IT DOES NOT ALWAYS EXCEL THE GRACES OF MATURITY.

A New Type of Femininity Has Arisen and the Combination of Angel and Idiot Formerly Idealized in Poetry and Fietion No Longer Exists.

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HE old time superstitions in regard to woman are year by year growing fewer in number. and it is safe to predict that in the not distant future her social and intellectual rights will be everywhere as freely acknowledged as are her brothers'.

In all ages and countries where women have been regarded as intellectually inferior to men and relegated to the animal plane their charm has been considered as a thing exclusively of youth. In eastern lands girls are mothers at twelve, fourteen and sixteen years of age, grandmothers often at thirty or younger and old and passee at thirty-five.

That a woman could possess any personal attractiveness after she had passed her teens would be beyond the comprehension of the oriental mind, and until the last quarter of a century the western world has been hardly less material in its estimate of feminine character. The heroine of the original novel was the fourteen-year-old. "Sweet sixteen" and "blooming eighteen" were the favorite ages less than half a century ago, and it was not until the multiplication of colleges for woman kept her from society until past twenty that the world of fiction-usually a fair reflection of a world of realities-discovered the possibilities of sweetness in the early twenties.

The increase in the longevity of girlhood is the result of woman's broader life and a wider recognition of her capabilities and possibilities. Among the better classes the girl's need of education and right to it are as readily conceded to her as are the boy's privileges to him. The old time fallacy that girls mature more rapidly than boys no longer serves as reason for thrusting upon the undeveloped maiden of sixteen cares for which she is no more ready than is the average boy of that age. Up to twenty-one and later the young woman of the period is busy with her books and educational interests, and instead of being a mother at eighteen, as her grandmother was before her, she is now what she should be at that age-a happy, unfettered girl.

Nor is the tag, "old maid," affixed to the unmarried woman at as early an age as formerly, when twenty-five was de-nominated the "second corner" and thirty marked the age of forlorn spinsterhood. A study of marriage statistics in fashionable society will show that more girls marry after twenty-five than younger, and further study of modern society will reveal the fact that its belles are quite as often women in the thirties as in the twenties.

The girl of eighteen has the charm of youth, and the world will always pay tribute to her innocence and freshness, but she no longer poses, as in the earlier century, as the divine creature who can compel all knees to bow before her. Indeed the debutantes of modern society often complain that the adoration which should be theirs is borne off by the young matrons and bewitching widows, and if this is so it only compliments the good

sense of society.

Men demand more of women than they once did, and this the woman of the world soon learns. If she is more interesting at thirty than she was at twenty it is because she has learned the importance of being as well as looking attractive. Indeed it may be argued that the wise woman of modern times is learning the lesson of history, which is that the secret of lasting charm is found in the culture of something more than youthful grace.

Cleopatra was no longer a girl when she subjugated the heart of Marc Antony, and it is difficult to believe that the secret of her inexhaustible attractiveness, whose "infinite variety age could not wither nor custom stale," was found in the play of shapely limbs or the flash of beautiful eyes. Josephine had passed the boundaries of girlhood when she won the heart of Napoleon, and the leaders of the French salon were women of years as well as of intellect.

Who remembers to inquire how old Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was when reading of her triumphs as the most brilliant woman of the reign of George II?

Who ever thinks of the beautiful Mme, de Recamier as a woman "well on in years," or associates a thought of age with Mme. de Stael?

And in our own country and day are not the women most honored in society, in literature, in the world, women who have studied life, and whose faces oftener showed lines of thought than cheeks

abloom with the glow of youth?
The Clarissas and the Lucys and the Marianas have had their day. A new type of femininity has arisen, and the combination of angel and idiot formerly idealized in poetry and fiction no longer exists. The artificial, hothouse specimen of girlhood, in whose nature all spontaneity was repressed, is now rarely met

Girls are encouraged to be natural and unaffected, and educated less in stilted ideas of propriety than they were when the innocence of youth was marred by enforced teaching upon the necessity of securing a home and providing one's self with a husband. The instincts and desires of youth are not crushed out as they were under the old regime, and the life, physical and mental, develops more in secordance with natural laws.

The mothers of the present have discovered that enfeebled constitutions and

THE CHARMOF YOUTH impaired vital powers are the result of the prudish ideas of past generations of women. In consequence girls of today are encouraged, as are their brothers, in all athletic sport and out of door exercise, and in the better circles of society early marriages are no longer desired by intelligent parents, who are learning physiological truths which the Spartans respected and recognized when they made laws forbidding their females to marry under twenty-five or their males under thirty.

