

WOMAN and HER WORK.

What a touching thing a souvenir is, girls! I don't mean a keepsake, which may mean anything from a friendship ring to a broken ten cent piece, or a cup and saucer with its mission legibly engraved upon it in the form of the word "souvenir," in gold letters which play hide and seek, in and out of a spray of forget-me-nots. I mean the faded rosebud, the scrap of ribbon, the pressed flower, or the programme of some long past dance, laid tenderly away in memory of an especially happy hour. But the worst of it is, that the souvenir often lasts longer than the memory; and then its usefulness is naturally impaired, and it ceases to be valuable. Housecleaning is a great time for the resurrection of forgotten souvenirs, they turn up almost broadcast over the land, and stare you in the face from odd corners of your bureau drawers, from the inner compartments of your desk, and from the leaves of your favorite books! You look at them, cudgel your brains for a moment to try and place them, and failing, you toss them to the waste basket, wisely deciding that since they are not of sufficient importance for you to remember their history, they are scarcely worth keeping.

And yet how we cling to them, and lumber up valuable space in order to preserve them. At least I do, or did, until the housecleaning just past; but I had a very inconclusive time of it then, and shattered numerous dusty idols. Why I actually found amongst other things an invitation to a children's party, which was sent to me when I was a year old. I sent to me advisedly, because I cannot say that I remember receiving it. I threw it away amongst a lot of other scraps, and then went over to the dust heap and searched frantically till I found it, and had it safely hidden away where even Geoffrey could not find and use it as an instrument of torture some day, to confront me with my age. And oh what a quantity of other souvenirs I found besides that little invitation; what pressed and withered flowers, what scraps of silk and ribbon; what treasured notes and dance programmes, bearing names some of which are no longer known on earth. Here a spray of staphenotis from the bridal bouquet of the very prettiest bride I ever saw; and she is pretty still, though her eldest boy is eight years old. And close beside it folded in black bordered paper, is a bit of white geranium, taken from its last resting place on a dear, dead heart, just before the coffin lid was closed. Most of the scraps are bits of wedding or reception dresses sent me by happy brides, old friends who were separated from me, and who wished me to have some idea of how they looked on their wedding and reception days. Here is a little silver cardboard box containing the remains of a generous slice of wedding cake, which travelled many thousand miles to reach me. The wedding cake of an old lover who thought enough of his quondam flame to send it to her all the way from old England, with a note to the effect that if her husband was as good as his wife, they were each exceptionally blessed. And while I was reading his letter over, before laying it tenderly away, the pup—he will always be the pup, I think—had quietly annexed the cake, and was licking his lips over the last crumb of frosting before I discovered him; so the exertion of boxing his ears restored me to a more healthy frame of mind than I had been in since I began unearthing the ruins of the past.

I was watching a pretty and rather romantic girl sorting out her upper bureau drawer, the other day, and trying to evolve order out of chaos. She seemed to be in such despair of getting through her task that I offered to help her, and got into trouble at once.

"Oh, do take care of that rosebud!" she cried. I would not lose it for anything; it has very tender associations, and I prize it so much.

"Would you mind telling me what they are?" I asked.

"Well," she responded, perfectly seriously, "I really can't remember just this moment, but I know I had some special reason for putting it away, and I daresay it will come back to me some day."

Poor, dear little girl! she was happy in not having any souvenirs put away around which clustered memories too sad to be easily thrust aside.

ASTRA.

Style in the Sandwich Islands.

In the Sandwich Islands formerly, says a writer, men wore only loin cloth. The only garment of the women was a piece of cloth four yards long of a yard wide cloth, which was rolled about the body, and worn generally, not always. In the early missionary days, on the same state occasion the Queen wished to wear a very long web of velvet that had recently come into her possession. The rolling of it about her person was difficult. She solved the problem by velvet spread upon the ground, lying down upon one end of it and rolling over and over till it was wound up. When finished there were so many thicknesses that she was obliged to keep her arms straight out.

Cloveness in Dressing.

The cleverest woman in the matter of dress is the plain woman who contrives never to let you know she's plain. To be successful in this respect one must have natural good taste. It's no use to put oneself entirely in the hands of a good dressmaker. Dressmakers need directing.

They can't be expected to know a customer's weak or strong points as well as she should know them herself. All women, except those with hopelessly bad figures and no throats, pay for dressing. A gown is usually becoming if it is the same color as the wearer's eyes. A bright bandeau under the brim of a hat is apt to have an improving effect. Good taste is a thing to be thankful for. Those who possess it are inclined to value it too lightly.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

Hints to Those Who must Earn Their Living—Choose a Specialty.

In these times when the inclination and the necessity for women to earn their own living are increasing, and the feeling about education has become a mania, it would be a great advantage if more attention were paid to the instruction of girls in special lines of work says an exchange. Among these women who work because they must there is always a certain proportion who from preference desire to make their own way in the world. And yet without any definite purpose or idea of what they do best, or of what sort of work is best or of what sort of work is in most demand, they often start out with the notion that it is the easiest thing in the world to find employment exactly suited to their taste. To be at all successful in these progressive days they must first master a specialty, and if they can find one out of the beaten track so much the better. All the wellknown channels are filled with workers, and a busy line of applicants awaits every vacancy. Embroidery, illustrating for magazines and newspapers, stenography and typewriting are all overcrowded, and every managing editor in New York turns away a score of women each day who want to write for the press.

