

FROM FIVE STATES.

INFANT CITIZENS FROM DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE REPUBLIC.

What Effect Does Environment Have on the Formation of Their Characters? Sample Children from New York, Pennsylvania, Louisiana, California and Utah.

[Copyright, 1893, by American Press Association.]

Here are five young American citizens, all members of the great republic, compatriots in the state of infancy, but natives of five different states in the Union.



THE KNOWING NEW YORKER.

Learned people who study ethnology say that the formation of character and disposition is very much dependent upon our environments. In a country so vast and so diversified as the United States...

The child brought up in New York is very different from the little Louisiana boy or girl, and the young Pennsylvanian from either.

Look at this little girl. New York is written in every line of her body and fold of her dress. She is chic and stylish and she knows it.



PENNSYLVANIA'S PRIDE.

She is a youthful member of the Gotham Four Hundred, and some day will make her debut at a Patriarchs' ball and be indorsed by the Ward McAllister of the day.

She is a bright, sensible, practical little thing, and frequently astonishes her parents by an unexpected display of her varied knowledge of persons and things fondly supposed to be beyond her ken.

Her greatest pleasure is to be dressed in her best clothes and walk in Central park with her English nurse, whose curious lack, yet occasional superabundance, of h's is a constant source of wonder and unfeigned bewilderment to her.

She is not a beautiful child, but half unconsciously she manages to make the most of all her good points and to keep all her defects in the background. She has been even at this early age to one or two matinees, and talks quite knowingly in her baby fashion about the theater.

Very different is this little Pennsylvanian. She is demure, quiet and very sweet—a wise, gentle wee girlie, who



A LITTLE LOUISIANIAN.

does a good deal of subdued thinking on her own account. She is not quite so shy as she looks or would have you believe.

Every Sabbath she accompanies her sweet-faced, fresh-cheeked young mother to worship, and a Sunday school picnic is her wildest dissipation. On such occasions she is quite a belle among the very young gentlemen who take a decorous and sober pleasure in "Ring-A-Ring-A-Rory," "Green Gravel" and similar children's games.

Unless her New York sister, few parties fall to her lot, and she has already knows the evil one's snare for the unwary. She can recite in her sweet, soft little voice, with its captivating lisp, nearly all of Dr. Watts' hymns.

When she grows up she will be a pretty, wholesome maid, with strictly correct and rather prim manner that more than one young man of Quaker descent will find irresistible. She will be a good wife and mother and a thoroughly honest, pure woman.

A strain of creole blood lends a languishing glance to the soft dark eyes of this little Louisiana child. Her hair is fine jet black and curls in charming little tendrils all over her pretty head. Her complexion is pale and creamy, yet with a gleam like a pure white moonstone. Her eyebrows are finely marked and her lashes long and curly.

In disposition she is a mixture of fire and ice. She is naturally rather credulous and decidedly superstitious, and when her nurse tells her tales of witchcraft and the terrible fate that befalls little girls who are "hoodooed," her great eyes open until they look like stars. With comical gravity she goes through all the little acts intended to avert calamities that she sees done by her beloved ebon hued "auntie."

English she speaks a little, but prefers creole French, with a curious lisp and patois, and in a sweet, strangely rich voice she sings quaint negro melodies with their wailing refrain and undefinable undertone of melancholy.

A great, large limbed baby is this little Californian, a "native son of the golden west," born in that glorious climate where the sun's rays ripen and sweeten everything. A breezy, wholesome, unconventional baby, who just now is so busy growing that he has little time for anything else. He is a generous, frank, open hearted baby, but though good natured and easy going he has very decided opinions as to his rights and is quick to resent any encroachment upon them.



A CALIFORNIA CHILD.

His favorite food is fruit, of which he eats quantities all the year round. Ice and snow are unknown to him, for flowers, fruit and green trees meet his gaze at all seasons.

He is the son of a pioneer, the youngest descendant of a "forty-niner," but he will see a very different life from that his father had known. He will never experience the rough life or eat the coarse fare of the miner's camp, and tales of such life will have as much novelty and interest for him as for any of his little eastern born cousins.

