

WOMAN'S WORLD.

SOME AMUSING FEATURES OF THE CLEOPATRA CRAZE.

The Lecture Field in Gotham—Proud of Her Occupation—Lady Tennyson as a Composer—Spring Walking Sticks—A Boston Woman Honored.

As we pointed out over two months ago, the wave of Cleopatra madness was bound to sweep over this country, and now that it has come to abide with us we are accepting it with such alacrity that it has developed into a craze or rage which always wears itself out from its own violence. As a nation we do nothing by halves, so have adopted this newest fad in all of its pleasing and homely features, even including the snakes, which women have long been renowned for running away from; but that was before Sarah Bernhardt wore them twisted about her lithe figure.

One amusing feature of the fad is that the originator of it, Miss Bernhardt, is the most graceful and artistic of women, who can wear the long, clinging robes styled Cleopatra with an air of her own, which makes her so easy in them as though never accustomed to any other kind of a gown, while the leaders of fashion, essaying the same role find them constantly in the way and feel so awkward, or, as a modiste put it, "they are so disappointed that they do not look or move as Bernhardt does, as though putting on a gown would make the transformation."

Others, less venturesome, eschew the robe and revel in clasps, long golden girdles, hip belts, snakes twisted around the waist, neck or head and ugly Sphinx-like faces calmly look on as brooches, buckles or clasps. Embroideries show the lotus flower, Egyptian scrolls and what-not to remind us of Cleopatra, who was almost forgotten, except when the old story of drinking a pearl was revived. An asp or snake introduced in jewelry, millinery or trimmings is hailed with delight. Barbaric splendor is carried out as far as possible in golden nets, bright yellow stuffs, flashing passementerie and accessories that at least serve their purpose of circulating money, for these fads come regally high and leave a golden mist after them.—Dry Goods Economist.

The Lecture Flood in Gotham.

On days when neither mission schools nor sewing circles claim fashionable attention all womankind that can rake and scrape five dollars together buys a ticket for Mr. —, Mrs. — or Miss —'s course of lectures. If on any fine sunny morning New York should suddenly be stricken with silence the voice of at least 500 lecturers, both male and female, proclaiming on 500 different subjects, would confound and astonish us. They all make money, too, though half of them scarcely know a hawk from a hand-saw, and talk fluently to us on no less threadbare subjects than Ibsen, Browning and Shakespeare.

We go to hear them, nevertheless, and when you see a long line of carriages along the sidewalk rest assured Mesdames Jones, Brown and Robinson are inside drinking in the golden truths that drop from a lady professor on the wickedness and iniquity of "The Doll's House." All the women lecturers get Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. E. D. Morgan, Mrs. Moses Taylor and Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts to put their names to the card of lady patronesses, and after that Tom, Dick and Harry's wife would rather resign all hopes of several new spring bonnets than not pay their way into the same company.

They very carefully attend every one of Walter Damrosch's Wagner lectures at the Bealeky Lyceum. Not at all because they understand or care anything for the lecture itself—which is, by the way, always most charming—but because Mrs. Everybody Else who is anybody goes, and there are days at the Berkeley when to hear a lecture one has to stand outside and hearken through the keyhole, so great is the demand for seats. Then when pulpit orators fluff their robes and assume the lecture chair again the demand for listening room even is at a premium.—New York Cor. Chicago News.

Proud of Her Occupation.

The mid-Leist procession of laundresses in Paris this year invented their particular carnival with much of the delight that is often lacking in these degenerate times from public festivals. Mlle. Sicard, the queen of the laundresses, rode in a chariot at the head of the procession, clad in white satin and surrounded with roses and rosy camellias. She is a statuesque creature, tall, graceful and powerfully built, with the classic profile common in some parts of Provence. The gown, which was an exhibition at one of the laundries, was really magnificent, and of the same material as one recently made for the empress.