A few practical hints may be gained from the experience of a woman in Great Britain who receives many applications for work from women, and writes to the Ladies' Pictorial interesting suggestions for those who seek a new way of earning a livelihood. After asking her applicants a few questions she usually finds that they have not been educated for any particular branch of industry, but are willing to try anything. The more ambitious ones aspire to writing stories for magazines. Of course, they have had no special training for this, but some of their friends have flatteringly suggested a latent talent for literary work, so they produce a manuscript and submit it with the utmost confidence in their own ability. Some women can do leather work, wood carving, and water color drawing, while others wish to be companions to nice old ladies who will pay well to have some one sing and read to them. It seems that in Ireland there are employments for women that are not overstocked with workers, such as genuinely good cooking, laundrying fine things, repairing delicate laces, and accompanying vocal and instrumental music at sight in an efficient manner. A lady skilled in the art, who will go out and cook special luncheons and dinners in a cleanly, economical, punctual, and satisfactory way at a reasonable cost, can be a great success and of inestimable value to many families in this country as well as in Ireland.

Laundrying is not high art enough to tempt many women to perfect themselves in it, but it requires a certain amount of intelligence much knowledge of fabrics not usually found in the ordinary domestic, such as when its perfection demands that silk handkerchiefs be delivered as pure white and soft as new, the backs of muslin fabrics ironed into perfect shape, such flannels put through a process that will not necessitate transferring them to the smallest, most attenuated doll, the business becomes worthy of consideration.

Mending lace so that the stitches cannot be detected exacts a special skill which would seem to be easily acquired by ladies who are fond of dainty work, and is certainly something which cannot jar upon any refinement of feeling.

For women musicians who are fitted to go about professionally and play accompaniments at sight in a satisfactory manner there seems to be an open field, for all good musicians cannot play accompaniments well. It is an art in itself, and one which is rarely found in perfection even among professionals. But it is a genteel employment which ought to demand good prices, and certainly commends itself to favor.

The Queen's Gloves.

Queen Victoria has a large hand. She takes seven and a half in gloves. Her fingers are extremely short and out of proportion to the size of her hand. The queen will wear nothing but black gloves; generally they are of kid, but sometimes she wears Suede gloves. These also must be dyed black.

Her majesty commenced to wear one-button gloves at the beginning of her reign. To-day, when every woman with any pretensions to style wears six buttons, the queen has only got to four. She refuses altogether to conform to fashion. She only wears about two dozen pairs of gloves a year.

Each pair costs \$2.25; in fact, the Queen of Great Britain and the Empress of India are decidedly economical in their glove bill. There are a great many fashionable women who think nothing of a glove bill if it only comes to \$500 a year. Many women will spend \$100 on gloves during the six weeks of the season, by wearing two or three pairs a day.

They All Rose.

At a club reception given in Australia not long ago, the wife of Paul Blount, better known as "Max O'Rell," was present. It was the custom of the club that distinguished strangers should rise for a moment, wherever they might be sitting, as soon as they were introduced. When Mrs. Blount's name was announced, so great was the desire to see the wife of the witty, wise, and wicked Frenchman, that almost every woman in the room rose to her feet, and stared her neighbour in the face to see if she

might be the happy woman. There was a general titter all over the room, and as the eager ladies fell back in their seats, the sarcastic President said he "believed there must be some mistake. Max O'Rell had but one wife, and if the other ladies would keep their seats, no doubt she would rise so they could see her."

A Floral Bower.

A suite of rooms decorated the other day for the reception of the Princess May and the Duke of York was a happy floral bower of blossoms grouped in great masses, each having its own individuality. There was little blending. For instance, the fireplaces were decorated with marguerites, and marguerites alone, the white stars with their hearts of gold and dull foliage towering high in tiers. A side table was adorned with gladioli, tall and stately; another with clusters of fragrant lily-bells; a third with narcissi, swaying gracefully on their slim green stems, but roses were certainly in the majority. In some parts of the room these were of one color only—deep crimson, delicate pink or golden yellow, shown up against a background of leaves, but in others they were intermingled in charming harmonies.

The Queen's idea of giving Princess Victoria May of Teck a white enamel brooch, fashioned as a rose, on her birthday, was a pretty one. The emblem is one specially dear to the Duke of York, and it is said that when quite a little boy, playing at "History games" with the Duke of Clarence, he always sided with the Yorkists, and declared that, if ever he had a title, it should be "York."

Over 100,000 women in New York are working for wages. Three-fifths of them support whole families. In a test case it was found that the single women employed in a certain institution were supporting more people than the married men in the same place.

In stationery, fashion tends to the use of oblong envelopes, instead of square ones. The paper folds but once. Extraordinary colors, such as deep orange, willow green, and mauve are in vogue.

The latest fad for weddings at which little girls act as bridesmaids, is that they should be dressed as flower girls and carry wicker watering pots, filled and twined with roses.

A young English woman has been appointed lecturer on fruit growing before the Derbyshire County Council.

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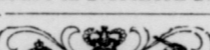
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