

WOMAN and HER WORK.

The girls who are the happy possessors of one of nature's best gifts, a good figure, will rejoice to hear that the tailor made gown has not gone out. That is one of fashion's latest, and most emphatic dictates. True, it will not be as generally worn as it has been for the past two or three years, but its place in the wardrobe of the well-dressed woman is as important a one as ever. It will no longer be considered the correct dress for receptions or other dressy occasions. Last year the woman who attended a morning wedding or an afternoon reception in a perfectly fitting tailor made gown, was well, and appropriately dressed, but this year she would look out of place, as the severely simple tailor gown is only worn now for walking, travelling, or church. The most popular style is the rigidly plain skirt decorated only by rows of machine stitching, there is no basque, but a single breasted cutaway coat opens over a vest of white or cream colored pique which is made exactly like a close fitting bodice minus sleeves; the most fashionable of these vests are cut pointed at the neck, exactly like a man's vest, and are buttoned over a shirt front of plain white linen, with standing collar, and finished by a small black or white tie. The coat is finished with one row of stitching exactly like the coats of our fathers and brothers. Perhaps it would be superfluous to add that with such dresses no crinoline is worn.

Apropos of crinoline, I see, that the Princess of Wales is still firm in her determination to discountenance it; and not only crinoline itself but the very full crinolined skirts which have been introduced as a sort of compromise or thin end of the wedge, for those who object to the real framework of steel and tape. The Princess recently tried on one of these skirts, but was so displeased with the result that she decided at once, never to wear them, and sent instructions to her tailors, to continue making her costume in the simple, and close fitting style she has always worn, avoiding much fullness either in the skirts or sleeves. The Princess of Wales, as we all know, is noted for her beautiful figure which is like that of a young girl, in its rounded willowy slenderness, and she has far too good taste to muffle its graceful outlines in yards upon yards of useless material, and I trust many of her future subjects will avoid it for the same reason. I really begin to think the dread garment is going to have rather a hard time of it to find a sponsor with sufficient influence to undertake its successful launching upon the voyage of life. The Princess of Wales will have none of it, so its fate is settled in England. I have heard, on the best authority that Mrs. Cleveland declines to adopt it, so its chances of adoption in the United States is slender indeed; and the responsibility seems about evenly divided between France and the land of the maple leaf. Lady Stanley is in England, so she won't adopt it and the governor-general can't, so we are narrowed down to France, the land where the original crinoline was invented, first manufactured, and first worn. Where a beautiful woman, who had reasons for desiring a new style of dress from the prevailing mode, invented the crinoline to meet her own requirements, and straightway all Europe and America followed her example. How the empress must have laughed, to be sure! But France has no Empress Eugenie now, and Madame Carnot—I believe President Carnot was still in office when the latest reports reached this country—is said to be a very conservative dame indeed for the wife of a president; so the fate of the hooped skirt may be considered still trembling in the balance, as regards its native land.

I did not mean to write about crinoline today, but the subject seems to have a morbid attraction for all fashion writers, and perhaps that is as it should be because it is one of the burning questions of the day, and the fashion writer who is not up to date has no place in the world. The subject I really intended to enlarge upon was the wonderful prominence attained by the once modest cape, in all the fashion plates for spring. When I look at the endless variety of capes that appear week after week, I am filled with admiration for the genius of those who design them, the versatile fancies which seem capable of composing so many variations of the same theme and not a particularly attractive theme either, according to my ideas, because I never could like capes, I think they are, to say the least, "floppy" and untidy looking, and I prefer a trim jacket always. Here is a description of a cape worn early in the present month, in New York. It was of red cloth, lined with black satin, and covered to the very edge—the lower edge—with rows of black satin ribbon, half an inch wide, stitched on, half an inch apart. Reaching from the shoulder to the neck were five rows of satin ribbon three inches wide, frilled on as full as possible, a sixth row standing upright around the neck; the others of course turned down towards the shoulder. Bows and long ends of the ribbon tied it at the front. What a striking garment it would be, and yet rather pretty, I think, for a cape.

