

WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE QUESTION OF WHAT NOT TO WEAR ANSWERED IN PART.

Old Dresses Worn Again—Mrs. Vanderbilt's Crown—Miss Goodale's Flance. A New Fad for a Bride—A Female Preacher—About Light Gloves.

In answer to the query concerning what women of different forms and complexions should not wear I would say:

Do not wear rose pink if an auburn haired. Avoid style of a beauty. Nil green if a yellow blonde.

Yellowish brown or tan if a yellow brunette. Pale gray if of a colorless complexion.

Turquoise or mauve unless blessed with a perfect complexion. Hair line stripes if tall and slender.

Light colored kid gloves on large hands. Shores fingered kid gloves under the impression that they make the hands look small.

Large flowered patterns if under the category of "a little woman." Morning wrappers in the afternoon.

Silk gowns while shopping. Low necked gowns if thin. Have pity on those around.

A cotton lining under the silk lining of a lace bodice. Flat neck folds if possessed of a long or thin throat.

A very short basque on a dumpy figure. A short jacket on a tall figure when the longer designs are far more becoming and stylish.

Jewelry with a street costume, except of the plainest description. Veils with dots coming over the eyes.

Barber veils, unless worn below the mouth. Colored hosiery with black Oxford ties with spring costumes.

Evening gloves too much wrinkled, which is as sure as not to have them wrinkled sufficiently. Cheap jewelry at any time, especially with handsome dress materials.

Evening bonnets with street costumes. Slightly V-cut gowns on the street. Corsets too short waisted for the figure.

Diamond earrings during the day. Lace frills in tailor gowns or linen colors with drabby woolen costumes.

Street costumes to touch the ground. A perceptible bustle. Emma M. Hooper in Dry Goods Economist.

Old Dresses Worn Again. At a pink dinner en costume given last week to twelve ladies of social prominence one of the guests wore the actual toilet in which she appeared at a reception thirty years ago.

It was the height of the fashion at that time. The dress was a magnificent one of heavy old rose silk, with trimmings of Honiton lace. It was cut away in the neck, with voluminous sleeves, full gathered skirt and immense hoops. She wore a headdress to match, mits, and carried a bag. Her pink kid gaiters were long and slender, and laced on the inside.

Another guest wore a genuine gown of her great-great-grandmother's. This was a white silk, with clusters of brilliant flowers on a brocaded ground, and was worn with a petticoat of another shade, to which a large Gainsborough hat corresponded in color. Old laces and jewels completed the costume, and its wearer, as did her ancestor, adorned her fair face with numerous patches of court plaster in star and other designs.

With those gay toilets a perfect Quaker costume admirably contrasted. The exquisite pearl gray gown and poke bonnet were made by a New York modiste, and were worn by a very beautiful New Jersey woman. Lady Washington assisted at the dinner, personated by a stately dame, and a Spanish senorita in corn color and black sat next to a Turkish lady of high degree. Childhood in a white frock, long flaxen curls, baby slippers and wide brimmed hat was also present. The feast was a famous one. No men were asked, and now the latter want the dinner repeated with cards for the husbands.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Crown. Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt wore a royal crown to the opera on Friday evening. Her appearance as a right down regular royal queen, instead merely of a society queen, attracted immediate attention and started a buzz of comment.

The crown was a real unmistakable crown, not a tiara by any means, and is, according to her friends, made in exact duplicate of the British crown. Mrs. Ogden Mills and Mrs. Dr. Seward Webb also have crowns, and they have worn them at the opera, but they did not elicit the unstinted and unqualified admiration commanded by Mrs. Vanderbilt's queenly showing.

Mrs. Vanderbilt has, indeed, two crowns. The one made in imitation of Queen Victoria's crown was got up after some patriotic hesitation by a London jeweler. The other one is the crown of a German princess, purchased from the one time regal and legal owner by Mrs. Vanderbilt herself. The purchaser has every necessary guarantee of its genuineness. She does not wear it regularly, because the princess was somewhat obscure, and the crown does not fit her as well as the British crown does. It is very well in its way, though, and she keeps it in reserve.

The crown that Mrs. Vanderbilt has worn at the opera, and which she has previously worn at some society affairs, is a glorious arrangement in pearls and diamonds, rising in a very stately and picturesque fashion from the head. It would make half a dozen tiaras, and it is said to have cost \$300,000. The design is very graceful.—New York World.

