

3. The woman who forgets her own individuality in her enthusiasm for the work, not the woman who is constantly sounding the personal note.

4. The woman who has the courage to assume responsibility and brave criticism, not the woman who is fearful because of possible failure and wilts under adverse opinion.

5. The woman who thinks it her duty to have opinions and offer suggestions in the discussion of ways and means, not the woman who is silent and non-committal, but afterward critically wonders why wiser measures were not adopted.

6. The woman who, when she makes a mistake, frankly acknowledges it, and, undismayed, sets about remedying it, knowing that she who never makes a mistake seldom makes anything else.

7. The woman who give earnest thought to the business in hand, not the woman who enters the committee room airily and late, and the moment the meeting adjourns claims the attention of the ladies on some matter foreign to the subject under discussion.

8. The woman who understands that associated work will not succeed if conducted in just the way individual effort is, and therefore pays due need to parliamentary law and practice and has regard to parliamentary courtesy in her intercourse with her associates.

9. The woman who is steadfast and can be relied upon when difficulties arise, not the woman who gladly avails herself of some excuse for being absent when knotty problems must be solved.

10. The woman who is an inspiration to the discouraged, not the woman who is timid and yields to the councils of the faithless.

ON THIN ICE.

A LOVE COMEDY IN TWO SCENES.

Scene 1—Dressing Room at a Theatre.
Time, 9:30 P. M.

"Please deliver behind the scenes immediately," met her eyes as she carelessly glanced at the large envelope in her maid's hand. "I wonder if I ought to go. It will hardly pay," she mused. "It almost seems useless to prolong it. Why doesn't he let me alone? I have my work to do, and I cannot afford to be wasting my time with every dramatic critic who wishes to 'know me well'."

"Any answer?" asked the boy, who stood waiting at the door.

She glanced at him impatiently, and seemed about to break the seal—a useless operation, for she had guessed the contents. She laid it down unopened as something about the gown she wore attracted her attention.

"Open it, Josephine," she said to the maid, as she fastened another hook. "This dress is too tight, Josie. I do wish you would let it out before I wear it again. I can't move in it. I hate tight dresses, but simply can't beat it into a dressmaker's head. All fashionable women wear tight dresses, as a rule, and every dressmaker thinks an actress must do the same thing. Now, be sure you don't neglect this, for I mean to wear this gown the third week from now. The women will say 'Same old gown,' but it suits the part exactly, and I've been spending too much on my wardrobe lately. Playing stock isn't exactly like finding a gold mine."

"Yes, ma'am," answered the maid when her mistress had stopped talking.

The messenger boy moves uneasily from one foot to the other.

She had fastened all the hooks by this time, and took the folded slip of paper the maid took from the envelope. She sank wearily into the easy chair before the mirror and began thinking without glancing at the note. "Now, if I go to supper tonight I shall never know my lines next week, and there are

fifty-five pages to Mrs. Hilary. Why doesn't he let me alone? I can't very well afford to offend him, but I haven't time for anything but my work. That contents me more than some man's affection, I just haven't time to bother with men. I'm growing more and more in favor of Mormonism. It seems to me it would solve the woman problem.

Women who have anything to do with men have so little time left to themselves. If they would form a syndicate and divide the labor of a single man, they would have some time left to call their own. Now, a Mormon never has a plurality of wives at the same time, as most Gentiles do, but waits for the unlove that has had a beginning to have an end. Usually the end is not long in coming. Then, if some legal respectable fashion would allow a man to live with his new fancy, wife number one would be free to go her way—having fulfilled her mission in life—and come to the time which, like Nora, she might wish to devote to herself.

"Are you ready, Miss Hall?" asked the callboy.

"Yes," she said, hastily starting to her feet. "Where is my fan, Josephine?"

"Everybody for the third act," yelled the callboy.

She moved quickly toward the door in an absent fashion, but the maid stopped her with "You needn't hurry. You don't go on for ten minutes, and the only has that long scene yet."