His complexion is rich and peachy looking, his eyes blue and his hair golden brown, touched here and there with gleams of sunshine. Mischievous? Well, a little. Not all the time, though, for he sleeps a good deal, but that is about the only time he is not either just beginning a piece of mischief or just finishing it.

The last of these young Americans might surprise his predecessors by laying prior claim to the proud title of American, for his ancestors for hundreds of years past owned and possessed this great continent, hunted its forests and fished in its rivers.



PLAIN, ORDINARY PAPOOSE.

He himself was born on an Indian reserve in Utah, but when he is older will probably, like many others of his nation, live in a state of discontent. He is that rarity, a full blooded Indian. Not a drop of white blood flows in his veins. He is the son of a chief, and in a few years will be sent to one of the government schools, where he will learn all that his white brothers do. He is a copper hued little brave and has all the imperturbability of his race.

More than an hour ago his dusky mother strapped him against his papoose board and left him in it, resting against a tree, yet he makes no complaint, but looks straight in front and blinks his eyes solemnly from time to time.

This is the first time he has ever seen a camera or a white man, and so much novelty is a severe strain even upon his hereditary stoicism of demeanor. Despite his best efforts a look of terror and astonishment comes into his face as the lens is pointed at him.

Thus it will be seen that our future citizens are as varied in character and disposition as the grand country that is their heritage, and in this diversity of temperament lies much of the strength of the nation. May all these children grow up to be an honor and glory to the great republic!

HELEN GREGORY-FLESHER.

ELEGANT SIMPLICITY

HOW IT MAY BE DISPLAYED IN DRESSING CHILDREN.

The Outlook for Spring Fashions—Plaids Growing in Favor—Frocks and Cloaks for Girls—Elegant Walking Costumes and Wraps Described.

[Copyright, 1893, by American Press Association.]

Many children are sweet and lovely, but surely none is more so than those of New York. One might think that in a great city like this they would grow forward or pert, or appear old beyond their years, but they do not. All honor to their mothers, who make a study of how to keep them real children, dressed according to their age of playfulness and abandon. They are not puppets, nor is their dressing neglected, but it has reached the point which we call elegant simplicity.

Pretty little Hubbard frocks and plain, short waisted dresses are seen in the homes of the millionaires on the young daughters of the house, and dark, substantial materials are worn always except for some festive occasion, when, naturally, silks, muslins and other more extravagant fabrics are used, though sparingly.

The present mode in all the best American homes is to keep all young people in simple and comparatively inexpensive attire until after the young lady has entered upon her second season, and even then the preference is toward such goods as most properly adorn youth, like the dainty wash goods in zephyrs and whatever is the current mode, with tissue and diaphanous muslins for dancing and the lighter silks for dressing occasions.

The present outlook for early spring is that there will be an unusual amount of plaid worn for ordinary school or house or run-about-street gowns. When the plaids are made for children they will have accessories, like yokes, girdles, bands, etc., made of velvet, black or the darkest shade in the plaid. Plaid alone has not the proper finish for self trimming, and nothing will go with plaid of any kind but velvet.

Among the odd but very taking fancies for children is the use of black satin for a frock, with a guimpe and sash and sometimes upper sleeve puff of orange or mandarin china silk. It is becoming to both blonds and brunettes, and the satin when soiled can be wiped off with a sponge dipped in water, which is a great desideratum with small children.

Cloaks for the little girls are not unlike those of their mothers, but one of the prettiest and most useful is presented here. It was made of brown chevot, with a double box plaiting of red ribbon around the bottom and lower cape. The upper cape was slashed and lined with satin. The hat was a large brown felt trimmed with red feathers and ribbon bows.

Another little cloak for a smaller girl was of white eider down flannel, with flecks of golden brown scattered over it. It was Mother Hubbard shape, and the cape to it was covered with white ostrich tips, the ends of which were tipped with brown. The hat was white beaver, large, and simply overwhelmed with brown tipped white plumes.

