She Was Passing Fair.

I was nineteen, she twenty-eight,
When first I saw her lovely face,
Her fairy form of lissome grace.
I knew that I had met my fate
When, as I saw her golden hair,
Her carmine lip, her cobalt eye,
I muttered, with a furnace sigh,
"Ye gods, but she is passing fair!"

She twenty-eight and I nineteen!
I took to gloves and neckties bright
To find more favor in her sight.
Of my affection she was queen.
Alternate hope and dark despair
Would mount or rankle in my breast;
She spoiled a good deal of my rest—
I said that she was passing fair.

She twenty-eight, I twenty-eight!
I see the powder on her face;
Her form has angles more than grace.
Her eyes are blue, but not quite straight.
I really thought my love would last,
But fleeting years will love impair.
I thought that she was passing fair—
And so she was—but now she's past.

—Chicago Record.

PRECIOUS EXTRA BODICES

They Enable Women of Limited Means to Keep Up a Presentable Appearance at All Times.

Every woman who is wise in shopping lore is looking out, just at the present season, for the annual sale of silk, satin and velvet remnants sold at this particular time for a mere song, and used for a year or more to come for the making and remaking of those precious extra bodices that women have learned to love and to look upon as necessary luxuries of the wardrobe, be it small or large. So little expenditure is required nowadays to make a waist that is fresh and pretty, as well as really modish, that almost any one who watches the sales can buy scraps enough to make up a supply of extras that will do creditably for all occasions, in lieu of a variety of complete costumes.

The advantages of the odd waists are so familiar to the majority of women that they hardly need enumerating. They are such a saving to best dresses, and light and dainty ones can so often be worn when entire light silk dresses would be quite out of the question. With one good skirt and a number of more or less elaborate waists the average woman is prepared to accept invitations to all manner of social affairs, with the sole exception of full-dress functions, which, of course, invariably require full-dress gowns. If one's means allow of but a single formal evening costume, it should assuredly be fashioned of black silk, with the skirt and the waist made separate. Black peau de sole is the most fashionable as well as serviceable silk for the purpose. The corsage should be decollete, with or without sleeves. Then if a detachable yoke and sleeves of black lace are supplied, the costume is convertible into a very elegant dinner gown.

In spite of the extravagant trimming that is being used, it would be advisable to have the skirt made simply, in long, straight lines, sweeping out gracefully behind into a decided demitrain. It is always well to secure a few yards of silk extra, when buying a black silk dress, as the skirt will in all probability stand remodeling before it is worn out. If the skirt is made in an unostentatious way it will escape the disagreeable comment of being always the "same old thing," at the many teas, card parties, luncheons, matinees and sociables of different sorts, where it so frequently accompanies waists that are gorgeous enough to atone for its simplicity. All that is required in addition to the few articles just described to complete a wardrobe that will more than meet the necessities of the average woman is one good, tailor-made gown and a simple house dress, to save her best clothes from becoming shabby, a fate that overtakes them with lightning-like rapidity if they are worn commonly about the house.

Few Plain Waists.

Very few plain silk waists are seen this year. They are usually in combination either with contrasting silk, with velvet, satin or lace, or panne, and indeed many of them entail all of these fabrics, together with embroidery tinsel of some sort, passementerie and paillettes. Work is not put upon them sparingly. They are tucked and strapped and lapped in bias folds, and scalloped and braided and appliqued, in a million intricate devices that make them dreadful to contemplate, excepting in their finished state. Fur and buttons figure conspicuously in the scheme of decoration, and mousseline de sole is an almost indispensable item.

It is true enough that only three yards of silk are needed for an up-to-date bodice, made as they are now, with scant fronts and tight sleeves, but the economy in material is lost sight of in the price of labor, and, excepting to the girl or woman who is capable of making her own extra bodices, the price is no whit diminished. It is the deft needlewoman alone who can profit by the prevailing mode in waists. Under the magic of her skill, a piece of silk, a scrap of lace, a piping of velvet or fur and a bit of ribbon are thrown together into the most delightful confection.