"Sure. I thought it was that horrible 'East Lynne' for the minute. Watch for my cue," and she turned to the light and unfolded the note. "Do I see you tonight?" she read. "We can have another of those corned beef hashes you say your plebeian streak sometimes requires—or what you will. Don't refuse me. I only live when I am with you, my Cleopatra. At other times I just exist. Answer. Yours."

"My Cleopatra! Wouldn't that turn your hair silver! I wonder if he can possibly be a married man? Cleopatra is usually the married man's term of endearment. But no—if he were married I should certainly have heard it from one of my kind friends. Besides, he would not have taken me to the club to dine if he had been married. No such luck as his being married, for then I should have a good excuse for not seeing him often. It takes too much trouble to handle dramatic critics—I don't believe it is worth the trouble. Actors never have critics pestering them as actresses always have. I wonder if Oscar Wilde ever pestered the women who appeared in his plays with his attentions. Perhaps his ideas of life might solve the woman problem."

"Any answer, miss?" asked the messenger boy, uneasily glancing at the little clock on the dressing table.

"Where is the pencil, Josie?" "Yes." She wrote in big, firm letters on a slip of paper. "Put it in an envelope," she said to the maid, and she turned to listen to the dialogue on the stage to catch her cue.

"Oh, there is plenty of time," she breathed, and sank back again into the easy chair with a pair of gloves in her hand. The boy turned away with the note.

"I really must get rid of this man somehow without offending him. I like him very much—he is a nice chap, but I have eight performances a week to play, a new part to learn each week and three rehearsals. Dramatic critic or no dramatic critic, I have no time for a love affair. I wouldn't mind talking shop with him—or to read nice books and poems and look at pictures with him—but I refuse to be his Cleopatra. It is too tedious and wastes time I might be enjoying. It is always time to fight shy of a man when he gets to the Cleopatra stage—unless you are looking for experience, which I am not."

She finished putting on her gloves and

stood before the mirror rubbing her cheeks lightly with a hare's foot. "Am I too red, Josephine?"

"Just about right, I think." The maid took down a big white wrap, picked up Miss Hall's train, and they walked toward the wings.

Scene II—In a Restaurant. Time, Midnight.

"Oh, come, now, you are too nice a man to talk to me like this. I like to read Kipling with you, from 'Mandalay' to 'McAndrews.' I like to talk shop with you, or eat corned beef hash with you," she added with a smile, "but you are entirely too interesting a man to have a love affair with. You are capable of bright talk, and any stupid man can make love."

"Ice or marble—which?" he said, watching her intently.

She laughed. "Neither. But you are a dramatic critic, with a penchant for actresses, and I hate to loose a good comrade. It is only good comradeship that counts, after all. I am not 'Letitia Dale.' Why, my dear man, I'm strong-minded. I want to vote, and think I have as much right to do so as any man. There isn't enough white-muslin, blue-ribbon sentiment in me to please a jack-rabbit."

They looked at each other straight in the eyes for a moment, and then she continued: "Maybe, some day, I shall meet a man when I haven't my fingers crossed, and then it will be a case of 'tag, you're it.' But I am afraid I am a trifle too sophisticated for love. I have been made love to by so many men I hate the very word itself. Like Hoyt's German, it is always with you, and it isn't pleasant. It would be such a novelty to meet a man who desired a comrade instead of a Cleopatra. Why don't men make love to their wives, instead of to actresses? I wish I could meet Whitman's tonic man, but I fear he doesn't exist out of the book."

She gazed straight at him, thinking he would be squelched by this time; but he bobbed up serenely with "Is it some past affair that makes you so cold? This gold cross you always wear so persistently"—pointing at the chain on her neck—"the stories I have heard of it. Does it stand in the way?"

"Now that sounds dreadfully 'East Lynne,' and you know that is my nightmare. 'Isabella, is it thus you bear your cross in life?' No, I have no bruised and bleeding heart. My eccentricities are sane when you come to think of them."

"But I want you to give up your eccentricities and love me."

