THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE FAIR SEX.

What Will Be Worn This Spring--Why Do Not Women Help Women?--A Modern Doctor--Speak Not of Your Griefs--For the Fair Sex.

She Meant Well Enough.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Z—— came fluttering in to an afternoon reception. Greeting her hostess with much impressment, she said: "Yes, Mrs. K——, I am almost tired to death. I have been to so many teas and receptions, and all that, that when my sister called for me this afternoon to go to Mrs. G——'s, I simply said, 'No, I won't go to another swell reception this winter; let's go over to Mrs. K——'s.'" As Mrs. K—— prides herself upon welcoming the elite of Boston, Mrs. Z——'s thoughtful remark was thoughtfully appreciated.—Boston Traveler.

A Widow's Fight Against Odds.

I heartily hope Mrs. Fayerweather will succeed in breaking a will which not only leaves her comparatively poor, but ignores women in its public benefactions. Mrs. Fayerweather, as I understand the case, has no desire to interfere with her husband's gifts to institutions. She merely objects to being deprived of the millions which go to men who even by the wildest stretch of imagination can not be called objects of charity.

Should Mrs. Fayerweather win her suit, it would be a splendid vengeance to draw up a will bequeating to women's institutions, like Barnard and the Harvard Annex, the millions rescued from the pockets of her husband's executors. Then would rise a mighty chorus of female voices singing.

"Mrs. Fayerweather,
There's nothing like leather!"
—Kate Field.

A Modern Doctor.

Dr. Elizabeth Johnson, who is already famous, not only as a most skilled and successful physician, but also as an uncommonly good-looking and attractive young woman, has just assumed the editorship of the medical department of the Scientific American. Dr. Johnson is one of the professional women who is feminine enough to delight in the wearing of pretty gowns. I think she believes that her patients will get well quicker and take her nasty doses more patiently if she looks just as pretty as she can, and I believe she's quite right. To see her in a lovely white crape gown, which most effectively lights up her dark hair, her brilliant eyes, and her strong, yet mobile face, would never suggest to you that she can saw off a leg or set a broken bone with all the skill and coolness imaginable. Dr. Johnson is a constant attendant at the meetings of the Nineteenth Century Club.—Philadelphia Press.

Why do not Women Help Women?

Why do women not leave money for the benefit of women's education?

Mrs. Fogg, who recently died in New York and left $600,000 to charities and educational institutions, is one of a number of women who have left large estates to worthy objects within the past few months. But, like all the rest Mrs. Fogg leaves all her money to institutions for men. She left $200,000 to Harvard College, and in Cambridge is the Harvard Annex, needing this sum far more than the university, and able to do more good with it. All the women's colleges are poor. The schools which give secondary education to women are poorer yet. It is the hardest thing in education to find a school in which a girl can get just as good a fit for college as a boy. This is equally true of art schools for women, of scholarships for post graduate study, and of women's medical schools. They are all wofully poor, far poorer than like schools for women.

Yet the rich women who give and leave large sums are perpetually bestowing it on colleges, schools and institutions for men. This is, we fear, because such bequests and gifts are generally given under the advice of men who are interested, and only interested, in institutions for the education of men, while women are as yet but too little interested in the higher education of their own sex.—Philadelphia Press.

Speak Not of Your Griefs.

"Tell me not of your doubts and discouragements," says Geothe, "I have plenty of my own. But talk to me of your hope and faith." The tone of complaint is one which we are all too ready to accept, and which is not only injurious to ourselves but hurtful to all who come in contact with us. In speaking of a young woman who had filled several good positions with no degree of success, an elder woman said, "she could have kept either position and earned a good income if she had not been so dissatisfied, she was continually finding fault, and never felt that she was appreciated."

It may be safely said that this attitude of mind is one that almost predetermines failure in any line of work. Patience under adverse circumstances will often bring about favorable results, while complaint only accentuates and fixes the cause of complaint. Avoid mention of the disagreeable things that may come into your life. If you cannot be patient you can at least be silent. The secret of success lies not so much in knowing what to say, as in what to avoid saying. Next to finding fault with your own circumstances avoid criticising other people. The habit of criticising one's friends and acquaintances is one that often much that would otherwise be pleasant and helpful in social life. Do not discuss the peculiarities of your friends. Itis "bad form" to say the least, and it is needless and unnecessary.—Boston Traveler.