Heavy satin is very much in vogue in place of taffeta. A blouse waist of willow-green satin that is shown in the first model of a group on this page is adorned with stitched bands and folds of the same. It is cut low-neckat, front and back, over a yoke of heavy white art lace, lined with cream satin. The edges of the neck slope, and the opening near the front is finished with a stitched, scalloped band of satin. Similarly stitched but unscalloped bands are applied to the body of the waist, in angles, as indicated in the design. Three groups of fancy buttons, with four in each group, ornament the front of the waist. The collar of white lace over cream satin, mounts high under the ears, and is finished at the edge with a corded piping of cream satin. The sleeve has a smooth-fitting silk foundation, which is covered with overlapping bias folds of satin, bent in heart-shaped points at the middle of each fold. The narrow belt is simply a stitched band of green satin, to match the strappings on the waist.

One of the loveliest theater waists of the season is made of white silk, mottled with splashes of rose-pink satin. An applique of lace, drawn over this delightful ground, gives it an indescribable delicacy. The front is open and, turning back from it, are two long, narrow revers, notched near the top and extending straight down from the neck to the waist. The revers are flatly covered with lace and piped with fur. Cubskin makes an effective and inexpensive piping, having as good a depth of coloring as sable or seal.

Straight, High Collar.

The collar is straight and high at the sides. It is edged and encircled with a piping of the same fur, after having first been covered smoothly with lace. A piece of lace is appliqued to the height of the corsage, in pointed-yoke shape. At the front of the collar is an immense rosette of rose-colored panne and, below this, a cascade of lace ripples between the revers. The belt is of rose-colored panne, folded into tucks, and the sleeves, of mottled silk, have the lower portion covered with half-sleeves of lace, notched in a sharp V, at the top. At the wrist is a narrow bracelet of panne, below which a tab of lace and silk rounds down over the knuckles. The tab is finished with a piping of fur, set on with a panne cord; it is faced with panne. A bodice of this description may be worn equally well with a light-colored, smooth-faced cloth skirt, or with the regulation black silk.

The making over of last year's waists is a comparatively simple matter. The fullness has to be taken out of the front and the sleeves made narrower. This leaves a plain foundation, to which the most inexperienced seamstress could add the desired trimming. Several old waists can be cut out at the neck and worn over a single guimpe. The latter must, of course, change the stamp of the year by having a smooth collar, shaped correctly high at the sides.

An easy way to trim an ordinary bodice, with or without a yoke, is to take a long strip of satin, closely tucked, with the tucks running the length of the strip. Pucker the strip slightly at one end and catch it into the armhole of the bodice. Then draw the band straight across, above the bust; catch it down at the hollow of the other arm, and twist and loop it into a tremendous rosette. The strip should be tucked only on the part that crosses the bodice, the rosette being left untucked for the sake of greater fullness. Liberty satin adapts itself beautifully to this mode of trimming; a lace jabot, falling from under the rosette, gives a nice finish.

Snug and comfortable afternoon waists are made of velvet and gaily trimmed. The color that leads in popularity is green. All shades are used, dull tones if the shade is light, and clear, rich ones if dark. Malachite is a favorite dark tint. The fourth bodice in the illustration is a deep malachite-green velvet, cut low-necked and open in front, over a guimpe and vest of white velvet dotted with large gray chenille dots.

Split-Open Vest.

The vest, in turn, is split open over a white satin front that is covered with a cascade of white lace. At each open edge of the vest is a row of crystal buttons, each button being supplied with a loop of gold gimp. The loops may either be crossed and caught over the opposite button or left open, and glittering gilt beads may, if desired, take the place of the chenille dots. A strap of green velvet, stiched with row after row of white silk thread, edges the neck slope, and similar straps are laid in upturned points on the sleeves. The belt epaulettes and wrist pieces are repetitions of the stitched strapping. At the neck is a military collar, surmounted by a turned-down collar of white velvet, striped with several rows of gilt gimp, the gimp being twisted in loops at the corners of the collar. The cascade of lace begins at the very top of the collar, directly under the chin.

Satin, panne and brocade waists are reserved for semi-dress affairs, for little dinners, theaters and soires. A charming dinner bodice is in silvery crepe de chine. It is squarely decollete, crossed over in front and fastened toward one side. All of the edges of the decollete are notched in leaf-shaped scallops. The scallops are piped with parchment-colored satin, set on with a fine untwisted gold cord. Satin leaves, appliqued inside of the scallops, are stitched down with gold-thread veins and edged with gold cord. The crepe de chine sleeves are mousquetaire over a tight foundation and trimmed down the outside, with a straight, narrow band of parchment satin, finely embroidered with flowers in gold threads. A standing collar, of appliqued crepe de chine, encircles the neck. It is finished off at the lower edge with leaf-shaped scallops, piped with satin and, at the upper edges, with a full frill of chantilly lace.

