

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A GREAT MAN'S DICTUM WHICH DOESN'T SUIT THESE TIMES.

A Maiden Woman's Regret—A Craze for Pink and Yellow—Miss Frye's Discovery—Late Wrinkle in Dresses—A Woman Theatrical Director.

Forty years ago the first national woman's rights convention was held in this country, and recently a two days' convention in Boston commemorated its anniversary. It was a notable and well improved occasion for reviewing the work that has been accomplished within less than half a century in uprooting the prejudices of ages.

If the great man who uttered the dictum (reiterated for years by innumerable little men) that all the literature a woman needed was a Bible and an almanac—if he were alive now he would probably modify his opinion, or else would have the grace to hold his tongue.

Many a good man, wedded to a meek woman and holding all the orthodox belief in feminine inferiority, discovered to his dismay, as the elder Thomas Twilliver did, that his daughters had appropriated the lion's share of the parental intellect, and that he had a family of stupid boys and bright girls to account for.

Middle aged people can well remember when the name of the first and pluckiest of the women's rights champions—personally a pure and upright woman—was seldom heard except as coupled with coarse jests and ribald rhymes. All that is vastly different now. Woman suffrage has not yet won the whole battle, but its leaders have gained a good many rights and a vast amount of respect.

More than 300 honorable and lucrative occupations are open to woman now which forty years ago were to her closed and doubly barred doors. Few are the positions—except political ones—which a woman is not allowed to fill, if she has ability and courage and strength enough. It is almost a foregone conclusion that the girls of a family shall have as general an opportunity for education as the boys; in many families their educational chances are longer and better.

The woman's rights agitation may not have been the sole agent in bringing about the great change in the condition of women in this country; but it would be idle to claim that this once contumacious movement has not battered down a host of ancient wrongs and hurried on the brighter times. There are some battles yet to be won, for legal rights and political rights, but no one can look backward over the past forty years and see the change in the condition and privileges and opportunities of women without acknowledging the vastness of this peaceful and bloodless revolution.—Springfield Homestead.

A Maiden Woman's Regret.

"I would never have been an old maid," said a lady of 40, "if I had known as much twenty years ago as I know now. When I was at a marriageable time of life I heard so much about unhappy couples that I was afraid to become a wife. But I have looked around in later times and have changed my mind on the subject. Last year I took up a list of twenty wives of my acquaintance whom I had known before their wedlock, and to whom I spoke about their experiences in life. I found that fifteen of the twenty were happily married, that four of them got along tolerably well with their husbands, and that only one of them bewailed her matrimonial lot. The fifteen happy wives are amiable women, fond of their children and helpful to their husbands. About the unhappy one of them I can only say that she is a grumbler married to a growler, and would be unhappy anyhow, and as to the other four the fault is not all on one side. I suspect that the twenty married women I have spoken of are fair specimens of wives in general, most of whom find by experience that it is marriage that makes life worth living. As I myself am the soul of amiability, I believe that I would have made a happy marriage if I had not been frightened by the stories that I heard twenty years ago."—New York Sun.

A Craze for Pink and Yellow.

Pink and yellow are the colors of fashion's realm this season—pink in entertainment, yellow in decoration. There are any number of pink dinners, luncheons and teas. The menu, the ices, the flowers, the gowns are all of this sweet shade; there is a veritable craze for the color. Little lemon biscuits are threaded together with pink ribbons, bonbons are done up in pink satin, the sorbet comes in pink glasses and the ices are frozen in the shape of pink roses. Ballrooms, dining rooms and tea tables are draped and decorated in yellow, green and white or in gold and white alone.

A fad is to drape a tea table with white and yellow gauze, with lamps, candles and shades to match. Mrs. Ogden Mills' ballroom, said to be the handsomest in New York, is done in white and gold; the hall is of white marble, the stairs having a beautiful balustrade of bronze. Yellow gowns are very much worn, especially by blondes, who have at least learned that they look better in this color and in pink and scarlet than in the ever-lasting baby blues they have so long affected, and in which they appeared washed out and faded.—New York Letter.

Miss Frye's Discovery.

One of the most valuable discoveries ever patented for making patent tiles is the property of a bright young woman, Miss Frye, a school teacher, who will soon be able to desert the school room and live on the royalty of her patent. Just what this patent is the writer is not at liberty to tell, but like everything

truly feminine it is lovely and simple. It is something every male potter has been trying to discover for years—a lost art, in fact—and every blessed man who has seen it has, man like, exclaimed, "What a blankety blit! I was not to have thought of it." You see, the only thing to do was to think of it; the balance was easy enough. However, nobody ever thought of it until Miss Frye had the patent safe in her pocket, and along with it a handsome fortune in prospect and a competency for the present. Like all really studios and thinking women Miss Frye is modest to a degree, and reticent as to herself and her discovery.