What Will Be Worn This Spring.

The new cloths sent over from English and French manufacturers, for early spring wear, are chiefly homespuns and other rough stylish goods in homespun colorings and effects. These twilled woolens are shown in the colors which peasants in the north of Scotland and in Ireland are accustomed to dye their homespun goods, from dyes made of native forest barks. The familiar homespun blue, or electric blue, is a very prominent color among the new goods, and will, no doubt, be the leading popular shade for spring. A dress of homespun blue mixture will be made with a front and trimming of a figured cloth in the same shade, a little dark velvet being introduced to give relief to the effect. Or such a plain blue cloth may be made up in connection with a blue cloth striped with white and figured with blue balls on the white stripes, or with a blue figured cloth.

It seems to be an assured thing that the new spring house gowns, and dresses intended for elaborate wear, will be made with fuller skirts. Paniers are shown in the French plates, and a single ruffle or a soft cluster of ruffles is a feature which looks toward the return of more bouffant, frou-frou styles of dress. Street gowns, which to be in good taste must be somewhat severe in style, will be but a little fullee.

A Parisian fad that has found some favor in fashionable circles in this country is the use of cloth in combination of sheer gauzes and other materials for evening wear.

The jacket will remain the favorite wrap for spring, though there are a number of short jaunty shoulder coverings which will find favor with some persons,

Another new and very stylish outdoor garment is a coat made of dark-green diagonal, trimmed with cuffs, pocket lids and rolling collar of passementerie. The vest front is of velvet in a darker shade to match the hat, which is trimmed with green and brown ribbons and feathers.

The skirt is of gray serge, cut in deep Vandyke points, each edged with an inch wide band of castle braid. Beneath the points is a wide band of green and black brocade.

These points, as well as rounded tabs with contrasting material beneath, sometimes set on plain, but more often ruffled or plaited, are very popular for walking dresses. Made of silk or crepe, with tulle or chiffon fan, are very pretty for evening dresses.

If I Were You, My Dear.

I wouldn't turn my head to look after fine frocks or impertinent men.

I wouldn't forget to sew the braid around the bottom of my skirt, or the button on my shoe.

I wouldn't conclude that every man who said something pleasant to me had fallen in love with me.

I wouldn't feel that I was an ill-treated personage because, though I could play pleasantly, my friends didn't count me a modern Mozart.

I would not, when I could only have one frock, choose a conspicuous one that would mark me as the girl in the red plaid.

I would not, because I was tired and nervous, give snappy, ill-natured replies to questions asked me by those who really cared for me.

I would not get in the habit of speaking in a familiar way of the men I know; when you make them Tom, Dick or Harry they are apt to consider you as Kate, Nell or Molly.

I would not permit any girl friend to complain to me of her mother—it is like listening to blasphemy.

I would not when I brush the dust off my hat forget the cobwebs of distrust and suspicion in my brain.

I will not tell my private affairs to my most intimate girl friend, nor would I ask her impertinent questions.

I would not write silly letters to young, men, nor permit them to be familiar with me.

I would not grow weary in well-doing—instead, I would keep on encouraging myself by trying to live up to my ideal of a woman, and the very fact of my trying so hard would make me achieve that which I wished.—Ladies' Home Journal.

For the Fair Sex.

Women are proverbial misers.

No woman is pure at heart who lacks charity.

Flattery will win a woman's love where love will fail.

Man sometimes forgets a wrong; a woman never does.

The secret of artistic dressing is to match the hair or the skin.

The sweetest picture in the world is a pretty mother with her first baby.

Things that proclaim their cost, like diamonds, stiff silks, velvets and passementerie, are not conductive to genteel dress.

The masculine girl, she of the spats, waist-coat and four-in hand scarf, carries a silver rule in her breast pocket with which she measures the universe.

The woman who uses sealing wax on her envelope invariably glues it first, and this double security makes the recipient exclaim "How cautious!"

Few mothers are well enough acquainted with their daughters to have their confidence, a condition to which the downfall of many a daughter can be attributed.

A tall, gaunt angular, awkward woman will appear less so in something light and floating, some soft, clinging material that will follow every movement, multiply lines and obliterate angles.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

INTERESTING READING FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Grandpa's Red-Blanketed Indian--What a Child's Kiss Can Do--A Small Boy's Victory--Stanley's Zanzibar Boy,

PAPA'S VACCINATION.

