THE SERVANTS' SIDE.

An Entertaining and Instructive Half Hour With a Party of Girls.

FAULTS OF MISTRESSES.

Places Where the Help Comes to Dinner After the Poodles.

DISTINCTIONS IN BILLS OF FARE.

Freedom in the Evening Is the Burning Question of the Day.

OLD CLOTHES IN LIEU OF SALARY

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

HARRISBURG, June 18.—In this day, when the servant girl question is receiving so much attention from both social and economic theorists, a few illustrations bearing on the subject may possess a practical value. It may, perhaps, be as well to say at once that no facts will be stated in this connection, save such as have come under the writer's own personal observation.

One ought not reasonably to expect an unfledged angel to enact the role of a Bridget for the modest compensation of $2 to $3 a week. There is no special dispensation of Providence which will exempt the maid from the moods, sulks, aches and blues to which her mistress is occasionally subjected. From a dispassionate point of view it would seem natural to expect more of self-control and calm endurance from the educated and intelligent woman than from her ignorant and undisciplined domestic. In many cases facts will not bear out such an assumption. The mistress regards afflictions and tempers as her own special prerogative and exacts unvarying amiability from her maid of all work.

Servants Not Supposed to Have Nerves.

This too, despite the fact that the former can command her own time, while the latter must bake and boil, and wash and iron, no matter how suffocating the weather may be, how her head may ache or her nerves throb. Nerves, however, are a most superfluous luxury for a servant. They are popularly supposed to be the special possession of the rich. As the physical anatomy of rich and poor is the same, it is hard to understand why "nerves" cannot belong to the arbiter of the kitchen as well as to the presiding genius of the drawing room.

One thing should always be borne in mind, namely, that both mistress and maid are alike women, endowed with similar aims and hopes and natures and affections. The servant is not an automaton. She may have a lower grasp of the meaning and purposes of life, but her horizon embraces within its limits much the same objects that are contained within the broader sweep of her mistress' mental vision. Bridget is a shrewd observer. She is a critic and a judge. She sees the prosaic side of life, and has a profound contempt for many a woman who stands high in the social world. If Bridget so elected she could carry from one place to another many a choice morsel of domestic wrangling, of private scandal, of unguessed selfishness and of shrewish temper. As a rule, however, some unwritten code of honor seals her lips, and she keeps inviolate numerous secrets with which she might amaze a startled public.

One Subject Bridget Discusses.

On one subject, however, she is verbose. When questioned by another servant concerning a place which she has recently left Bridget does not hesitate to speak forcibly and to the treatment which she received personally. Further than this she does not go, but on this one topic she waxes eloquent.

Recently at a little gathering of working girls I chanced to overhear the mistress discussed from her maid's standpoint. In the group were some eight or ten servants. Two of them were desirous of securing places, and were making eager inquiries about certain women who were known to be without help. In short, the girls were seeing if their would-be mistresses could furnish suitable recommendations—rather a reversal of the usual status of affairs. Yet, be it known, this is by no means an unusual proceeding. A sort of Freemasonry exists among all servants, in consequence of which they advise, warn, dissuade and admonish each other with regard to all places. But let them speak for themselves, and remember that this is no fancy sketch at all, but a bit of servant talk to which the writer deliberately listened.

Not as Good as the Dogs.

Mary was out of a place and Mrs. Smith, Bridget's former mistress, was endeavoring to engage her. Bridget listened nervously to the statement of the case, and then her words burst forth in a torrent: "I would sooner starve than go back to her. Sure, she gave me $5 a week and there was a second girl and a washerwoman, too, but for all that, and though there were only two in the family, I wouldn't go back again for no amount of money! I never dared eat any meat or potatoes until her dogs had been fed; as if I wasn't as good as a dog, and better, too! I had to eat after them, and to cook for the nasty little things and to wash them as if they were babies. And I never dared to be out after 9 o'clock in the evening, though gracious me, she would be out until 3 and 4 in the morning! And I didn't dare have company, either. What did she think I could do all evening, anyway? I can't read and she knows it. I've heard her complain often enough of being lonely when her husband was away and no one chanced to call, and goodness knows she had her books and magazines and music and fancy work. And that was her house, too, and of course she would feel more interest in it than I would. But she expected me to be in every evening of my life and never see my friends. I stood it nearly a year, for I hate to change places, but I tell you I'd have gone crazy sure if I'd stayed a week longer."

Must Have Their Evenings.

