

WOMEN

FOOLISH GIRLS.

PRETTY girls often seem to take special pains to impress upon us their utter ignorance of all domestic matters, except such ornamental details as the arrangement of the flowers, or the making of dainty embroideries, etc., for the adornment of the house. By some curious mental process they seem to have arrived at the conclusion that the best way of getting a husband is to show how utterly incapable they are of being good housewives, and thus making a man's home happy and comfortable to him.

Showy accomplishments alone may attract some men, but not the best of them, and the girl who wishes to be happily married should remember that a sensible man looks upon his wife as his business partner—a loved one, it is true, but a business partner none the less—and that her part is to make the house as pleasant and as charming as possible with the money he provides for the purpose.

Home Vampires.

The man who leaves the breakfast table and enters the public ways with the shame of a home conflict upon him, in which he has contended for his own side of the question, refusing to yield his point to the very last, will not be likely to bear the appearance of a saint; and if he has submitted meekly to injustice, and has felt conscious of being misunderstood, if he has the smallest germ of manhood in his nature, he must writhle under the treatment, and cannot step like a conqueror and go forth with the courage necessary to win great things in the world. Such a one must wear the look of the vanquished, no matter how loyal his heart may be or how strong his original purpose for true service.

And what often makes the condition more painful is the fact that the husband is large-souled, willing to give more than he receives, ready to make sacrifices of his own ease, pleasure and comfort generally while trying to serve his precious purpose for a future fulfillment. Though he closes his eyes against the signs of selfishness in the woman whom he chose as the fairest and sweetest and best he cannot but feel the awful despair of defeat, all on account of the fascinating unprincipled woman whom he took to share his life. The woman who can thus bring defeat to a high-souled, unselfish man is the "vampire" that has been portrayed with such unerring skill by Kipling.

At What Age Should Girls Wed?
It has come to pass that the modern girl marries later in life than her predecessor. She feels that there is no hurry and takes plenty of time to look about her. The healthy-minded would generally prefer to marry, but just at what age is somewhat hard to determine. It seems that the only possible answer to the question is also the most obvious, namely, when she arrives at years of discretion. This happens at various ages, according to the character and capacity of the girl. Some girls are sensible women at 19, some are never sensible women at all.

The Amelia Sedley sort of girl is a survival of the chattel period, and as she never acquires the sort of discretion which is a safe conduct through life it makes no difference at what age she marries. She is the clinging sort of creature who looks about for a man to lean upon and generally finds one, for men in theory still prefer her. They sentimentalize on the subject in their youth and talk about the ivy and the oak. When they are captured, if they do not suffer the fate of the oak smothered by the ivy, but survive to tell the tale, they still cling to their theory; but they spend the leisure hours of their middle ages at their clubs.—The Gentlewoman.

Train Boy's View of C. & P. Women.
The traditional train boy who has been wont to offer chewing gum to fair passengers, and newspapers to the men, evidently considers the modern woman somewhat of an enigma. Not many moons ago a lively party of club women were en route to a convention when an interested spectator at a little station stepped up to the uniformed youth and curiously asked about the crowd.
"Don't know," gloomily grumbled the train venter. "They say they're literary, but I don't believe 'em. Not one has bought a book. They just talk and talk."—Woman's Home Companion.

Sweeping Not So Simple.
Before any sweeping is done, there must be preparation. Upholstered furniture must be moved into another room. Ornaments must be put under cover. If stuffed chairs are allowed to remain in the room where the sweeping is done they collect all the dust swept from the floor, and they redistribute this to the air when they in turn are dusted, says the New York magazine, Sanitation and Hygiene. Windows should be opened. On the carpet or rug

damp—but not wet—pieces of paper should be sprinkled. They keep the dust from flying too freely, and they also give a bright touch to the colors of the carpet. The sweeping should be from the corners toward the middle of the room, and in the middle the dust should be gathered, taken away and burned.

If the floor is a stained or varnished one it should be swept first with a soft brush. Then the bristle broom should be covered with a flannel bag, which will protect the floor from being scratched, and it should be dusted with that. The stuffed furniture should receive its weekly beating and dusting in a separate room, and should be moved back only when all dust has settled.