The creamy satin was overlaid with fern leaves in gold, and the gown was copied from one worn by Anne of Austria. This queen of the wash-tub and ironing table is the main support of her brothers and sisters, and well deserved the applause to which she bowed so regally as the genius of hand work. The other washer women rode in gayly decorated cars, preceded by bands of music. Other co-operations of women workers and their processions in the carnival. The market women rode in lanterns and were dressed in fantastic garb, copied from that worn by the male and female

masqueraders of the court of Henri III.—Paris Letter.

The New Queen of Hawaii.

Advice from Hawaii confirm the previous reports that the new queen is pursuing an independent course, and that she has surprised all adversaries by her promptitude and energy in dealing with political business. After her success in overcoming the obstructive ministers who were in office at her accession, and securing a cabinet of her own selection, she proceeded to make such other official appointments as indicated her determination to exercise her full constitutional authority. By her diplomatic tact she has put an end to various intrigues, and by her decision of character she has overcome obstacles that endangered her reign.

Queen Liliuokalani has recently shown her ability to carry on negotiations with other powers. She has held conferences with her cabinet regarding the new commercial treaty with the United States, and, if the reports from Honolulu are to be credited, she has shown that she has her own ideas as to the method of settling the questions at issue.

The many manifestations of independence by the queen have confounded the obstructionists, whose tactics are not to be disregarded. But all Hawaiians are now agreed that Liliuokalani, who was formerly thought to be feeble willed, has turned out to be a woman of decided character.—New York Sun.

Her Aim.

The scene in the drawing room of a charming woman who has made a knowledge of American history compatible with fashion. A lecture thereon, set down for half past 2 o'clock, did not begin until 4, owing to the late arrival of the greater part of the audience—all petticoats. A few women, however, paid the lecturer and hostess the compliment of being on time. One of these earliest protesters against an unwarrantable delay, whereupon a young person looked at this grumbler from head to foot, saying: "In society we do not try to be punctual. Our aim is to be late."

Then she changed her seat. The grandmother of this young person did most of her own work, and lived—never mind. The rich relative to whom this young person owes her present position made his money by the virtue his degenerate scion despises.

No society is fit to live that has not brains enough to have good manners. Punctuality is the essence of good manners, founded on the Christian doctrine of doing unto others as you'd be done by.—Kate Field's Washington.

Lady Tennyson as a Composer.

An intimate friend of the Tennyson home writes me that Lady Tennyson has composed a wreath of song to some hitherto unprinted verses by the poet laureate. The poems are fifteen in all, and although written at different times, some of them as far back as the laureate's early manhood, they were not primarily intended for songs. Lady Tennyson, who is known to be an amateur musician, however, conceived the idea of wedding the lines to music, and the melodies (two or three of them composed quite thirty years since) are from her pen alone, although she has accepted the good offices of a young English singer in furnishing the accompaniments and revising and preparing the songs for public performance. The poems, which are dedicated by permission to Queen Victoria, will be published first, Lady Tennyson's music not being given to the world for some little time to come.—Edward W. Bok's Letter.

Spring Walking Sticks.

Friendship comes to be the fashion with the young women who take long spring tramps "over moss and fell." The best friend of all gives the cane which is long and like unto an alpenstock. Around the top is tied a ribbon with the name of the cane donor thereon and the date of the first trip upon which the cane did duty. Each successive walk is marked by another ribbon, which, in turn, bears the date of the trip and the name of the one who pleasantly beguiled the journey. In time Little Bo Peep's crook comes to wear as many colors as were in Joseph's coat. When the cane becomes "sufficiently sufficed" with ribbons, it is laid away among the scraps of the season, and a new one is obtained to take its place. The girl of proper discretion becomes no more attached to one walking stick than she does to any of the beaux who are represented by how knots upon the alpenstock.—New York World.

Royalty Likes the Brewer.

A very handsome woman now attracting attention in English society is a lady whose title would appear to indicate that her lineage extended back at least to the crusaders. She is a fine figure to look upon, her manners are faultless, her carriage stately, her pride immense. She is always a conspicuous figure in London drawing rooms, and the society papers have as much to say of her as though she were a royal princess, yet she will not be found further back than the last edition of Burke.