Miss Goodale's Flance. An interesting sequel to Miss Elaine Goodale's work as a teacher among the Indians is her engagement to marry Dr. Charles A. Eastman, a full blooded Sioux. Dr. Eastman lived among the Indians till he was 14 years old, picking up a smattering of education at a reservation school, and forming an ambition for something better. He went to Beloit college, and from there to Dartmouth, where he took the full course. After studying medicine at Harvard he returned to his people in Dakota, and has been doing useful work among them. Dr. Eastman and Miss Goodale are both of the Pine Ridge agency, and the former has been appointed house physician of the little Episcopal church, which now

forms the emergency hospital for Indians who were injured in the recent battle at Wounded Knee.—Harper's Weekly.

Mrs. Shaw in St. Petersburg. The reports of the success of Mrs. Alice Shaw, the whistler, in Russia are contradicted by trustworthy advices which come from London. So far from making a phenomenal hit, the beautiful American caught a decided frost in St. Petersburg. The company was organized in London, and proceeded to the land of the czar with a great flourish of trumpets. Making a somewhat protracted stay en route in Berlin, considerable financial loss was incurred by an inability to secure an engagement, the singularly stolid Germans failing to see what delight could accrue from whistling.

In St. Petersburg the reception was quite as disheartening; no dates had been booked, and the local managers were slow to experiment with the kind of entertainment which La Belle Miffleuse offered. To cap the climax Rubinstein got hold of the pianist of the company, and told him that it would everlastingly ruin his reputation if he played accompaniments for a whistler. That did settle it; the pianist made his escape as fast as he could and retreated to his native England. As for the fair Mrs. Shaw, she was floundering in the inhospitable snows of Russia, waiting for an opportunity to exhibit her curious talent.—Chicago News.

An Obliging Young Indian. Two young women were alone one day when a young Indian brave whom they knew came to see the man of the house. The man was away, and the Indian sat down to wait for him. During this interval the girls, being of a lively turn, began asking him questions about his former mode of life. Among other things they asked him to give a war whoop and show them how he scalped people, but he gave no answer.

Some time after when they were talking of other subjects, and had forgotten all about him, he sprang up suddenly, gave a war whoop that made the house-top ring; then snatching a big knife that lay on the table with one hand, he took the top knot of one of the girls in the other, and ran the back of the knife around her scalp. They were each scalped in this manner, and were nearly frightened out of their wits, but he sat down and began to laugh, and told them he had only done what they had asked him to do. They soon recovered from the shock and laughed heartily at the Indian's joke.—Yankton Cor. Springfield Republican.

New Fad for a Bride. A "fad" indulged in by the winter's bride is that of having one of the satin slippers or shoes in which she walked to the chancel rail silver plated. She preserves it as a cherished souvenir, and if the slipper be small and shapely—the average woman possesses too much tact to have it so perpetuated if it be not so—it forms an oddly pretty ornament for the mantel ledge or cabinet. A silversmith who has had several bridal slippers brought to him to be plated, says that he has put a number of wee baby shoes through the same process, and has even coated smoking pipes, oyster shells and lead pencils—suggestive, likely, of some special bit of romance. The silver plating is not very costly, and the sentiment bids fair to be soon indulged in generally.—Table Talk.

A Female Preacher. Mrs. Drake, the wife of a Congregational minister in Iroquois, S. D., has been ordained to preach the gospel by the largest council of Congregational ministers ever assembled in the state. There was only one negative vote. Mrs. H. M. Barker writes: "Mrs. Drake has for six years assisted her husband, who has the oversight of five churches, preaching with as much ability and acceptance as he, and it is a credit to the intelligence of the large number of Congregational ministers, including the presidents of Redfield and Yankton colleges, that they had the courage to sanction the work that the Lord has so greatly blessed. The world does move."—Boston Woman's Journal.

Pin Money for Ministers' Wives. The season has been prolific in weddings, and clergymen's wives have been correspondingly happy. It is an unwritten law that they pocket the matrimonial fees of their husbands' office. The wife of a prominent rector who is much in demand to tie the knot in society circles confesses to having a reserve fund made up entirely of bridegroom generosity. The fees range from \$1 to \$50, \$25, \$15 and \$10 being very common sums offered. Exceptional fees are by no means rare, and \$350 or even \$500 has not been considered too much by an occasional very wealthy and very much in love young husband.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

About Light Gloves. Glove dealers rejoice in the increasing popularity of light gloves for all occasions—expert shopping and traveling. The dressed kid, in pearl color with wide black stitching, is the choicest glove of the season for nice wear. The Suedes mousquetaire, in light beige, ecru, pearl, and lavender is the next choice. Light gloves are clearly out of place for morning wear, and the only use they can be put when old age overtakes them is to transform them by means of the dyer's art into darker gloves for common wear. Delicate gray or light tan is an excellent choice for a light glove, as it harmonizes with all costumes.—New York Ledger.