Bridesmaids on the Wane.
Some people, recalling the weddings of a few years ago, are loud in lamentation over the dwindling away of the bridesmaid—noticeable in many of the recent events. It was formerly thought absolutely necessary that a bride should be attended by at least ten or twelve of her girl friends, in costumes chosen for them quite regardless of individual complexions, and looking not by any means their best and sweetest in the rather trying circumstances, says the Philadelphia Times. The more sensible bride of to-day has opened her eyes to the fact that she can trip just as gayly to the altar with only a sister or two and a pair of small pages as a suitable background, and that she appears to much greater advantage when not smothered and quite obliterated from view by a dense surrounding of female loveliness.



After a baby is 3 months old, before it is put to bed at night, it should be thoroughly undressed to the skin and rubbed; its muscles manipulated just the same as in the morning after the bath. This gives a passive exercise and the little person gains stimulant to its muscles, which prepares it for the night's rest. After the massage give the baby a sip or two of water, for there are very few babies who are not thirsty at night; and if it is feeding time let the child have its nourishment, and expect it to keep its eyes shut and observe repose through the whole of the next eight hours.

There is a modern theory about babies going to sleep all alone, and never being rocked to sleep, and that singing and story-telling is all unnecessary at this evening hour in the nursery; but it seems to me a mother loses a good deal out of her life when she fails to enjoy the half hour just before the baby or the little child goes to sleep, when she can rock it in her own arms and sing sweet lullabies and whisper baby stories.

One never knows quite how early a child receives impressions; and the mother or the nurse who fails in an effort to give an impression to the baby of a loving All-Father in the earliest months of its life, fails in her higher duty. No baby that has become conscious of attention is too young to have said in its ear each night, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and so forth.

The bed of a baby should have a hair mattress, cotton sheets, woolen blankets and a little cheesecloth comforter over all, taking care that the child is not covered too heavily in a warm room.

Chinese Minister's Wife.
Mme. Wu, the wife of the Chinese minister at Washington, is a great favorite at the capital. She and her husband are very punctilious about returning visits, but when, at one at-home day this winter, 1,350 persons came, they were in a good deal of a quandary what to do. Mme. Wu is about four feet tall—or short—and her feet are so tiny that she leans on her husband's arm when she walks. She has splendid jewels, and an especially fine assortment of headgear. She speaks English and is a welcome visitor at the White House. She has a 7-year-old son.

Sixty-five Very Great Swells.
Lady Curzon, vicereine of India, has received another distinction from Queen Victoria in having conferred upon her the decoration of the imperial order of the crown of India. Mr. Leiter's daughter is the sixty-fifth member of the order. Of royalists, besides Queen Victoria and the Princess of Wales, such personages as the Empress Frederick of Germany, Princess Charles and Princess Thyra of Denmark, the Duchess of Edinburgh and a score of other princesses have been decorated.

An Actress' Millinery.
What a popular actress spends on millinery is not generally known to the world, and therefore the hat bill of Mlle. Jane Pierney of the Folies Dramatiques, Paris, is of interest. This lady was some time ago sued by a modiste of the Rue de la Paix before the civil tribunal of the Seine for the sum of \$845 for hats supplied between the beginning of September and the end of December, 1896. This means that the hat bill of Mlle. Jane Pierney cost \$210 a month.

The German emperor owns 265 carriages for the use of himself and court.

SILK RESUMES SWAY.

MANY WOMEN ARE SLOW TO TAKE IT UP.

Careful Dressers Seem Likely to Wear Cloth—Foulards Are Again Popular, the Blue and White Dotted Being in the Lead.

New York correspondence:

BLUE and white dotted foulards have now a conspicuous place on the shop counters. In blue dotted white there is something especially attractive as a spring and summer combination, but she who prefers a novelty to an established favorite can get that, too. Among the prettier of these are the tobacco browns dotted with ivory yellow, or scarlet figured with black rings. Whatever the choice, the foulard gown shown in two views in the accompanying pictures presents a most tasteful method of making up. It was sketched in blue and white, and its blue plain silk shirred and banded with blue ribbon made a very pretty trimming. It would be well to use chiffon on a scarlet gown, and band with black to match the black rings.