Nor do women marry, as formerly, for the sake of a home or of being supported or to escape the odium of being "old maids." So many avenues of usefulness and honor are now open to women everywhere that in every rank of life women are more independent than their grandmothers would have dared to be. The old time jokes about woman's insincerity as regards her age are rarely perpetrated now. Up to thirty-five no woman hesitates to acknowledge her age, and a successful novel of recent years actually made its heroine an unmarried woman thirty-seven years old.

In English and American society, as well as in France, the women recognized as social leaders and society belles are women oftener in the thirties than in the twenties. The woman of the world knows that with years she gains in charm -that where in her first season she bored and irritated the man who took her out to dinner she has in her fuller maturity and experience a stimulus and a fascination for him. Women of society know, too, that to retain their sovereignty they must cultivate individuality and be some thing more than reflectors of the life around them. Hence it happens that instead of the exceptionally brilliant woman of the last century the women of today are as a whole women of wit, of intelligence, of versatility. Women have more interests in life than they had in past years. Literary clubs, reading circles, language classes and a host of other stimulating interests keep the modern woman young and active. People grow old not from years, but from want of

Some one has said that the age of grandmothers is past and deplores the departure of the picturesque old ladies who, adorned with spotless kerchiefs and close made caps, formerly occupied the rocking chairs in the warmest corners and industriously knitted endless socks. But if they have gone we have in their stead worthy successors, of whom Mrs. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher and Elizabeth Cady Stanton are illustrious examples. These women are all past "threescore years and ten," and still no one of them has as yet laid her scepter down. No one thinks of these women as old, for their lives are full of the fragrance of eternal youth.

Lives cease to be measured by time's calendars when they rise above the material plane. The women who fear the years for the wrinkles they may bring or the lines across beauty which they may make will never possess the freshness of spirit which is life's greatest charm. But the women who stay young in spite of years are those whose lives hold many interests. They are the ones who do not feel that with the attainment of a certain age desuctude of all the powers must ensue. They never grow "too old" to enjoy life and all its stimulating influences.

Fifty years ago it would have been a most unusual thing to have met women past thirty as students in any depart. all right in a day or two. And as for a ment of active effort. Today women of all ages are found in every field of activity. The woman of forty takes up a new language or a fresh study with as much zeal as a girl of twenty, and the world forgets to consider the age of those who fling over its dusty highways the flowers of new thought and the fragrance of fresh life. LAURA GIDDINGS.

A Novel Bridal Procession. A pretty little bride-to-be-in-a-monthor-so is cudgeling her brain for novelties and has hit upon a decided one. "I am going to have Rex bring up the

rear of the bridal procession," she announced. Everybody laughed. Rex is her fa-

vorite setter and a beauty.
"Yes, I'm in earnest," she continued.
"Of course it wouldn't do in church, but as it's at home I don't see why not. I'm to have six bridesmaids and the last



pair my two little nieces, five years old. They shall be dressed in light blue and lead Rex between them with light blue ribbons from his collar. I know he'll behave nicely, and of course I couldn't think of leaving the dear fellow out."

Somebody said it sounded dreadful because it reminded one of an Indian brave's funeral, which his favorite war-horse is allowed to attend; but the brideto-be is practicing Rex in walking up the parlor in leading strings, and it only remains to be seen whether she will adhere to her fancy when the evening ar-M. H. F. L.

Trust to Yourself. When you make investments of your little savings, look about you on all sides and find out for yourself where it is wise to put your money. Do not trust any-body implicitly. Women often lose their money through sheer laziness in finding out what sort of risks they are taking. Naturally nobody is as much interested in your affairs as you are. Do well examined after being in such comnot expect, therefore, that anybody else will take trouble for you that you are expert in dealing with such quarry .unwilling to take for yourself.

EASILY MADE HAPPY.

How a Rich Man Learned Some Philosephy on a Rainy Day.

A rich gentleman of my acquaintance got caught in the rain the other day while out for a walk on upper Broad-He is not only rich, but eccentric, in that he rarely rides and that he walks a great deal. The rain that for a long time fell gently increased in quantity and was caught up by the rising wind and shot into faces and doorways, where ople hopefully huddled for the time, and beat upon the awnings and signs as if in mad desire to crush them and get at the hearts of those who had sought temporary shelter there.