The decollete is filled in with a smooth-fitting, unlined yoke of white chantilly lace, re-embroidered with a delicate tracery of gold thread. The cuffs, which are annexed to the bottom of the sleeves and turn down in bell shape over the hand, are made to match the collar, with applique, scallops, piping and frill of chantilly. The girdle is of gray crepe de chine. The bodice is supplied with a tight-fitting lining. The back is made in one piece and puckered down into the belt. The decollete is round, instead of being square, over the lace yoke. Does the whole thing not suggest a quaint, grandmotherly style? It would hardly seem complete without a carved ivory fan and the faint scent of violets and sandal-wood.

Satin Theater Bodice.

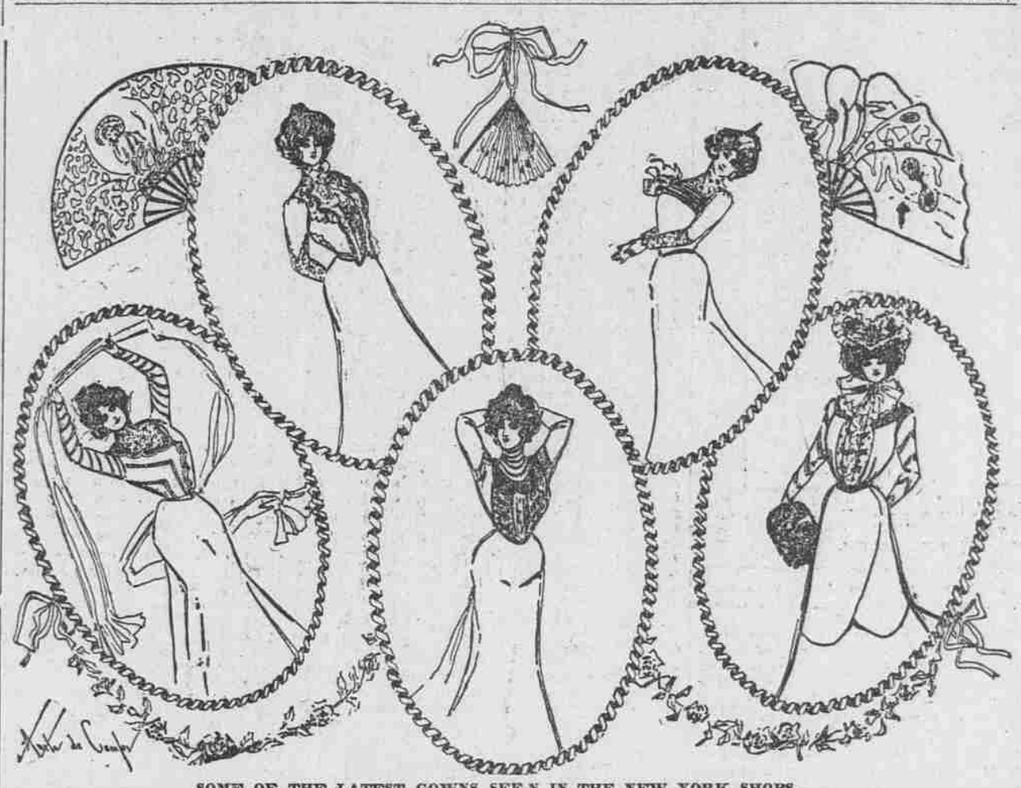
The remaining illustration shows a theater bodice in Parma violet satin. It is decollete, in a deep oval over a smooth yoke of white satin, evenly encircled with black velvet bands. The collar, which is attached to the yoke, is similarly ornamented with undulating lines of black velvet. Below the decollete is a flat bertha of black velvet, exquisitely embroidered with violet silk floss. Directly in front the slightly bloused bodice is laid in a small triple box-plait, ornamented with tiny gold buttons. At either side of the plaiting is a panel of rich lace, laid on a foundation of satin and bordered with a band of black velvet. A very happy touch is given to the front, by having a row of black velvet tabs, slanting downward across each of the lace panels and brightened by a gilt button at the point of each tab. The tight satin sleeves are annexed to shoulder-puffs of plaited satin. They are shaped in a point at the top and trimmed with a single narrow band of black velvet. White satin cuffs, barred with black velvet, are added to the wrists. The belt is a round band of white satin and black velvet.

