

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Now, girls, I am not writing fashions this week, for the simple reason that I have not seen anything sufficiently new or striking in the weekly fashion papers to be worth writing about, so I am going to devote my time to the inner instead of the outer woman; but before I launch forth upon the subject of cookery, I want to say a few words to you on the subject of aigrettes, which as you all know, are so fashionable in the pretty little bonnets and stylish hats worn this year.

I do not want to make a nuisance of myself, or worse still, to bore you by constant harping on one subject that you will pay little attention to anything I say; but I do wish to tell you something about the way those beautiful ornaments are obtained, and to ask you whether, knowing this, any self-respecting girl or woman should wear one. I quote from my clever contemporary, "Kit," of the "Toronto Mail," whose information on such subjects is invariably carefully weighed and correct.

"The collector waits until the beautiful little egret is sitting on her nest, then she is in her fairest dress, her little breast is full of peace for her young ones are just hatched, she is a good little mother, and will not readily leave her young, though alarmed. The collector knows this, and easily catches her. He tears off her crowning plumes, and her wings and then throws her down, gasping, torn, fluttering to die beside her little ones, who deprived of her care perish miserably. And the feathers which milliners call aigrettes, which are so much worn in women's bonnets are torn from the beautiful little mother egret. It was noticeable that at a meeting of anti-vivisectionists lately held in London, many of the women who protested strongly against the cruelty of vivisection, wore aigrettes in their bonnets. If it were in my power, I should like to institute a woman's league for the protection of birds, and each member should pledge herself never to wear a bird of any kind in her hat or bonnet. I feel sure that it is because women do not know the awful acts of cruelty perpetrated to gratify their taste in dress that they wear birds, and animals heads for decorative purposes. . . . And we are women! supposed to be gentler and more refined and tender hearted than our brothers. I beg of readers of these columns to do all they can to protect the birds and prevent every act of cruelty to dumb beasts."

Do you know girls that when I read of that gentle confiding little mother bird being tortured, I could scarcely see the lines for tears, partly of sorrow and partly of shame for my sex, who wantonly encourage and lend themselves to such cruelties. And I could wish, for the sake of that consistency which is such a jewel that my gifted friend, "Kit" had not published on the same page with this impassioned appeal for the birds, the picture of a charming little bonnet the chief ornament of which was a very beautiful aigrette.

Last Sunday I was talking to the dearest old lady in the world—I think—and our conversation turned upon the wearing of birds and feathers. This is what she said: "My dear, I will be eighty-seven if I live till next month, and I never wore a feather in my life! When I was seventeen my father sent me home a birthday present of a beautiful white Leghorn hat trimmed with thick white ribbon and a beautiful long white ostrich feather. Of course I was delighted, and rushed to mother to show it to her; I shall never forget her look as I told her it was mine. Father had sent it home for me. 'Isn't it lovely?' I said. 'My dear,' she answered, 'it is a beautiful bonnet, but not for you; do you mean to tell me you thought of wearing a feather?' 'Why not, mother?' I answered, 'father sent it to me.' 'No matter,' she responded. 'I should be sorry to go to church with you in that bonnet, and I certainly would never go to communion with you if you wore it.'"

"The bonnet was sent back, to my great sorrow, and I think to father's too, but he knew mother knew best about dressing me, so he yielded at once, and I never forgot the lesson, or wore a feather all my life."

I hope girls, that if I should be spared to so great an age I will be able to say, at least, that I never wore a stuffed bird either on my head, or any other part of my attire, and I will have the comfort of knowing that not one of the beautiful timid muscivores God gave us to brighten the earth and not to torture, has ever been sacrificed to gratify my vanity. I only wish we could join the "league" Kit speaks of.

Perhaps some of the more enterprising amateur cooks who read this column may wish to try their hands at that most troublesome dish saratoga potatoes, or "chips," and if so, here is the recipe:

Saratoga Chips.

The secret of frying saratoga potatoes lies in having them crisp, cold, and dry, before putting them in the boiling fat. They should be sliced as thin as possible, soaked in ice water, for at least an hour, and then each slice dried carefully and thoroughly upon a towel, fried in very hot fat and then drained for a moment on a sieve in a very hot oven, or over the stove, and cooled quickly in a draft.

Almost more trouble than they are worth, I think, because they are not nearly so nice as their less pretentious rivals.

Kentucky Potatoes.

Slice the raw potatoes as for frying, and soak in cold water half an hour. Parboil in a frying pan, pour the water off and let them stand on the fire uncovered till the steam is driven off; brown a teaspoonful of butter, and pour over them a moment later, then cover them with milk, and let them boil till done. Salt, and pepper, while cooking, and watch carefully lest they should burn, as the milk is liable to "catch." There should be just milk enough when done for a creamy gravy thickened by the starch from the potatoes, and they are delicious for tea.

The average American fried potato, and I believe it is a distinctively American dish, like fried chicken, is boiled first, and then sliced when cold for frying, and while really nice fried potatoes make a most appetizing dish, a careless cook can serve them in such a manner that it will almost destroy one's appetite to look at them.