Living Diamonds of Mexico. The most interesting thing I noticed while I was away was a habit that the ladies of Chihuahua and Zacetas have of wearing fireflies for jewelry. The legs of the flies are shaped like hooks, and they appear to have been formed expressly in the interest of the ladies. These living diamonds sparkle and shine more than any of the diamonds of Africa or South America, for the fireflies in that part of the world have a rare brilliancy

never witnessed in the north. They will almost do for a lantern on a dark night, so beautiful and strong is the light they give to the world.

The habit of wearing fireflies is indulged in by the ladies of the poorer classes to a large extent, and even the society ladies often pick up the shining brownies and fasten them in their hair just as an American girl will gather wild flowers for a similar purpose. So numerous are the fireflies in Mexico that I was told that a train on the Mexican Southern railroad was stopped by these brownies, the engineer finding it impossible to keep the wheels from slipping as they crushed the life out of millions of the insects.—Kansas City Times.

Story of a Swallowed Pin. The following peculiar story emanates from Kingston, N. Y.: Agnes Ryan, who lives with her parents in North Rondout, has had a peculiar experience. Nearly ten years ago she swallowed an ordinary pin, but as nothing serious occurred at the time her parents were not alarmed and apprehended no danger. As she grew older she became a strong and robust young woman. About two years ago her health began failing, and she complained constantly of a severe pain in her left side. She also had choking spells. A large bunch formed on her neck, which was supposed to be of a cancerous nature. It was not thought that she could live long. A few days ago she was taken suddenly ill with a coughing spell, during which she coughed and vomited, and the pin she swallowed ten years ago was discharged.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An English Lecturer. Miss Florence Balmagne, the eloquent young English lady who is to be one of the speakers at the coming annual convention of the National American W. S. A., in Washington, has been addressing a series of meetings in Burslem, York, Sheffield, Bradford, Bingley and London, on the political co-operation of men and women, with special reference to the recent decision adverse to Miss Jane Cobden's eligibility as a member of the London county council. Miss Balmagne has found public sentiment strongly favorable to Miss Cobden.—Boston Woman's Journal.

Queen Lilieokalani. Queen Lilieokalani, who succeeds Kalakaua on the Hawaiian throne, is 52 years old. She is an amiable and very intelligent woman, having a taste for poetry and music. She is stately in appearance and has a dignified carriage, but of late years she has become rather stout. She is animated and interesting in conversation, speaking in the low and musical tones that are peculiar to her race. She speaks English and is well versed in the current literature of the day.

A Winter Graduating Dress. For a graduating dress in February get white wool crepe at \$1 a yard, or the more expensive silk crepe de chine. Make the waistround, half high, and full, with elbow sleeves cut full and high at the top. Trim with soft double ruffles of chiffon muslin around the neck and sleeves and on the plain demi-trained skirt. Wear white gloves, white kid slippers, and white stockings.—Harper's Bazaar.

Woman's Sphere Growing. Miss Emily Howland has been elected a director of the First National bank of Aurora, N. Y. Woman's sphere of usefulness is growing larger from day to day, notwithstanding the opposition of many male cranks who think woman was born to cook, knit, look after the children—and nothing else.—Epoch.

Miss Elizabeth Gougar and Miss Isabella Wylie have opened an office for real estate investments, renting, loans, etc., in a big Dearborn street building in Chicago. Both are clever business women. Miss Gougar is a cousin of Mrs. Helen Gougar, and was formerly a successful teacher.

Tan gloves are not now considered as full dress as white. Serviceable four button gloves have the "pricked" seam. The purple gloves sell well in London, but are not a "rage" here. The large buttons now seen on ladies' heavy gloves are well taped and do not pull off easily.

Mme. Adini, who in real life is Miss Ading, of Boston, is winning fresh laurels at the Grand opera house in Paris. She is pronounced one of the greatest dramatic sopranos living, and critics declare that her voice is equal to Patti's of ten years ago.

During his visit to Washington a year ago Gen. Spinner said to a correspondent: "The best thing I ever did here was to appoint the first woman clerk. In fact, I often think it was the only deed of my life worth remembering."

A fashion recently set by one of the elite of the metropolis is the revival of the Spanish mantilla for theatre wear. If this bewitching headgear finds favor the "funny man" will be without one of his best standbys.

Mrs. Massingberd, who is regarded in London as a radical and philanthropist, is about to open a coffee palace and club to be known as the Massingberd Arms, and intended for the working classes of Bournemouth.

"Wear street gowns the color of your hair, house gowns the color of your eyes, and evening toilets the tint of your complexion" was the advice recently given by a popular lecturer on the art of dressing well.

Three girls are crowding in as candidates for entrance examinations at Bombay university. When a woman determines to go ahead it is no use trying to stop her.

Mme. Modjeska aspires to literary as well as histrionic fame. She is now publishing a very readable account of her tour in America in a Cracow newspaper.

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