Women have been wearing cloth so generally that some hesitate again to take up silk, while others welcome its return. Yet careful dressers seem likely to wear cloth a great deal this spring for outing, for rough and for strict tailor-mades, and for



THREE STYLISH TYPES OF SPRING GOWNS.

dressy costumes for all occasions, even evening and elaborate dinner gowns. That surely means that silks will soon return to stylishness, so now's a chance to lead the fashion. Then, too, even she who shows her allegiance to cloth will find it pleasant to possess a new dress of summer silk, and everyone must be glad to see so big an assortment of the lighter weight silks and silk weaves or mixture materials. Surahs, corded silks, India silks of all varieties in wash kinds, and a large number of new taffetas are to be had. Among the newest color effects in these is the ombre striped stuff—that is, shaded stripes of the same color. Other very pretty results are secured in Roman stripes. The pale colors blend charmingly, though the effect may be a little light as early in the season as May. Other handsome effects come in combinations of rich colors. It was one of these that the artist chose from the striped array, and her picture of it appears at the right in the first of these large pictures. The material was a silk weave alpaca, lilac ground striped in blues and violet. A yoke extending out over the sleeves was in the lightest shade of the dress goods and was dotted with blue. This gown was typical of most of the striped ones in that it was made without great elaboration. Brightly striped goods are better so, being conspicuous enough without fanciful trimmings. Any woman of good taste will be convinced of this on seeing some such material made up after some highly wrought model. The latter may do for the more subdued striped stuffs, but even there simplicity is safer.

If you really prefer cloth, as so many do, whenever you can wear it, there are some lovely weaves to choose from. Smooth surface and melton coloring offer a wide scope, while ten color, lilacs, grays of all shades, pale tans, blues, scarlets and all reds are not only offered but are much worn. If you don't want a light color, then coffee, tobacco or chocolate brown seems the usual resort, though greens are selected by those who find them becoming, and black is always good form. The latest of these dresses, especially if the weave or color of the material bespeaks newness, are made very simply. Of course, some bit of novelty in cut or finish is welcomed if it is not too pronounced, and if well chosen is sure to be the gown's best characteristic. It is in the cut of jacket that this point is most often secured, and it was here that the gown remaining in

this illustration was made to stand out as a brand new one. It was of warm reddish brown, its bodice was a novel eton, and the trimming of butter colored cloth bands closely braided with black was particularly effective. Beneath the jacket were a yoke and front of white satin covered with butter colored lace.

Poplin and all kindred weaves are especially adapted for riding in any open vehicle, because they shed the dust and do not crush. Cotton and wool coverts are also good for this purpose. The more elaborately dressed of the two riders in this picture displays a gown of heavy black taffeta trimmed with quillings of narrow black satin ribbon. The revers of the jacket were faced with white, and a dainty show of white front and stock tie made for the present a pretty costume, and one that will be equally pretty until late in the fall. The last of these pictured dresses was heavy blue linen, of grayish tint, perfectly plain except for a little knotted braiding in wash sotch. Collar and narrow front were white, cuffs were of white linen and the skirt, while perfectly plain and fitting close over the hips, had plenty of fullness under the flat folds of the back.

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Secret Signals.

Perhaps the old saying that there is honor among thieves might be more truly read, there is confederacy among thieves. By a pre-arranged code, the street thief can convey to his confederate a signal of warning, or an invitation to aid him in some subtle scheme of confiscation. By way of example, the touching of a particular button on the coat will warn a confederate in crime that a detective is watching him. An apparently innocent movement of the hat or cap is sufficient to inform an alert assistant that a purse has been stolen, and that he is required to take possession of it until the peril of discovery is passed. Whistling is a lan-

IMPRESSIONS.

The touch of a hand, the glance of an eye, Or a word exchanged with a passer-by; A glimpse of a face in a crowded street And afterward life is incomplete: A picture painted with honest zeal And we lose the old for the new ideal; A chance remark or a song's refrain, And life is never the same again.

An angered word from our lips is sped Or a tender word is left unsaid, And one there is who, his whole life long, Shall cherish the brand of a burning wrong: A line that stares up from an open page, A cynic smile from the lips of a play, A glimpse of loving seen in a glance, And the dreams of our youth are swept away.

A friendly smile and love's embering spark Leaps into flame and illumines the dark; A whispered "Be brave" to our fellow men And they pick up the thread of life again.