They really require a good deal of care in the cooking to be in perfection, and need a large frying-pan or a griddle with sufficient surface to let each slice lie separate. Slice them a quarter of an inch thick so as not to break in turning, salt and pepper them, and when a large spoonful of fat is turning brown in the hot-pan, lay them in, brown quickly, and turn with a broad griddle-cake turner.

Potatoes of doubtful quality are best pared and sliced raw for frying, as the heat of the boiling fat which is stronger than that of water, drives the moisture out of them. Small deep kettles can be purchased for frying, and the lard is kept in them and used many times over.

Summer is almost here, so we must begin to think of ice creams, fruit ices, and frozen luxuries, in good time, and here are some excellent recipes for those whose principles are not too strictly temperance, to use a little wine for their stomach's sake just to take off the chill of the fruit ice.

A Fashionable Ice.

A fashionable ice this season, which is delicious and effective to serve either with a strawberry or orange ice cream, is a muscat water ice. This ice in reality has not one drop of the juice of the famous grape from which it takes its name. It is flavored with a good sherry and is made as follows: Squeeze the juice of four lemons into a scant pint of sugar. Add the rind of one lemon, grating in only the yellow part. Beat the sugar and lemon juice together, and add slowly a pint and a half of cold water, beating it in with the other ingredients. Now, add a tablespoonful of gelatine, which has been soaking in half a cup of cold water for two hours. Turn a half a cup of boiling water over the gelatine and stir until it is thoroughly dissolved. Then stir it into the lemon juice and water. Add to this two wineglasses of very pale sherry and about two or three drops of spinach green. Add a drop at a time until the mixture takes on the pale water-green tint of the muscat-grape. Freeze the ice like an ice cream. An orange ice cream made of Valencia oranges, which have just now come into market, is especially nice served with this water ice.

Sorbetes.

Two delightful sorbetes, those ices which are so refreshing served in the course of dinner after the roast, are made of fruit. For a banana sorbet, peel six ripe bananas rub the pulp through a sieve, add a pint of water, the juice of two lemons, or of two Mediterranean oranges, and a wineglass of maraschino with a cup of sugar. Freeze this mixture for about 10 or 12 minutes and serve it in little punch glasses or sorbet glasses.

For a peach sorbet with champagne take a quart of the nicest canned peaches, rub them through a sieve, add a pint of water, a cup of sugar, and the strained juice of two Mediterranean oranges. Add finally a half pint of champagne. Freeze this preparation until it is trappé, and serve it with a little slice of preserved peach, which has been slightly soaked in the champagne, on the top of each glass. This sorbet is particularly nice made out of fresh peaches, strawberries, or grated pineapple. It should be remembered that a sorbet is not as firm as an ice cream. It is never frozen more than 10 or 15 minutes, or until it is trappé.

A particular friend sends me the following recipe for home-made ice-cream. It is certainly a novel way of freezing the cream, which is prepared in the usual way: If the preparation desired to be frozen is placed in a tin bucket or other receptacle it can be readily congealed by putting it in a pail containing a weak solution of sulphuric acid and water. Into this throw a handful of common Glauber salts, and the resulting cold is so great that a bottle of wine immersed in the mixture will be frozen solid in a few minutes, and ice-cream or ices may be quickly and easily prepared. This is a great improvement on the "freezer" system, and I advise every housekeeper and cook to try it during the summer months. I would also like to know if it will prove successful."

ASTRA.

Points For the Stout.

The stout woman has it in her power to make a handsome appearance and to be reasonably happy. Her success however, must be won along the lines of modesty, simplicity and temperance. A woman who weighs 150 pounds or more should let novelties in the dress alone and avoid extremes as she would the plague.

She needs style, and the more exclusive and elegant it is the better, but fashion will make either a guy or a clown of her, for the jade has only gems for dancing, laughing youth.

Large patterns, wide stripes, shaggy faced goods, fur, velvet and all other fabrics with a thick pile or rough surface have a tendency to shorten or widen whatever they drape. A stout woman in a cashmere dress and a thin one in a fur cape are nice looking. Reverse the garments, and every pound of flesh on the one and every bone in the other is accentuated.

The stout woman will wear either seed patterns or plain weave, hair stripes in half tones of colors, straight draperies and trimmings if at all, put on in vertical lines if she wants to look trim. Tight sleeves and gloves give the arms the outlines of a ham and the hands the appearance of abbreviated head cheeses.

A bulky woman should never wear white and in her will she should state a preference for dark grave clothes. She has no business with lace, passementerie, decollete bodices, high shoulders, curled feathers or a low style of hairdressing.

Let her wear her hair on the very tip top of her head to increase her altitude; let her wear a high comb or hair ornament, quills in her bonnet, high but broad heels, and a trained skirt for the same object.—New York World.

WOMEN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Her Building Fitted With Infinite Conveniences For Guests.

