

Woman and Her Work

"So you are all down with measles at your house, from the servant girl to the baby, and have not a soul to help you but the washerwoman. Good gracious! and to think I did not know about it! What must you have thought of me? The invalids to nurse, the meals to cook, the house to look after, and even the marketing to do, why I don't see how you get it all done. Up half the night, too! Well, I don't wonder I'm sure, and to think of my never hearing about it, how heartless you must have thought me. I'll be up to see you the very first thing tomorrow afternoon. No! no, I assure you it won't be the least trouble in the world, but a pleasure, and I'm coming whether you want me or not. I'm going to cheer you up."

So prattles the woman who intends to be good hearted, and only succeeds in being utterly tactless, and a hopeless bore, as she meets an anxious eyed and flurried friend dashing wildly into a drug shop to have a prescription made up, and who fills up the unavoidable interval of waiting by explaining the many and sufficient reasons why she has not been in to see the first speaker lately. And the woman of no tact is as good as her word. She arrives some morning right after breakfast, when the weary housewife who has lost half her night's rest with her sick children is trying to attend the invalids, pacify the baby, comfort the sick servant, and between these light duties, make the beds, wash the breakfast dishes, keep up the kitchen fire, sweep out the hall and dining room, attend the door, listen to the doctor's instructions and prepare dinner. "Now I have just come to spend the morning with you and stay to lunch," says this unselfish friend taking out her work deliberately, and settling herself ostentatiously in the most comfortable chair in the room, "so you may as well make up your mind to put up with me, I said to Jack at breakfast this morning that what you wanted was a cheerful friend to brighten you up, and take you out of yourself, you looked so wretched when I met you the other day, and if you could not come to see me I would just go to see you, so here I am, and you are not to make a stranger of me at all."

In vain the persecuted object of so much disinterested kindness goes out of the room and sheds bitter almost hysterical tears over her hard fate. In vain she tries to redouble her efforts and do the work of three women; she cannot put common sense into the head of a well meaning idiot, and a mistaken conventionality prevents her from requesting her unwelcome guest to put on her things and go home. So the bore not only remains, but actually feels quite injured because her hostess pays her so little attention, and the second course at luncheon consists of hastily opened preserves, and cake which has evidently been baked for some time. "I really thought Maude showed very little gratitude," she informs "Jack" when they meet at tea, "And after giving up the entire morning, and neglecting my own house just for the purpose of cheering her up, too. One gets so little thanks for trying to help their friends, that it is really enough to make one cynical!"

"So you are really getting ready to move" says another well intentioned nuisance—"Well I really am sorry to hear it we can't spare you from the neighborhood, and I must come and see you before you go."

"It is very kind of you I am sure" responds the intending mover, "but really I am afraid we scarcely have a place to

receive you. We have dismantled [the drawing room and are using it as a packing room because it is so large. Come and see us in our new house when we are settled."

"Indeed I shall make a point of coming before you go," responds the friendly soul and come she does arrayed in her best and accompanied by two friends arrayed with equal gorgeousness who are out with her on a regular calling expedition. That they surprise their hostess in her oldest clothes and a very dilapidated dust cap engaged in washing the parlor windows, and are obliged to steer their way through divers scrubbing pails and articles of household furniture, and finally retire without having found a place to sit down, or on which to deposit their calling cards is merely an incident with them, and perhaps now forgotten, but to their unfortunate it is a very unpleasant episode which she will not soon forget. Why, oh why will not we women exercise a little more judgment and common sense in our dealings with each other, and learn to do as we would be done by, to put ourselves in the places of our neighbours on small matters, and treat them as we would like to be treated ourselves.

A French surgeon has discovered a novel and what is better still, an infallible cure for baldness. It is a thoroughly French method, and has only two drawbacks. One is that it is extremely painful, and the other that it is so expensive as to be practically out of the reach of any but the wealthy classes. The initial step in the process is a good deal like, Dr. Kitchener's celebrated recipe for juggled hare—"First catch your hare." The bald headed one opens the proceedings by looking around for some man who combines the necessary adjuncts of a good head of the desired color, and sufficient poverty to make him willing to part with it for a sufficient consideration. As soon as this part of the operation is satisfactorily concluded, the surgeon steps in and performs his part, which is to scalp both patients neatly and delicately and exchange the scalps. If the surgeon has good luck the graft takes, and the operation is a grand success, but if he hasn't, it has all to be done over again, at the same large expense. With patience, perseverance, and cash it is bound to succeed in time, but sometimes the process is rather tedious. What a blessed thing it is that women are not very subject to baldness!