Thus never an act or a word or thought But that with unguessed importance is fraught, For small things build up eternity And blazon the ways for a destiny.

"EL CHATTO."

IN the house of "El Chatto," ex-bull-fighter of Madrid and present "Torero" before the Mexican public, there was dire dismay, owing to the low state—the very low state—of the family exchequer.

"El Chatto" (meaning "the snub nose") had just finished taking his morning chocolate and "pan dulce," assisted by his pretty wife, Donna Lolita, who also had been a member of the noble army of bull-fighters—in fact, first female espada in the big ring at Seville—but this was a secret.

A career that might possibly have been glorious had been cut short by the selfishness of "El Chatto," who had loved her, married her, and taken her away from the old world to the new—the rich country of Mexico—where a bull-fighter was a prince.

Successful, feted, and honored in Cuba and afterward in Mexico, "El Chatto's" prosperity had not lasted long, for soon had come the edict that bull fighting in Mexico must stop.

This morning, the day before the bull fight honoring the fiesta of San Marcos, investigation revealed one big piece and fourteen copper centavos. Not enough to pay coach hire even!

Here was a pretty mess; no wonder that "El Chatto" leisurely and calmly spoke every naughtily and lurid word that came to his mind during the next half-hour.

At last, out of breath, "El Chatto" paused and glared about him, as though in search of some one to fight. Donna Lolita smiled at him sweetly, removing the cigaret from her pretty lips as she murmured: "Have you finished, little Snub Nose?"

A shrug of the shoulders was her husband's reply.

"Then listen, O most worthless husband, for I have a plan—a plan most magnificent, thereby we will make a fortune—sufficient silver peso, one 50-cent piece, one 10-cent."

"This is how it is," she pursued, blowing a ring of smoke into her husband's face; "the impresario pay you little—very little—only a hundred silver dollars—is it not so?"

"Si, that is all—the pigs!" growled the torero; "and after this there will be no fight until 'holy week'—no more money!"

"Pues, then we will make more out of them—much more. Listen, marido mio; this is the plan. The gloom clears away from the house of the matador; there continues rejoicing all that day. "El Chatto" and his pretty wife have a most joyous comedia, and afterwards lay their heads together on the subject of the morrow's fight and a special Spanish costume that Lolita is to wear—one of old Seville—all rose pink and Spanish mantilla, with a pink rose in her blue black hair, this latter being another of the mysteries; in Mexico few ladies ever wear the costume of old Spain—it is as much worn out, passe, here as the patches and powder and hoops of the revolutionary days are in Anglo-Saxon lands.

But why is she wearing it to-morrow? * * * Unless, indeed, it is because fully fifteen enormously rich Spanish families have taken boxes and will be there? Perhaps that is it; Lolita wishes to be patriotic—that is what is the matter!

She purposely took a seat just behind the first barrier of the bull ring—not seven feet above the ground, where her husband will kill his bull—"so that she can see him better," as she lists to an admiring Mexican fighter, who wishes her to go into one of the boxes.

In her Sevillian costume, the silk mantilla exposing just enough of her Spanish eyes and dimpled chin to make people want to see more, Donna Lolita is by far the most admired woman in the plaza, attracting attention even from the beautiful banderilla work that "El Largo" is going through with in the ring.

Many a rich Spanish lady up there in the boxes envies the loyalty that has induced the wearing of a passe dress, and many a Spaniard feels his heart grow warm and his eyes moist as, forgetting the little figure before his eyes, he can see another one of the old days in the old country almost identical; many a man forgets the fat, richly dressed Mexican wife at his side and goes back in heart to just such a girl, whether of Andalusia, of Seville, or of Madrid.

And seated alone in his box the prince of bankers, old Franquillo, drops his glass and sighs; perhaps if a girl like that one yonder had lived, instead of passing away from him during the first poverty-stricken month of their married life there in Barcelona, he would

not now be a lone, lute man, without home, chick, or child—only the money.

She is trembling from her dainty head down to her tiny, silk-bowed Spanish slippers all the time that "El Largo" is torturing the furious, paving bull with his sharp banderillas. She clasps her hands tightly together, as, finally, tiring of the banderilla work—which, in fact, has been somewhat long drawn out, "on account of the matador, 'El Chatto's,' sudden sickness and faintness"—the public of the sunny side begin to clamor for "El matador! Mate el toro! Que venga el matador! El matador!"