A couple of plain flannel shirt waists, to wear under the tailored waist, are quite indispensable to my lady's collection of bodices. And, indeed, if she cannot afford an assortment of bodices, a flannel waist is more advisable than a silk one. At least one flannel shirt waist and one silk one should find its way into every wardrobe. These two unpretentious bodices need not become nearly as monotonous as one might fancy. If they are simply made and the proper colors are chosen, they can be varied to infinitude by changes of neckwear. Every one knows what a mere nothing it takes to make a pretty stock. Anything light or bright can be used for the purpose, and one pretty, washable lace tie can be manipulated into jabot, cascade or bow, and tied in a different way each time it is worn with a different colored collar.

There are two accommodating shades that are pretty in any fabric, and that will harmonize with neckwear and belt, in any imaginable tint. One is appropriate for blondes and the other for brunettes, and the girl who can afford but a single extra bodice would be wise to select one of these two colors. The first is a soft gray and the other any one of the shades, ranging from corn to coffee color, and including tan, amber and even clear yellow.

Just a word about the affliction of being too long-waisted or too short-waisted. A natural defect on this score can be disguised by the color of the belt. The short waist is easily lengthened, to all appearances, by having the bodice finished with a tight, well-boned lining, arranged to be worn outside of the skirt belt, having the waist extend down farther in front than behind, and the narrow girdle, which must positively be of the same shade as the bodice, sewed on the edge of the bodice. This is the secret of the elegant, long, tapering waist that has made the success of so many splendid stage figures, revealed by no less a person than the superbly graceful Mrs. Leslie Carter. Too long a waist can be modified by wearing the bodice inside of the skirt belt and having a wider girdle, which must positively be of the same shade as the skirt.

ANITA DE CAMPI.



SOME OF THE LATEST GOWNS SEEN IN THE NEW YORK SHOPS.

MILLINERY AS A FINE ART.

That's How One Successful New York Milliner Approached It.

Most women who gain ascendency in the millinery trade learn the business from the hat frame up, so to speak, and become known through their years of experience. In a side street shop just off Fifth avenue, in New York, however, is an established woman milliner, who has reversed this order of things and has come into the business by a new route. She is, very probably, the only woman in this country, according to the New York Sun, which recently interviewed her, who deliberately studied art as a stepping-stone to millinery. She has cut in on the trade where many milliners leave off. Most of them in learning the business do "facings" and linings, tie endless bows in muslin and buckram, as practice work, learn to wire and shir and how to do smocking, feather-curling, lace rosette-making and quilling.

The woman innovator did none of these things, not at least in the beginning. Her first step, after settling upon millinery as her lifework, was to enroll herself as pupil in the individually taught class of an efficient art teacher and take to proportional drawing and prospecting the analysis of color and the reasoning out the whys and wherefores of given effects on certain substances, as regularly and conscientiously, as if she were going to paint pictures, or try to excel in architecture or sculpture. She worked hard and mastered the course. And it is a year and a half now since she hired a shop, first painted her surname in noticeable characters across the door and placed three carefully chosen model hats in the window on three respective little wooden stands.

Now madame is fairly launched, without fear of overtopping. She "makes" for Mrs. X., Mrs. Z. and their personal friends, in a circle of persons able to pay what they choose for what they fancy. Her name is being handed about from one to the other, and older and more popularly established milliners look curiously at the carriages before her modest shop and remark to their saleswomen and confidants that the newcomer "caught on" in a marvelously short time.

This milliner is the daughter of a well-known business marn in a city near New York. She had no idea of trying to elevate or reform the trade by adopting it, but went into it because she wanted some line of work that would afford full scope for her talents and believed millinery to be that work.

