing but taking up a collection. It is hard, you know, but as the poor old jokers grow old, they don't want the hell back to its grave. I laugh as hard as I can, and so down the rattle of its dry bones and take life as easy as possible. Every girl I am acquainted with is treated as well as she deserves. Some girls are dreadfully thoughtless; will allow young men to come too see them at the office and talk for half an hour or longer; or some other girl, and they will chatter and giggle and chew gum until they ought to be thrown down the elevator shaft."

"That's so," said the girl with the roses, "I like young men," with a demure glance in the direction of the flowers, "but I don't think they should hang round the office. They had better get out and find something to occupy their minds during working hours. But it is just as you all say, if a girl gets abused in any way it is her own fault. She should get on her dignity and stay on it; the man is not born who would attempt to scold a dignified woman if she does her work as it should be done, and you know, you could not be really dignified and neglect your work. Of course men are cross sometimes, but here is our order. I say, aren't things gotten up nicely by the Commercial club. I move we come here for lunch all the time."

water. Take one-third as much sugar as you have juice and put over the fire, boiling for twenty minutes very hard. If you are not particular as to the shade of the jelly, it will be much richer and nicer if you will stir the plums "all to pieces" and squeeze them in a flannel cloth and use this with the juice instead of simply draining off the water. The jelly will be much darker in color and richer flavored. After the water has been drained off the plums a very nice marmalade can be made of them by taking one third as much sugar as you have fruit and boiling same for about half an hour stirring a good deal. Some ladies prefer to add cinnamon flavoring to this marmalade. It is good either with or without flavoring, and of course any seasoning may be used that is preferred. To make grape jelly it is absolutely necessary to take the grapes before they become too ripe. After grapes are thoroughly ripe they will not make good jelly, as the grape sugar spoils it; it "gets glass in it," as the children say. Grape jelly is easy to make, and the same directions will answer as those given for the plum. Another thing which is better than any possible to obtain at the markets is "Chili sauce." One of the best rules which has been tried for many years for making this winter luxury is to take twelve large fully ripened tomatoes, three or four peppers, two onions (if desired), two tablespoons full of salt, two of sugar, one of cinnamon and three cups of vinegar. Chop all together and boil one and one-half hours.

MRS. CERBERTS.

Her ideas are of the most correct description. She attends all the women's congresses, councils, mass meetings, (her brother, who is very good about taking her there, disrespectfully calls them "pow-wows") she thirsts to cast a vote, and she believes with Rev. Sam Jones that "a woman can be anything and everything she pleases but the father of a family."

"Do you know," she began, after the preliminary "swearing in" had been accomplished, "I couldn't bear to confess to any of our opponents, least of all to a man, and it is a keen mortification to me that I feel so, but the truth is, I wouldn't for all the world work under a woman in any capacity whatever?" "You wouldn't?" It was my duty to be disapproving. "No," humbly. Then wickedly, "Would you?" "I never tried it," faltered her confidante, but when further pressed to say whether she would try it, she was obliged to admit that she didn't and to add with a troubled air, that she couldn't for the life of me tell why.

"Nor can I," and my confidante's fair forehead wrinkled itself anxiously. "As I said, I am dreadfully ashamed of myself for the prejudice and I can't analyze it. It isn't that, as is often said, women are mean, or deceitful, or overbearing, or more deficient in the business virtues than men. But, reason to the contrary, the idea of being employed by or being accountable to another woman fills me with horror."

"And I suppose that's the way other women would feel about being employed by us, and put in her number comfortably." My confidante waxed bold. "I think every woman feels so," she announced, "only, like us, she is ashamed to acknowledge it. And, while I am in the confessional, I might as well tell you another perfectly dreadful thing, in the hope, I will admit, that you will say you have always thought so, too. It's about the female clergy."

ready to take up the serious business for which it has been formed. The officers of the confederation are as follows: President, Mrs. Maria Gray; first vice president, Mrs. Clara E. Bowley; second vice president, Mrs. Emma Gregory; third vice president, Mrs. Florence P. Matheson; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Ellen M. Poole; recording secretary, Mrs. Alice C. Waterman; financial secretary, Mrs. Annie B. Bradstreet; treasurer, Mrs. May L. Harrison. There are committees on education, sanitation, reforms, philanthropy, political science, parliamentary law, legislation, judiciary and finance.

The gypsy element of the population that camps on the outskirts of the summer settlements for the ostensible purpose of disposing of sweet grass baskets deals also, says the New York World, in futures of various shades of gold, according to the amount of silver which crosses the palm. There was a weird looking old creature selling her two sorts of wares to a piazza full of women the other morning, who revealed some of the secrets of the profession. She had taken a 50 cent fee for the reading of one fair palm. Suddenly she interrupted herself to remark: "There, that's more, and I'll read you the most wonderful thing."

