## WOMAN'S WORLD.

# VULGAR CURIOSITY OF SOME WOMEN IN NEW YORK CITY.

the Year-Her Paris Gown nger In Seeking Stage Fame—Miss llard In England—Women Suffrage In

Willard In England—Women Suffrage In Insaachusetts. The band of female marauders to whose exploits at the funeral of Mrs. Whitney public attention has been called is not new. It gathers at every social and semipublic occasion to which the entrance is free. It is not organized, uturored curicsity, acts with involuntary concerted effort whenever this is op-posed. These women were in silks, vel-vets and diamonds as well as cheaper clothes. They have no household cares, they have no social life. They are part of a city for commercial reasons of one out a city for commercial reasons of one student untervention of the set of the set of the set and intervals alone. They live in boarding and lodging mosts. They have no thing more im-windows on the street, or at their neigh-mostly in dress. They economize in which we not the street, or at their neigh-mostly in dress. They are not matines on a city for other strengther when the shops. Their intervals alone, the shops. Their morey they spend mostly in dress. They are not matines on the street, or at their neigh-on the the advertisements in the more-ming hapers to see if there are any har-avians they look out for a church wed-uing or a prominent funeral and sally outcod.

forth alone, in couples or in groups, to attend. At the wedding of Mrs. Marshall Rob-erts at Calvary church a mob of well dressed women filled the aisles. They browbeat Mr. Lispenard Stewart when be ventured a timid remonstrance; they defied Johnson. The scramble and the danguage befitted a market place. Many of these women do not realize the enor-mity of their offense. They are good wives, careful mothers and would pro-vide hot water bottles or wring out flan-hels for a neighbor in distress. They would ravish the flowers at Mrs. Whit-ney's functal to send away in a letter as a souvenir to some country consin and fancy they were doing a graceful thing They have no conception that they are valgar, curious persons under the glam-our of city life and suffering greatly from a lack of daily housework and home duties.—New York Evening Sun.

duties.—New York Evening Sun. Motices For the Year. Ever since the year began the girls have been passing around the question, "What's your motio?" Some of them refuse to tell, but as a rule they are so pleased with their selection that they like a chance to make it known. They use it as a superscription on the first page of all their letters. They entreat old friends and new, far friends and near, to remind them whenever they fail to act according to their motioes, and a few of them are even going far enough to ask all their acquaintances to tell them of their faults in general throughout the coming year.

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### Her Paris Gow

ago.—Eli to Wear.

her at once. "I never saw any one so delighted as she was. To think that I had brought nothing from Paris and I had come back to her pleased and flattered her tremen-dously. But the fun of it was when I first appeared at —'s coming out tea all the girls flocked around me exclaim-ing what a lovely French gown I had on, and how nice it was for me to have been able to get all my winter outfit in Paris."—New York Tribune.

### Danger In Seeking Stage Fame.

Danger in seeking stage rame. The favorite ambition of the ordinary merican girl is to go on the stage; to ecome an actress; to be flattered and resented with bouquets. The young dy who dreams such dreams never for moment reasons what the cost of such

was of dark blue Russian velours, with Connemara cloak of blue camel's hair, lined with mink and trimmed with a very deep cape collar and edgings of Russian sable."

fame may be, if indeed, after heavy struggles and much pain, she should even happen to possess it. In the first place, there is an organized crussde bureaus," are annually entrapping thou-sands of young girls into the big cities in the plan of getting them positions on the star. These persons trade upon the eager-mess of ambitions young women who have been fascinated by the glare of the scase every day of bright, clever young when who are found singing in dance halls and rough dives who were invei-gled into going to a large city under the supposition that they would be accepted in some legitimate company and given a period to ask for forgiveness from their and disgraced, and who are too proven do ask for forgiveness from their action after they have attained success in action after they have attained success in action. Many don tights and thus work their way up the ladder, but there are hundreds who would starve rather than for the season to season, accepting and they makes are left to wandie and the public is never made avare to the resistence. \_Buffalo Enquirer. Use For Old Seatskin Jackets. Use For Old Seatskin Jackets (Uite past renovation at the furriers' hands can utilize the skirt portions to make a cape either deep or short, or to form collars, cuffs and narrow skirt border-ings, revers, caps for sleeves, etc. There are many women furriers, who work very defuly and charge prices much below those of fashionable furriers, and they make fur bands that look very handsome out of most shabby sealskin garments. It requires the skill and patienee of a practiced hand to cut out and join the finest picces from the wrap which would seem to compass no atom worthy of re-demption. Enough to trim a coat or win-ter gown can at least be reclaimed from you cort. Stabby coat.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Globe-Democrat. Women In the Patent Office. The fact that about 400 applications for patents were made last year by wo-men is an indication of how thoroughly the gentler sex is entering into the prac-tical activities of modern life. Many of these applications relate to such indus-tries as toxilie manufactures and rail-way and electrical devices. The un-sellish spirit of the fair inventors is ex-hibited by the fact that among the products of their genius are improved braces, buttonhole flower holders, self attaching neckties, sleeve links and trousers splash preventers. Man is no longer sole lord of creation.—New York Press.