There is also a fortune awaiting the man who will rediscover the lost art of producing the green, blue and red of the ancients from copper. The first two colors can be got easily enough, but the last is elusive. Will the "man" who finds this be a "woman" also?—New York World.

Late Wrinkle in Dresses.

A couple of elderly men were engaged in conversation in front of a leading hotel the other day when a fashionably dressed woman, who, from the several small articles in her hands, evidently had been shopping, approached. Suddenly stopping in the midst of his talk, the taller of the two men bent his head down as if to catch some sound. "What's the matter?" quickly inquired his companion. "Are you sick?" "No. Sh! listen."

As the lady swept past a soft, low, rustling sound was heard, like the crushing of soft silk in one's hand. It was a pleasing sound.

"Wonder where that noise comes from?" curiously inquired the short man, hardly before the fair shopper had passed out of earshot.

"Why," explained his friend, "it came from that lady's skirt. It is woman's latest fad—a rustling skirt. This sound is produced by a strip of some sort of silk importation, and is put on the lower edge of the underskirt. When the feet touch it the noise is produced. It is a European wrinkle. I was across the water with my wife last summer, and that's how I got to know about it. In Paris and London it's all the craze. Why, often over there I would watch women walk on quiet spots by the hour to hear that soft, low, silken sound."—Philadelphia Press.

A Woman Theatrical Director.

Miss Elizabeth Marbury is the first woman to engage in business as a theatrical director, and she has met with very marked success. She is descended from a long line of lawyers on both sides and highly accomplished. She first came before the public as a dramatic critic and writer for the magazines. Two years ago Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett appointed her business manager, and gave her the direction of the play, "Little Lord Fauntleroy." She has also charge of all Mrs. Burnett's literary contracts. Not long ago she went abroad, and was appointed by Sardou, Bisson and other foreign dramatists to look after their interests in America.

Miss Marbury's talents are varied. She says of herself: "I think I have a 'flare' for judging of the merits or defects of a play, viewed from either the box office or artistic standpoint, can rehearse companies, and have helped to physic plays after a first night's performance, when victory hung in the balance. While in Europe I studied every mechanical, dramatic and literary detail bearing upon stage craft. I work because I love it, and because I would rather live than rust."—Philadelphia Press.

One Woman Paid as Much as Men.

In appointing Miss Ryckman, the talented daughter of the Rev. Dr. Ryckman, to the position of "English master" of the London Collegiate institute the trustees have taken a noteworthy departure. Miss Ryckman has the indorsement of Principal Merchant, who assured the board that she was the best available teacher. She receives the same compensation as a man would have obtained for performing the same task, and there was no suggestion that because she was a woman she should be discriminated against. It will be well if the precedent now established is not departed from. By no construction of justice that we know of can it be affirmed that a woman doing as good work as a man should not be awarded equal remuneration. The day has surely gone by when sex should be a barrier to preferment, all things being equal.—London (Ont.) Advertiser.

Requests for Women.

Mrs. Eleanor J. W. Baker, whose husband was Walter Baker, the chocolate manufacturer, has just died. She left legacies to many benevolent societies and institutions, among which we are glad to see that those for women are not forgotten. The Woman's Union Missionary society, New York, receives \$15,000; Wellesley college, \$9,000; the Woman's Board of Missions, \$5,000; the New England Hospital for Women and Children, \$4,000; the Boston Young Women's Christian association, \$4,000; the Boston Free Hospital for Women, \$3,000, and the Massachusetts Home for Intemperate Women, \$3,000. Much money is also left to co-educational institutions.—Woman's Journal.

Can't Do Without Them.

Ladies' day at the New York Athletic club brings out such a bevy of pretty girls that all the clubs are declaring that they, too, must inaugurate a series of ladies' days. The Racquet club, which is among the quietest and most exclusive, will soon admit ladies to its new tennis quarters. The Lotus club does not debar fair visitors. They have found their way from time to time into the Knickerbocker, the Fellowship and the Manhattan Athletic clubs. And now staid, quiet, exclusive old Union is talking of admitting women some afternoon, if they go in their Sunday best and don't ask to stay to tea.—New York World.

A Woman School Superintendent.

The Waco (Tex.) school board is composed of progressive men. They believe in women as educators. This is

DRESSING IN A COLD ROOM.