A very animated discussion followed Bridget's harangue, and it was most obvious that the "evening" was a sore topic with the girls. Help chanced to be very scarce in the city and there were evidently certain women who would find it extremely difficult to get girls because of their stand on this very question.

Apparently the girls did not wish to be unreasonable. At least they so asserted repeatedly. They were willing to remain at home whenever there was any real emergency demanding their presence. When no such case arose, however, they felt that they were entitled to some liberty after a hard day's work.

"Our minister gave me a ticket once to a Y. M. C. A. lecture," announced Bridget, "and Mrs. Smith wouldn't let me go. That was just a little too much. She said I oughtn't to be on the streets alone at night. As if an honest girl couldn't take care of herself at that hour!"

"How about Mrs. Brown?" questioned Mary, "she hasn't got a girl, either."

"I don't believe you'd like her at all," volunteered another of the group. "You didn't eat in the dining room, and you can't use the same dishes that the family does. She keeps cheaper ones for the girl. Then, too, she'll buy cheap meat and cheap butter for you, and you won't dare touch what the family has. I know all about her. I've tried it there. I used to have hard work getting a square meal sometimes."

A Woman They All Liked.

"I wish Mrs. A. wanted a girl," was Mary's next remark. It was evident that Mrs. A. was well known, at least by reputation, judging from the complimentary chorus that greeted this last utterance. "When she wants a girl she can get 20." "Her servants have to do their work well, but she knows how to treat them." "Her girls never leave unless they die or get married." "She is a real lady." "She doesn't poke her nose into a girl's private affairs."

These were only a few of the eulogiums pronounced on the absent Mrs. A., and she was one of the very few that received any commendation from the kitchen critics.

A running commentary on well-known women of the place followed, and some of the strictures passed were very keen. Scraps of conversation reached me something like this: "Mrs. C. is dreadfully fussy and particular and puts on lots of airs with her servants. I wonder if she thinks we don't know she was a hired girl once herself. A real lady don't have to put on such airs and be so afraid of herself."

"I stayed a month once at Mrs. D.'s, but she thought she could go into my room and look through all my things whenever she wanted to. I found her reading my letters more than once. I wonder how she would liked to have had me going through her things that way. I would have had just as much right to do it as she had."

A Mistress Who Was Suspicious.

"Mrs. F. was awfully funny. She was always leaving a ten-cent piece or a quarter around some place to see if I would take it. I tumbled quick enough to her little game, but it made me mad. She had the worst children I ever saw. They had to mind her, but she let them be as impudent to the girls as they chose. I never heard children talk so in all my life, and their mother seemed to think it was all right, no matter what they said to me. The oldest boy slapped me in the face one day and I put him out of the kitchen. I wouldn't stand that sort of thing you can just bet. Then there was a scene. The mother scolded me but never said a word to the child, so I up and told her that I wouldn't stay another hour unless she would keep the youngsters of out the kitchen and make them behave respectably to me. She wouldn't do it, of course, and I left. It was in the midst of a large washing, too, but I didn't care one bit."

"You know Mrs. M.? Well, she doesn't know any more about housekeeping than a baby does. She wouldn't own up to it, though, and she used to act as wise as an old grandmother. She never knew what to order for a meal, so at last she commenced giving me published menus. Well, half the time I couldn't get the things in those old bills of fare. They weren't to be had in the market and that is all there was about it. So I got in the habit of buying just what I could, and she never knew the difference between the printed bill of fare and mine, for I'd never let on.

A Home Where Food Was Wasted.

"The amount of food wasted in that house was something awful. She always wanted a great lot of everything cooked for fear company would come in unexpectedly. Then she'd never let me put a scrap on the table the second time, and I didn't dare give any to the beggars either. I just had to throw everything away. Sometimes there would be a great big roast or a whole chicken. It used to make me feel bad. I don't believe much in beggars myself, but I'd a heap rather give good victuals like that to them, than to throw them away. That woman will come to want before she dies, you see if she doesn't."

"I wonder if any of you ever lived with Mrs. O.," remarked another girl who had kept silent upto this point, "because if you haven't, you don't know a thing about work. She only kept one girl, and I had to do all the work, even the washing and ironing. There were eight in the family, too. She never did an earthly thing, not even to make her own bed, or look after the mending. I had it all to do, and half the time I had to mind the baby while cooking or washing. Then she had an awful lot of company. I've ironed there sometimes until 3 o'clock in the morning, and that wasn't any fun either, for I had to be up again at 6 to get breakfast. I stood it for more than two years though, for I was green then. Besides, I couldn't help liking her, too. But I tell you I wouldn't go back again."

