The Mother Of Missions

NEW YORK LEADS THE UNITED STATES IN CITY CHARITIES.

Beautiful and Accomplished College Graduates Who Labor Among the Very Poor.

In bright and cheery rooms thoroughly dainty and refined in their every appointment, and overlooking one of the oldest and most historic churches and churchyards in New York, is located the training school for workers under the woman's branch of the New York city missions.

This school was founded in answer to the call for experienced workmen, and to meet the need of many young women from universities and colleges, who, desirous of concentrating their lives to bettering the condition of the people of the slums, are seeking special training. Here they have special courses in sewing, cooking, vocal culture in choral classes, etc., and under the direction of experienced missionaries and nurses to tenement house visiting, and assisting in every sort of charitable work. And as the field extends from Fourteenth street, to the battery of this great metropolis, it affords exceptional opportunities, for practical training. The tuition is free in this training school, and only the nominal sum of $100 a year is charged for board.

HIGH BRED INTELLECTUAL WOMEN.

I found amongst these young women workers graduates from colleges and universities all over the country, some who had taken special courses in England and Germany, and one highly educated Italian, who has learned English, and is taking this training course in order to prepare her to carry on the same work among the poor in her own beloved Italy.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

The work of these young women differs from the regular "College Settlement" methods, in that they build wholly upon the Christian basis. They do any amount of practical labor in the homes, but rely upon the spiritual work for their greatest results.

Of course, their best results are with the children, but even with the older people they succeed to an extent that is beyond the most sanguine hope of the humanitarian of fifty years ago. They can enumerate many cases where men have reformed, improved in their conditions and prospects, moved up into better parts of the city; but, of course, their old haunts are immediately filled by those poor "whom ye have always with you."

My card of introduction was to a Wellesly young woman, who has been engaged in the work long enough to have it well in hand. As there was a little time before the "Mother's meeting," which she was to conduct, and to which she was to take me, she turned me over to a young woman, whose remarkable beauty made me pause and wonder. But seemingly quite unconscious of her personal loveliness and all aglow with youthful enthusiasm in her work, she conducted me to the baby fold.

A NEW WORK.

This baby fold was brought into being by a case of simple necessity. It seems one of these little ones lost its mother, and the father was ill and out of work, but didn't want to give up his child altogether, and there was no institution in New York, where a child under two could be placed temporarily, unless ill. Many parents utterly unable to take care of their children for a time cannot bring themselves to give them up altogether, so the baby fold is to tide them over these times, and when the child is two years old, if the parents are still unable to care for it, it is placed in some one of the institutions. Here, in a bright sunny room were eight little snow white cribs, and several nurses tending the helpless little beings. One old nurse sat with a baby in each arm, nursing them and singing to them lustily.

But it was soon time to say good-by to the babies and be off to the mother's meeting at one of the mission churches. These churches are never closed and every day in the week and nearly every hour in the day they are in use for some special purpose. Kindergartens, sewing schools, mothers' meetings, children's hour, etc., fill up the days and the weeks.

THE CROCHET MAN.

After the meeting I was allowed to join one of the young women on her visiting tour. She first took me to one of her "shut in" cases. It was one of the thriftier of the tenement houses, in which the very best was made of very meagre means. The one living room was scrupulously clean and made bright with picture cards and here and there a touch of color. Here we found a man who, until last summer had not been out of his home for nine years, but literally lived in his wheeled chair. Rheumatism had rendered him completely helpless, and the only thing that he can do at all now is to crochet. Previous to his illness he was a wood carver, but his hands will no longer hold the tools for such work. He was bright, animated, cheery, very glad to see us and showed me samples of his work with the greatest interest.

He has a pleasant corner by the window, in which is a pretty plant, and here year in and year out he sits crocheting for the support of his family. Afgans, shawls, edging, etc., are his leading articles. Then occasionally he gets an order for lettering which he does quite prettily. But as the demand for crochet work is very slight, he probably could not manage at all, were it not for these noble women who charge themselves with securing orders and disposing of work for him. They also help the industrious wife, who is a sort of housekeeper for the whole tenement, to meet the dreaded rent day.