"My advice to any woman with natural taste who wants to go into millinery is to study thoroughly the laws and principles of the becoming," she says. "I mean the becoming in the sense of the fit and proper, as well as the beautiful. She can study the making of frames and the general hat trade technicalities later, but there are always plenty of skilled helpers of that kind to be had for moderate wages, whereas the whole profit and fame of a good milliner hangs upon her ability to design, to make the hat suit the build and head and face characteristics of the customer. It is not the materials of which a hat or bonnet is made that count in the sale, but the way these materials are put together and the individuality that is exerted in the work. With innate taste and technical knowledge combined a milliner can't go wrong as to shapes and color blending, and all the world knows that there are scores and scores of women who will rake and scrape $20 or $30 for a becoming hat, when they would not pay half that sum for an etching or a water color or a piece of pottery. That is why I put my art studies to this use.

"A becoming hat is a necessity to many women, in fact, to the large majority. Art is valued for itself only by a few. Besides, I am an enthusiast. I enjoy making the best and most of my customers' native possibilities, and it is a very handsome woman indeed that a becoming hat won't improve. I regard millinery, when practiced right, as one of the liberal professions, not a mere trade, and it is an art that depends much more on the exercise of the mind than the labor of hands. I believe that the reason why men so often occupy the top rungs of the sartorial ladder is because men go more into the fundamental part of the business, and studying it more closely, prepare themselves for it more seriously than women do."

FASHION REPEATS ITSELF.

Veers Around to Graceful Mold of First Empire—Skirt War.

That history repeats itself is a platitude, but a platitude sometimes is the truth. In 1808, under the guidance of Josephine, the sartorial phrase was "How well Mme. or Mlle. So-and-So shows off her lines! How beautifully she is draped!" To show les lignes is the desideratum of fashionable dress at the present time, 90 years after. The fact that knowledge of effect and simplicity of outline produced the best results, first begun to be realized then, has now developed into an acknowledged axiom. Fashion, after going through all the transformation scenes of crinolines, dress improvers, balloon sleeves, etc., once again has veered around to the graceful mold of the first empire, the beginning and the closing years of the 19th century being the most artistic of all.

A wordy war still rages around the skirt a la mode. There is the skirt with the front and sides carefully molded to the figure, and one broad box plait, the "pli Bulgare," behind. There is the "jupe bonne femme," set into knife plaits all the way around, pressed flat around the hips and cut on the principle of the sun-ray skirt. There is the skirt set into small tucks at the back, or into actual gathers; the draped skirt, the tunique and the seamless-back skirt. Never before have we offered so many sacrifices on the altar of variety. Plain skirts are not yet doomed; grace and common sense together go to recommend them.

Velvet and kid laces are the newest development in the trimming line, these materials being cut out in a pattern like ordinary coarse lace and worn either fulled or laid flat on the dress itself. Fur is contorted into all sorts and conditions of shape and form; fur ruches, fur bows and ruffles, fur toques, all takes precedence over the plain bands of fur with which we were content some years ago. It seems a pity, for good fur, like good wine, needs no bush, and is most beautiful when left in its unadorned simplicity. And much twisting and turning spoils it for future use.

Sary Emma's Photygraphs.

Our Sary Emma is possessed to be at somethin' queer;
She's allers doin' loony things, unheard of fur and near;
One time there wa'nt no limit ter the distance she would tramp
Ter git a good-fer-nothin', wuthless, canceled postage stamp;
Another spell folks couldn't rest until, by hook or crook,
She got 'em all to write their names inside a leetle book;
But though them fits were bad enough, the wust is nowadays,
For now she's got that peeky freak, the photygraphin' craze.

She had ter have a camera, and them things cost a sight,
So she took up subscriptions fer the "Woman's Home Delight,"
And got one fer a premium—a blamed new-fangled thing,
That takes a tin-type sudden, when she presses on a spring
And sense she got it, sakes alive! there's nothin' on the place
That hain't been pictured lookin' like a horrible disgrace;
The pigs, the cows, the horse, the colt, the chickens large and small,
She goes a-gunnin' for 'em, and she bags 'em one and all.

She tuk me once a-settin' up on top a load er hay,
My feet shets out the wagon, and my head's a mile away;
She took her ma in our back yard, a-hangin' out the clothes,
With hands as big as buckets, and a face that's mostly nose.
A yard of tongue and monstrous teeth is what she calls a dog,
The cat's a kind er fuzzy-lookin' shadder in a fog,
And I've got a suspicion that what killed our brindle calf
Was that he see his likeness in our Sary's photygraph.