Not Getting Their Pay.

"I think the meanest thing of all, though, is to be cheated out of your money. I lived with one woman who was good enough in every other way, but she was a regular old miser. She did hate to pay me just awfully. Every Saturday she'd hunt up an old skirt or an old dress that wasn't fit to be seen, or maybe an old pair of shoes. Then she'd tell me how good they were still and how much more they were worth than my week's wages, but that she'd give them to me anyway for just what she owed me, because she knew I needed them. And I'd just have to take them. You never saw anything like her. You couldn't get your money and that's all there was about it."

Are these decidedly ungrammatical scraps of talk interesting? They should possess some merit from an ethical standpoint at least, as they are from real life. Of course, the servant problem is two-fold. There are plenty of domestics who are ignorant, dishonest, untruthful and drunken. Yet these girls are in the minority. The average servant is fairly competent, honest and willing. She often comes from a respectable country family and desires to be treated with some degree of consideration. The trouble is that mistresses make no distinction at all between the ignorant and the competent, between the honest and the unreliable. The servant girl has not the education which will allow her to tell her trials and tribulations in cold print. The wrongs and woes of her mistress have formed the theme of many an eloquent article, but Bridget has been compelled to remain dumb.

MABEL CRONISE JONES.

A FAMOUS CARRIAGE.

It Is the One Used by Napoleon I. in His Retreat From Moscow.

The carriage which Napoleon I. used in his famous retreat from Moscow, and in which he started out from Paris in the campaign that ended at Waterloo, is now held by the trustees of the Wellington estate, having been captured by the Iron Duke.

It is a two-seated conveyance, with top and sides lined with iron; there is also a front "curtain" of iron that can be raised and lowered at will. The wheels are large and heavy, and the steps are finished with curious battle designs done in silver. The Emperor used the back seat and kept his pillows and blankets under it. The back of the front seat was used as a cupboard, and was provided with all sorts of culinary articles and a small spirit or oil stove.

PERSISTENT EFFORT.

A Good Policy Is Cromwell's Example, Make the Iron Hot by Striking.

It is good policy to strike while the iron is hot; it is still better to adopt Cromwell's procedure, and make the iron hot by striking, writes E. L. Magvon in the *Hupanitarian*. The master spirit who can rule the storm is great, but he is much greater who can both raise and rule it. To attain that grand power, one must possess the brave and indomitable soul of activity which prompted Edmund Burke to exclaim to his constituents in his famous speech at Bristol, "Applaud us when we run; console us when we fall; cheer us when we recover; but let us pass on—for God's sake, let us pass on."

THE SHOCK OF A CANNON.

Rabbits Placed Near the Muzzle of a Gun Were Instantly Killed.

During the recent trial trip of the British cruiser Beowulf, experiments were made for the purpose of determining the shock of the air at the mouth of a gun at the moment of firing.

Rabbits were placed near the muzzles of the guns, and shots fired. In every case the animal fell dead at once. In order to test the probable effects of the enormous displacements of air upon human beings, figures made of straw were used. These were torn to pieces in every instance. The trials were made with long-bored 24-centimeter ring guns.

HATS AND BONNETS.

Our Sisters Across the Seas Wearing Some Pretty Designs.

PARIS CONTRIBUTES BEAUTIES.

Gowns to Be Seen in the Salons, Theaters and Gardens There.

HINTS AS TO DAME FASHION'S WHIMS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

This is par excellence the year of pretty hats and bonnets; so the ladies say, and they are the best judges. The shapes are all quite new, and are the smartest and daintiest seen for many seasons.

No. 1.

The pretty little bonnet shown in sketch marked No. 1 is quite a novelty that has just been brought out in London. It is certain to meet with high favor, although not becoming to all faces. It is made of suede, either tan color or black, edged with fine jet and gold embroidery. Perched high in front is a large butterfly of wired lace in black and gold. It can also be had in black without any gold.

No. 2 is a tempting novelty that has just been brought out by one of the most stylish and original of Parisian milliners. The shape is new and likely to be generally becoming. It is made of white chip and white fancy straw, trimmed all along one side with clustering tips of white ostrich feathers arranged very prettily. The trimming is completed by a band and bow of black velvet, secured with a small paste buckle.

No. 2.