Thistle, St. John.—I had a Thistle once before, in my garden of girls, and my Scotch blood warmed to her from the first, but she soon left me, and I have never found another to take her place until now. No, the girls do not seem alike to me,

each one has her own individuality just the same as if they were friends, whom I knew personally. (1.) I am sorry to say that I cannot give you the name of any reliable book on palmistry, just now; a kind friend sent me the names of several some time ago, and I published them in answer to the request of a correspondent putting the originals away so carefully that I have never been able to find them since. Yesterday I looked through two files of Progress, but without success, as I was not sure whether I published them last year or the year before. (2.) There are so many books of recitations published, that I should be afraid to recommend any particular one, so I think it would be best to leave it to your bookseller, who can tell you which is the newest and best; I have heard "The Ellen Terry" book of recitations very highly spoken of. (3.) I believe Jean Ingelow's life was a sad one in some respects, and that her exquisite song "When Sparrows Build" is partly a story of her own life, as her sailor lover did really "set his foot on the ship and sail to the ice fields and the snow." At least so I have read. I also am a great admirer of hers. (4.) I do not remember the recipe you ask for, was it in any of my columns? Because if so, I can look it up, but somehow I cannot recall the melted castile soap. You did not take up much time at all, and I am happy to give you any information in my power. Will any correspondent who happens to have the Progress containing a list of the most reliable books on palmistry or who remembers what they were, kindly refresh my memory, and I shall be ever so much obliged.

Eva and Effie, St. John.—The paper you used in writing to me, divided into single sheets, would be very suitable; you may write on every line, and of course on one side of the paper only. Number the pages carefully and fasten them with pins or paper fasteners at the upper left hand corner; never roll but fold it, and always send a stamp for its possible return. (2.) I would not recommend such a gift, as I should be afraid of hurting the recipient's feelings; but if you are satisfied on that point, I should suggest the simplest and most elementary work of the kind, as an advanced one would only confuse the pupil. I really don't know of any treatise such as you mention, but if you ask your bookseller he will be able to tell you if such a book is published. I think the elementary grammar would be best. If there is anything else you would like to know about the M. S., write and ask me, and I shall be very happy to give you any help in my power.

Motherless One, Maine.—If you had not been a motherless one, I am afraid I should have been obliged to consign you to the waste basket, as you wrote on both sides of the paper. As it is, I have overlooked it this time, but you must not do it again. I am glad you decided to write to me, and shall be pleased to answer all your very sensible and practical questions. (1.) In meeting two young men on the street, with both of whom you are acquainted, try to give a bow and smile to each, otherwise one of them will be very likely to fancy himself slighted; if you should be passing too quickly to make the two salutations be sure to glance fully at both, so as to include them in the one bow. The age would not make any difference unless one happened to be an old and the other a young man, then you should bow to the elder first. (2.) Yes, the lady always precedes the gentleman except in going upstairs; she should walk up the aisle, pause a moment to indicate the pew to them, wait while one opens the door for her and then pass in leaving one of her guests to shut the door. (3.) No, one of the girls should precede the rest of the party in order to show the others where the pew is situated; she should then open the door herself, and wait until the elderly lady passes in, it is a matter of preference whether the gentleman shall follow his wife, or wait for the girls to go next, as most men prefer the end, to the middle of a pew, he will probably indicate to you by a motion of his hand that he wishes you to go next, in which case you should comply at once, and not keep him standing from a false idea of politeness. (4.) Simply say "Thank you, I shall be very happy." It sounds graceful and courteous to say, "Thank you for bringing me home," when a young man has taken the trouble of seeing you safely home, and all men admire courtesy in a woman. (5.) The same as above. (6.) I think it is a friendly and hospitable custom to offer one's friends some little refreshment even when they drop in, in a very casual manner, provided it can be done easily, and without formality or effort. Anything is suitable even a dish of nice apples and cake or biscuits are always acceptable. Milk or lemonade would be best, with the cake, even the napkins are not absolutely necessary unless the cake is of a kind which would soil the hands readily, but of course it would be nice to have them. It will be quite correct to pass them round as you suggest; plates would not be necessary except with fruit, then they would be required, as some people dislike the skin of an apple or pear. (7.) Yes, ladies always first, even though they are your own relatives. (8.) The lady first and then the strangers, afterwards your relatives. (9.) Yes. (10.) Quite proper but scarcely necessary, unless it should be in the evening, then offer them of course. (11.) Wait for the others to precede you, unless, as I said before, the gentleman prefers the end of the pew. In the case you mention it would be more correct for you to go next to the lady and the gentleman last. Write whenever you like and I shall be glad to give you any help in my power. Thank you, I am tolerably well and I scarcely go out enough to collect a very extensive crop of freckles.

