

TALKS WITH WOMEN. LETTERS TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY JENNY JUNE.

"MAKING MONEY."



IT is only within a brief period that young women of what are called the "better" class have been infected with the desire of making money. Undoubtedly they were quite as industrious in former times, but in this country at least their labor and thrift have been generally applied to home duties, and until within the last fifteen years, have rarely been expended in a business, or upon an occupation which promised remunerative return.

The help which the daughters gave to the mother in household affairs was not repaid as that of the son in the store and the counting-house; it was spontaneous service, to be transferred to a husband when her position of daughter was exchanged for that of wife. Money, as an independent possession, was not considered necessary for women; it was thought right, proper, and best for them to be dependent upon their husbands, or male relatives; and, therefore, it was not until recently that women could hold either the money they earned or the property that was left to them. If married, it became at once indeed subject to the disposal of the husband—to be used by him for purposes of business, speculation, or pleasure—and the wife could obtain no redress, because it was legally done—the law recognized man and wife as one, and the man as that one.

Under these circumstances there was no motive for training girls to business. They could not legally do business; their existence was not acknowledged in a court of law; it was considered disreputable for men of means and position to allow their female relatives to be known as earning a livelihood; thus every possible inducement was furnished to keep women from sharing in the labor and enterprise of men, and every motive taken away to activity and independent exertion.

Unjust and unequal as this state of things appears to be, looked at from an abstract point of view, it had its bright side, and was perhaps providential for women in an

age when might made right, and the virtues cultivated in men were those of chivalry and generosity, upon which women were particularly dependent.

Thousands of women were born and died happy, protected, loving, and loved, into whose minds no thought of the "wrongs" of which we now hear so much had ever entered. If their ignorance was bliss, then we have high authority for declaring it folly to be wise, and if the object and aim of human life is individual happiness, there is no need to quarrel with their method of obtaining so large a share of it.

The latter half of the present century, however, and the growth of the individual idea, has made vast changes in the social condition of women, and invested them with responsibilities which their previous habits and education, popular prejudices and modes of thought, and commercial machinery everywhere, rendered it almost impossible for them to meet.

Men are no longer chivalrous or generous, and they have not yet learned to be just; women, therefore, have been forced back upon the hardest and most difficult methods of obtaining the livelihood they were compelled to seek.

Under the plea of physical unfitness to cope with men, they have been debarred from business, and from light and artistic occupations suited to their degree of strength and peculiar temperament, and compelled to earn a pittance by the poor and hard labor which requires little skill, preparation, or capital. In the presence, therefore, of the never-ending cant regarding the woman's physical inferiority, or lack of personal strength compared with man, we have the striking exhibition of ten women earning a living by washing, or hard household labor, to one man, and ten men earning a subsistence by selling yards of tape or ribbon, to one woman. However, we have a settled determination on the part of men not to allow women more than half pay for the same work, and we find them taking advantage of the general impression derived from the past, that men have a family to support out of their earnings, while women have only themselves, which is practically, almost exactly, the reverse of true.

Few married men of the middle class but receive assistance from their wives, not only in the labor which she puts in the household, but in direct and substantial contributions to the family income,

while women are rarely left to absolute dependence upon their own resources without having the aged or the helpless to care for also.

This liability renders it quite as necessary for them to receive adequate remuneration as men, and they should certainly do so in positions where they perform an equal amount of labor, equally as well as men. That they do not, and why they do not, a few examples will illustrate.

A china manufacturer of this city expressed his willingness to receive some graduates from the Academy of Design, and see what they could do in his establishment. Accordingly a number were sent, but an effort to introduce them created so much disturbance among the workmen, who, each and all, announced their intention of leaving, that the project had to be abandoned. Among them, however, was one who displayed original and exceptional talent. Every obstacle had been placed in her way; instead of being furnished with a model from which to draw, such as the male workmen had, she was thrown entirely upon her own resources, and roughly told to "show what she could do." She did so, and without any assistance or suggestion produced some novel and very beautiful designs.

They were just what was wanted. They were fresh, unique, peculiar, and the proprietor would have been glad to engage her permanently for the finest "order" work. He proposed a salary of twenty dollars per week. "But, Mr.—," replied the spirited girl, "you pay your other designer forty dollars per week, and you say yourself that I have ideas, and he has none, why will you not pay me as much as you pay him?" "Well," returned the master, (?) "the fact is, I cannot. Mr. S— would leave, and so would the other men, if I paid you more than half the regular wages. That is the condition upon which they permit you to stay."

