

of yourself may be, it is just as well to not accept any one's orthodoxy, when it conflicts with your own, until you have at least consulted a reliable compendium. Life is too short, and there is too much hard work to be done, too much good to be accomplished, for us all to be perfectionists. Nor can we all afford to throw away unabridged dictionaries, simply because a new edition has cast the accent in a word from one syllable to another. The other day a lady used the word *ret-er-nary*, and a well educated physician who was present immediately re-pronounced it, placing the accent on the second syllable.

"Another new-fangled change, I presume!" she ejaculated in an agonized aside to me, while her face flamed.

It is, of course, best to try to keep up with all reasonable changes. But it is, also, well to remember that to be ortho-pist is one thing, and to be a would-be orthoepist is another; and when one meets a woman who is so desirous of making a favorable impression that she says "calncel" instead of "cancel," one does not so deeply deplore one's own unintentional blunders in pronunciation.

What a happiness it is to know that there are no longer any set styles for arranging the hair. I have seen women with long, slim throats "do" their hair on the tops of their heads, looking about as graceful and well proportioned as giraffes; and others, with short, full throats, loop their hair low down on the napes of their necks—and all because it was "the style." There should be no such thing as a "style" for arranging or wearing the hair. It should always be worn in the manner most becoming to the wearer. To say that "bangs" are out of style, when so many women look hideous without them, is absurd. It is just the same with different styles of dress. Of course, it is well to have a proper regard for fashions, as any sensible woman will have; but the exceedingly thin woman who weeps for the bustle she dare not wear, because, forsooth, it is not stylish, is lacking in brains. If a thing is becoming to you, wear it, quietly and modestly, and set the example for some weaker minded woman. What is still more absurd is that there should be such a thing as a "stylish color." Indeed, I know only one thing more absurd, and that is the woman who wears it when God gave her hair and eyes that were not meant to go with it.

"But," said a little, fussy milliner recently, who was vigorously trying to force an unbecoming hat upon a customer, "ballerette is going to be more stylish this year than last; why, it is going to be the 'rage'."

"Then," said the lady—you wouldn't have suspected it of her, either, for she was monk and demure looking—"give me any other color under heaven."

And, although I had never seen her before, I felt like slipping a diamond medal upon her independent, but lovely and womanly, shoulder.

"What!" exclaimed a lady the other day, with an incredulous look, "do you mean to say you wash your face with soap?"

"I certainly do," I replied, laughing, yet with a sensation of guilt stealing over me at her look of consternation.

"Why," said she after a while, with a long breath, "I haven't touched soap to my face for several years; I thought it made the skin shine."

"Well," I replied cheerfully, although it must be confessed I cast an anxious, if surreptitious, glance into the mirror to discover whether my face did any such ungrateful thing, "perhaps it does, but I would rather have my face shine than to be unclean."

She indignantly protested that her face was quite clean, but I shall always entertain private doubts upon the subject. A face that is washed frequently with soft water and good soap—with the accent on the good—will, at any rate, look clean and natural, although it may not startle the beholder by its infantine downiness. If your skin has a tendency to shine, rub it vigorously and briskly for five minutes two or three times a day with a coarse, soft towel. This will produce a becoming glow, and one will know at a glance that you neither powder nor paint.

The latest production of woman's fertile brain is a pedestrian umbrella holder. This simple invention leaves the hands entirely free, as the umbrella slips into a sheath which, in some way not to be appreciated until seen, fastens by means of innumerable chains and hooks to the dress belt, far back. The invention may be wonderfully convenient to the woman whose hands are occupied with bundles, pocket book and muff, but if she has anything of a "swing" to her gait, one's sympathies must go out to the unfortunate masculine pedestrians, about whose unsuspecting legs that umbrella will surely twine itself on every possible occasion.

If you are a wise woman, and your rooms are of good size, you will have several pretty screens scattered about. Have one or two large ones, covered with softly tinted Japanese embroidery with embossed leather frames, and some smaller ones which do not fold. They give a warm, inviting look to the plainest room, and the sun's rays always find them and bring out all their rich coloring. Besides they are irresistible invitations to little harmless flirtations, and while—of course—you, yourself, would not flirt, you probably have one or two dear friends who would.

Queen Victoria has ordered her baker to make her an American apple pie. As if an English baker could! And even if he did succeed in manufacturing the genuine thing—the apple pie that our dear, old mothers used to draw from the ovens, with smiles of satisfaction on their kindly, care-worn faces—could he give Queen Victoria the American palate with which to relish it?

Better than all the flowery sermons in all the churches in the whole world would it be for the woman who is "in sorrow and is heavy laden," if one true-hearted sister would take her hand, and say: "You suffer; yet be of good cheer. I, also, have suffered, but I have outlived my sorrow. For I found others whose hearts were sadder, and whose burdens were heavier, than mine; and, helping them to forget, I, also, have forgotten."

There are people who are morally, as well as physically, bilious. When you see a man—or woman—who goes around with his nose drawn up and his mouth drawn down, and a general I-don't-care-whether-I-live-or-die look, don't waste your time trying to make him happy. It is not a bit of use; his disease is self, with a big "S," and death alone can cure him.

Miss Amelia S. Given, of Mount Holly Springs, Pa., an heiress described as young and fair, has given a free library to the mountain village where she was born. Miss Given's money, so spent, will probably do more in the way of enlightening women than all the money that has been spent in the cause of woman suffrage.