



WOMAN AND HER DRESS.

A Terribly Cynical View of the Fashions for the Coming Spring.

No question but woman is a variable animal, and how should her patron saint be other? And whether, having achieved a certain measure of elegance, oh, whether will she hurry us? Toward what slough, what quag of ugliness will it please her to turn our all too willing feet? Will she revive the old horrors of panner and "draped" skirt and the hated burdage? Who can tell? Her irresponsibility is devoid of sequence as of reason. Its intractable as a mule and as flighty as Miss Broughton's heroines (old style).

At the present moment there is much to rejoice in. The long, foundationless skirts, with their graceful, fanlike folds, are both attractive and comfortable, and no petticoats were ever much prettier than these of Eden. Built in many colored brocades after the same slim fashion as the skirts above them, frilled with lace or ruffled with their own silken fabric, lined, too, sometimes (but imperceptibly) with the finest of the woollens, albeit most unimpeachable, they are worthy of immortal verse.

Unhappily, the tartan abominations, most odious of patternings, are always well nigh irrepressible, especially in respect of underskirts and stockings, for there is nothing so tasteless as woman have only man—man, whom she avers she lives to please. Both petticoat and stockings should carry out the harmonies of whatever color chord may be struck in the outer toilet. In vest, garment or headgear. If the costume be unmitigated black, why then its brocaded supplement must shine intrinsically fair in black and white or black and crown.

One such radiant example parades a woven design of conventionalized elder flowers and berries, and is bordered with several rows of founny lace. Again with a chestnut brown gown, bordered in emerald green and faint pink (which colors haunt the locket, and therewith the lapels, collar and cuffs of the Louis XVI mantle), the petticoat is overclustered with pale pink chestnut blossoms and leaves upon a delicate cream with coffee ground.

Here the shoes, sufficiently stout for outdoor wear, are in dark chestnut brown leather with plain gold buckles, while the silk hose, in a little thicker silk than common, are bordered in dim green and pink. Again, you may ruffle it in violet beamed and violet vested black, your broad velvet hat shall be a *parterre* of pale violets, black ostrich and emerald bows, your flowing mantle, in black velvet shot with dim gleams of violet, shall be ostrich bordered, the long, straight falling folds of your skirt, gathered in your left hand, shall give but a glimpse of your pale lilac petticoat liberally strewn with dark violets and violet buds, when the crowning satisfaction, the *mens conscia recti*, shall be yours, for you will know that the completeness of your toilet is as grandiose as all real works of art must be and are.

For walking wear, a morning there are fabrics agreeably rough touched with, as it were, a pleasing affectation of savagery. Soft, fuzzy surfaced cloths, patterned or plain (plain for choice, yet not objectionable though patterned), in dull browns, fawns, heathers, grays, etc. But here, too, is the trail of the tartan, howbeit you "would, alas! it were not so forever and forever."

Of the unpatterned cloths, a gull gray gown, very plain and trim, with a longish coat worn over a frilled China silk shirt, modestly printed with Japanese anemones in gray, amber and white—this, we say, is charming, as is another, a kind of dull roan, skirted in likewise with an asbes of roses silk, bearing a dim device of scattered purple violets. Both have flat, down pointing girdles clasping invisibly to left the first of old Flemish silver work, the second of hammered copper.

For the freaked woollens, arabesques, neither too large nor too distinct, are the only possible decoration. Flowers or leaf shapes are obviously inappropriate; stripes are a weariness, spots an irritation, while chequers delight not any human thing. The ideal enfilade is vague in outline, harmonious of tone and in size avoiding bed curtness on the one hand and any impression of poverty on the other.—National Observer.

The Woman's University in Scotland.

Some fifteen years ago a few ladies started a small scheme for the higher education of women and Glasgow university most generously gave the movement its full sympathy. After some vicissitudes, helped by the personal kindness of most of the professors, the scheme grew till, in 1883, the association became incorporated as a college under the name of Queen Margaret college, and Mrs. Elder, in 1884, generously gave it a home by purchasing the house and grounds of North Park, most conveniently situated in the vicinity of the university and Botanic gardens.

She made one condition, however, viz., that an adequate endowment should be raised. This was accordingly attempted, and a large sum was gathered by sub-

scription from among the richer members of the community. But, with the consent of all interested, part of this sum was used thoroughly to fit the college with all the necessary aids to teaching in all branches, and now over 300 students have the choice of a full curriculum in arts, sciences and medicine, the staff being a highly qualified one, indeed, in several instances identical with that of the university.