The same milliner brings out another dainty thing which is reproduced in No. 3. It is really a pretty bit in the way of headgear and is made up of a crown of pale eau de nil chip with a brim of black nutmeg straw, the latter bent into a most becoming point in front. The trimming consists of a large Alsatian bow of black guipure lace, with a cluster of roses placed on one side. This arrangement is not absolute, the shape admitting of many different combinations.

No. 3.

In No. 4 one of the newest and smartest hats of the season is reproduced. The shape is made with a crown of brown chip and a wide brim of brown fancy straw. The trimming consists of a double wreath of pale pink roses, and some dainty bows and quillings of fine brown lace arranged as shown in cut. Another novelty hailing from London is shown in No. 5. It is an exceedingly becoming hat of fine black straw with a brim turned up slightly all the way round, and ornamented with two lines of jet embroidery. The trimming consists of ivy leaves and berries, and a large bow of magenta velvet, secured by a dagger with a jetted head. It is stated that one-half the fashions of the world originate in Paris. London, Berlin and Vienna have each their coterie of world-renowned modistes. They all bring out new ideas every year, but the best of them seem founded on schemes broached previously in the French capital.

No. 4.

No. 5.

Now is the season when the show at Paris is at its height. The salons, theaters and gardens are thronged with gaily and ultra fashionable Parisiennes and visitors in all the glory of summer attire—i. e., gowns of light woolen material and long basqued coats, opening over lace, cambric or silken fronts, neatly tied in at the waist with satin cinctures and large straw hats trimmed with low broad bows of ribbon or velvet, with the inevitable aigrette of antennæ or insect horns rising dashingly from the center.

The Novel Caps.

About the most striking novelty of the season in the way of a cape was that seen on a lady at the opening of the annual flower show at the Jardin d'Acclimatation. Judging from the general admiration it created it promises to be quite the rage this season. It was a very short shoulder cape of finely pleated black lace, scarcely more in fact than a deep fichu, with a small yoke of silk embroidered with jet, and at the back a huge Alsation bow of very wide black moire ribbon, reaching quite to the hem of the skirt. The cape made a charming finish to a light summer costume. A cut of the new cape is shown herewith.

Mlle. Descanse's Gown.

About the prettiest indoor dresses are those to be seen in the theaters. The actresses at the different playhouses—always adorned in the latest styles—are engaged in quite a rivalry this year as to which shall appear in the neatest and most striking ideas of the great dressmakers.

Emma Eames, the American singer, is at present in Paris, having a number of new dresses made for next season. Three of them, at least, will be likely to create general enthusiasm among the ladies who love new and pretty gowns.

A very pretty garment that would become almost any woman was worn by Mlle. Descanza's, of the Gymnase Theater, and is reproduced here as well as hard black lines can such a dainty and graceful affair. It was made of havannah peace de soie, trimmed with darker silk and white embroidered tulle.

K. G. W.

PARLOR furniture reupholstered. HAUCK & KEENAN, 88 Water street. wsu

WHAT ONE CAN DO AT HOME.

The Dainty Gown a Dainty Girl Made for Herself—It Grew From Accessories—A Pretty Picture One of These June Days—Money Saved.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

I surprised a little lady the other morning and discovered her at work on a waist of dainty colors. When I asked her what she was doing, she replied: "Well, you see, I take part of every morning and make my summer morning dresses. Then I estimate what it would have cost to hire them made, and take that amount which I have saved out of my allowance, put it aside, and never touch it, except to do good—real good, you know, to someone or myself.

"I'm making a dress now that grew out of its accessories, for I only planned it after the little things that are to go with it were all made. I thought about it all in this way: I saw one of the Carmencita parasols downtown and decided to make one in colors to please me. Next I made my hat—but, oh, you'll see now, for it is finished, and I'll put them all on."

And away she ran to dress. When she returned she was so sweet, all lavendar and white, so like a dainty maiden in some quaint picture, that she was a delight to behold. But I shall let her describe it to you as she explained it all to me:

"This parasol is pretty old. I took the crowning off from one I soiled last summer and used it for a pattern, then I covered the frame with lavendar silk. This outside covering is white chiffon and I puffed and shirred it on and put this ruffle around the edge. Then on the inside I put a deliciate lavendar chiffon, because I think it pretty, to have it deeper in the shadow just as a rose seems softer and deeper when you look way down in the bud. Hanging from each rib is a lavendar chiffon flower which buds in a circle around the center and on the edge just inside the white one, and hasn't it a charm?