The gate swings open at last, and "El Largo" still teases the bull as "El Chatto" moves forward slowly, and bows first to the President and then to the public. In spite of his magnificent silver and violet costume, he looks deathly ill—his face is white and drawn, and under his eyes great black rings show, that extend almost halfway down his face.

But "El Chatto" is game, if he is sick—perhaps the presence of his wife inspires him with fresh courage, for he unsheathes his bright, keen sword, nods briefly to "El Largo," who gets out of the way, smiles once at Lolita, who, beneath her mantilla, far whiter than he, then makes a tantalizing movement at the bull.

After all, no one can fight a bull as does the Spanish matador. At least, during "El Chatto's" splendid work of the next seven minutes that is what the people think. All of them are on their feet shrieking, some breathless with delight! Silver dollars and hats and flowers rain down into the ring, but "El Chatto" has no time to bow his thanks; he is too busy.

On her feet, as is everybody else, for that matter, Lolita is watching every motion her heart beating in great leaps, and so excited and wrought up now that she has forgotten to feel afraid. Bull and matador are just underneath her, and twice her husband has glanced at her significantly; she is watching with her heart in her eyes.

One pass of the sword backward over the shoulder—zow, then, Dios help—a-h-h!

For all in a second it happens; the matador, suddenly reeling after a fancy pass at the bull, has cast one agonized look up at his wife and fallen prone on the ground. The bull does not see, for the furious impetus of his last charge has taken him several feet beyond the matador.

But before the people have well seen that, there is a quick leap and a flash; a slight figure is in the ring, her mantilla is cast back, the pink rose has fallen into the dust; her tiny, white hands have caught up the sword. As the bull swings madly forward she meets him.

He is an enormous beast, and to be on a line even with his shoulder she has to rise on tiptoe. She does it. Her face is white and calm as the brute rushes at her, lowering his head. She springs forward and upward; the sword sinks out of sight in the bleeding shoulder—no fancy passes for her! And the bull topples over on his knees, the blood gushing out in torrents. He is dying—dead!

The mantilla is tramped into the dust, the pink rose is now a faded, reddened scrap, but the woman, her hands blood-stained and her face white as death, knows nothing about that. On her knees, sobbing like a baby, from overwrought passion and nervousness, she is holding her husband's unconscious head in her trembling arms.

As for the populace, they have passed from horror-stricken silence and terror into hysterical shouts, screams, applause, and even tears.

Out comes purses and dollars, and even jewels from the rich ladies present and masses of flowers. Amid shouts of "bravo," down it all pours into the ring. As for the great banker, Franquillo, who is so excited that he can hardly move—down goes his footman with a message to "La Espanola!"

Not waiting to bow or to thank the people, so overcome is she with her tremendous success, Dona Lolita flies from the ring. It is all she can do to tremblingly thank the bearer of a check from the Banker Franquillo, who has filled it out for \$10,000. Bravo!

So that Dona Lolita's little plan worked well after all—so well that five days later she and her husband left for Spain, where, having added much more money to the banker's \$10,000, they have now retired and are great people.

And "El Chatto" says always that he owes his success to his esposa—which is not understood, naturally, by the Spaniards of Spain.—The Argonaut.

Remarkable Clairvoyancy.

When people are determined to find evidence to convince them of a thing they are bound to believe, there is never any lack of it. A certain man who accepted as true the pretensions of a charlatan who claimed to be able to tell the past history, character and future of any person from his handwriting, said one day to a friend:

"Why, look at the things he is able to tell you from a mere glimpse at your handwriting! The first thing he said to me was, 'I see you never took a prize in orthography while you were at school,' and it was true."

"Did he give you any idea how he knew that?"

"He said he could tell it merely from the way in which I had made the curves of the letters g and h in the word 'handwriting.'"—Youth's Companion.

Quite Natural.

It is only the Rounders of the world who boast of being self-made men, when they have attained eminence in political life or in social life, or as men of wealth, prefer not to have it said that they were once poor and had to work for a living, a fact the analyst who writes up celebrities would not lose sight of.