Affliction—St. John.—My dear girl I am afraid you will have to put up with your affliction, if you consider it such, as long as you like, because, in spite of the advertisements to the contrary, I do not believe there is any harmless remedy for moles; I think they have come to stay and nothing except cutting out will remove them. I am sure you will agree with me that the remedy would be worse than the disease, as there would be a scar left. Moles are considered beauty spots, and should not be interfered with. If you are really very anxious to get rid of them, and they are a great disfigurement, try electricity which is the safest remedy, as well as the most effectual.

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Consult some reputable physician who makes a specialty of electrolysis, and he will give you the best advice on the subject, but do not, I beg of you, tamper with them yourself. I do not read character by handwriting, and I have made that announcement on many occasions before.

WHITE AND RED ROSES, Fredericton.—I am glad you enjoy our column so much. I am always ready to answer any questions the girls may care to ask. Four dances are quite sufficient to give in one evening to any young man to whom you are not engaged. It is quite proper for a girl to ask a gentleman friend for his photograph, provided she knows him well. No, she might send him a message through his sister, if she wished, but he had no right to do anything more than send her the same. If she did not ask for it she need not acknowledge it in any way. No, because I do it myself, but then I have no time on any other day. I suppose he intended to do her a service, but he should have asked her permission first. Try pure vaseline, or else camphor ice. You did not ask too many questions at all. ASTRA.

SHE BEAT THE MUD AND WEATHER. Did this Gotham Young Woman, With Her Inventive and Daring Costume.

There is one young woman in Gotham who neither spoiled her disposition nor ruined her best silk petticoats in the last week's thaw, says the N. Y. Sun. She was tripping up Broadway with a serenity singularly in contrast to the irritation noticeable in most women's manner in those days so trying to the soul. Her dress was exceedingly smart and essentially feminine. As she lifted it above the pavement firmly in one hand you caught a glimpse of the trills, now a feature of every gown. But beneath it there were plainly to be seen as she walked, instead of the wretched, mud bespattered petticoats common to woman-kind, a pair of man's trousers in black, worsted turned up at the back like the very best chappies. It gave you a turn just for a minute. It was as if the stamens of your lilies had suddenly turned into horseshoe nails. As if your palms had put on overalls and asked for a job. As if your Rossetti had examples in vulgar fractions printed between the lines. But the shock over, it struck you that this was a most sensible compromise between the dress beautiful and the dress rational, not at all lessening the attraction of the one and conforming to the ideal of the other. Another thing you noticed about the girl was the masterful and artistic manner in which she held up the gown. Instead of grasping vaguely at the back of the full skirt and gathering up a handful of material which made her wrist ache and strained her glove, only to leave some wayward folds still trailing in the slime, she caught up the back with both hands in four or five folds, took the edges of these folds only in the right hand, lifted them slightly and carried the whole with little effort.