"My bonnet is just a prettily shaped frame, covered with white shirred mull, and all around the edge I have a border of pale violets. These long strings of mull fasten on my shoulder and fall low down on my dress. This dress is white mull. I bought the skirt length hemstitched and made a plain full skirt a little long in the back. The waist is a simple one gathered in the shoulders and drawn in at the belt, with a lace ruffle at the neck and at the wrists of these puffed sleeves. I bought gros grain lavendar ribbon to give the colors to the dress, and made two loops in each shoulder, then drew a piece from either shoulder to just between my shoulder blades. There I made a bow with short loops, and left the ends fall way down nearly to the bottom of my skirt. I have a piece of the ribbon for a belt and fasten it in front with this Rhinestone buckle.

"Then I wanted a bag for my handkerchief, so I made one out of the mull and lace, and hung it from my belt by two white ribbons, on which I have embroidered a few stray violets. Then these lavender stockings and white canvas shoes were my last purchases."

And I thought how sweet and refreshing will be the sight of that dainty little maiden some of these warm summer's days. And the money she has saved will help gladden some poor heart.

H. F. C.

BICYCLE EXERCISE.

Besides Being Safe It Is Entertaining, and Young Folk Acquire Self-Reliance.

The New York *Ledger* says it is surprising how the bicycle has multiplied since the old-time high wheel has been superseded by the comfortable and manageable "safety." There is now no special risk, while with the old style one occasionally took one's life in one's hands. The one criticism to be made on the present model is that the wheels might to advantage be larger. The larger the wheel, the less jar and the more speed. Of course, the geared wheel helps the speed of the "safety" amazingly; but even this is susceptible of decided improvement.

As an entertainment for children, there is probably nothing which is more desirable. The exhilaration of speed is something delightful, and the sense of freedom and self-reliance which youngsters acquire by means of such exercise is well worth all it costs. For girls, there should be plain, simple dresses of serge, a scant, medium-length skirt, with blouse, loose sleeves with cuffs, and a cap or hat is suitable. The cap is more comfortable, but the hat is almost indispensable for those who burn or tan easily. A veil is inconvenient and scarcely appropriate, but is sometimes absolutely necessary unless one is willing to sacrifice the complexion.

Very long hose, with straps from the shoulders, are required with suits of this sort. Of course, no girl should wear a corset while taking such exercise. A fitted waist, rather loose, is the ideal garment.

There are few prettier sights than a family out on their wheels, or the father instructing the youngsters in the management of this admirable means of exercise.

A CURIOUS BUG.

It Is a Live Beetle, Very Beautiful and Has Had Nothing to Eat for Nearly a Year.

A curiosity in beetles which seems a direct successor of Pope's famous gold bug is now in London, says the Boston *Herald*. It is in the possession of Mr. W. G. Dudley Wyatt, who bought it in the city of Mexico.

It is about an inch in length, and not only has it a gold embroidered coat actually sewn to its wing cases, but its legs, thorax, head, and antennæ are gilded. Mr. Wyatt has taken it to the South Kensington authorities and has promised to present it to them next Thursday. It is alive and has a small gilt chain and pin attached to it, and Mr. Wyatt seems to carry it about in all sorts of odd positions, sometimes pinned to his coat, at other times in his waistcoat pocket. He left Mexico, where beetles decorated as his are worn by the ladies in all the smart sets, and has carried it with him all through the East and India during some seven months. He says it has had nothing to eat during that time, and will live a captive for from three to four years.

THE WAY FRANKLIN LOANED MONEY.

A Letter Explaining His Trick for Doing a Deal of Good With Little Money.

Franklin wrote the following letter to a man to whom he was lending some money:

"I send you herewith a bill for 10 louis-d'ors; I do not pretend to give such a sum, I only lend it to you. When you shall return to your country, you cannot fail of getting into some kind of business, that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must pay me by lending this sum to him, enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation when he shall be able, and shall meet with another opportunity. I hope it may then go through many hands, before it meets with a knave to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with little money."

Window Flowers.

Mild evening brings her pleasant hours,
When dust and din are left behind;
Although I tread no shady bowers,
Yet calm the joy these smiling flowers
Bear to my wearied mind.

Here sterner passions find their tomb,
A day of toil mayhap hath borne;
So sweetly wins each beauteous bloom
To tenderness, that care and gloom
Are made depart with scorn.