"Then I will leave," she replied, which she did; but it may be remarked, *en passant*, that her orders as an outsider from this and another establishment brought her full pay, in spite of the ban under which the regular workmen had endeavored to place her.

It is said, and truly, that there is nothing to prevent American women from fitting themselves for any pursuit for which they have the proper natural qualifications. But although it is true that women can, by energy and perseverance,

fit themselves for almost any employment, yet there are none of the natural and unconscious facilities afforded them which exist for men. Not only is it more difficult to obtain entrance into trades and professions, but there is often the determined opposition of friends to encounter, and the entire lack of the encouragement and stimulus supplied by public and private effort to men.

These obstacles may not deter genius, but every woman is not possessed of genius, or even of a decided inclination for a particular kind of work. Her instinct tells her that in a contest of physical strength she must prove unequal, yet she seems forced back upon menial labor as the only alternative of existence.

A new solution of the problem, however, has recently presented itself—it is a truly American idea, and owes its rapid growth in the minds of young American women to fast coming necessities, to the deeply inwrought love of comforts and luxuries, and the inadequacy of men to supply them. The coming American woman, the offspring of the present generation, will be a business woman. She will devote all her thoughts, all her energies to the making, instead of the earning of money.

This idea receives encouragement, and will receive more.

The class exclusion of women from all kinds of business and mercantile life is fast dying out. Every one wants to spend money. Men and women of high rank in other countries, it is found, do not disdain to turn the honest or dishonest penny, and why should republican Americans?

Queen Victoria was just as willing, nay, just as anxious to get her per centage as any poor author in Spruce street, and though few women have discovered the bliss hidden in the loaf which is earned before it is eaten; yet not a few have determined that if they must earn the loaf they will also have some butter to put upon it.

What the result of this new departure on the part of women will be it is impossible to foretell. The probability is that it will take the cleverest and most able women out of matrimony, and leave those for that office who can earn a livelihood in no other way. Already the desire to "make money," on the part of women, is universal. The fact that some have made it stimulates others, while its possession, it is seen, restores the bloom to faded cheeks, the bright-

ness to lack-lustre eyes, in the estimation of men, as nothing else can. In other words a woman who has made money, has her business and familiar associations like a man. Her life is not circumscribed to four walls and her interests to her pet kitten. She numbers her friends by hundreds, has not ceased to be attractive, though she has ceased to be young, and is accepted as a clever and equal associate by men who would be ashamed of gallantry.

This is what making money has done for some women, and is doing for more. It is not an advance in morality, but it is perhaps a necessity of the times, which are teaching women, when they are no longer "protected," by what means they can best protect themselves.

I confess I would be glad to see a little anxiety to do good work as well as to get high pay. Even young girls fresh from school, or who have never been to school, set up for writers, and teachers, and doctors, and lecturers, without experience, but with a sublime gift of assurance, air their trivialities, and with the unconsciousness of ignorance call it work, and ask pay, when they ought to ask pardon.

This is not the modesty or morality which men have been led to expect from women. It is simply the egotism and unscrupulousness of men destitute of real manhood.

The accepted way to make money, even among average men, is to find a vocation for which they are at least partially fitted, and fill it with acceptance, if not with honor.

Now, instead of rushing into writing, and teaching, and lecturing professions, which are overcrowded with incompetent persons, male and female, I advise young women to turn their attention to business, not as book-keepers, or clerks, but as proprietors—buying and selling, if it is only a quart of pea-nuts, upon their own account.

I know that it is said, and said with truth, that business is gradually falling into the hands of the few; that small dealers are gradually, and in the inevitable course of events, being crushed out. But this is arguing upon general principles. There is nothing in the nature of things to prevent women from doing business on a large scale and there will always be a necessity for an intermediate exchange of commodities upon a small scale, for which women are really better fitted than men.

All the trade in fancy goods, small wares, confectionery, cake and bread stuffs, and the like, is practically done by women, only men take the profits.

There are other things, however, for which women can be trained, and for which they are then equally well fitted.

There is a married woman to-day in the city of New York who has made a fortune of nearly a million of dollars by dealing in real estate. She obtained her knowledge of it from her mother, who, without ever having heard of "woman's rights," took hers, bought, sold and rented houses thirty years ago, often taking her little girl with her on her expeditions, and unconsciously supplying her with knowledge which she turned to practical use when experience taught her that, though a married woman, she must depend upon herself.

