

FAIR FEMININITY'S FANCIES

An Essay on Women Running in Debt, with Payments "After O.E."

DRESS, DESIRES, DEPARTMENT

"Why are We the Weaker Sex?"—Professional Beauties—Spring Hats—Journalistic Girls—Women's Doings.

Two Women.

A way from the footlights glare and heat, She sits in her box in the dim-lit gloom; Her tender eyes like a child are sweet, And her face like a fair wild rose in bloom. About her eddies a well-dressed crowd With many an idle jest and speech; Her laugh is merry, her laugh is loud, And she knows the way to get to the heart of each. Near her there comes the lord of her heart, He is old and portly and fond of sleep; He leaves his young wife to play her part, And she knows the way to get to the heart of each. Proud is he of her youth and grace, He loves her next to his bonds and stocks; Beside his trotter she holds a place, And after his gold her golden locks.

Running into Debt.

The Queen: In spite of the healthier tone existing there is still too much indifference to debt, and among other reforms needed is that of the public verdict on those who spend beyond their means to pay, and so make others suffer for their pleasures. In this we are sorry to say that women are ought to be the great torch-bearers of virtue and who in some directions assume to themselves that office, to the absolute extinction of men, are to the abuse of reprehensible as men, and perhaps more so. The curse of social enmity and personal jealousy lies heavily on them; and that terrible striving to appear richer than they are, which racks sobriety from end to end, centers in them more than in men. Very few women who are not miserably are content to be simple—to live well within their means, having all things in harmony and all things in sufficiency, those which are unobtainable as to which are visible. Most of them prefer an outside grandeur with a skimmed and dilapidated interior, so that the world to which they sacrifice shall comment on their poverty, and find nothing of the flaws below the surface. What the family feels does not count; what the servants say is not heard; of self-respect there is no question; of the sentiment of thoroughness there is none. The whole strength of the management goes to make a show—to have an occasional display—and the debt by which this is brought about troubles the conscience of the lady and fills her with discomfort for her family disturbs her feelings. Her friends do such and such things in such and such a style; so must she. She puts her self-respect in emulation, not in thoroughness, and holds herself worthy of her position in proportion to the extent to which she spreads its pretenses and increases its fundamental rottenness. If she gives dinners she goes beyond her home powers, and has to borrow from the outside. A plain, well-cooked, simple and succulent repast, such as she could accomplish without aid, and such as would give her guests the comfort and confession of comparative poverty she could not be induced to make. Wherefore she spends more in a bad imitation of first-class cooking than her finances can properly afford, and goes into debt for the margin.

A Popular Fallacy. Boston Courier: It is usually held that woman are the weaker and more delicate sex, but to one who considers the modern fashions of dress the proposition must appear at least open to grave doubts. When on a bitterly cold day a man wrapped in a voluminous and mighty ulster with fur cap drawn over his ears, and thick gloves going into a horse-car and seeing sitting opposite a row of fragile-looking young ladies in close-fitting gowns of which the sleeves are so tight as necessarily to impede if not wholly to stop circulation, and hats whose only antipode is that of light perched jauntily on the top of the head, and no other protection to their small hands than the suggestion of kids, he must wonder how his neighbors manage to get on without freezing to death. A man when he puts himself into the low-cut waistcoat prescribed by fashion for evening wear, compromises with extra underclothing for the unaccountable thinness of his dress. His sister, frail and delicate creature, wanders about drawing-rooms and unevenly heated parlors with neck and arms bare, and, instead of dying of pneumonia, she dies of influenza, and she who is so delicate and so delicate that she ought to do, suffers no inconvenience whatever.

How the Dress is Swung. Paris Letter in the Chicago Herald: A large grain of truth, wrapped up in nonsense, was the reply of a Chicago girl while here to a Boston paper asking of her a fashion letter. "Dress," she wrote, "is all that depends on the way you swing it." This Jen d' esprit went the rounds of the French press, and, although it was found an Americanism untranslatable, nevertheless it was admitted that it had caught the fancy of the Parisienne's greatest charm. The English woman cannot "swing it" at all, the American "swings it" pretty well, but the swinging of a French woman is a poem.

Girls in Journalistic Harness.

We have in England, says a correspondent of the Queen, ladies engaged in quite as extraordinary work on the press as any performed by journalists in America or elsewhere. For instance, in Chicago (the correspondent evidently means New York and Miss Morgan of the New York Times) a young lady is daily employed as "live-stock reporter"; in England, however, I find resident at Newcastle-upon-Tyne quite if not more than the equal of the man of New York as regards the uncommon character of feminine occupation in a young lady who earns a fair income as a writer for shipping and marine engineering journals. I may add that this lady has been writing and compiling a book of sailors' songs. Cousin Jonathan is unquestionably before us in point of the number of his lady journalists, but John Bull is not far behind if not before him in the unusual character of the literary work performed by a woman. I think a young lady who is engaged in writing for shipping and marine engineering journals, besides being at various times a reporter, is a much more uncommon object for contemplation, not to say admiration, than even a young lady who officiates as "live stock reporter." The majority of women newspapers would interest themselves in the prices of live cattle or poultry, for the figures have a direct bearing on the sums that must be

paid in stocking the household larder with deer, and a bird, but your lady who can make herself sufficiently well acquainted with the multifarious details of shipping and marine engineering (most unconventional feminine studies, I should imagine) to be able to write intelligently on those subjects excites one's wonder, even in these days when new fields of employment for women are being constantly opened out.

The Princess of Wales.

London World: The princess of Wales, accompanied by her royal husband and eldest son, occupied a box at the Princess Theatre on Friday night, during a performance of Mr. Jones' "Noble Vagabond." It will seem strange to some American women to read that the wife of England's future king and the mother of a boy who is probably to inherit the crown wear the English crown before he dies, should have been attired "in a plain, white dress of simple tulle," without jewelry or ornaments of any kind, yet it is a fact that she did not sit in the most conspicuous spot the box afforded, but drew her chair within the shadow of the curtains with which the royal box was hung. When she did lean out, she was noticed also that she did not sit in the most conspicuous spot the box afforded, but drew her chair within the shadow of the curtains with which the royal box was hung. When she did lean out, she was noticed also that she did not sit in the most conspicuous spot the box afforded, but drew her chair within the shadow of the curtains with which the royal box was hung.

The Fate of Professional Beauties.

London Pall Mall Budget: Mrs. Langtry, before she disappeared from English society, had seen many other ladies raised by royal favor to the now extinct position of "professional beauty." There is hardly one of these ladies whose fate is not worthy of commiseration and whose confessions would not be valuable. The reigns terminated in various ways. One offended by observing that a certain one was not as thin as formerly; another, that a certain head of hair was not as thick as of yore; a third, in a festive moment, poured a teaspoonful of the cream down a royal shirt collar; a fourth, falsely and wickedly stated to her friends that a certain bracelet was a royal gift, whereas in truth and fact it was bought out of the hard earnings of her husband's brain. The position of reigning favorite involved untold expenses, for to know the prince involved knowing his set, who were numerous and thirsty, and for whom accommodation in a house of the finest of the friends of a lifetime had to be discarded. Fulsome was the adulation poured upon the beauty during her brief reign, and cruel were the slights and snubs put upon her when it ended, and when nothing remained to remind her of it but shattered health, an alienated husband and an infuriated in-law. In such circumstances there is nothing for a woman to do but to go and winter on the Riviera. The future of such a fallen star is dark indeed, unless, of course, her husband can secure election as member of parliament, when she can get back into society by another door.

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