She's "tonin' " er "develerpin' " er "printin' " ha'f the time;
She's allers buyin' pasteboard ter mount up her latest crime;
Our front room and the settin'-room is like some awful show,
With freaks and framed outrages stuck all round 'em in a row.
But next spring I'll take them picters and I'll fetch some of 'em out
And hang 'em round the garden when the corn begins ter sprout;
I'll be safe from crows and blackbirds and that kind er feathered trash,
Fer them photygraphs of Sary's, they beat scarecrows all ter smash.

—Joe Lincoln in Brooklyn Life.

Lily of the Valley.

That delightfully fragrant and graceful flower, the lily of the valley, is denounced by the German papers as veiling a deadly poison. It is said that both the stalks and the flowers of this lovely plant contain prussic acid. It is extremely dangerous to put the stalks into one's mouth, as, if the sap happens to get into even the tiniest crack of the lips, it produces swelling, often accompanied with severe pain. It is also advisable not to throw the dead flowers where birds can get at them, for they often cause the death of young fowls and pigeons.

NOBODY LOOKS AT A MAN'S NEW HAT.

BUT WHEN A WOMAN WEARS ONE!

—Peoria Herald-Transcript.

WOMAN'S REALM.

End-of-the-Century Woman.

Here at the end of nineteen hundred years
They tell us woman is a creature "new!"
Methinks she always like herself appears,
This human opal of the changing hue.

She is limpid as the morning dew,
Yet is she ofttimes wiser than the seers.
What man dares say he reads her through and through,
Here at the end of nineteen hundred years?

The same as when men fought for her with spears
Is she today who leads them on to sue,
Yet always, when some closing epoch nears,
They tell us woman is a creature new.

She is made of honey and of rue;
She is made out of laughter and of tears.
Regarded from whatever point of view,
Methinks she always like herself appears.

She is a thing of many hopes and fears,
Of many virtues, yet of vices, too.
Touched with the flames of two opposing spheres,
This human opal of the changing hue.

An angel or a demon, false or true
As man may fashion her. He who has ears
Will harken and be warned. Yet they are few,
Here at the end of nineteen hundred years.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in N. Y. Journal.

SUFFRAGE AND THE HOME

Denver Republican Joins Issue With Mrs. Caroline Corbin on the Political Equality Question.

Mrs. Caroline Corbin, president of the Woman's Anti-Suffrage Society, in a recent address at Chicago, subsequently referred to in The Oregonian, said that, while there are many good women, no doubt, among the suffrage people, "they have not thought the thing down to its conclusions." She added: "If they had, they would understand that political equality, and with it industrial equality, would mean the making of the individual and not the family the unit. Women would not be anything.

"Lecturers like Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson may say that women should put their babies in breeches and go to their work like men, but Mrs. Stetson forgets that there would not be any babies. Miss Anthony may say that she would not object if all the men were swept off the earth, but she forgets the absurdity of her statement."

To all this the Denver Republican joins direct issue and waves the banner of woman's suffrage in vigorous fashion, as follows:

"Mrs. Corbin, to view her statement in a charitable light, is ignorant of the respective relations of the home and the ballot in the states which have adopted woman's suffrage. If ignorance is not her plea, then her statement must be put down as misrepresentation, as familiarity with the conditions existing in equal suffrage states of the West would convince the lecturer that political equality has struck no blow at the family.

"In Colorado each succeeding school census shows a normal increase in the number of children attending the public schools, and if the evil effects of suffrage were so glaring as portrayed by Mrs. Corbin, there would have been a perceptible decrease ere this. As regards the ties of home and family, they are too strongly knit in America to be disrupted by the equal exercise of the elective franchise. The suffrage states of the West are home states, even more essentially than the states of the East, where divorces are greater in proportion to the population.

"The condition of affairs in France is proof that the danger of national decline in population is a purely social and not a political question. While industrial equality may lessen the number of homes and consequently lessen the growth of the population, this is not necessarily an outgrowth of political equality. In the East, where industrial equality is at its highest stage, political equality is unknown; while in the West, where there is political equality, industrial equality has not yet become a dominant question. Mrs. Corbin and the anti-suffragists must look outside the field of equality in politics in order to find a name for their bugaboo of the numerical decline of the American family."