The gentleman, although protected by a stout umbrella, was finally driven to one of these awnings, whence he peered up and down for any stray cab that might come that way.

By this process he saw a man coming down the street, dodging from awning to awning and doorway to doorway. There were hundreds of people going and coming, pushing or pulling umbreilas, or who, enveloped from head to heels in waterproofs, went edging along with one ear turned down to windward, as if to split the storm. But this particular man commanded his attention because he had no umbrella and no waterproof and although the day was cold not even an overcost. He ran awhile, then paused in some friendly shelter to repeat the run to the next, finally bringing up under the same awning with my friend.

Like most rich men of the world my friend is suspicious of his kind unless they come properly introduced. But he looked at this specimen of humanity and saw at a glance that it was a very wet specimen, plainly and lightly clad, but with a frank, manly, German countenance. Not having been addressed by it, he felt still more interested.

"Bad day for you," he said pleasantly.
"Yes, for anybody," replied the man, folding his arms across his water soaked

"Got far to go?"

"Right good bit," said the specimen.
"You'd better take a street car. Hers comes one going right down Broadway." "No: I'm going over on the other side

and then down the Bowery. "Well, that is a 'good bit,' but you can get a car over there," remarked my

The specimen laughed. "A street car is too rich for my blood today," said he. "Oh, I've got the money," he added, see-ing the cynical look that came into the gentleman's face, "but I want that for something else. That's the reason I'm footing it. I'll get wet, but when I get down to the place I can get dried out for a glass of beer."

The perfect confidence of the specimen in his programme elicited the echo: "For a glass of beer?"

"Oh, yes! You see, I don't stop at an expensive hotel. It's the Palmer House. down in Chatham square, and---"Chatham square? Why, that's miles

from here!" "I know that well enough, but I'll get there in an hour or two," was the cheerful reply. "When I do I'll buy a glass of beer, and they will let me dry out before the big stove. I can't get much wetter. If I took a street car, you see, I'd have no beer and no place to dry." He laughed

"You don't seem to mind it much." "Mind it! What's the use? I'll be fixed little water-faugh!" The specimen shook himself like a young spaniel. Well, I must be running or I'll get cold," said he, and he started off without more preliminary.

"Hold on there!" shouted the astonished gentleman. "Come back here a mo-ment." The specimen came slowly back, The sp.cimen came slowly back, but he shivered in spite of his air of indifference.

"How much money have you got?"
"Fifteen cents if I walk—ten cents if I ride," the specimen replied rather shamefacedly.

"Well, here; you ride." He put a half dollar into the specimen's hand.

The specimen looked at it a moment like a flash, and catching the giver's hand before it could be withdrawn mutely pressed it to his lips. There had been nothing cringing or sycophantic or whining. There was nothing of the sort now. It was a grateful, impulsive exhibition of genuine gratitude for just one instant: then with frank and glistening eyes he said:

"Ride? And I'll eat too-and sleep in a bed! I'm the happiest man in New York!" And the specimen dashed down the street through the pelting rain, cut into Thirty-fifth street and disappeared to-ward the east side. And the rich gentle-man looked up at the cloud riven sky. shook the folds out of his silk umbrella and started buoyantly down Broadway. saying softly, "The happiest man in New York!"—New York Herald.

Letter of a Suicide. An octogenarian general left a letter

lately defending the propriety of his suicide. Said he: When an individual life has run its

cycle and become a waste of nature in the body, overwhelming its mental and physical qualities with weakness and pain to an intolerable degree, it may with all propriety be removed.

Such being the case with the life of the writer, his apology to the world is by these terms made through his most beloved and most intimate friends, who, he trusts, will appreciate the relief to him from ceaseless distress, which, in his opinion, ought to be brought by the phyician who is summoned with his drugs, surely for that purpose, but not for cure.-Boston Globe.

A Snake in a Bag of Potatoes. A man purchased a bag of potatoes at the Cape Town market, and when the potatoes were turned out at his home he discovered that a puff adder was instuded in the bargain. That viper must have been callous indeed to have expended no venom during its transit, and it is to be hoped that the potatoes were pany. The colonists are wonderfully

Cape Town Letter.

A Centleman

Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Hopolulu, writes: "For 20 years past, my wife. and I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and we stribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintauces, ten or a dozen years younger than we. are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When

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