Queen Margaret is the solitary college for women in Scotland really on the lines of a university, and leading the students to the university degrees as soon as these are thrown open. Girls from all parts

remote counties in England, small towns in Ireland, as well as many parts of Scotland are to be met within the halls, fitting themselves for various careers in life, as teachers, medical women, nurses, and last, but certainly not least, for that sphere of general usefulness which falls to the lot of most women, and for which no education can be too wide or too thorough.

As before mentioned, Queen Margaret college has yet to complete its endowment, and a movement is being inaugurated among all classes to bring this about by means of a bazaar, to be held next November in Glasgow. Bazaars may not be ideal means of raising money but they have this advantage, that they may enable all to help according to their means, and it is to be hoped that women in England, Scotland and Ireland may send their quota to the college which is now offering such benefits to so many and which requires only to be known to confer them on many more.—London Courier.

Enthusiastic Vassar Alumnae.

The parlors and ballroom of the Hotel Brunswick were filled Saturday with pretty girls of the Vassar Alumnae association. These same rooms see many gay gatherings—portly "gentlemen farmers" of the New York Farmers' club, jolly members of the Coaching club, and all sorts of entertainments to the great and good, but energetic little "Abe" Goddard, who looks after that sort of thing, said that he didn't remember ever having heard so much musical feminine laughter bubbling through the hotel, and he was certain he hadn't seen so many pretty girls since he took off kilts.

There were 150 of them—enough to insure the eternal prosperity of a summer resort—and they all seemed so enthusiastic about their alma mater and so energetic in the transaction of the association's business, and withal so happy and athletic, that it was a very strong argument in favor of the higher education of women. Business was attended to first. They held two business meetings, one for the general association, to which the Chicago, Boston and Washington branches sent delegates, and one for the New York branch, and it was not until those were over that luncheon was served.

There was an informal discussion of the quotation, "Shall women have the same wages as men for performing the same work?" in which Mrs. Elizabeth Howe, of Boston, and Mrs. Ellen Richard, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, took a prominent part. The immediate outcome of the discussion was the passage of a resolution to increase the Marie Mitchell fund, the income of which supports the chair of astronomy from \$40,000 to \$50,000, thereby making the salary of the astronomical professor equal to that paid to men in the great universities. Of the \$50,000, \$19,000 is still to be raised mostly by subscription.—New York Recorder.

Business Training and Motherhood.

At the February meeting of Sorosis in New York the question, "Should woman's training for a business career take into consideration that she may become a wife and mother?" was discussed by Mrs. Ada M. Brown, chairman of the day, as follows:

Woman's function in the world is determined by nature—she is made to be the mother of the race. Accepting the scientific fact, it does not follow that motherhood absorbs all her energies. Amelia Barr has been the mother of fifteen children, yet her books are accepted by publishers and readers. Train a girl as we will we cannot convert her into a mere sexless machine. Physiologically we must take into consideration that she may become a wife and mother, though practically we ignore it. It is a mistake, then, to train girls precisely like boys. No true womanly woman wishes to be a man, she is quite satisfied to be a good specimen of her own sex.

Women are handicapped in the race of life by having to fit themselves for two careers—primarily, for a trade or profession, contingently, for the home and family that may come. Women students or wage earners must sew, cook, make and mend, wash their handkerchiefs and take infinite pains to look pretty to attract the men. How many men students make their own trousers?

The same qualities which make a successful business woman are necessary in a good wife—promptness, punctuality, method and exactness. In this age has been evolved a woman with equal powers for being and doing, with womanly instincts and masculine skill.

Working Girls and Housework.

At a recent meeting of the Columbian Housekeepers' association a teacher gave a report from the Jewish Manual Training school—a school which has (if a tree be judged by its fruit instead of blossoms) more successfully than any other conquered this question of industrial education for poorest classes. She told

us that from the large classes of girls who took the course of sewing none could be found willing to go to the homes of their benefactors and perform their housework. Their plea was that they wanted their evenings to themselves. Yet those same girls when they left the school and found clerkships, working for \$2.50 or \$3 a week, would come to evening classes from the stores—often not even waiting for their suppers—and spend their evenings in earnest work.