She is Lady Iveagh, wife of Edward Guinness, manufacturer of beer. It is a strange rule that in England a successful brewer is regarded with affection by the sovereign, and may dine with her after he has become wealthy. No other tradesman or manufacturer is allowed a similar privilege nor is ever smothered.—London Cor. Chicago Herald.

Women Barbers in London.

The new woman barbers are a great success in London. The members of their association have infinitely more dexterity than the average man chin shavers, an exquisite lightness, and softness of touch, and their hands never seem to be troubled with the cold, wet clamminess from which men so frequently suffer.

Now quite the reverse holds good in the hair cutting and dressing establishment frequented by women. In every shop a man hair cutter is employed, and ladies submit their bangs and braids to his mercy with much greater confidence than to a woman.

Another decided reversion of traditions is found in the women's shops. The loquacious barber is silenced in the presence of the more loquacious woman.—London Letter.

Perfume from the Nile.

A few very fortunate society people are rejoicing in a perfume which cannot be duplicated unless one can capture a Stanley. This famous scent is called Lily of the Nile, and it was brought to this country by Mrs. Stanley, who had the perfume extracted from the natural lilies as plucked from the borders of the Nile. As a mark of special favor Mrs. Stanley has bestowed a bottle upon a favored mortal here and there. An enterprising fancy goods dealer has duplicated the perfume as nearly as may be, and has dipped seaweed into its depths until a grass was produced that was fragrant and very like the real lily of the Nile. The grass was then woven into mats and put on sale at a big price for laying into the bottoms of bureau drawers and trunks.—Chicago News.

England's Future Queen.

The future queen of England is a talented woman in various ways. Her status in her full robes of doctor of music, which title she bears, is being now chiseled by a princely relative, and her success as an amateur photographer is most pronounced. Her latest achievement is the taking of photographs, very small, but exquisitely soft and distinct, for the decoration of a tea service in china. Members of the royal household appear in nearly every picture. This opens a new field for amateur photographers, for though this is the first time the attempt has been made to print negatives on pottery, it is successful.—London Letter.

A Boston Woman Honored.

Miss Annette P. Rogers, of Boston, has been nominated as overseer of the poor by Mayor Matthews. Women have served acceptably in that position for many years in Brookline, but this is the first time for 900 years that a woman has been nominated in Boston. The city now has had the opportunity to avail itself of the services of a thoroughly competent woman in this capacity. Miss Rogers is well known for her public spirit and active interest in all good work. The aldermen should promptly confirm the nomination.

Two Successful Architects.

The success of Miss Hayden and Miss Howe in the competition for designs for the Women's building at the World's fair—one of them securing the first prize and the other the second—is a subject of congratulation, not only for Boston, but for the institute of technology, at which these young ladies have studied their art. Miss Hayden, who took the first prize, is a graduate of the institute of only one year's standing; Miss Howe took the special course of two years, which has now been discontinued.—Boston Commonwealth.

Woman Suffragists in California.

The woman suffrage bill, which passed the California senate by a vote of 23 to 15, has been defeated in the house. California women evidently took a lively interest in the measure, for a reporter on one of the San Francisco dailies says: "The short haired champions of female suffrage have haunted the halls of legislation for weeks. A fringe of iron jawed chairs decorated the red plush arm chairs around the senate chamber."—Boston Woman's Journal.

A recent caller on Amelie Rives in her apartment writes home about her: "I was never so astonished as when she entered the salon—a perfect beauty—with a mass of golden hair, all natural waves and curls; great, soulful, luminous gray eyes, and teeth that are exquisite, and although she has been an invalid for nearly a year she showed no signs of it save being possibly possessed of a more graceful languor."

Miss Edith Train, one of the editors of the Fort Dodge (La.) Times, was recently re-elected secretary and treasurer of the Upper Des Moines Editorial association, and was complimented upon her efficient services as an officer, and upon her editorial work, which "has so satisfactorily demonstrated that the journalistic field is a proper province for female effort."

The Women's Medical college of Georgia has this year graduated seven women as physicians, and a number of others received certificates as nurses. The salutatory was given by Miss Sara Souther, the valedictory by Mrs. Jennie Yelvington. Mrs. Yelvington and Miss Jennie Newman took the first and second prizes respectively.