The family had been vaccinated,
Maurice and Maud and Berta,
Papa and mamma, and Baby Grace
Who cried when the doctor hurt her.

Afterwards, Berta heard queries passed
Regarding the inflammation,
So, politely, she asked papa, one night:
"How's your imagination?"
—Youths' Companion.

Stanley's Zanzibar Boy.

Salli is a Zanzibar boy whom Stanley brought from Africa, and who accompanies him on his lecturing tour. He is very intelligent and speaks five languages fluently, but he does not like America, because everybody makes game of him and tries to cheat him. "The first night we came to America," said Salli, "in the hotel at night, some one filled my boots with water, and when I told the man in the office, he only laughed. Then the next day a boy came to me and said, 'Come home with me and see my sisters.' I did, and they stole my watch, and when I told the policeman on the street, he laughed also." "Do you like to travel this way better than on an expedition?" was asked Salli. "No: I like expedition much better," replied Salli promptly. "This way is good enough for women and children, but men ought to work. You go too fast this way; you cannot see anything. In the expedition you see many things."

A Bedtime Talk.

Ethelwyn and Beth always have a little talk with mamma while they are being put to bed, and sometimes the things they say are very funny.

"Which do you think was the naughtier, mamma, 'bout eating that apple, Adam or Eve?" asked Ethelwyn, recently.

"I don't exactly know," said poor mamma, who is very, very often cornered by their questions.

"Well, I'll tell you what," said Beth, who is two years younger than Ethelwyn, "I don't think neever of 'em was, but 'twas that old surplus."

"She means serpent, I do believe, mamma," said Ethelwyn, laughing in a way that provoked Beth. "Did you ever see such a a funny child?"

"I don't neever! I mean surplus. And I do wish, sister, that you wouldn't always count your chickens before they are hatched!" said Beth, decidedly, and that settled it.—Youths' Companion.

A Small Boy's Victory.

He was such a little fellow that when he wanted to see the basket of fine, ripe pears which mamma had left on the table, he had to bring his little stool and climb upon it to reach high enough.

O my! how nice they did look! And what a delicious smell! They must taste very good; how could he help taking one? Surely it would not be missed, the basket was so full; and nobody was by to see if he did it, so what was to hinder.

For a moment, Teddy almost put his hand upon the nicest one in the lot. But I am glad to say the little hand was drawn away, and the bright-eyed little man said firmly, "No, I won't! Mamma told me not to touch them, and I won't do it. I promised her I wouldn't, and if I do it would be telling a story. No, Mister Pear, you must stay right there in the basket, and I'll run away for fear I might do it if I looked too long."

Down hopped Teddy, and off he went. Mamma smiled to find him busy with his red-horse lines when she came back, and found the fruit undisturbed.

I think Teddy was a brave little boy, even if he did run away from temptation. It is braver to run than to stay sometimes, and Teddy was a better boy for having gained that small victory over his appetite.

What a Child's Kise Can Do.

In a prison there is now a man whom we will call Jim, and who is a prisoner on a life sentence. Up to last spring he was regarded as a desperate dangerous man, ready for rebellion at any hour. He planned a general ourbreak and was "given away" by one of the conspirators. He plotted a general mutiny or rebellion, and was again betrayed. He then kept his own counsel and while never refusing to obey orders obeyed them like a man who only needed backing to make him refuse to. One day in June a party of strangers came to the institution. One was an old gentleman, the other ladies, and two of the ladies had small children. The guide took one of the children on his arm, and the other walked until the party began climbing stairs. Jim was working near by, sulky and morose as ever, when the guide said to him:

"Jim, won't you help this little girl up stairs?"

The convict hesitated, a scowl on his face, and the little girl held out her hand and said:

"If you will, I guess I'll kiss you."

His scowl vanished in an instant, and he lifted the child as tenderly as a father. Half-way up the stairs she kissed him. At the head of the stairs she said:

"Now you've got to kiss me, too."

He blushed like a woman, looked into her innocent face, and then kissed her cheek, and before they reached the foot of the stairs again the man had tears in his eyes. Ever since that day he has been a changed man, and no one in the place gives less trouble. May be in his far away Western home he has a little Kate of his own. No one knows, for he never reveals his inner life; but the change so quickly wrought by a child proves that he may forsake his evil ways.—Farm Field and Stockman.