Press. Commercial Travelers and Suffrage. The injustice of denying the ballot to woman is becoming apparent to all classes. The commercial travelers, who are the circulating medium of political thought, perhaps next to the press the most potent, are increasingly outspoken against the senselessness of her present disqualification. The writer chanced to overhear a conversation on the cars among three of their number, strangers to each other, widely traveled and intel-ligent men, and was agreeably surprised to find their agreed and outspoken in favor of abolishing sex in suffrage. It is in the air.—Western Christian Advo-cate.

there, and the public is never made aware of their existence.-Buffalo Enquirer. Mise Willard In England. Not so very many years ago a brisk and breazy little girl in a western home, studying the same books, romping in the same games, fired by the same ambition as her brother, confidant and friend, reasured her with the optimistic proph-ecy that if she was good probably she would see any thing of the world any way, and the brother, confidant and friend, reasured her with the optimistic proph-ecy that if she was good probably she would come out all right. A hittle later they braided up the little girl's tresses, lengthened her gowns despite her bitter-ness and rebellion and told her that she was a woman. Last week there was a great meeting in Leeds, when 3,000 peoples at spellbound while this woman talked to them of temperance. MI through England she has been traveling with Lady Henry Somerset, speaking to great andiences, organizing temperance movements and meeting everywhere with most enthusiastic wel-come. An English editor has called this woman the queen of America, but to us she is known through her pen and by her gifts of oratory, as well as by her work in plilanthropy, as Frances E. Willard, president of the Temperance Union of the World.-London Letter.

Cate. Deficient Evening Suppers. Evening slippers made entirely of silke passementerio are new. They are at present made only in Paris and come in every deficate shade, as well as in black and white. The black ones are particu-larly chic, showing the entire foot, clad in its stocking of blue, pink, lilac or yel-low, in a fascinating way. A ribbon passed under the foot and tied in a bow upon the instep secures these fairy slip-pers to the feet. They are made with high heels, and the ribbon is of the same color as the slipper, —Vogue. Union of the World.-London Letter. Union of the World.-London Letter. Momental and the World.-London Letter. As far as Massachusetts is concerned, the second second second second second second second part haste to adopt woman suffrage, and within the recent past predictions have been made that 1898 will see only another defeat for the woman suffrage bill in the legislature. It is a mistake to assume that a woman suffrage bill can have no chance what-ver of success in this state. A glance at the legislature votes on that point within the past few years will show that the refusals to pass such a measure have been carried by comparatively small majorities, and it is not self evidently umreasonable to suppose that popular opinion may have changed enough within the recent past to insure a stronger legis-lative support for a woman suffrage bill than such measures have usually had. The friends of the cause in Massachusetts have not been idle during the past year. -Boston Advertise.

Successful Though Wealthy. It is a pleasure to hear of a woman rich, young and beautiful, who, despite all the incentives to an idle life, really accomplishes something and makes the world richer for her having dwelt in it. So the fact of the wife of the so called richest man in Boston having taken the great prize at the water color exhibition will bear mention. Mrs. Montgomery Sears has been known as an artist of no small talent. Her "Romola" places her high among the painters. — Newport News.