The mission sent him into the country last summer for two weeks, and it was the first time that he had seen his own street except from his window for nine years, and he cannot yet cease from talking of the wonderful changes New York had undergone in that time. Like all prisoners the first day of liberty made him long for his cage again, but he soon came to enjoy the unlimited space, fresh air and wide sky of the country, and has been much better since for his outing.

AUCTIONING OFF A HAREM.

The Seven Sultanas Must Be Supported by the State.

Naturally, the Sultan of Turkey keeps the largest harem in the east. But while all this dangerous war talk menaces the sultan's empire causing the son of the prophet anxiety and sleepless nights, his three hundred and more wives, who crowd the many palaces of Turkey, remain in blissful ignorance of the state of affairs.

These are chiefly Georgian or Circassian girls, presented by the pashas. Once inside the harem-lik, or woman's side of the house, the poor women spend their time as spoiled, idle children would, eating, dancing, frolicking, and, as a rule, do not find in the present sultan a cruel master. This ruler of Turkey is indeed a gentle enough soul, with only two strong passions, fear of such assassination as overtook his brother, and delight in digging subterranean passages. As a young man, with no aspirations or hopes of the throne, he was well considered in Constantinople, and but lately, when an English physician was summoned to the palace on the hill above the city to operate upon the eye of one of the sultan's little daughters, the tender-hearted monarch could not bear the sight of her pain, but sat outside the door weeping heartily in sympathetic anguish. Of his children he is exceedingly fond, says a lady long resident of Constantinople.

THE SEVEN SULTANAS.

"There are seven of his slaves known as official wives," she explained. "From the children of these heirs to the throne are selected, and should this sultan die or be deposed, the state must undertake to support these women and their children."

Now, to be the mother of a sultan is to enjoy the highest honor a woman can reach in Turkey. The sultan's mother has her own palaces, her slaves, the affectionate consideration of her son, and an opportunity to exert some power. But, owing to the degrading influences of the harem, few women, afforded even this freedom and influence, care or know how to wisely exert it. The great-grandmother of the present monarch was apparently the most intelligent woman of her kind, for she has left a grateful memory through Turkey in the number of fine wells she caused to be dug. Many of the wells bear her name, and to provide fair drinking water in the waste places is the highest form of philanthropy in that Eastern country.

What becomes of the other wives, those who have borne no children and therefore have no claim on the state, those who are old and out of favor, it would be almost impossible to say. The old and ugly ones drift out into the world and earn such livelihoods as they can find, some of the pretty ones are retained for the harem of the succeeding sultan, and many are bought up, at a sort of auction, by the pashas or men who can afford to keep slaves at all. But no one really knows, at least, no one of the outside world, since to speak to a Turk of his wife and family, to mention his harem-lik to a pasha, is to offer a serious insult.

According to Mohammed, no man can keep more wives than he is able to support, so that the average Turk keeps only one, and should he at any time fail to provide her maintenance suitable to her station in life, this one wife is completely at liberty to collect her children and belongings and desert her husband. This rule does not hold good, however, in the harem.

IN THE HAREM LIK.

The sultan's favorites rule those beneath them, the wives and the slaves alike. European women, who have entered the houses as governesses to the royal children, quickly escape from the pitiful sights and sounds, the cruel tragedies and cruder comedies, that are enacted every day among these women.

Yet do not continue in the common error that the harem inhabitants live all in one great hall and garden. Each member of this ill-assorted household has her own separate apartments, and every woman may keep her children with her, but no woman can be sure when some new favorite will encroach on her liberties, when to set a new jewel in the favorite's diadem, her allowance will be stinted and the favorite in the harem is as implacable as Juggernaut to those who stand in her path.

Too Hasty.

They were talking about the various methods of celebrating the passing of the old year, and the coming of the new.

"Did you ever dance the old year out and the new year in?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed; scores of times," was the reply. And then she was sorry she spoke. —London Tit-Bits.

The Dorothy.

Keeping Track Of the New Year

ODD DESIGNS IN CALENDARS FOR THE ONE NOW HERE.

They Are Religious, Sentimental, Artistic, Pretty and Above all Unique.