Characteristics of Women Writers. If the theories about sex in art, the lack of the artistic impulse in women, and all the rest of it be true, it seems singular that of all the women scribes who have written under men's signatures, from George Sand and George Eliot to John Strange Winter, Charles Egbert Craddock and their contemporaries, not one has been suspected till her identity has been revealed by her friends. Another peculiarity of the woman writer is in her just and sympathetic conception of the man's character, describing him not as a god of supreme power and majesty, or a villain of consummate treachery and guilt, but rather an intensely human, lovable creature whom it was a delight to forgive for such sins of omission and commission as the average man is prone to fall into, the average woman, I believe, to the contrary notwithstanding, ready to condone.

An Unfortunate Coincidence. Here is an old "masculine" story turned into the "eternal feminine" to suit my charming sex, says a fashion writer. In a provincial town in France the cure is entertaining a few particular friends at dinner. It is desert time, and sipping their goblets of malvoisie these merry ones ask their jovial entertainer to give them some anecdotes. "Give us a few confessions, mon pere; if no names are mentioned, what harm?" "No, no, my son," replies the holy man, "all I dare reveal to you is this, that the very first confession I ever heard was that of a fair penitent who had deceived her husband." At this moment the door opens, a lady and her husband have come to wish the cure a happy new year. "Ah!" she exclaims, "I could not resist coming, for, do you not remember, mon pere, that I was your first penitent?"—(Leblanc.)

Evil of Early Marriages. The evil of early marriages has been receiving the attention of a foreign statistician. He finds that very young mothers, under the age of twenty, most frequently give birth to weak children, who are not able to fight the battle of life, and die soon after birth. During a period of seven years he drew up a table of percentage of deaths, which is subjoined:—

| Age of Mothers. | Percentage of Deaths. |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Under twenty years..... | 22.51 |
| Twenty to thirty years..... | 14.11 |
| Thirty to thirty-five years..... | 12.85 |

It is calculated that the total number of marriages contracted annually by girls under the age of twenty in Great Britain alone is 23,000. Covers for Books. Most of the women who travel on the elevated trains read books to pass away the time, says a New York paper. There seems to be a fascination for people who sit near the readers to try and discover the title of their books. In many cases the book is a sensational novel. To prevent this from being known, publishers have been inventing which completely hide the volume. These covers caught the eye of an enterprising manufacturer, who began making them of leather and stamping them "Browning's Works," or "Tennyson." The scheme works all right, except in the inside cross seats, where all the curios can look over the covers.

The American Girl. Follow the modern American girl from the parlor to the kitchen, from the kindergarten to the ball room, from the cooking club to the lecture room, from the hospital to the afternoon tea, from the sick room to the art gallery, from the King's Daughters' circles to the tennis ground, from the shopping tour to the library, from the bible class to the reading club, from the sewing circle

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to the swimming school, from the chit chat club to the gymnasium—and mark her broad development mentally, morally and physically. The American girl is a treasure and no mistake, but if she has to go to so many places it is unreasonable to expect her to be a kitchen expert. Even the strong masculine intellect could not be followed so far.

Queer Feminine Tastes. There is no accounting for tastes in this topsy-turvy world. A New York woman wears a ring in which is set in a circle of diamonds her first baby's first tooth. A London lady of high degree wears set in the jewels of her bracelet a tooth extracted from the mouth of her pet poodle. Another affectionate creature uses the skin of a once favorite horse as a hearth rug for her boudoir, and has a defunct pet pug mounted in a life-like attitude by the taxidermist for an ornament on her writing table.

A Hoopskirt Fable. Seeing his wife wearing a hoopskirt, a Man said: "My dear, I am going out to purchase a plug hat. If on my return I find you still wearing that thing I shall take the trouble to slice off your ears."

Returning, he found her still wearing it, and sliced off her ears. The next day the Woman was again wearing the offensive garment. "Madame," said the Man, "I am astonished!" "At what?" said she. "Did you suppose that hoopskirts were suspended from the ears?"

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