Evidently frivolity or a wish for dissipation was not the foundation of their objection to housework. The explanation may be found in the desire for relaxation from restraint or a wish for personal freedom that is inherent in human nature, and which is a necessity for continued effective service; but a more potent reason, I believe, is that they were not trained for housework, except, perhaps, to look down on it and to do as little as possible of such degrading work.—Chicago Tribune.

The Era of Big Girls.

This is the era of the heavyweight athletic young woman, who walks abroad with the swinging tread of a grenadier, shoulders erect, chest expanded and head held high, a young woman who thinks nothing of a ten mile walk, and is altogether a new type of American independence.

She is the evolution of the modern college. Higher education has done it all, and before we know it we shall have raised a race of amazons, and the girls of Laselle and Wellesley will be challenging the boys of Yale and Harvard in rowing and racing and football athletics.

Professor Bragdon, of Laselle seminary, is authority for these facts: Since the opening of the seminary in September up to date forty-two young women have gained nine pounds or over; three, fourteen each; two, sixteen, one, nineteen; one, twenty; one, twenty-two, and the record breaker has gained twenty-three pounds in a little over four months. The featherweight of them all weighs eighty-one pounds, the heaviest plump 167, and they are the healthiest set of girls in all New England.

So much for calisthenics, athletics, physiology and hygiene in the curriculum of higher education, for Laselle specializes health and avoirdupois even above Greek and Latin as important points of culture. It is to Laselle we must look to controvert all lingering prejudice of the debilitating effects of higher education.—Boston Post.

A Baronne's Romantic Life.

Very romantic was the story of the Baronne de Charette, the mother of the well known general who has just died after a few days' illness at the Chateau de la Contre, in the department of the Loire Inferieure, at the advanced age of eighty. She and her elder sister, the Princess de Lucinge, were the daughters of the Duc de Berry and Mrs. Brown. While the duke was expiring after the stab inflicted on him by his assassin, Louvel, as he was leaving the opera on Feb. 13, 1829, he recommended the two girls to the care of the duchesse and the king, who took charge of them.

The elder, who afterward married the Prince de Lucinge, was created Comtesse de Lwoudon, and the younger, who has just died, received the title of Comtesse de Vierzon. The Baron de Charette, whom she married, played a prominent part during the rising in the Vendee.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Modest Purchases by Rich People.

Mrs. Leland Stanford, wife of the millionaire senator from California, recently called at a Washington carpet store and asked to be shown something that would be suitable for her dining room.

"Would you like a Wilton or a moquette?" asked the clerk.

"Show me some tapestries that sell for a dollar a yard," replied the millionaire's wife.

Mrs. Philip H. Sheridan has laid down ingrain carpets in all her chambers, and the daughter of one of the rich Philadelphia Drexels has nothing but ingrain carpets in her halls. Many Washington parlors are covered with filling in carpet, which sells for ninety cents a yard, but costly rugs are laid on it here and there.—Washington Cor. Cleveland Leader.

Chicago Women to Give a Grand Ball.

The closing feature of the dedicatory ceremonies in connection with the completion of the exposition is to be a magnificent ball. This will be held Oct. 13, 1892, at the Auditorium. The patronesses already decided upon are: Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. George L. Dunlap, Mrs. George M. Pullman, Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, Mrs. W. W. Kimball, Mrs. A. C. McClurg, Mrs. Heaton Owlesley, Mrs. Arthur Caton, Mrs. Emmons Blaine, Mrs. William Armour, Mrs. Hobart C. Taylor, Mrs. Robert W. Patterson, Jr.—Chicago Woman's Journal.

The great health dress reform movement is moving with power in the city of Baltimore, and as Baltimore is famous for its pretty women, there could not be a better place for the movement to move in.

Dr. Caroline Bertillon has been appointed visiting physician to the Lycee Racine, the most important college for girls in Paris. It is the first appointment of the kind made.

The Illinois woman's exposition board has decided to offer a prize of twenty-five dollars for the best design for a seal for the board. Competition is limited to Illinois women.

THE SUMMER YOUNG MAN.

Oh, summer girl, summer girl, blushing and sweet,
Our bosoms with rapture you thrill,
And nature herself grows more balmy to greet
Your coming to seaside or hill.
But, fairest and rarest of beauty's domain,
This time that another began
Some notice to gain in a lyrical vein,
So here's to the summer young man!