The new calendars for 1896 bear a sentiment for the holiday time, as well as a greeting for the new year. This season the variety is infinite and each one a handsome specimen of fine art.

Religious calendars—the "Lord's Prayer," the "Christian Graces," the "Year of Sunshine," show texts of courage, consolation and trust, for every month, upon oblong panels of cardboard daintily decorated with fresh flower clusters, and border of silver or gold. The twelve panels are held together and suspended by intertwined ribbons.

Among the poets' calendars it is difficult to make a choice. There are the noble thoughts of Whittier, quaint humor and philosophy of Holmes, the pathos of Longfellow and the romance of Tennyson. The twelve leaves are inclosed and preserved between pretty covers, held together by a tiny chain.

We shape ourselves, the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made—
And fill the future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

So Whittier speaks while the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" gives the charge: "Don't be consistent—but be simply true;" and again: "Talking is like playing on a harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop the vibration, as in twanging them to bring out the music."

The Tennyson calendars are richly illuminated and printed, with illustrations from some of the author's best known poems, for example Enoch Arden and Annie sitting by the sea, the miller's daughter, fresh and fair, leaning from the window casement over the box of mignonette. There is also the luckless lady of Charlott in gown of golden tissue, weaving her magic web.

Flower faces present a bright greeting for each month, the blue-eyed baby peeps out from a lily cup for January, the new-born year, the fullness of womanhood filling the poppy flush of August, the grandmother's smile in the heart of December, set amid clustering holly berries.

Still another shows a quaint device, a group of four paper dolls arrayed in jaunty Watteau costumes, arranged upon cardboard in the cross-hand figure of the minuet, holding garlands of flowers between them and keeping time and step in pretty dance, with the New Year. Nursery calendars are full of fun for the children.

Circles of dogs, pigs and birds revolve upon a pivot at the center, all endeared to childish hearts by expression and a bit of verse.

A calendar to mark off the months and days of our most precious time, if not chosen for us by some thoughtful friend, we should select according to our taste and mood, remembering that for all the year round it will confront us each day in its familiar place, a gleam of brightness and of hope, or a bit of counsel or wise thought.

For America's Favorite Dessert

RICH ICES AND SOME TRICKS IN MAKING THEM.

Excellent Recipes for Dainty Flavors That Will Appeal to Women in General.

Of all American desserts ice cream ranks the highest. From the rich to the poor it is universal.

The finest is the Neapolitan, which is found in every cafe in Europe. For its rival the Philadelphia made in that "City of Brotherly Love" takes a wide margin. For these the purest of milk and cream which in richness and flavor is unrivaled.

In Europe there is but little distinction between creams and water ices. In Italy they are called sherbet, in Germany gefrons, or something frozen, while in France they use the term glace, and in England and America the word ice is applied to all forms of frozen confectionery.

VANILLA ICE CREAM.

Put in the saucepan on the fire, a quart of milk, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, three tablespoonsful of extract of vanilla, and eight yolks of eggs; stir with an egg-beater, and, when beginning to thicken, without boiling, strain your mixture and allow it to become cold.

Place the tin freezer into the pail belonging to it and surround it with chopped ice mixed with a half pound of rock salt; pour your cream into the tin can which cover and then turn the handle at the side of the pail rapidly around for a few moments; take off the cover from the can and with a spoon detach any of the cream which may have frozen to the side. Again put on the cover, continue to turn the handle, repeating from time to time the operation thus described pressing the cream down with a spoon so as to make it thoroughly smooth. After the cream is thoroughly frozen put it into a mild place, place on top a thick piece of paper and shut down the cover securely. Place your mold in a bowl, surround it with chopped ice with which mix two handfuls of rock salt. Just before serving turn your ice cream out of the mold by dipping it a few seconds in warm water. The vanilla bean will give as fine a flavor as the extract if perfumed.

Put in the saucepan on the fire a pint and a half of milk, the yolks of eggs about the number of eight, fourteen ounces of sugar, and half a pint of very strong, black coffee. Stir well with an egg-beater and when beginning to thicken without boiling strain your mixture and allow it to become cold, and freeze as vanilla ice cream.