News. Women Still Womanish. Men needn't worry so about the pass-ing of femininity. Women are rather womanish yet. Watch one of the sister-hood when she buys a silk lining for her gown. Does she go mainly by the qual-ity of the silk? Not much! She likes a good, durable silk, of course, but what she must have is a rustling silk. "How else," she naively inquires, "are people to know that I have a silk lining?" Sue enough. How else?—Boston Common-wealth. -Boston Advertiser. Disease and Dress. "Six new diseases," we are told, "have come into existence with the style of dress which requires the wearing of mul-titudinous and heavy skirts." Indeed 1 wonder that there are not 60. I wonder that women sustain, in even the wretched and disheartening fashion that they do, the strain and burden of their clothing. I wonder that any of us are left with un-impaired vitality for the pursuance of self culture, for the prosecution of our business, for the reming, care and sup-port of our families, for the whirling of wheels within wheels of social duties which devolve upon us, till "the whip of the sky" has ceased to lash us into the struggle for existence. No doctrine but the doctrine of the "survival of the fit-test" will touch the problem. We are of tougher stuff than our shackles long ago. -Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in "What to Wear." weath. Mrs. Blaine's Clever Pen. To be one of Mrs. James G. Blaine's correspondents is the desire of all who know her. Her letters are remarkable for their beauty of expression, cleverness and originality. Not the least of her accomplishments with the pen is her rare facility of expression through the medium of telegraph blanks. Her dis-patches of condolence or congratulation are unusual examples of brevity and meaning.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Mrs. Edward Lloyd, who died in Lon-don the other day at the of 90, when a girl helped to entertain Blucher on his arrival in England after Waterloo, and was present in Westminster abbey at the coronation of George IV, William IV and Queen Victoria. ago.-Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in "What to Wear." Fashionable Flowers For Evening Wear. The fad for wearing flowers is on the increase as the season advances. The scarlet fuscina, which means taste, is the especial love of Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer. The apple geranium, which means tender-ness, fulfills its duty in etruscan jars and vases in Mrs. Edward Louterbach's pretty boudoir. The Parisian gillyflower, which transcribed is lasting beauty and loyalty, finds fitting tribute at the hands of the gay and sprightly Marie Tempest. The Peruvian heliotrope, whoce hue is now frequently stolen for Wort'i gowns, is worm nightly by Mrs. Duncan Elliot when arrayed in ball gown. Hyacinth, which is another name for jealousy, has been the favorite posy to adorn the Van-derbilt household for some years. Only Mrs. Shepard has departed from this custom, and she chooses moss roses, which in the language of the goddess Flora mean superior merit --New York Ad-vertiser. An English hospital nurse, Emma Dur-ham, has handed over £200 received for services rendered to Lord Tennyson, as a free gift to the Junius Morgan benevo-lent fund in connection with the royal pension fun for nurses.

Mme. Brochard, subsuperintendent of the Lelon hospital, has received the rib-bon of the Legion of Honor for faithful service during the cholera epidemic.

Miss Breckinridge, daughter of Colo-nel W. C. P. Breckinridge, has passed a creditable legal examination and been admitted to the practice of law.

There is a rumor that cashmere shawls will again come into fashion. It is cer-tain that the empire styles will bring scarfs in their train.

the superior ment - New York Ad-vertise: Gows at a Dublin Weiding: in That a recent very elegant weiding in Dublin high life, "writes a lady to an American friend, "the beautiful young bridesmaids—sisters of the bride-wore with corded velvet gowns trimmed with otter fur and white felt hats trimmed with ostrich plumes and golden brown velvet. These dresses were in empire bride's dresse was of white satin and white bride's dresse was of white satin and white bedours en princesse, with exquisite bertha and skirt flounce of point lace. Her very rare diamod ornaments ex-tended even to her gold bouquet holder and inlaid fan. Her traveling costume An Indian potentate, the maharaja of Bettiah, has engaged the services of an English woman physician for his wom-an's hospital.

We are to wear silk costumes for walk-ing, visiting and even everyday pur-poses.—Woman's Paper.

A Chester (Vt.) woman, 84 years old, has just completed a bedquilt contain-ing nearly 4,000 pieces.

# MY PRINCESS.

We had been friends for years, Dorothy Kent and I: She vas the beautiful, moth-orless daughter of Squire Kent of Kent House and five years my senior, but I was only the daughter of her father's gardener. When I was born, I was christened Dorothy, in bonor of the squire's wife, that made mechoose Dorothy for my princess. I knew that mother was once a very dear friend of Mrs. Kent's--mother told me that herself-and I was oproud of the fatt that once the princess' mother and my own had tradged to school together. And I remember so well how I loved to for har on this route of work, if just and do school together. And I remember so well how I loved to for har on this route of work, if just and drame of her. I was slaways called an imaginative child, and to me the faraway Dorothy appeared as a beautiful princess. And then, too, in the winter evenings it was always my greatest delight to have mother draw her chair up to the cheerful and over again all she knew about Dorothy Kent. "She has her mother's blue eyes and other knew and then she would intrided by give me my good night kiss and vere the bord Dora," and then she would intrided give me my good night kiss and inter her moring I was generally sure to scrib-be on all the available paper stories and here have to be any longer. And the mother due the stories and here there even and over again all she knew about Dorothy Kent. "She has her mother's blue eyes in de and here any longer. And the nurried give me my good night kiss and here the due any longer. And the here on all the available paper stories and here any longer. And the any longer. And the here on the here any longer. And the here on the here any longer. And the avery borders here on the ada any longer. And the here on the ada any longer. And the here on the ada any longer. And the ada the ada any longer. We had been friends for ye

imagined descriptions of And one day she cam I grumbled that morr when mother said I m queer wooden mantel afthat m mother suid I neer wooden mantel and I remember, too, heard mother scream a kitchen just in time t pretty little flower yp-gift to me, and rp-way. And s<sup>3</sup> suckle y<sup>1-</sup> ug the