This millionaire, made so by her own efforts, when recently called upon, was making currant-jelly with the assistance of a colored girl. She received her visitors without a particle of discomposure; had a bouquet of flowers cut from her conservatory, and gave evidence of acquaintance with the details of house and grounds, which showed her the versatile woman; and an excellent housekeeper she is said to be.

There are abundant opportunities always for superior ability in any profession. There are openings in the city of New York to-day for women lawyers, women doctors, and women professors, preachers, and teachers; but they must be *great*. There are already more slysters, and quacks, and frauds of every description, than the community know what to do with.

Let there be some distinction, then, between the mere making of money and that obedience to a law of your being, which obliges you to become artist, or doctor, or teacher, or writer.

You can "make money" in a thousand ways, and it is a mere matter of acquisition, of bargain and sale between the buyer and the seller; but it is an honor to write; it is a privilege to teach; and it would better befit the young aspirants to these callings to be modest in their claims, conscientious in their efforts, and willing to wait until they can add something to the general quota of thought and intelligence, before they demand fortune and personal recognition from names made illustrious by patient toil and persevering, self-sacrificing endeavor.

ALL THAT SAVED HER.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER III.



THAT man had a bad face," said Uncle Jed, leaning on his mallet, and looking after the figure that went up the lane, a rather round-shouldered, thick-set figure in a seedy, ill-fitting coat and pants.

"A bad face," he repeated, mostly to himself. "I should not like to trust it in some places where I have been."

He was standing in a corner of a wide pasture-field adjoining the back of the cottage grounds. A lane ran on one side, and a great wild-cherry tree grew here close to the bars, and threw its wide shade over the smooth ground which Ben and Janet had selected as the best stage on which to execute their croquet feats.

A few quince and barberry clumps were the only trees which grew on the cottage grounds, and the young people being liable to a seizure of "croquet intermittent," as Uncle Jed with playful irony called their passion for the game, even in the thick of the noontime heats, the great wide-spreading green roof of the wild cherry tree afforded them just the shelter they needed for these exploits with ball and mallet.

Such times as they had here—such fun and frolics—such long, breathless croquet games! at which sometimes Uncle Jed, sauntering down when he was tired of his papers and books, would take a hand, and then the fun and frolic would be redoubled.

For if there was one thing Uncle Jed knew how to be perfectly, that was a boy! He could throw himself with such heart and soul into whatever was going on among the young people; he could play and romp and rollick with the merriest of them; indeed, grown man as he was, he could bring a spirit and flavor to the fun which nobody else could; the secret of it all being the glowing core of youth and warmth at the heart of Uncle Jed. It would always keep him from growing old, though the frosts were deep in his hair and the wrinkles thick in his face.

Whatever you do, boys and girls reading my story, be sure you keep

just such a warm something at the core of you.

It was about midway of the afternoon; there was a soft lisp and whisper of the sea as the tide went out, and little flickers of wind among the thick leaves of the cherry-tree. The boy and girl and man had just finished up the game which had absorbed them for the last hour. Janet was full of the heat and eagerness of the play; she would certainly have shouted out, "Now, let's have another game," if the round-shouldered, rather hulking figure had not gone by at that moment and occasioned Uncle Jed's remark.

They had all looked at the man as he went by, strangers not being in the habit of passing through this lane, which led down by a gentle slope to the huckleberry woods half a mile off.

He had looked at them in turn with a pair of bold, dark eyes—something evil in them too, which had struck Uncle Jed, who seldom was mistaken in his estimates of men.

"What kinds of places!" asked Ben Maxwell, who had overheard the remark.

"All kinds of lonely, desolate, jumping-off places, my boy: in thick wildernesses, in wide plains, and deep cañons, and mountain gorges, where I've spent so many days and bivouacked so many nights."

"You must have met some very bad people in all those travels, Uncle Jed," said Janet, with a grave face and an indrawn breath.

"Not a few of them. That fellow who just went by starts up some of them: strange how things are always coming back!" this last in an undertone, half to himself.

"Oh! Uncle Jed, do tell us about some of them," cried Janet, the prospect of one of his stories putting croquet in the shade, when she was in the full heat of it too!

"Yes, I should like to hear it hugely, sir," added Ben Maxwell, who had had an appetizing taste at Long Branch of some of Uncle Jed's stories.

He was not one of those men who are full of moods and crotchets, and whose stories have to be coaxed and wheedled out of them much as you would a gift from a miser.

There was a long, low rustic seat, brought out here for the accommodation of occasional spectators of the games. Uncle Jed sat down here, and Ben and Janet actually threw themselves down on the short grass; for which impru-