FROZEN CUSTARD.

Three quarts of cream, 18 eggs, 2 pounds of sugar, and season with extract of vanilla according to taste. Put 2 quarts of cream into a farina boiler over a quick fire, beat the eggs and sugar to a paste and beat to a cream as light as possible. Add to it the hot cream, stir well and as soon as it forms a thick coating on the spoon take it off the fire. Add the remaining quart of cream and stir until cold. Strain, freeze and serve.

To every pint of syrup allow a pint of lemon juice, the rind of four lemons. Rub the sugar on the rind of the lemons, and with it make a syrup. Strain the lemon juice and add to it the other ingredients. Stir well and put the mixture in the freezing pot, one half spoon will freeze this mixture.

One-half cupful of water, and two-thirds of a cupful of sugar boiled together for half an hour. Three eggs beaten well and stirred into the boiling syrup and the saucepan containing the mixture is placed into one of boiling water. For eight minutes the mixture is vigorously beaten. Then transfer the saucepan from the pan of hot water to one of cold water, beat the mixture until cold. A teaspoonful of vanilla extract and a pint of cream whipped to a froth are added. The mixture again stirred well. Put into paper cases shaped like cake pans, three or four inches long. A dozen and a half macaroons are browned in the oven, and after they have become hard and cold they are rolled fine and sprinkled over each biscuit.

MRS. OLIVER BELL BUNCE.

FASHIONS IN GLOVES.

More Buttons Than Ever and Finished With Lace and Pearls.

The latest thing in an evening glove from Paris is a twenty-button suede. That is the longest made this season, and even if a woman wears a gown with no sleeves in it, she does not wear a longer glove, but leaves the fleshy part of her arm exposed. The glove has two bands of jeweled trimming, one at the wrist and the other finishes it at the top. A drawing string is run in at the top, which keeps the glove from slipping down. Another glove much worn by French women who are obliged to wear long sleeves in the evening is the eight-buttoned suede without an opening.

Still another style for evening wear, reported in the New York Sun, and one very becoming to plump white arms, is finished at the top with a plaited frill of fine lace, set on with pearl trimming. It is much used by chronic opera-goers.

Suede is the thing for evening wear, though a few economically disposed women buy glace. This is an English fashion. Now, in France the women wear gloves to cover their hands, while in England and America they usually wear them to shape the hand.

No well-dressed French woman would ever be caught anywhere in glace kids. They always wear suede on all occasions. At present there is a great demand for glace gloves in America, but the various shades of red that have been so stylish for two years past are quite out of date.

Soft, neutral tones are used for the street. They go with everything, don't show soil and are easily cleansed. The street gloves have two buttons, which clamp instead of buttoning, just as the fastenings on men's gloves do. They hold very securely, never come off and rarely get out of order.

Matinee Girls of Gay Paris

THEY SIT UNCHAPERONED IN THE VERY FRONT ROW.

Golf Capes With Chic Bright Bodices Concerning Which There Is a Mystery.

Paris, Dec. 21.—It is all twaddle and bosh—English and American flunkeyism—to tell of the charm of the French maiden and its mighty enchantment by the constant guardianship of a chaperon. In America we say, "we have a chaperon very often," in England we add, "there should always be one whether there is or not," and in France it is supposed that no girl ever appears in public without this sponsor of her youth. Even Marie Bashkirtseff, the first unconventional French girl, never went to her painting class without her aunt—so her biographers tell us—and the young relatives of Carnot took a chaperon along when going out to air the pet poodle.

But I know it to be a matter of fact that French girls have their own lively little time in their own way, and that there is not as much as an elderly cousin in the background to catch the whispered bits of fun.

TO THE MATINEE.

I enjoy going to the theater of a theater afternoon, to see the carriages driving up and depositing their freight of pretty girls. French mammas shop industriously, going religiously from shop to shop, afternoon in and afternoon out. The tea tables, except those open for business in the shopping quarters of the town, are deserted, and many a hostess extinguishes the little alcohol flame, locks up her small gold spoons, and sallies out to join the shoppers, when she should be at home brewing tea for callers.