Women have reason to congratulate themselves that their building was in a better state of readiness at the opening of the World's Fair than any of the others. And when Bertha Honore Palmer drew from its jewelled receptacle the nail of precious metals sent on by Western women for the last nail of the Woman's building, and with quick, vigorous blows drove it home in the appointed place, she shattered the old tradition that a woman cannot drive a nail. Mrs. Palmer said that she had not been coached for her new role, and rather feared the result, but like all the undertakings of women of the Fair, it was a success. It is a long stride that women have taken since that ancient Jewish woman drove the nail that made her famous, straight through the head of her enemy. Men have said it was impossible for women to do a great many other things beside handle a hammer or sharpen a lead pencil, and when they were amusing themselves with the reiteration of their pet theories the women have gone on doing the very things that all the world was laughing to think they couldn't do. It has been estimated that half the work at the Fair has been done by women. Half the exhibits are managed by women or consist of women. The clerkships are mostly filled by women, and they are something like 25,000 stenographers, typewriters, and press women. It is women who have put the finishing touch on the buildings in the way of frescoes and statuary, and it is women who suggested the comfortable seats, resting rooms, and nurseries for children and the other essentials for the comfort of the sightseers. There is one woman who has a mending booth where she sews on buttons and repairs rents and rips. Another woman has a collection of simple remedies for minor ills to relieve the suffering. Still another keeps an information booth, and she will tell you where to find the impossible—a cheap luncheon, or check your satchel while you eat it. And all along the line between the most pretentious and most simply feminine extremes woman's work and suggestion and influence is everywhere found. In 1492 a woman sent Columbus to discover a continent wherein, 400 years later, woman should discover herself.

SOME POINTS ABOUT LACE.

Of Course the Real Thing is Hand Made and Not to Be Mistaken.

It is well to be up on lace lore this season, for with the revival of the genteel old-time decoration comes a demand for some idea of the characteristics of the different patterns for which one pays such fabulous prices.

In the first place all real lace is hand-made lace, and is easily detected from the machine-woven imitation, because the meshes in the genuine are apt to be irregular, while the other is uniform in weave.

The net of the lace is called by lace-makers the reseau, the pattern is the fleur; and it is in the shape of these meshes that the lace distinctions appear. The square or diamond shaped mesh is used in Valenciennes, the six-sided mesh in point d'Alencon, and Chantilly, and point de Paris laces have an odd mesh of four-sided big holes, with triangular between.

Now the chief difference between the pillow and needle laces, for real laces are made in but two ways, one with the pins and bobbins, the other with the needle, is in the way the fleur or pattern is worked on the net. Needle lace has a distinctiveness of outline in the fleur, because the pattern is outlined by running a thread in and out of the meshes of the reseau. If the outline is to be very much in relief, as in point d'Alencon, the most beautiful of all needle laces, the outline is corded in with horse-hair, and then the pattern made by filling in the outlines with a sort of buttonhole stitch, making a rich and heavy effect like embroidery. The reseau in this lace is complicated, too, by twisting the threads of the meshes together here and there to make bigger holes, and thus giving a variety to the mesh. This lace is made piece by piece, the pieces joined together by invisible seams. Pillow laces have a flat smooth pattern and are smooth and soft in outline.

DINNER DECORATION.

Flowers, Vases, Candles in Antique Forms, Fountains, Lakes and Water Fowl.

Imagine a square of cloth of gold procead in the centre of a glossy white tablecloth and upon it richly colored Salviati bowls filled with salmon pink azaleas, over them glowing the lights of many candles shaded with amber-colored silk, and you have a picture worthy the reproduction of Alma Tadema. Another successful dinner table has a centre of white and silver brocade, with vases and candlesticks of silver. The whole scheme of color is in white, silver and green, so flowers are excluded, and only feathery fern fronds and asparagus vine are disposed in the silver vases. For a luncheon table you see nothing more effective than long daffodils bending over from tall, slender glasses of Nuremberg green. At larger banquets you see a lake or mirror glass, with perhaps a fountain of jet spraying the flowers in the centre and swans of Venetian glass floating about on the surface.

An agreeable and popular form of entertainment is a compromise between the old-fashioned afternoon "company" and the modish high tea. Informal invitations are given to a select few for what is known as a Thimble Tea. The guests, all feminine, assemble about 4 o'clock, each with her bit of fancywork upon which she is expected to stitch diligently. She must also be

prepared to chat. No other form of pastime is prepared beside conversation. The rather slight refreshments are handed about, and the party disperse before one's usual dinner hour.

FASHION AND FASHION MAKERS.

Artistic Invention Shown in Dress as in Poetry or Painting.

Fashion makers, like poets, are born, not made. It is not the great artists or the leading society ladies, not even the famous beauties, any more, that make the mode. They introduce it, endorse it, realize its possibilities, and all the world follow. But the real inventors of modes, like the inventors of other marvels, live unhonored and die unsung, while the other fellow gets the benefit. They are quiet women or men, unknown to the fashionable clientele, employed by leading business houses to puzzle out week after week something new and startling, to evolve from their inner consciences effective novelties to catch the fancy of rich and capricious women animated by a desire to outshine their kind. And these quiet women are playing a great part in the cultivation of the beautiful and the encouragement of art. Why should it be accounted as less an art to minister unto the taste for the beautiful in the dress of women than in the elevation of the ideal in fine buildings or exquisite hangings and decorations, save only that the art of dress has no perpetuity, no fixed and unalterable standard of excellence?

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