"What a commonplace remark! If I were some school girl studying for the stage I might be tickled to death. But it has been a long time since I have played with a rattle, and the question occurs to me—What have you ever done to make me love you except constantly to call me Cleopatra and persist in talking about things I dislike? Do you suppose a real woman can be bought with a few flowers, a few books, a few corned beef suppers, when she is independent and self-supporting and able to supply these little wants herself? Why, I make a good salary—probably more than you do—and I don't try to buy you with favors. I'm not exactly an iceberg, and I love an affectionate friend; but I'm getting so experienced that, like Clara Middleton in 'The Egotist,' I duck whenever I see the wave of a caress heave in sight. I want to be clever to you, for I like you—sometimes," she added with a smile.

Again they watched each other, and he started to speak.

"No, don't speak. I am sure you are going to say something still more commonplace and add you never knew what love was before. Have you ever read George Meredith's 'The Egotist'?"

"I have tried it, but the preface was too much for me."

"I thought so. Men have such a habit of falling in love they don't appreciate it. Will you do me the favor to read the seventh and thirteenth chapters? They will express my sentiments better than I can possibly express them—the thirteenth chapter especially. It is called 'The First Effort After Freedom'."

His big eyes blazed.

"Why, woman, love is one of the grandest things in the world, and you speak of it as though it were an instrument of torture. Men have died for love. Look at the great poets and novelists who have gained inspiration from love. Shelley, Byron, even Keats, succumbed to love after talking just as you have. Look at George Sand and de Musset and Chopin and Lord Nelson and Parnell, who gave up his career for love. Why, even such a man as Jim Fiske died for love, and Alexander Hamilton, and Boulanger and the woman on whose grave he committed suicide—and Gambetta, and Prince Rudolph, who gave up his throne and life for love—and oh! so many others I cannot think about on the spur of the moment! What horrible ideas you have! Why love rules the world!"

Her face showed her disgust.

"Do you call gross sensuality love? Parnell became intimate with the wife of one of his followers—no matter the circumstances—he threw away the cause of Ireland for his own sensuality, and some have said—for a woman's money. Look at Washington City now. Men who object to women voting, who say home is woman's sphere, get women to lobby in their interests. Look at Lord Coleridge, who got himself out of a pickle by marrying! Was that love? Sir Charles Dilke, one of the brightest men in England today, was thrown out of parliament by the exposure of his bestiality, and the court ordered him to pay Mr. Crawford, the wronged husband in the case, \$100,000. Not long ago he referred to the poor woman who had trusted him with her reputation and honor as "an incident. Prime Ministers, like Palmerston and Melbourne, have had to stand coarse allusions to their mixed lives. Was that love? Look at the affection of Dumas fils for Adah Isaacs Menken. Was that love? If so, what about the same unaffection which Algernon Charles Swinburne had for the same woman at the same time, even going so far as having his picture taken with her? Henry Gilsey entertained a similar regard for the same woman. She kept up her stage reputation by her love affairs. She won Charles Dickens by her clever talk. Lucien and Jerome Bonaparte and their suites applauded her. Both Dumas pere and Dumas fils followed her around. Napoleon III. complimented her with his presence, and Eugenie's jealousy was a matter of public comment. Was that love? If so, for what one of the bunch? Leon Gambetta, one of the greatest French statesmen of the nineteenth century, one of the most influential founders of the third republic, died from the effects of a gunshot wound received at the hands of a woman whom he had deceived. On which side was the love, and of what value was it? Alexander Hamilton loved Mme. Jumel, and for this love he was shot down in the prime of his life, and Dolly Madison's husband had one less powerful enemy because Hamilton refused to share his love with another married man. The career of Charles Sumner was cut short by a boarding-house adventuress, yet he loved her. Was it love that led George IV. to be so friendly with Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Mrs. Bristow, Miss Archer and Louisa Howard and others? Was it love made the Queen of Italy box Victor Emmanuel's ears when she found him talking to a plump maid-servant? And what has caused people to say so many Italians look like King