At the door of the theater the young women, who are as averse to shopping as their mammas are prone to it, are deposited, and fifteen minutes later, after pruning and pluming themselves in the dressing-room, you see them ranged along the front row of seats in the dress circle, waiting for the curtain to rise. When Sarah is to play it is different. They come early, plume themselves not at all, waste not a minute in the dressing-rooms, but hasten to their places for fear of losing a chance syllable or a bar of the mysterious music which Mme. Sarah commands shall precede her dramatic entrance to the stage.

The other day it was a light burlesque that was on, and such a number of girls were put to see it! French girls wear long capes, such as we at home call "golf capes," and the minute they are in a room they drop them and carry them over one arm. Underneath is a pretty bodice. At the theater the wrap is left at the dressing-room and a small paper ticket is given to claim it by.

French girls, I might also add, have a peculiarity utterly unknown at home. In Paris a girl is a girl, and remains a girl until she is married. The young miss of eighteen who has just poured her first society cup of tea dresses no more youthfully than the girl who has been out three seasons, and the woman of twenty-eight who is still a girl wears the same "baby waist," the same short bodice, the same sash and the same delicate, youthful trimmings as the maiden with her first long gown. This also applies to the woman of thirty-five still "a girl."

But in defense of this one can say that French girls hold their own very smartly until they are married, no matter how postponed that date may be.

SUCH PRETTY GIRLS.

But all the girls I saw at the theater that afternoon were fresh and pretty. Their cheeks were rosy with the tint that Mirabelle spends a fortune annually to imitate, and their hair shone with the gloss that Mirabeau loves to catch in his coiffures. The play was a new one, and the matinee girls were out in full force, each trying to look a little prettier than the others.

The girl upon the end was of the type that French women love to be. "Mon dieu," says a French woman whose daughters are thin and angular, "I would give my next winnings at the Grand Prix if my Aline could be as plump as your Grece." Aline is thin-cheeked, chic and brilliant eyed, while Grece is fat and buttery looking, with the rich olive that foreigners love, mounting to her deep-hued curls.

The girl upon the end, the Grece type, wore a waist that you would have declared to be one part of her suit, but after a little experience in Paris one learns that there are no suits made, except for very nice occasions, and that the skirt and bodice are the accepted types of dress.

Grece's bodice was of red and brown, striped with the plaids cut crossways. There was a broad band of black in it, running across to cut off the brilliant cloth. This was upon a yoke of light brown, and there were very dainty ribbon trimmings of yellow, put on with a ribbon that was lined with brown. Her hat was in yellow and brown, with an openwork brim, and it set back at a tilt that cuts the air horizontally and does not shut off the stage from those behind.

French girls are very economical, with the kind of economy that is forced upon one. In this town no young woman marries without a dower. Be she ever so poor she has money in her own right, and in the upper grade of society she gets a good husband in proportion to the dowry she will receive. At least it seems so, for the girls who carry the best bank account to the bridal altar are the ones whose husbands lead France in all senses, politically, socially and professionally.

SAVING ON BODICES.

To accomplish this much-desired dower the French girl saves money. She is taught to save it and made to save it. Her allowance of 1100 francs ($20) per month—a very large sum—is cut into one-half by her designing mamma, who puts the other half away.

What has this got to do with bodices? A very great deal. This bodice worn by the girl upon one end was fashioned to go with three skirts, brown, yellow and black, looking as if it were made specially for each one. And more, the ribbon trimmings upon the waist could be unstitched, and other ones put on, making the waist appear like an entirely new one. That is the French way of saving money without being dowdy.

I enjoyed looking at a Spanish-faced young woman with a big hat. She was in mourning, but she knew how to wear black. Her gown was of rough, heavy black cloth, made with balloon sleeves and a quite simple round waist. Round her neck she had a white ermine collar, and at her shoulder were stems and stems of green, holly, mistletoe and vines. They fell down her back nearly to her waist. Nothing enlivens black like living green, and I was not surprised to see the natural sprays falling over her hat.

Naughty French minx! She knew she had no business to masquerade her black apparel in that way, and more than once as I looked at her I caught her with upraised hand as though arranging her veil and fixing the greens upon her hat—like an afterthought. But they were stitched upon the hat. That I know, for I tweaked one in the crowd going out.

