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SOME BRIGHT WORKING WOMEN.

They Are Engaged in Teaching Girls to Aid Each Other and Themselves. It has long been a mooted question whether women were capable of successfully uniting for the attainment of any particular object



AT THE PRESIDENT'S DESK, in which all those banded together had a mutual interest. They have proved their ability so to do on several occasions, but never so forcibly as at the recent convention of the Association of Working Girls' societies in New York. Delegates were present from all the principal cities of the United States and Canada. Each session saw the assembly room of the Metropolitan Opera house filled with earnest, intelligent women, some hardly emancipated from the short skirts of childhood, others in the maturity of their pow-



ers, and still others whose gray hair told of honored age. But old and young alike were animated by one common purpose—the betterment of the condition of working women through the medium of co-operation.

It was in no sense a gathering of "cranks" or "reformers." Those present had no quarrel to make with capital or employers. They simply met to consult regarding the best means of utilizing their wages and experience for the common good. Various ideas were presented, some diametrically opposed to others; but along one particular line the thoughts of all ran smoothly and in concord. That was the line of domestic happiness, of home, of family. This portion of Miss Dodge's opening address, for example, was received with rapturous applause:

"When the convention closes we hope also to organize a B. W. and M. branch for the young brides, wives and mothers who were formerly club members. And when we have the wives, mothers and babies all enrolled we shall hope still further that the brothers and young husbands shall unite and co-operate with us in developing means for self culture and a higher life."

And this portion of Mrs. Terhune's address also secured the heartiest approval: "The home is to the nation what the ark was to the drowned old world. All men who ever wore beards, from Adam to Benjamin Harrison, never have and never can make a



THE PRESERVERS OF ORDER, home. They try it in shanties, quarters, apartments and even palaces; but a woman with a baby and a broom could make a better home out of a dry goods box set up on one end than a man could out of any or all these things."

Mrs. Terhune also declared that in association and in the forming of women's clubs for mutual improvement lay the true secret of building up a character equal to the intellectual and practical demands of domestic life. "What kind of a wife," she asked, "can a girl make who never thinks of anything but her trade, her clothes and herself? Empty headed wives, who can talk of nothing that interests an intelligent man, are responsible for three-fourths of the drunkenness and unfaithfulness that makes hell of homes."

The delegates in attendance were in no sense of the word either husband hunters or suffragists. But they recognize the possibilities and duties of life, and it is their sincere and praiseworthy desire so to equip themselves mentally that the opportunities of the future shall not find them unprepared to fill their destined roles either as working women, wives or voters.

The meeting at the Metropolitan Opera house differed from a convention of men in several respects. The reading of papers was carefully listened to, only an occasional hum of satisfaction or ripple of applause accentuating the silence of the audience. The presiding officer did not have to rap with her gavel once to bring the delegate from Blankville to order, and her pretty subordinates, the sergeants-at-arms who clustered about the entrance door, unlike men who hold the same positions, had no one to warn to quit smoking and hurry to eject for drunken ostentatiousness. Instead they flattered around to find seating accommodations for visitors and showed themselves to be bright, busy, cheerful and just a little bit impressed with the importance of their office. In so far as their duties related to the preservation of the peace they had a share.

THE LITTLE TURQUOISE RING.

Words by MAGGIE FOREMAN.

Music by FERDINAND NESMULLER.

Andante.

1. It lay with - in
2. A pic - ture of
3. Where is the girl whose

lit - tle box, Put by with ten - der care, With with - er'd rose - leaves cov - er'd o'er—
love - ly face, Youth - ful and fair, and sweet; A rose with in a dain - ty hand, A
pic - ture lies Treas - ur'd and care'd for there? Where are the love - ly, smil - ing eyes—

Flowers that had once been fair; A lock of gold - en hair was there— A fair but sim - ple
clus - ter at her feet; A fal - ed rib - bon lay be - side— A lit - tle tur - quise
Whose is the gold - en hair? Ask of the man who man - y years Has kept each sim - ple

thing!..... And 'mid the fad - ed leaves there lay A lit - tle tur - quise
wing!..... And 'mid the fad - ed leaves there lay A lit - tle tur - quise
thing!..... The rib - bon and the fad - ed leaves, The lit - tle tur - quise

ring..... And 'mid the fad - ed leaves there lay A lit - tle turquoise ring.
ring..... And 'mid the fad - ed leaves there lay A lit - tle turquoise ring.
ring..... The rib - bon and the fad - ed leaves, The lit - tle turquoise ring.

rit. pp. tempo. D.C.

mf. p. f. rit. pp. f. f. D.C.

** Ped.*

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