Miss Florence Balmorie, the rosy English woman who came to the national council and is now studying America

and Americans, says that nothing has struck her with such a sense of novelty as ladies' lunches, at which fashionably dressed women sit down to dainty viands and the tables are set without wine glasses.

Mrs. Sanders, of Jasper, Ala., has secured a verdict of \$44,500 against the Kansas City, Memphis and Birmingham railroad for the death of her husband, who was killed in a collision on that road at Ensley City last October. It is said to be the largest damages for personal injury ever awarded in the state of Alabama.

Mrs. John Drew, the actress, is now, by her own frank confession, seventy-one years of age. She is still playing in Mr. Jefferson's company, but when he takes up "Rip Van Winkle" once more, as she thinks he may in a year or two, she may abandon the stage, on which she began her career as a child of three.

Amelia B. Edwards is lecturing in England on "The Art of the Novelist," her "talks" drawing crowded houses wherever she appears. Miss Edwards is reported to have said that "the lecture platform seems more profitable than the pen."

The members of the Woman's union, of Paris, are soliciting annual subscriptions of twenty cents from their relatives and friends to establish a home for women out of employment in that city.

Miss Amy Peties, of New York city, is another girl with a mission on the brain. She is bound for the Cyprus island, and will devote her life to nursing in the new Larica hospital.

The heirs of a wealthy Austrian who died recently have given \$75,000 to found a school of housewifery for girls.

The Easiest Way.

John, having sent a stupid servant to find an errand, was greatly annoyed at finding that he had done exactly the opposite of what he had been ordered.

"Why, you haven't common sense," he remonstrated.

"But, sir—"

"Shut up! I should have remembered that you were an idiot. When I'm tempted to send a fool on an errand again I'll not ask you—I'll go myself."—Judge.

A Singular Mistake.



"I golly, what's the matter with m' eyes? I can't see through my glasses!"

"Most be—guess, I've made a mistake and put my watch in m' eyes instead of my glasses!"—Harper's Weekly.

Changed.

We who were lovers so warm and near

When spring's young buds were growing,

Walk today through the woodland's dew

With the dead leaves rustled as flowing.

Here is the path where my third arm

First dared in its clasp to fold her,

And here by the clear stream's songful charm

Her cheek first touched my shoulder.

And yonder—what passionate dream is this—

What breath through the silence sobbing?

The pulsing thrill of an endless kiss,

Or the sound of a heart's wild throbbing!

We walk as of old, but we walk apart,

Through the well known rocks and spaces;

We stand no more with heads pressed to heart,

In the lonely beautiful places.

But I follow intently her footstep now

Through the cool bright autumn weather,

Because—oh, were I married six months ago

And are used to being together.

—Madeline S. Bridges to Judge.

He Was Particular.

Conductor (to man smoking)—This is not a smoking car, sir; I shall have to ask you to put the cigar out, if you intend to remain here.

Smoker—"Shall have to ask me, eh; shall, future time. All right, conductor, when you get ready to ask, I'll be ready to comply.

Conductor (getting impatient)—I shall have to insist, sir.

Smoker—"Shall" again; more fatuity. Puff, puff.

Conductor—Remove that cigar instantly, sir, or go into the smoking car.

Smoker—"That's better. Present imperative. Out of the window goes the cigar.

Please be more careful next time, conductor, in using the English language. I am a trifle particular on points of grammar."—Yankee Blade.

He Believed in the Superstition.

Wilkins—Have you any faith, Bilkins, in the popular superstition that Friday is an unlucky day?

Bilkins—Yes, I have; and a certain chain of incidents in my life justifies me, to a certain extent, in that belief.

"Something supernatural, I presume?"

"No; just the opposite. It was on Friday, five years ago, that I indorsed a note for you; it fell due and I was forced to pay it on Friday; and on Fri—"

"On—ah—er, what do you think of the chances of the World's fair being held in New York?"—Yankee Blade.

Wishing to Oblige the Lady.