There is such a reaction here against the masculine woman that mothers are fairly embarrassing their daughters with garments feminine. I saw one young woman with a bodice of velvet, silk and cloth, not mentioning the ribbons.

A Sample of Early Embroidery.

MATINEE GIRLS OF PARIS.

"The One on the End." "From Madame's Silken Scraps." "Her Bodice of Pale Rose." "She Knew How to Wear Black." "In Silk and Velvet and Cloth.

Flower Faces.

Needlework in Silver and Gold

TINSEL EMBROIDERY ONE OF THE NEWEST THINGS.

Technique of an Art That Has Been Long Practiced in Europe.

It would be undoubtedly profitable to many a woman who takes an interest in fancy work to know the technique of tinsel embroidery. The more so as with the simplest execution it realizes marvelous effects, which will be occasionally found appropriate for trimming ladies' dresses.

The foundation consists of velvet, satin or silk. The materials are gold tinsels (very small metallic slabs, showy and glittering with a hole in the middle) ceinture d'or, pliable gold wire, resembling a string of pearls and two kinds of bouillons, that is, craped dark gold and smooth pale gold braid, of a tube-like hollow form. The foundation is stretched on a frame, the wrong side is covered with thick glue so that the whole surface of the material is moistened. Then one takes a piece of cotton or linen of the same size and pastes it on the foundation as lining, taking care to stroke out every wrinkle with the hand. When both materials are dry the design can be transferred. Fig. 1.

One takes the design which is done on thick drawing paper and rests it on a layer of cloth or felt and presses all its outlines with a needle at regular succeeding intervals. The elevation, caused by the pricking on the wrong side, is to be polished off with fine sand paper. Then the design is laid on the foundation, fastened in a manner that it cannot change its position, and traced with a ball of cloth dipped into powdered chalk. This application is continued until the chalk has penetrated through each of the numerous holes of the design; the lines are then drawn over with a brush and a mixture of white water color and a drop of glycerine. On a white ground any soft pencil may be applied instead.

The embroidering begins with outlining the principle figures with the gold wire, which is made to bend in the various curves of the design, and then fastened with topstitches of yellow silk. It is recommended to draw the latter first through wax. The top stitches are to be so arranged that they lose themselves in the incisions between the pearls. When a figure is completed the wire should be cut off one incision beyond the last stitch.

The smooth bouillon is cut into little pieces of different sizes.

In sewing on the gold tinsels to form the veins of the petals, as can be seen in figure 2, one runs the needle into the petal of the star-flower, slipping a piece of smooth braid and a tinsel on the thread and then fastening them down to the edge of the petal. The stringing of several tinsels in succession, as in figure 3, is to be done in a manner that every newly added tinsel covers half of the preceding one.

The craped bouillon, which is applied as middle vein, is cut the entire desired length and, according to figure 4, is strung on the needle and sewed down with numerous small stitches, as in figure 5. The latter has to be done only when the braid is longer than half an inch and when it is sewed on in a straight line. The fastening of it with side stitches is only for craped bouillon; smooth bouillon won't bear piercing, and must, therefore, be fastened piece for piece, even when a straight line has to be made of them. In curved positions, figure 6, also the craped bouillon is sewn on in pieces, and so closely united as to appear uncut.

To make the border, figure 7, braids of equal size are used, sewn on with back-stitches, so that every piece reaches to the middle of the preceding. In effecting this, the needle must push aside the sewn on piece of braid to hide the one end of the succeeding piece under it, which, in its turn, covers the lower end of the preceding one.

To make the tinsel appear as in the border of figure 8, each tinsel is to be fastened down with a piece of braid, which is, however, large enough not to slip through the opening of the tinsel. How the other decorations are made can be easily understood by looking at the finished diagram, figure 9.

TO REMOVE STAINS.

Several Suggestions Which, Followed Properly, Will Blot Them Out.