If you want to be up to date girls, and bear the hall mark of the smart set never forget yourselves so far as to speak of your "dress." You no longer possess such a garment, it is your "gown" or better still, your "frook." It is now argued—and with a good deal of reason that "dress" was always a misnomer, applying as it did equally well to the garments of both men and women, and really indicating not any one article of attire, but the tout ensemble. Therefore, when you speak of a woman's dress you mean her whole outfit, and to use the term in any other sense is to be guilty of bad English, so we must remember, and govern ourselves accordingly.

There really does seem to be something new to record this week in the shape of fashions, and though it is only a small item, it is quite an important one. It consists of a satin coat either matching the costume in color, or made of black, which of course is much more serviceable as it can be worn with any skirt. This coat is quite a small garment, and as close fitting as a bodice, with big lace covered revers. Colored silk either shirred or finely corded is also used for the revers, or they may be of black with cordstucks or shirring of black chiffon. This coat in black satin is especially pretty

with a checked skirt, and a variation of the fashion which will be very acceptable in warm weather is the coat of black taffeta made without any lining. It is to be worn with any kind of skirt, and will take the place of shirt waists with women who are inclined to be stout, and to whom the more severe shirt waist is not becoming. It is a convenient little garment but it has one disadvantage; it must be carefully made and fitted by a first class dressmaker, in order to be a success, so it is not by any means economical.

If you want to be at the very topmost rung of the ladder as far as style is concerned, you must have at least one hat which is worn tied under the chin with broad strings, just as our grandmothers wore theirs. The strings must not be alike either one should be of wide satin ribbon, and the other of chiffon, or one be a long scarf of cream lace and the other of black velvet ribbon. These hats seem to be a sort of survival of the Victorian bonnets of last year, and are really almost the same, only the name is different. They are usually made of big leghorn flats turned up at the back and twisted into a sort of poke shape. Strings are also seen on smaller hats of colored straw and both old and young women wear the large coquetish pokes, which look charming when framing a young face, and with the strings carelessly knotted at the left side. A hat with strings always gives an added charm to a round girlish face, and it is supposed to make the wrinkles in an older face less conspicuous.

The parasol of this year is a thing of beauty, it is not a joy forever, and as far as variety goes, it is simply beyond description. If you want to keep up with the times and be in fashion you should have three or four at least, but as they are decidedly high priced luxuries this is impossible for a woman of moderate income. The society dame to whom money is no object, except for the pleasure of spending it, has a parasol for each costume, and several odd ones in case of accidents; but the ordinary woman who usually has to be content with a sombre colored sunshade which does duty for all occasions is content to admire these glories from a distance, knowing that one of them would probably swallow up more than the price of her best summer gown, and be very useless to her after she got it.

There are plain parasols of striped silk arranged to form joints at the ribs, or in bayadere effect, and parasols of checked silks and plain colors for morning use. Red and black bayadere stripes are supposed to be the correct thing for boating parasols, and for visiting and carriage use there is nothing too fine. Plain silks trimmed with applique lace and lined with chiffon are very popular, while other very ornamental sunshades are of colored silk covered with very transparent grenadine elaborately frilled with pinked ruffles of the silk which are in turn covered with ruffles of black lace. One fancy which seems to have come back from old times is a parasol of light crepe de chine with silk fringe on the edge. Some of the prettiest parasols are actually tucked just like a fancy waist, and trimmed with lace insertion set on between the groups of tucks. A white silk one trimmed with ruffles of white chiffon edged with pink satin baby ribbon, and lined with pink chiffon is a perfect dream, and another of white silk has encircling lines of black velvet ribbon holding puffs of white chiffon in place is not far behind it. Another novelty in the sunshade line is only decorated on the inside. It is made of white moire silk and quite plain, but the lining is a perfect cascade of daintily embroidered lisse frills. A bayadere striped parasol in black an



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