Grandpa's Red-Blanketed Indian.

Just to please Roy Glenn, one lonely, rainy day, when everybody had to stay indoors, Grandpa Glenn put on his blue uniform. Grandpa was a soldier, once upon a time, and carried a sword.

"Oh, gran'pa, how fine you look! You've seen ever an' ever so many Indians," said Roy, standing away from that sharp-edged sword.

"Yes, Boy, grandpa saw a red-blanketed Indian, once upon a time," said grandma. her eyes twinkling with mischief.

"Now, Sarah," began grandpa, but she kept straight on with her story, which was this:

"When a little boy, grandpa lived on the farm nearest us. The country was new and there were Indians, not fighting ones, in the woods. Our mothers spun yarn for our stockings and mittens, on a big wheel.

"One afternoon, grandpa, then a little white-headed boy, came over to our house to play with me. At 5 o'clock he must return home, and I was to go with him a short walk through the woods. We walked briskly for a little way, when I thought I saw an Indian and was afraid to go on.

Grandpa said: "Little Miss 'Fraidy, come on, I'll tell the Indian to just go off an' let us be!"

We walked on a little farther when something red moved and nodded beside the narrow path just ahead of us.

I screamed and grandpa laughed, until the red something moved yet more lively. Then he cried out, "Mother, mother, save me!" and he ran very fast back to our house, leaving me alone in the woods.

Mother said that "Tommy," now grandpa, tumbled into the doorway and could only say, "Indians, get Sarah."

Mother blew the horn for the men working in the field, and they ran to my rescue to find me laughing and sitting close beside the red-blanketed Indian. A hickory bush, gay with red leaves that swayed and nodded with the wind, was the Indian that two easily frightened littls folks saw.

Poor grandpa heard many jokes about his red-blanketed Indian that he saw in Miller's woods: until he was a big boy the people teased him about it. He never dared to call me Miss 'Fraidy after that, as my brothers said it was brave in me not to run until I knew what I was running from.

"Did you really think the hickory bush an Indian, grandpa?" inquired Roy.

"I felt sure of it, and ran back for help for Miss 'Fraidy," said grandpa laughing.—Prairie Farmer.

Cute Sayings of Young America.

ACQUAINTED WITH THE SCRIPTURES.

There are children whose familiarity with the Scriptures is often a matter of surprise. Instances of peculiar phraseology fix them in their memory, and along with it the precise place in the Bible where they can be found. My attention was recently drawn to an instance:

A mother reproved her little daughter for using the word "widow woman." "The woman is not needed, dear," she said. "A widow is necessarily a woman."

"Still, it is a correct expression," replied the child. "At least it is used in the Bible."

"Oh, I think not," rejoined the mother. "Where is it used?"

"In the twenty-sixth verse of the eleventh chapter of the First Book of Kings. Her name was Zeruah."

The little girl was right, and had evidently read her Bible with some care.

AS SHE UNDERSTOOD IT.

Little Miss Two-and-a-Half was much interested in the departure of her young playmates who were taken to live in the city of Cedar Rapids. On the evening of their departure she broke a thoughtful silence by asking, "Mamma' why has George and Edooard gone to see de wabbits?"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Little Phineas did not care very much for his name, so it was quite natural, when his little sister came, that he should attempt to solve a perplexing problem by saying, "Let's call her Phineas, mamma. I'll be Willie after this."

AS SHE WAS TAUGHT.

A little girl of tender years, who had been attending one of the public kindergartens, fell from a ladder. Her mother caught her up from the ground in terror, exclaiming:

"Oh, darling, how did you fall?"

"Vertically," replied the child, without a second's hesitation.

HIS NORMAL CONDITION.

Small girl—"Aren't you awfully glad to be on land sometimes?"

Uncle—"Why, what do you mean? I flatter myself that I am on land most of the time."

Small girl—"You are! Why, papa says that whenever he sees you, you are about half-seas over."

THE SAME OLD GAME.

Little Edith—"Mamma, did you say that we should all know each other in heaven?

Mamma—"Yes, my child."

Little Edith—"You can play that you're out, though, can't you, mamma, when people call that you don't want to see?"