Col. Thomas, one time member of congress, was in the city recently, and among tales of the old days told the following about Thaddeus Stevens:

"Thaddeus Stevens was sitting in his office one day with a few friends, when in walked an old lady, wearing a poke bonnet, blue puggles, and carrying a green alpaca umbrella. She looked around the room as if in search of some one, and then said solemnly:

"Can you tell me where to find Thaddeus Stevens, the Apostle of Liberty?"

"Old Thad" blushed.

"In Thaddeus Stevens," he replied very shortly.

"Are you Thad-de-us Stevens, the Apostle of Liberty?"

"Freckon I am, ma'am."

"The old lady dropped her parasol, made a rush towards Stevens to kiss him, and when he held her off, she said:

"I came from Bucks county to see Thad-de-us Stevens, the Apostle of Liberty, and to take home with me a lock of his hair."

"The Apostle of Liberty took off his red wig, handed it to her, and said:

"There it is, ma'am. Take as much as you want."—New York Tribune.

Got Over It.

Dancing Master (nonchalantly)—I presume, Mr. Oulby, you never learned to dance?

Mr. Oulby—I was once much given to the habit, but have got over it of late years.

"I dare say you know little about our modern dances?"

"For a number of years I was thoroughly familiar with an intricate dance that you couldn't teach, professor."

(Excitedly "Name it, sir.")

"The St. Vitus."—Chicago Tribune.

She Knew.

"I understand," said a handsome young woman entering the printing office, "that you employ only girls and that you are in need of a forewoman."

"Yes," replied the printer. "Can you make up a form?"

"Just look at me and see," she answered, turning herself around.

She was engaged.—Boston Courier.

On the Horns of a Dilemma.



Prowling Jemison—Base, ole dog, I been s-thinkin' so hard bout dat little Cupple gal dat I done forgot jess when we staided. Ef hit was airtly her 'nigh dat's snicker in d' east, an' of hit was late dis-mornin' dat's sunset in d' west. Beck'n we's better wait 'n see which way d' ole fire ball's gwine ter jump.—Judge.

Great Sport.

"Any good sport on your farm?" asked the hunter of the farmer.

"Splendid," replied the granger; "there is a windmill down in the clover meadow, a look agent at the house, a candidate out in the barn, and two tramps down in the stock yard. Climb right over the fence, load both barrels, and sail in."—Peck's Sun.

Gave Himself Away.

Boarding Mistress (after waiting a boarder out three messages with great alacrity)—You must be an Odd Fellow, sir.

Boarder—You've guessed it; but how did you know?

Mistress—I knew you must be, by the familiar way in which you handled those three folks.—Lowell Citizen.

Slightly Forgetful.

Judge—Have you ever been sentenced to punishment before?

Accused—Yes; I had to pay \$10 once for striking a man.

"Was there any other case?"

"No—oh, stay, it comes to my mind now that I was once in jail for fifteen years."—Wasp.

Another Catastrophe.

Excited Citizen (to manager of street railway)—A serious accident occurred just now on Washington street.

Manager—What was it?

Citizen—The driver stopped his car when I signaled to him.—Boston Herald.

His Luck.

"I hear your husband has been out shooting; did he have any luck?" asked Mrs. Fitzroy of Mrs. Sniffles.

"Oh, yes; he had luck, if you please to call it so. He saved two fingers of his right hand."—Hartford Post.

Bowhard's Specialty.

Righty—By the bye, I haven't seen young Bowhard for a month. Where does he keep himself?

Digby—That is something he never does. He is always engaged in giving himself away.—Munsey's Weekly.

Gluttony.

Honora—I wish y' 'd kapp Master Dick out'r the kitchen, ma'am.

Mrs. St. Jones—Does he annoy you?

Honora—He does, ma'am. He's jist after eatin' all th' holes O' punched out o' the jambias.—Exchange.

A Few Passing Remarks.

Jones—What did your wife say when you got home last night?

Smith—What did she say? My dear fellow, it would take me three hours to tell you half of what she said.—Translated for Texas Sittings.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Smacking the lips is a vulgar habit—unless they belong to a pretty girl.—Life.