Several beautiful little bonnets for small girls are made like Marie Stuart coifs, and they are bewitching over the pretty faces. But the quaintest and prettiest headgear for little toddlers is the queer, old fashioned contrivance shown in the picture. The fall of lace over the rosy faces is too cunning for anything. I have seen three hats almost like this among the new spring model bonnets for ladies, though they are narrower at the back and puff out a little on the sides, but reach the same high point and have the same fringe of lace and big or little bow, according to circumstances. These hats remind me of some ancient picture I have seen. They look odd, but are certainly quaint and attractive, and resemble in some vague way the mob cap of our great-grandmothers.

In my pilgrimages to the shrines of fashion I saw a splendid walking costume just completed by a famous ladies' tailor, which is worth mention among a hundred other handsome gowns. This was of sage green cloth, heavy and fine, cut princess shape and fitting without a wrinkle. The bottom of the skirt was "held out" by two manilla ropes covered and sewed tightly on the under side of the facing. On the skirt all around was a 5-inch border of stone marten. The upper sleeves were very large and puffed out with a stiff buckram lining. A little stone marten "beatie" was in place of a collar. In front was a gather fall of the cloth,



POLISH CLOAK.

large and puffed out with a stiff buckram lining. A little stone marten "beatie" was in place of a collar. In front was a gather fall of the cloth,

but none in the back. The waist closed with double rows of small black silk crocheted buttons and soutache. Polish style. I have spoken of this garment as costume when the tailor himself called it a Polish cloak, but as it is not to be worn over a dress and takes the place of one I should call it a costume in preference to cloak if I had the naming of it. However, it is very stylish and graceful.

At this same house I saw a long wrap that for sumptuous richness I believe has rarely been equaled. The wrap was for a lady who counts her millions on all her fingers, and if reports are true some of her toes as well. The wrap was made of prune velvet of the richest quality, long and with angel sleeves. The velvet was embroidered in high relief with sadder's silk in the same shade, but it looked lighter from the difference in silk and velvet. The pattern was an intricate design of convolvuli trailing along the edges about a foot deep. The effect was indescribably rich. Below this was a border of Russian sable eight inches wide all around the bottom. On the sleeves there was a twelve inches deep black crocheted ball fringe in silk. The collar had a fringe like this, mingled with sable tails. The whole was lined with an india shawl that must have cost a thousand dollars, and how the owner ever had the conscience to cut it up I cannot imagine. The whole cloak I was told was valued at \$2,500.

What could be worn with such a wrap in the way of dress or bonnet? Well, the bonnet was of prune velvet, with a border of steel bead passementerie and some velvet convolvuli in deep purple tints. The dress was a rich black brocade, with a flounce of black ostrich plumes, headed by a rose plaiting of fringed out silk, which was almost as soft and fluffy as moss trimming and a good deal more expensive. Of course this grand toilet is especially intended to strike awe into the hearts of tea givers and kindle the fires of envy in the hearts of women.

HENRIETTE ROUSSEAU.

New York.

A Crochet Umbrella Case.

Two spoons of black crochet silk and a small brass furniture ring are the materials required for this case. Cover the ring with single stitches, then chain three and join with a treble stitch into the second single stitch and so on round, continuing when you reach the three chain as heretofore. This prevents irregularity where the rows are joined. Occasionally slip the case over an umbrella so as to have it fit easily, widening a few times if necessary.



For a 26-inch umbrella make the case twenty inches. Crochet four chain, turn and work to the beginning of this round. Three chain, turn, going across as before. Continue till this piece is four inches long. Four chain, throw the thread over twice—double treble stitches—going across once. Finish with a scallop. Make a cord of eight or ten strands of the silk and finish the ends with tassels. Owing to the elasticity of the work it is not necessary to make the case as long as the umbrella by two inches, while for the same reason it may be left on without danger of wearing the silk, as the ordinary bought covers are likely to do.

Garniture for Ball Dresses.

Ribbons, feathers and flowers are all used as garniture for dancing dresses. Ribbon is sometimes applied in the form of enormous bows on the bottom of the skirt, but more frequently in full rosettes or choux or windmill bows with floating ends. Indeed the floating ends should never be omitted, as they add so materially to the lightness of the dancing dress.