"No," said the girl laughing, "no more. Give me my 50 cents' worth of wonder and that'll do." "Entreaties on the gypsy's part were in vain. The strong-minded young woman would pay no more than 50 cents for any destiny whatever. So the prophetic reading, when she had finished she remarked with a sigh: "And to think that for a little more I could have given you a light complexioned young man as well as a dark, and a wedding in five months instead of a year!"

"If you want to be a model housewife follow my example," says Lillian Lewis. "Man's strongest love is in his stomach, and the surest way to keep his love is to feed him well. If you want to make yourself a good housekeeper, a companionable and a beloved wife, devote all your time to your finger nails and your novel. Give the very early morning to housework. An hour in the morning is worth the whole afternoon. When dirty house cleaning is being done wear long rubber gloves and keep a cut lemon at the sink to remove stains, and to rub your hands with before commencing to bake. Keep your hands beautiful even though you make them work; beauty and work are easily combined. Never indulge in the luxury of a wrapper. A wrapper has an exasperating way of looking slovenly on the slightest provocation: the plainest skirt and blouse with a bit of embroidery in neck and sleeves is always exquisitely neat. On scrubbing days wear an apron made of oil cloth. Always be neatly combed on sweeping days, protect your hair by a cap. Don't tell your husband you are tired. A labor of love does not make one tired. After dinner get your husband a cigar and three matches, and if he don't love you after all this, get divorced."

A man noted for his forgetful and absent minded ways, rather late in life became a bridegroom, and he and his newly made wife started on their honeymoon. Arrived at the railway station she took a seat in the waiting room while he went to look about the tickets and luggage. By the time this was done he had only four minutes to spare. "Where does the B. & O. train start from?" he asked a porter. "That way, sir; No. 4 platform."

Making a rush for the place indicated, he fixed himself comfortably in the corner of a smoking carriage and took out his pipe. A few minutes after the train had started, however, while he was searching in his pocket for fuses, he came across two railroad tickets. He looked at them in amazement for a moment or two, and then it flashed over him what he had done. "Good heavens!" he gasped, "I have forgotten my wife!" He left the train at the first stopping place, and fortunately there was another very soon to carry him back.

She said she thought he was an awful long time looking after that luggage, and scolded him a little, but afterward forgave him when he told her the truth. Fashion Notes. This is what dressmakers call the intermediate season. The latest fashion in veils is fine accordion plaited tulle run with rows of colored ribbon. Lovely porcelain spoons accompany the dainty new cafe noir sets, the cups of which are smaller than ever before. Changes and rumors of change are in the air, but summer styles still hold supreme at the great centers of social activity.

A pretty semi-diplomatic textile called Spanish gremadiña is now used this summer for dressy afternoon and evening toilets. The "fried oyster server" is a novelty, and a very rich fancy piece in silver. A wide, short blade, with handle decorations of shells, cordage, etc. The flour de lis bow terminates the crepe sash which outlines the waist of most of the modish cool weather gowns, designed by Parisian modistes. Riding habits of dark blue or brown Holland, of the severest tailor build, are seen upon the most fashionably dressed equestriennes at watering places.

Cornflower blue is to be the choice color in millinery if one is to judge from the choice effects developed upon numberless fetching chapeau models. The flamboyant and florid style of dress, for which this season will go down in the chronicles of dress as the most climax, is going out in a blaze of glory. Among the new handsome black fabrics that are to be so popular this autumn are Muscovite silks heavily reposed, with gold threads on every third cord. Unless all signs fail, the autumn will see the last of the atrocious color combinations, the inartistic extravaganzas in design, which have dominated the harlequin mode. Persian stripes are over plain Lyons satin grounds, and another novelty is ombre, a new rivaling ombre velvet—these shaded effects appearing in both plain, striped and plaided silks. Parisian women have revived the popularity of accordion plaits, and the cunningly pressed and graceful folds have traveled in triumph from plaids to bodice, from bedice down to skirt and up to parasol. Aluminum hairpins and belt buckles are among the pretty trifles now wrought in this metal. They are so much cheaper than the silver knick-knacks, and without so exceedingly attractive that they deserve to be purchased. A pretty model, presenting few difficulties in copying, even to the amateur, is of the black silk gauze, with three rows of white insertion, a belt of white material before plaiting, a belt of white and a plaited yoke, also of white lace. Suede, Argentine gray, silver blue and bronze brown, also soft tints shot with color, are among the shades of dust clouds of light. Ladies are worn in the cars or in open victorias and village carts at the various summer resorts.

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