

the ground or a pave when dry and clean, and to put in place expensive carpets so that she may not have to touch the soil is at least a little more than is actually necessary. Of course the carpets are not destroyed and can be used for other purposes with their value enhanced in some people's eyes because of the princess' contact with them; but what about the appearance of the thing when we consider it in all its lights?

HER AND HIS POINT OF VIEW.

Jennie June, whose home name is Mrs. J. G. Croly, has informed the press congress to the effect that the young woman who engages in journalism or newspaper work ought to inscribe on her banner "Who enters here leaves home behind." She expresses the opinion that "woman can do her work better in this business when not hampered by the cares of domestic life. The bib and tucker business has had its day." Whereat an eastern cotemporary takes up the Faber and lets Jennie know at once that there is more than one side to that question. The editor seems astounded that this should be the utterance of a woman who has attained distinction in her profession, although she has an ideal home and is credited with being an ideal wife and mother! He thinks that if "the bib and tucker business" has had its day in journalism and the home no longer is an element in journalistic work from a feminine standpoint, then what sort of a creature is the newspaper woman of the future to be, "O wise Mrs. Croly?" Must the woman who writes unsex herself? he asks; must she wear blue stockings, hate all men religiously and rejoice in the companionship of green parrots? The editor then shows that it will be a sad day for this country when "the bib and tucker business" is pushed into the background in any walk of life. The "bib and tucker business" is what makes a nation great. "The state itself rests upon the home and only short-haired women and long-haired men fail to recognize that fact."

There is something to think of and not a little to be demurred to in the following extract:

The greatest forces of nature are silent. Scattered throughout this country today are millions of women who are quietly doing more to advance the cause of their sex than could be accomplished in an age by all the explosive professional reformers that a mistaken idea can place upon the stage of action. For the last two weeks Chicago has been in the hands of the women's congress. Feminine "leaders" of all sorts and grades and conditions have aired their "advanced" ideas and prated the "emancipation of women." Women in trousers and bloomers and knickerbockers have made exhibitions of themselves. Society favorites and tuft-hunters have discoursed eloquently upon topics with which they were totally unfamiliar, and have read papers written by weaker, unprofessional sisters, who were too busy earning their bread to attend the congress. It has been a great season for the masculine woman and the female parvenu with money.

And yet the Congress referred to devoted no small part of its time to the

discussion of home subjects and the interests of the home-woman. Was there ever a convention made up from so representative of so many diverse interests and classes as this Woman's Congress was, that did not number cranks and agitators and impractical members? Was there ever one in which, compared with the number present, there were so few of this class? We agree with much that our cotemporary says in the extracts and quotations above, but must differ when it declares: "The whole Congress is hollow. It is a pageant, a hippodrome, a circus."

The conclusion of the article under review we leave to the discrimination of the reader, assured that the closing invocation will find a hearty response everywhere:

So far as practical, beneficial results go, the work of the whole outfit sinks into insignificance when compared with the daily routine of the American wife and mother at home—God bless her!

A COLONIZATION BUBBLE.

Some two years ago an irrigation scheme on a grand scale was launched in California with great promises and vast pretensions. The seat of operations was Honey Lake, and the organization through whose manipulation the place was to be converted from a wilderness into a metropolis was christened the Honey Lake Valley Land and Water company. We now learn that unless the promoters can raise the modest little sum of \$150,000 at once, the scheme must inevitably fall through and drop "out of sight" literally. It has been going that way for some time and the money that was paid in by credulous investors from time to time seems to have been about the only cohesive quality there was in it.

The history of the rise and decline of the scheme is interesting and may prove useful. It is briefly as follows: In June, 1891, the company was incorporated in San Francisco with a full board of officers. Immediately after the incorporation papers were filed the company issued a prospectus explaining its intentions and purposes, in doing which they introduced their scheme to the general public in the following synopsis:

We are building a water system to bring a large tract of choice land in Honey Lake valley under irrigation development. This land still belongs to the government—we want to sell the water, therefore we wish you to take up the land. You can acquire title from the government under the desert act, which does not require residence, or under the homestead act. We can give you employment at good wages, for yourself and your teams also, if you want to pay for water rights in labor. The land is very fine, perfectly level, with rich soil, fine climate, good markets and abundant water and wood supply. A railroad crosses the valley. When you have secured title, if you want to sell, we will get you a handsome profit on your investment.

An elaborate report of a "careful survey" was made and presented by widespread distribution, but it now appears that at least three times as much money was needed for the con-

struction of canals, dams, etc., as the report made it appear, hence the present and all former troubles. Men who could not pay money were induced to work for their shares. Streets were surveyed and sign posts stuck up right in the sagebrush which told the wanderers that here was "University avenue," there the "Honey Lake opera house," here "Lassen avenue," and there the "First Episcopalian church."

The San Francisco *Chronicle* says that while the merry boomers continued thus to carry out their plans, and in doing so caught many fish in their nets, they actually commenced work on their big dam about a year ago. They were getting along all right by having most of their labor performed by men who only wanted their board and were willing to take the promise of a lot adjoining the Honey Lake city hall as payment for their work. There was also quite an influx of people with money, who paid down their \$8.50 per acre or first and second payments in cash, so as to be sure to have no further demands made on them in the future. They felt perfectly sure on that score, because the prospectus assured them of a perpetual and clear ownership of a water right, with a plentiful supply. But last fall a great flood carried most all the improvements which had been made entirely away, and thus a great blow in the way of loss and discouragement was inflicted upon the enterprise. As it is not at all likely the needed \$150,000 can be raised now, the poor people who have cast their fortunes with the company are as usual the chief if not the only losers. The co-operative and mutual-help plan of carrying on such enterprises, which has prevailed with the people of Utah, has not yet been improved upon.

GREAT IS SALT AIR!

Of the vast host of people who yesterday visited the new health and pleasure resort on the shore of the Great Salt Lake, we venture to say nine out of every ten beheld a structure immeasurably larger and finer and more complete and perfect in all its appointments than their wildest imagination had pictured. The magnificent pavilion rising, Venice-like, out of the waves in stupendous and graceful beauty, deepened in its semi-Moorish architectural lines the suspicion that what one saw was not firm structural reality but rather a delightful oriental dream.

Attentive readers of the papers have been furnished from time to time with descriptions of the building and with reports of the progress of the work; but an incredulous and unkind public always prepares itself to make allowance for journalistic hyperbole and to discount several per cent what is commonly deemed the extravagance of newspaper gratification. If for no other reason, therefore, than that Saltair justifies all that has been said of it, the fraternity rejoice in yesterday's event. There was not a visitor who did not admit, at least mentally, that he beheld a far more splendid sight than his newspaper had led him to expect; and there were thousands who, with Sheba's queen,