LOTS OF FUN IN THIS.

Buttonhole Sewing by Men and Whittling Contests by Women.

For a quiet home party, where dancing is not engaged in, scarcely anything is more amusing than a button-sewing and button-hole working contest, in which the men do all the sewing. The hostess prepares beforehand as many kinds of cambric, four or five inches in length and two inches wide, neatly stitched around the edges by machine, as there are to be men in the party. At one end of each band a three-quarter inch button-hole is cut. A threaded needle and a horn button of suitable size are added to the outfit.

Each man is given one of these bands, and he must choose one of the women present to be his teacher. Then he must set to work and make the best buttonhole possible. His teacher may tell him to set the stitches and what to do, but in no case shall she sew for him. A half hour is allowed for the work, and the man who succeeds in making the very best buttonhole and sews the button on most acceptably wins a first prize, which, if he prefers, he may present to his instructor.

Then, as an opportunity for the women to exhibit their skill in whittling, a special tournament is arranged, and a large sheet is spread in the middle of the room to catch the whittlings. The women choose their instructors, but in no case shall they whittle for them. Each instructor provides his pupil with a block of soft wood and a jackknife. A good-sized jug is set in the center of the sheet and each woman is requested to whittle her piece of wood into the right shape and size for a stopper to the jug. It is surprising to note the liability of an unused whittler to make a success of this experiment, but there's no end of fun in it, and probably the very last person expected is the one to win the prize.

SOME HOPE FOR OLD MAIDS.

Over Twice as Many Bachelors as Spinsters in United States.

Some one, says the New York Sun, has proposed a husbands' union for the protection of husbands, though just what they are to be protected from is not yet stated. Possibly the union is to be founded on the same lines as the School for Wives, established in England. Still better are the marriage schools which are being developed in Germany on very practical lines. They are for girls and women only, and the value of such a training cannot be overestimated. Girls leave the marriage school competent to undertake the management of a house—and of a husband. The girls who have been graduated from these schools have been extra lucky in getting married, so it is said.

Another society which has been organized in Denmark is the Celibacy Insurance Society. Its object is to provide for those women who either cannot or will not provide themselves with husbands. The premiums begin at the age of 12 and end at 40, an age at which it is supposed most of the members will have abandoned all thought of marriage. Such being the case, the woman receives an annuity for life. If she marries at any time she forfeits all her rights.

Old maids in the United States are outnumbered by the bachelors, although it is popularly supposed that the contrary is the case. To quote exact figures, there are 7,427,757 bachelors and 3,224,404 spinsters. This is upon the authority of a government report. Even in Massachusetts, where it was thought that old maids constitute a large proportion of the population, they could each find a husband and then not exhaust the stock of single men, for there are 236,085 men and only 219,255 women, who have not yet entered into the bonds of matrimony.

New York state has 120,000 more bachelors than spinsters. Only one state in the Union has more female celibates than male and that is California, in which there are 59,466 of the former and 22,[illegible] of the latter. The state of Washington has, perhaps, the largest excess of forlorn single men—30,337 all told, the unmarried women numbering only 8181. Out of an equal number of bachelors and widowers between 25 and 30 years of age, 30 widowers remarry for every 11 bachelors who enter the bonds of hymen for the first time. For every spinster married between 30 and 65, two widows are remarried. Both facts are eloquent in favor of the comparative advantages of matrimony.

CLEVER LADY WILSON.

Most Interesting Figure in the War in South Africa.

Lady Sarah Wilson is said to be the first woman war correspondent on record. Known merely as Lady Wilson, the significance and importance of her parentage are lost to us. Wilson is a good name, but it suggests nothing beyond Wilson, says Harper's Bazar.

Lady Sarah is the sister of the late Duke of Marlborough, and of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, and therefore an aunt of Mr. Winston Churchill, who recently escaped from Pretoria, where he was held a prisoner by the Boers. A short time ago Lady Wilson was taken prisoner, but she was shortly afterward exchanged for a Boer woman at Mafeking.