Hartshorn will remove fruit stains. Turpentine will remove iron mold, as well as grease. Ammonia will remove grease. Chloride of lime, if sparingly used, is useful in the laundry. It should be steeped, and the water strained through muslin, to clear it from "bubbles." If any of the lime escapes to the material, it burns a hole. Many laundries habitually abuse chloride of lime, hence clothing sent out wears out sooner than those washed at home. They use it instead of boiling, considering it quicker and handier.

Salts of lemon and oxalic acid remove iron mold and ink. Cover the stain with the powder, hold the cloth over a vessel, and pour boiling water through; then wash in the usual way.

Fruit or winestains, if not dry, may be removed by rubbing in salt and then pouring on the boiling water. If dry, chloride of lime, strained as directed, is effectual and harmless.

Powdered French chalk will absorb grease from cloth. Place the stained part over a hot iron, cover with the chalk, rub off with a clean rag, and repeat till the stain is removed. Blotting paper answers the same purpose as French chalk.

A WOMAN'S POSE.

A Beautiful and Graceful Art Our Women Too Often Neglect.

It is a lamentable fact that very few of our American women pose themselves either gracefully or elegantly.

In walking or standing one should always remember to use the ball of the foot, instead of letting the weight fall more upon the heels. In the latter position the stomach is thrown forward in advance of the chest, and an unsightly result produced.

When one is walking one should also attempt to keep the shoulders as level and as immovable as possible, letting the motion all come from the hips downward. It is not an infrequent spectacle that of a woman—this fault is much commoner in the feminine world—walking with her shoulders and arms—that is, with these members in constant movement.

Another important item that has to do with attitudinizing is that of the position of the body when seated. In the first place, a short person must avoid a high chair. Then, in taking the one she has selected, she should, before slowly settling herself, assume the attitude of courtesying. This gentle movement will bring her well back in the chair. If she sit farther forward she again makes the stomach the most prominent part of the anatomy, a thing always to be avoided.

Boudoir of the Czarina.

The boudoir of the czarina at Czarskoye Selo, is said to be a spacious apartment, very light and very sparsely curtained. Masses of tropical verdure divide the room into several cosy compartments and give it a very picturesque appearance. The dado of the wall is formed almost entirely of photographs. An easel in one of the window recesses and a grand piano in another testify to the Czarina's artistic tastes; several of her own water colors hang on the walls, and she is in the habit of singing to the czar the folk-songs of his own country.

Teach the Children.

That teasing is a positive crime.

That they must eat bread before cake.

That bedtime is not a "movable" hour.

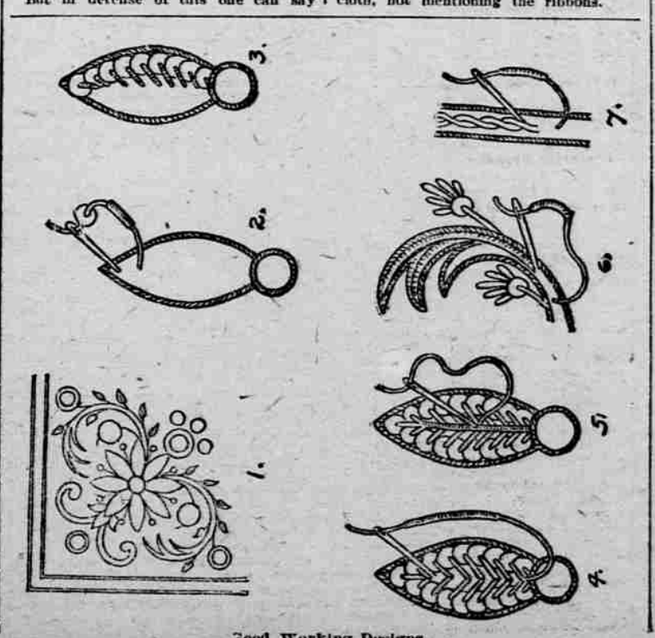
That they must speak respectfully to the servants.

That bawling over bruises is unworthy sturdy beings.

That they should not appeal from the decision of one parent to the other.

That punishment follows in the wake of prevarication and of hiding more swiftly than it follows active mischief.

That it is in bad taste for them to tell all that they learn of the neighbors' domestic arrangements through playing with the neighbors' children.



Good Working Designs.