To Make a Handkerchief Case.

A strip of grass linen 24 by 12 inches, the same of clover colored china silk, a sheet of wadding, some perfumed powder, one yard of ribbon, two skeins each of two shades of clover color and sage green floeselles are required to make a handkerchief case like the illustration. A flight of butterflies may be substituted for the clover blossoms,



worked in yellows and browns, lining with silk to match. Some knowledge of embroidery is necessary, but one will be surprised to find with what effect the long and short irregular stitches may be employed. Should butterflies be worked, the wings may be done in this way, the bodies in solid or satin stitch.

British Applause for Frances Willard.

In Exeter hall, London, where the greatest orators of modern times have been heard and the most honored leaders of moral movements of all kinds have been welcomed, our American Frances Willard was greeted with cheers and enthusiasm and her address with true British applause. Honors always come at last to one who steadfastly stands by a principle.

A Nightdress Case.

To make a nightdress case take a strip of pillow case linen or cotton duck 1 yard by 18 inches and turn one end over twelve inches to form a pocket, on which



any pretty design may be etched in gold colored silk. On the flap etch "Good Night" or "Happy Dreams" in irregular text, and after binding with linen tape edge with inch wide torchon or some other heavy lace.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

Twenty-one Years of Woman Suffrage in Wyoming.

An important and interesting contribution to the literature of the woman question is contained in a letter to the New York Sun from Wyoming. It is a clear and comprehensive summing up of the results of twenty-one years of woman suffrage in that state. We learn from it that nearly every woman in the state votes. The ladies have their partisan clubs—Republican, Democratic and Populist. They take fully as much interest in politics as the men do. They formerly voted the Republican ticket mostly, but last year their sympathies were aroused on the side of the "rustlers" as against the cattle barons in the cow war, and they voted almost to a woman with the Democrats, because the Democratic platform leaned toward the rustlers. I am glad to perceive they have learned already that you cannot law virtue and morality into the human race. In this they are in advance of some of their sisters in the east. The women of Wyoming concern themselves particularly with the character of the candidate who is to enforce the laws already made, rather than with the passing of new laws. A man who is a drunkard, a wife or child beater, a gambler or a corrupt politician stands no more chance of getting into office in Wyoming than of getting into heaven.

One candidate was reported to have slapped his wife because a shirt she had made for him was too small. "The women vowed to make him feel so small that he could use the little shirt for an overcoat, and they did it." The shirt story will follow him to the end of his days wherever he goes. As to officeholding, the ladies do not seem to aspire after that so much, though they get their proportion of the places. The office of school superintendent is by common consent yielded to a woman in all the twelve counties. The pay is from \$600 a year to \$1,500. Two women have been elected justices of the peace. The correspondent says there are no women doctors or lawyers in the state, which is unfortunate. There ought to be both. Finally after twenty-one years of suffrage the Wyoming women have only to show as a result in their state "good, honest government and pure elections." What more would anybody want, pray?

The way to achieve gains for our sex is for women to stand by one another through thick and thin. Do you remember what Olive Schreiner said in one of her "Dreams"? "I looked and saw that all the women held one another by the hand."

An enterprising firm of women tea merchants have bought a large tea plantation of their own in Ceylon. They employ women in all the branches of their business where it is possible. There are women tasters, blenders and packers.

We are told that in Wyoming fine personal appearance and winning manners go a long way toward electing a candidate of either sex. Well, why not? Other things being equal, that is as it should be. May the day never come when the race will be insensible to the charm of personal beauty in either man or woman. The Greeks were nearer right than the old church ascetics in this matter. Beauty culture, through cleanliness of body and mind, through physical education, and, above all, through developing the sweet graces of the soul, is a legitimate and noble pursuit. I for one never yet met an individual repulsive in physical appearance who was either good or gifted. And when I see upon a public platform as a speaker a woman with slipper slapper shoes, a badly fitting gown, not over neat and slumped over shoulders I know instantly that such a woman has as yet no conception of the noblest and most exalted doctrines of progress.