Some Suggestions About Getting Up for Those Who Sleep in Cold Rooms.

If there's anything wretched it's the tumbling out of bed on a freezing winter's morning, with the windows adorned with frost pictures and your flesh adorned with goose pimples all the time you are dressing. It's unhealthy, too. I believe that if properly collected the statistics of those who have received lasting injury from dressing in cold rooms would show them to outnumber the grip sufferers two to one. If possible, one should have a warm room in which to dress. Sleeping in a cold room no one minds, unless it is very little children. When one lives at home it is often possible for several members of the family to dress in the family sitting room by relays. Without any extra expense everybody is made comfortable.

You can put on dressing gown and slippers, throw your clothes over your arm and run down to the warm room, lock the doors and dress. By pinning a towel over your shoulders to protect your dress, you can comb your hair afterward in your own room, where, fully dressed, you won't mind the cold. I know a family of ten members who used this plan of making the family sitting room the dressing room for several years. Each member of the family had his or her own particular ten minutes to use the room, everybody was comfortable, and there was considerable money saving, for before adoption of this plan a good deal of wood was used up in making fires in the chambers on very cold mornings.

If you are boarding, however, and cannot afford or do not wish to waste time making a fire just coddle yourself on cold mornings and keep out of the cold as much as you can. Take your stockings into bed with you, and when they are warm put them on. Dress yourself as quickly as possible, moving rapidly to make the blood circulate. Always put on shoes and stockings before stepping on the floor. Your shoes may be cold, but they won't give you such a sudden chill as contact with the floor. Besides, you have got to get into them some time, and you are not obliged to wear the floor.

Get some warm water to wash in if possible. I know there is a great deal said against washing in warm water, but it is a better evil than making your hands numb and your nose red in water over which an ice film has formed. You have no idea, either, unless you've tried it, how nicely warm water will make you feel on a cold morning.—Home-maker.

An Innovation in the Bridal Procession.

The innovation of having the bridesmaids go down from the chancel to meet the bride at the church threshold, which Miss Robbins introduced at her wedding, is likely to become a popular one. Bridesmaids have always suffered, no matter how charming they may be, because they usually precede the bride and are lost in the halo of her interesting retinue. At Grace church, however, the other day it was possible to give to the train of young women walking slowly the length of the church the attention which their beauty and grace justified. Said a man afterward, speaking of this lovely retinue, "They reminded me as they came down the aisle in the half light of the church of the procession of the 'Daughters of the Dawn,' an effect which their delicate pink draperies and veils, like the first faint blush of the morning, served to heighten." When it is recalled that Miss Amy Bend and Miss Sallie Hargons were two of the ten, and that the other eight were scarcely less beautiful than these acknowledged belles, his remark does not seem extravagant.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

A Kindly Act.

I saw her at the exposition. She was slender and sweet and young; simply clad, but with an unmistakable air of elegance about her. She was carrying an old, shabby umbrella and a heavy, faded shawl, while close to her pressed a rusty looking Irish woman, heavily laden with children of all ages and descriptions. One was crying loudly and lustily, and the young woman was smiling down at him. Suddenly some one exclaimed in a shocked tone, "Why, Bertha, who on earth have you with you?" She turned and answered simply, and without hesitation, "I don't know; it is some poor woman I am helping to find a seat." And of all the beautiful things that I saw at the Portland exposition I thought that young woman the most beautiful and the most desirable.—West Shore.

Mrs. Talmage.

Everybody knows about the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage; few know much about his wife. Yet she is a woman of uncommon gifts and possessed of considerable talent as a speaker. Women who have been members of her Bible class, which at one time numbered over 200, speak of her with enthusiasm. When the hour was over she shook hands with the entire assemblage, and gave to each an instant of unburied cordiality. That's a wonderful social gift, the giving, for however short a time, of undivided attention. It's almost a recipe for popularity, the restraint of the eye from uneasy wandering.—New York Letter.

Handsome Mrs. Beecher.

At no time of her life has Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher been so handsome as now. Her hair, which is very abundant, is snow white; her eyes are dark and brilliant, and her complexion is soft and fair, with the delicate pink and white of a baby face. Mrs. Beecher lives in a pretty, modest little house in Brooklyn. She has an assured income of \$3,000 a year, and is constantly engaged in literary work, which is always in demand.—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen (Florence Percy) is a sweet faced, gentle voiced little lady, whose quiet demeanor gives slight promise of the sparkling wit and humor she displays in conversation or address. Mrs. Allen has recently moved to New York from Ridgewood, N. J., and is actively engaged in literary work.

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