For who has inspired all those delicate furls
That ravish our eyes as we gaze,
That garment's light swirls and those soft
Dainty curls
That flutter and charm and amaze?
Is it not for the youth who comes out for a
week
That these dainty illusions you plan—
Come, lift up those lashes, my fair one, and
speak—
Is it not for the summer young man?

Whenever we are singing a summer girl song,
Let's think of the credit that's due
To the masculine person for whom she may
long
To be gentle and lovely to view.
He may be unworthy such treasure to find,
His features unpleasant to scan,
Yet he is a boon, you'll admit, to mankind—
So here's to the summer young man!
—Washington Star.

Not a Nibbler.

"Hello," he called to an acquaintance
whom he had not seen for two or three
weeks; "been away?"
"Yes."
"Take your fishing tackle along?"
"Yes."
"Have a good time?"
"Yes."
"That's nice. Where'd you go?"
"Up north."
"What was the weight of your largest
fish?"
"Didn't catch any."
"Was the wind wrong?"
"No."
"Too early or too late in the season?"
"No."
"Lose all your tackle before you got
there?"
"No."
"You got a few bites?"
"Not a bite."
"Other fellows caught fish up there?"
"No, not a fish."
"Um! That's queer! Why didn't you
catch any fish?"
"Because I was in the pine woods, 15
miles from the nearest creek. In fact, the
well at the hotel was almost dry."
"But you—you had a few nibbles?" persisted the man.
"No, I didn't have my tackle out at all."
"Humph! Fifteen miles from the nearest
fish?"
"Yes."
"Well, there are some mighty queer people
in this world! Not even a nibbler! Good
day, sir!"—Detroit Free Press.

No Luck.

Two women were discussing the question of tips to waiters in a cafe the other day, one maintaining that the wages of waiters were pay enough and wondering how much the men got in fees. Their waiter, a very good natured colored man, stood by, and the woman said:
"I'm going to ask him." So she said to him:
"Say, John, how much do you men get a day in fees?"
The reply came at once:
"See that boy over there? Well, he makes a pile. He has luck, he has. Always gets big fees. He gets men to his table. I never has no luck. I always has women."—Boston Herald.

Impatient.

Apologies of the difficulty even their fair owners experience in locating ladies' pockets an English paper tells a story of a lady who, arrayed in a new frock, took a hansom the other day and on alighting hunted vainly for the entrance to the pocket where she had confidently placed her purse. The quest was so unduly prolonged that at last her charioteer, who was not a man of refinement, remarked from his perch, "Now, then, marm, when you've quite done a scratchin' of your back will you pay me my fare?"—Argonaut.

His Inspiration Checked.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the worried looking man with a tooth marked lead pencil, "can't you keep that baby quiet?"
"I'm doing my best," answered his wife.
"He's only laughing."
"I can't help that. It's noise. And I've got to finish this poem about 'What Our Darling Prattle Says' for The Cherub's Own before night or they won't use it!"—Washington Star.

No Harm to See.

Mr. Sappy—Do you like men?
She—I don't know. You might bring one around some evening.—Brooklyn Life.

Ready Appreciation.

Guide—I have brought you to this point, miss, in order that your first view of the great Manufactures building may enable you to grasp in some measure its stately, magnificent, yet simple, grandeur.
Young Woman (in wheeled chair)—Oh, isn't it nice!—Chicago Tribune.

Fitting.

"I want to get a professional nurse," said the man whose wife rather enjoys being ill.
"What for?" asked his friend, the doctor.
"For a professional invalid," said the man, with a wan, faraway smile.—Vogue.

An Insuperably Fatal Obstacle.

"I don't believe the detectives will catch him."
"Why not?"
"They claim to have a clem."—Truth.

The Children's Eyes.

The constantly increasing nearsightedness among school children, and the very general need and use of glasses, ought to suggest to us whether or not we are sufficiently careful of the conditions affecting the eyes of the young. Do we see to it that the books they read and those they study are of a clear and large type, requiring no straining or forcing of the vision; and do we encourage a large and open script for their handwriting? Do we see to it that our school houses are built with a view to the falling of the light in the right way for the children's safety?