When a married woman's husband neglects her the poorest way in the world is for her to sit at home and mope and shed tears over it. Let her brighten up and go and have good times too. There is much pleasure left in the world, even if one's husband is no longer in love with one as much as he used to be.

I am so tired of hearing about "woman as a wife and mother" that at times I would like to go off and live among the Eskimos or some place where I did not understand the language.

In Wyoming a married and an unmarried woman were opposing candidates for school superintendent in one of the counties. The single woman appealed to a wife for her vote on the ground that the opponent was a married woman and had a husband to support her. Instantly the woman voter, who knew how it was herself, replied: "What of that? A married woman has a harder time to get money than anybody else." My sisters, that married woman stated a great truth. There is no way of getting money so surely as to earn it yourself.

More interesting perhaps than any previous meeting were the speeches delivered this year at the convention of the National Woman Suffrage association. The address of Hon. Carroll D. Wright on "Women in Industry" and that of May Wright Sewall on "Municipal Housekeeping" show which way the woman question of today is drifting.

It is pleasant to think of that woman in the town of Newburg, N. Y., who is superintendent of the street cleaning and street sprinkling department. She is in exactly the right place. She has had the contract for a number of years and made a fair profit out of it, hiring and superintending her own laborers. This is better than it is in some of the cities of Europe, where I saw women scraping and cleaning the streets with men bosses over them.

Miss Elizabeth Utter is deputy clerk of the United States circuit court for the western division of the western district of Missouri at Kansas City.

A dried up old hunk has lately been bemanning the fact that women are crowding men out of the trades and professions, so that they cannot support their families and buy beer and cigars any more. It is like the shoemaker's talk when mankind first began to make shoes by machinery.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.



Clifford Blackman
A Boston Boy's Eyesight Saved—Perhaps His Life

By Hood's Sarsaparilla—Blood Poisoned by Canker.

Read the following from a grateful mother: "My little boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, and it left him very weak and with blood poisoned with canker. His eyes became so inflamed that his sufferings were intense, and for seven weeks he

Could Not Open His Eyes. I took him twice during that time to the Eye and Ear Infirmary on Charles street, but their remedies failed to do him the faintest shadow of good. I commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it soon cured him. I have never doubted that it saved his eyesight, even if not his very life. You may use this testimonial in any way you choose. I am always ready to sound the praise of

Hood's Sarsaparilla because of the wonderful good it did my son." ARBIE F. BLACKMAN, 2388 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Get HOOD'S.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hayden Has at great expense replaced his OLD instruments with a new Bainbridge myer, direct from London, and is now better prepared than ever to do fine work, from a pocket up to life size. Open from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Sundays. Studio, 1214 O St., east.

H. Almerna Parker,
Dramatic Reader
Teacher of Elocution
505 BRACE BUILDING.

NEBRASKA
Conservatory of Music
—AND—
ACADEMIC SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,
Lincoln Nebraska.

ALL BRANCHES of Music, Art, Elocution, Literature and Languages, taught by a Faculty of Sixteen Instructors. Each teacher an Artist and Specialist. The only Conservatory west of Boston owning its own building and furnishing. A refined home for lady students. Tuition from \$5 to \$30 for term of 10 weeks. Write for catalogue and general information. O. B. HOWELL, Director.

Ladies' and Children's
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING
A Specialty

SAM. WESTERFIELD'S
BURR BLOCK.



DR. T. O'CONNOR,
(Successor to Dr. Charles Sunrise)
Cures Cancers Tumors
Wens and Fistulas without the use of Knife, Chloroform or Ether.
Office 1708 O Street—Owen block.
LINCOLN NEB.

DR. HENRY A. MARTIN'S
Medical Institute
FOR THE CURE OF
Chronic Diseases
SPECIALTIES:
Diseases of Woman,
Catarrh,
Morphine and Opium Habits.
Cure Guaranteed. Consultation Free.
Offices, 141 South 12th Street