ing a few sprays of p cinths, was my beau Auntie May and the of hite and can nd white h Auntie May and the other Dorrie," I heard her say, pointing to the flowers. But moth er did not heed her. She was just clinging to her as if she never could leave her, mur muring incoherently all the while some thing about her "poor Dorrie" over again, her "poor, dear Dorrie." As to me, I was jedious, and I wondered, too, that mother should be called "Auntie May," and why I couldn't have such bean-tiful, big blue eyes as she had. But still I think now that that day was the happiest mychildhood knew. It came about through Dorrie's influence that I was instructed as by conversion of the answer of

did not see us togener-other devotedly, and so the years flew until one day Dorothy was 18 and mist resume her travels. In a week she was gone. I lost my little primess. And a year later lost my dear mether also. Time passed, and I was told that fa ther's eyes were very weak—so weak that unless finnedlately attended to he would soon be totally blind. "My child," said good old Dr. Caver, "your father's easy needs the attention of some one like Dr Trowe, I would advise you to go to him at once." And go we did, I was 19 nov and could earn a nice living by my stories so father always had the best of care. I was destiny that bade ane go-destiny that made my father blind. Dr. Richard Trowe was not a very your man any more; indeed his last milestor was mabered 22. But that was neith by here nor there. He was son oble that eve one loved him, and I was no exception of the lowed him have it, hough, for t world, and when he came he only saw plain little woman in somber gray, w plain little woman in somber gray, w plain little woman how my saw. Of course the primes same of course on or bave let him know it, though, for t more. And then one day a letter fry Dorothy came. She was fatherless n and said that she would like to see i outer Dorrie, who was becoming fumo sa. If the hanging right is he always was. Of course the primes, quite by accide the followed! One day, quite by accide that followed! One day, quite by accide that followed! One day, so there more in that followed! One day, so there more in that followed! One day, so there more is and instantly she changed; her business fails called her work, she would with that matherly she changed; her business fails called her work, she would with fails called her work, she would with fails called her work, she would with fails called her work, she would with

she discovered that 1, too, loved the doctor, and instantly she changed; her business af fairs called her west; she would write and let me know. The doctor and myself be came more familiar. I wrote to Dorothy and begged her to return, telling her how low my father was and how very kind the doctor continued to be. "Still one can tell that he pines for yon," I concluded. This was the letter I received in reply: My DEARDST DOROTHV-I feel that the time has eenie for me to tell you my secret. "This oblight and the second second second second business of the total you my secret. This was the letter I received in reply: My DEARDST DOROTHV-I feel that the time has eenie for me to tell you my secret. "This mother and my father were lowers once? Yea, your mother was the prospective Mrs. Kent once, but for some unaccountable reason she broke the engagement. That reason was that she found that her dearly beloved friend, Dor-othy Dean -my mother-loved him also. My mother's father was in some great financial trouble att line and niks cares would be re-lieved by a rich marriage. Dorothy, your mother knew tills and gave up her love for her friend's sake. No one guessed it. She never mentioned it to any one, but my mother knew stills not find heart to virite it. Even after mother was repentant for accept-ing the sacrifice she begged mo over and over again to be kind to you, to pay the debt some way. I found the truth in some letters given the sould the lower on the sorrow of it also. I have oved to obey my mother, and you must let me do 1t. Vog jove Richard Trowe-so did

are yowed to obey my mother, are yowed to obey my mother, me do it. You love Richard Tr No matter. He perhaps was y yellow curls and blue eyes. By ecannot help but love you when I y true light. I mean by that i cknowledge in the talented litt a intellect far superior to mine are for that. It will be easy for while. Don't fret, for you would hookey my mother, would "Orthe Your "Orther

by. YOR "OTHER D My little princess! We are mar Richard and I have been married f five years. Dorothy was with us week; then she went to her mo mine. Yes, she is in heaven now, 'iful, sainted princess!--Edna W. ied r -Edna W. App

Cheap Fra The many really artistic supplements with the other excellent pictures suppli-now by the several illustrated periodicals often tempt and deservo framing. A simpl frame can be made from ordinary laths, co to fit the picture and joined even at the co-ners, or left with crossing ends. A coverin of Ching silk Language. ners, or left with crossing ends. A of China silk, Japanese crape, or a ured cretonne is then shirred on. will supply and cut the glass, wanted, at a trifling additional exp with a piece of manilla paper nee at the back for firmness and prote dust a satisfactory framing is obta Her Point of View in New York Tin

Kitty's Scratches. 'How did kitty come to scratch you, "I guess he did it with his purrs," said Sold at Schilcher's Drug Store. orgie.-Harper's Bazar.

