

Woman's Sphere.

By One of the Sex.

I don't think there is a section of country in the United States that has so many busy women as has this fair Territory of ours. I have wondered a little at this, but on thorough reflection I have come to the conclusion that much of it is due to the large proportion of Yankee descendants in the Territory. Most of our leaders and the founders of this were of Puritan descent, and true to the traditions of their fathers and mothers, our people are exceedingly busy. We are not, however, busy as our grandmothers were busy, and the question has arisen, what are we all busy about?

THE BUSY GIRL.

If you meet our girls on the street, at a party, or call to see them, each and every one of them will tell you she is so busy that she cannot find a moment to—yes—to what? One girl tells you she is so busy she can't find time to call and see you. That is apt to be the girl who, if her school days are over, is a member of one or two clubs or associations, who has to attend to the buying and planning of her dresses, and who is so overworked with the arrangement of her own wardrobe that she has small time to do anything else. Another type is the girl who has more than time enough to call and see you, but who is so occupied calling and seeing you and her other friends that she has not a moment to spare to write to an absent friend, or to mend her own stockings. Another girl is so busy going out into "society" that she has no time for visiting, writing, or mending. And yet any one of these girls will have plenty of time to stand on the street corner and talk with you for an hour or two; or she will perhaps yawn or sigh over some novel a whole afternoon; or she will have hours of time to spend in parading up and down the principal street in the town, to see and be seen, and if the girls have plenty of time to spend in pastimes that some of us would call waste of time, how is it with the married women?

THE BUSY YOUNG WIFE.

Oh yes, she is exceedingly busy. She has a "whole house to keep", and that means three meals a day for John and herself, and then, of course, there are all her fancy things to make and arrange; she has to drape her pictures and walls, and she will tell you that she "don't understand how it is that some people can run out and gossip"—she never has a minute. Why. It takes her a whole day to dust and arrange her little parlor. And so you excuse her from calling, or writing, or attending the Y. L. M. I.—she is so terribly busy.

THE BUSY MOTHER.

Well, yes, any one can see that a mother is busy. But, as an ordinary onlooker, I have been unable to see any difference in the comparative "busyness" of a mother with one child and the mother of thirteen children. I have tried to solve this riddle, and have at last done so on the broad general principles which will

transpire in the course of this chat on busy women. The mother of one tottler will spend hours of time dressing, making dresses for her baby, playing with it and showing it off to her friends. Of course, she is what she calls busy. Every moment of her time from six or seven o'clock in the morning until ten or eleven at night is filled with worry and work, or rather employment. The mother of twelve, if she be housewife, seamstress, cook, nurse, and mother certainly seems to have enough not only to occupy her but to keep her exceedingly busy. But, is there one way whereby even her cares can be lessened? I think so, and usually such a mother has had to work out for herself the problem that is just now occupying our weekly time for chat.

As a sort of finger board, to that desired end, let me point out to the seeking mother that if she is and will be the mother of little heavenly emigrants, much of the condition of her life will rest upon the way in which she manages her baby. How can you manage a baby? Asks a mother in despair? Don't the babies always manage us? Again I answer, I think not, not always. But we will discuss that point some other week. Meanwhile, let me remark in passing that the mother who has one or a dozen babies, and the youngest of them is in her arms night and day is dragging away at her life and vitality in the night through constant nursing, and who fills every moment of her waking hours with baby demands for cake, candy, rocking, carrying about in the arms, and riding in the baby carriage such a mother is, I admit it with profound pity, indeed infinitely busy. Again, is it necessary? Again I answer, I think not.

THE BUSY CHILDLESS WIFE.

Indeed, my friend, these good sisters of ours are often as busy and as little able to spend a half hour in writing you a letter, or in attending a meeting as are the mothers of a dozen children. And what do they do? Oh, there are of course meals to get, dishes to wash, or if they keep a girl, they are taking lessons in something, or they are knitting antimacassars, or crocheting lace which requires ten days time to make and is worth forty cents. Or they are reading a wonderful novel by the Duchess, or perhaps, God bless such, they are officers in some of our Women's Associations, and have many little odds and ends of duties to perform in that calling of theirs. Any way, they, too, are undeniably busy.

THE GRANDMOTHERS.

And are they busy, too? I must say, that the most of the women I know over sixty are even busier than are their daughters who are raising children. Usually among our people the grandmothers are active members of the Relief Society. If they are not that, some of them in our Temple districts are Temple workers, and those who have not this privilege are busy making quilts, helping Jane and Mary with their children, or spending their time in some quiet occupation which perfectly engrosses them.

Take any class or style of woman question her, and she will invariably answer she is so busy she don't know what to do with herself. And now, is there any little lesson for us in all this talk of ours. Let me answer again, I

think so. In the first place, will any of you take the time to ask yourselves, What am I busy at? What is the main object of my life? To what am I giving my life and strength? How many hours am I spending in the real business of life, and how many am I filling with trifling occupations? I am afraid if even the busy mother of twelve children could carefully consider and then answer that question her conscience would smite her, and she would find an opportunity for a much-needed reform.

Girls, be sure your associations are of the highest, your books of the noblest, and your visits to the purest men. Wives, see to it that your work is that which will improve your mind, your tidies not too numerous, and your pretty things not of too useless a character. Mothers, be sure that you are not bringing up a lot of indulged, weak-livered, empty-headed children. Do not waste hours of time in nursing baby under the impression that you are "bringing up your family." Women, sisters, let us count out our moments as if they were precious small jewels that will have to be guarded and rendered up to the great owner of them all. If we waste time gossiping, reading trash, rocking babies, making piles of useless fancy work, or in any sort of useless play, shall we not at once repent and turn over a new leaf? I believe in turning over the new leaf when we grow conscious that the old one is soiled, not in waiting for New Year's Day, or any particular day.

Do you remember what President Woodruff told us was the condition of things in the other world? I do; every one he met was so busy they could hardly take time to speak to him. "The whole heavens were busy." That is it, then, the spirit of "busyness" is in the air; it comes to us from the hosts of heaven. Are our works worthy of us?

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The Queen's Lady Attendants.

From the N. Y. Sun—One of the difficulties of Mr. Gladstone's administration thus far seems to be the difficulty of supplying maids-in-waiting to the Queen. Superior inducements have been offered in the way of higher salary, but no applicants have been found for a position once eagerly coveted. A writer who signs herself "Lady-in-waiting" has recently been setting forth the duties of maids of honor. By comparison it seems that cooks and housemaids have superior places, even if these are not so remunerative. The Queen's maids of honor get up early and await their summons from the Queen. When they enter the royal presence they are greeted by a brief but kindly good morning as Jane, Adeline or Martha, as the case may be. The first duty is to read the newspapers to her Majesty. This service exacts a carefully modulated voice, and lasts two or three hours. At 2 o'clock the Queen lunches, and the maids are released to join the household at luncheon. It was with the household and these duchesses and honorable ladies-in-waiting that it will be remembered young Jesse Grant refused to dine. No persuasions could induce Jesse "to dine with the servants," and another cover had to be set at the royal table for Young America. These ladies, as one