Do we have the lights at home so regulated that no blaze shall produce blindness and no dimness make sight difficult? Do we make sure that the child holds his book at the distance which gives a correct focus, that he holds his body properly in relation to his book or work, that he looks off frequently, thus changing the character of the demand on the eye, and that he is not allowed to continue long in any effort requiring the too intense use of his eyes?

Do we keep ourselves on the lookout, too, for the first indication of feebleness or strain, in order that artificial aids may be resorted to in season to prevent any positive evil? This precaution in all these directions is wise in evidence from the fact, if we look for it, that in those living what might be called the natural life—that is, without books or fine work—there is very little trouble with the eyes, where the conditions of good bodily health otherwise are maintained.—Harper's Bazar.

For Girls Who Wish to Study Art.

A woman most familiar with the advantages offered to girl art students in both Paris and New York advises those young persons whose motto is "Art for money's sake" to do their studying in America. Even for those with higher motives she believes that almost as good advantages are to be had at home. "There is no pot boiling work to be had at Paris," she says, "and even if there were American girls could not compete with the trained French artist artisans. There are no pupils to be had for obvious reasons. In America there are pupils to be had everywhere, and there is pot boiling art work galore for any girl or woman with pluck enough to strike out for herself, and to read the newspapers, advertisements, art notes and labor interest columns.

"It is not absolutely necessary that every girl who studies art should do so with the idea of becoming an easel artist. It is just as socially respectable to be a successful artist artisan, making two thousand a year, as to sell pictures to the extent of five hundred and scheme to get yourself invited to dinner to make out your livelihood. I do not hesitate to say that, with its various technical art schools, New York offers superior advantages over Paris for women for the study of applied art—that is, art of a remunerative sort out of which good livelihoods may be earned by women."—New York Post.

How to Set a Table.

Breakfast being the plainest meal of the day, the arrangement of the table should always be simple. The cloth should be spotless. At each person's seat place a knife, fork, teaspoon or dessertspoon, tumbler and napkin, and if fresh fruit is to be served, a finger bowl, if there be no servant. If you have a waitress, she will place the finger bowls on as you finish with the fruit. If fresh fruit be served there must also be placed at each seat a fruit knife and plate. The knives and spoons should be placed at the right and the forks and napkins at the left, the tumblers to be at the point of the knives. There should be space between the knife and fork for a breakfast plate.

Have the dish of fruit in the center of the table. Have a tray cloth at each end of the table. Spread little butter plates at the top of each plate. If individual salt and pepper bottles be used, place them at the side of each plate. If large ones place them at the corners of the table. Put four table-spoons on the table, either in two corners or beside the dishes that they will be used in serving. Put the carving knife and fork at the head of the table, and the cups and saucers, sugar and cream, coffee-pot, hot water bowl, etc., and the mush dishes at the other end.—St. Louis Republic.

Having Gravy Handy.

The matter of having gravy ready when wanted is a very important part of the household economy, and many a dish which otherwise might be "flat, stale and unprofitable," is made nutritious and palatable by the addition of half a cup of strong gravy. Make your cook keep all the scrapings of gravy from the beef-steaks or any made gravy; season well with salt and pepper and keep in the refrigerator. It will always be wanted in the next day's cooking.

If you have no gravy ready when you want it, you can always make it by taking some bones of cooked meat, cracking them and putting them in a saucepan with any bits of meat or gristle. Cover them with cold water and stew slowly for two hours and you will have a cupful of good gravy. This should be done daily with the bones and bits of meat "left over."—New England Homestead.

A Use for Old Mosquito Netting.

A good suggestion is a use for mosquito netting after it has done duty on bars or as bed canopy. Of it excellent wash and dish cloths may be made. The netting should be folded several times, six or eight at least, and the square made considerably larger than desired, as the material shrinks a great deal. The thicknesses are then to be quilted in long stitches and at wide intervals with white darning cotton, the edges turned in, where they are not folded, and the article is ready. If the netting is colored, toss the cloths into the boiler before using and boil out the dye. The wearing quality of these netting cloths is almost unexcelled, while the loose mesh makes them very satisfactory to use.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Should You Feel Hady.

Any one whose nerve force is deficient and blood impoverished may take, with benefit, the yolk of an egg, well beaten up in a glass of milk, each morning. The iron and phosphoric compounds are in such a condition as to be readily assimilated by the system, although small in amount.—New York Journal.