This Englishwoman's remarkable bravery in taking the ride from Mafeking 200 miles across the veldt; her untiring efforts, not only in giving the Daily Mail, of London, some of the best reports from the Transvaal, but in her capacity as a Red Cross nurse, make her an admirable and interesting figure in the campaign. She seems to have inherited the salient characteristics of the great Marlborough and his wife. The warlike spirit of the one and the forceful personality of Anne's friend, which have woven themselves through succeeding generations of Marlboroughs, appear in the character of Lady Sarah Wilson as the pattern thread. In the several capacities of nurse, fighter and writer, she has done boldly and successfully that which, were she not a noblewoman, and a Marlborough at that, would probably be censured and possibly forbidden.

WOMEN IN THE PULPIT.

Three of Them Preach in Chicago Churches on One Sunday.

Twenty-five years ago the appearance of a woman preacher in an orthodox pulpit would have created no end of excitement. Today it is so common an occurrence that on a recent week in Chicago three women preached in three different pulpits, and no one saw in the fact anything unusual.

Miss Sadie American occupied Dr. Emil G. Hirsch's pulpit, it being the second time in three years that Sinai temple has been opened for its congregation to listen to feminine eloquence. There was a large congregation, and Miss American interested her auditors for over an hour with a review of the leading events of the 19th century.

Mrs. J. H. O. Smith preached a Christmas sermon on, "Mary, the Mother of Christ," to her husband's congregation, in the Union Christian church, and Mrs. H. W. Thomas spoke to a big audience in the People's church, whose pulpit she shared jointly with the Rev. Dr. Thomas, one of the best-known divines in the Middle West.

Cherub, or Imp?

Oh, little cherub, whom I hold
(From half-past ten till half-past four),
With eyes of blue and locks of gold
(I've walked twelve miles across this floor!)
Oh, darling, my fond heart would break
(My back, indeed, is broken now)
If aught of harm should you o'ertake,
(Oh, will you ever cease this row!)

Dear little waif with dimpled cheek,
Deep dimples where the elves are hid,
My love for thee how can I speak;
(Er-raouw wer-raouw—that's the kid)
I fain would sing a song to thee
(You've sung six hours, as imp-possessed)
To tell the joy thou bring'st to me.
(For land's sake, give your pa a rest!)

And if sometimes a pain shall come
(It has come; it came five hours ago)
To thee, my heart, though stricken dumb,
(If only you were stricken so!)
Would still for thee—er-raouw wer-raouw—
Would still—er-raouw—my thoughts do limp—
Would still—er-raouw—oh, let up, now!
For Lord's sake, Mary, take this imp!

—A. J. Waterhouse in S. F. Examiner.

California's Girl Artist.

A California girl, who acquired much of her success with the brush in New York art schools, will have two pictures hung in the salon at the world's fair in Paris in 1900. Both American and foreign artists have called Miss Clara T. McChesney "America's foremost woman painter," and the exposition committee of judges for the admission of paintings have also ranked her highly, as altogether only 250 American pictures have been accepted for places in the salon.

Miss McChesney is the daughter of the principal of the Oakland (Cal.) high school. She commenced her artistic studies under Virgil Williams in San Francisco. In 1899 she went to New York and within a few years has set up a studio in Paris. From the commencement of her career she has received innumerable awards and medals.

Infant Cries.

A moderately intimate acquaintance with infants, says the Woman's Home Companion, enables one to distinguish, almost from birth, three cries—the healthy yell by which the child exercises his lungs, the fretting of moderate discomfort, and the acute cry of pain, the latter two including at first hunger, thirst and dissatisfaction. By the end of three months the nurse or mother should be able to distinguish the fretting of actual physical discomfort from that of restlessness, and the sharp cry of pain from the less acute announcement of thirst, hunger, etc., while anger imparts a characteristic quality to the cry.

Japanese Women Divers.

Over 100 Japanese women following the hazardous profession of divers are found along the coast of the peninsula. They are divided into four batches, and their ages range from 17 to 30. They come almost exclusively from Shima, Miyeiken, a noted fishery center in Japan. Their earnings are of course not uniform, as they are paid according to the amount of their work, which consists in diving for agar-agar, seaweed, sea-ear, sea cucumber, etc.

The Brute!

The first pang of her married life,
I heard a dame declare,
Was when heart's dearest put his feet
On her best parlor chair.

—Chicago News.