Here Sol's last ray, with lingering light,
Gives luster to a thousand hues,
Each glowing in a radiance bright,
Surpassed alone when balmy night
Gild's morn with spangled dews.

Here tender leaf and bud and bloom,
When softly falls the moistening rain,
Loads Zephyr with a rich perfume,
And lends a fragrance to my room,
From Chloris' sweet domain.

—*New York Ledger.*

LOCHINVAR AWNINGS at MAMAUX & SON'S 639 Penn avenue. Tel. 1973. wsu

CLASS DISTINCTIONS

Are Being Drawn Now as Closely in the New as in the Old World.

THE LADY'S MAID AND LADY'S MAN.

Treatment of an American Belle at the Queen's Drawing Room.

GOSSIP FROM MARGARET H. WELCH

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

A recent writer in the *Nineteenth Century* in a study of New York society puts forward the lady's maid as an important factor in the process of evolution which the society class has undergone during the last 20 years. The lady's maid is now as common in New York as in London and her vast increase may be regarded as significant of the change in the woman she serves. She has in fact developed from the woman of wealth and leisure but still simple habits into the "great lady" of Old World aristocracy.

Said a visiting Englishman to a York woman the other day: "I find the class distinctions here quite as strongly drawn as in London; really I think in the more formal households in which I have been, the lines are preserved with greater rigidity than in many English establishments of the same class."

* * *

One of the fortunate or unfortunate young women who were present at the first drawing room writes graphically of it to a New York friend: "I thought it would be delightful," she says, "but it was a perfect penance. A dancing master gave me a lesson in courtesying and managing the court train, whose proportions until you have worn one cannot be appreciated, but when my name was called I was in a panic

Arrayed for Royalty.

of horror. It wasn't the royalties I dreaded, it was the other women. I got through somehow feeling an immense relief that the next name was called before I had much more than began my bows. When I was fairly out of the Throne Room I got caught in a crush which is simply indescribable; my bouquet of orchids was torn out of my hand and I never saw it again, and my tulle veil was a fringe of rags. It really didn't pay, for after all it wasn't the Queen only a mere Royal Highness to whom I made my bow.

A crush of women with trains and furbelows as illustrated, could, as may be fancied, easily get into almost inextricable confusion.

* * *

Hammocks are partaking of the universal progressive movements. A blonde has a pale blue hammock piled with cushions of pale blue sateen strung across the corner of the piazza opening out of her own especial lounging room in her country home. "I shall always wear a white gown when I loll in this," she says esthetically. A brown-haired girl is doing some cushions in gold browns for an ecru hammock, she says, though she does not say it is to match the lights in her eyes. An orange and black hammock in alternate stripes has black silk pillows embroidered in the same vivid hue—a most effective background for some young woman with lustrous eyes and clear dark skin.

* * *

The bric-a-brac table illustrated in the accompanying cut is seen now in many apartments. It can be got up simply or elaborately. A frame of soft wood, ebonized or enameled to suit furnishings, can hold the glass box, or a cabinet maker can put it together of polished hard wood, with brass hinges and fittings for the top case. It is intended for the choice and delicate bits of bric-a-brac, fans, lace, old miniatures, a rare plate or cup, or trifle of delicate carving which are too frail and fine to be exposed to dust and breakage. They

A Bric-a-Brac Table.

are beautifully displayed in this way yet perfectly preserved. Sometimes one apartment holds several of these tables in different sizes. One smaller and with shallower box than the one illustrated was of soft wood painted in pink enamel paint, the glass edges bound and tied with pale pink ribbons; within was a beautiful display of conch shell trinkets, a carved necklace, brooches and some boxes and tiny trays of the pink shell together with a number of uncut specimens.

* * *

Quite as important as the lady's maid is the lady's man who attends her abroad much more often than the maid. At an elevated station in New York the other day a woman of quiet but elegant appearance entered the waiting room, the door being held open for her by a beardless young man, out of livery but unmistakably a servant. He carried a package of law papers and was evidently accompanying his mistress to her legal advisers in the lower part of the city, where many women will not take their horses. The man bought the tickets, held open the second door and preceded the woman to the platform of the train, making way for her, then drew back to permit her to pass in first, seating himself after she had taken a place several seats away on the opposite side.

The woman never once noticed him, or seemed to know that he was there, and at Wall street they left the train in the same formal silence. It takes a mistress of experience as well as a trained servant to manage such scenes unobtrusively, but the fact that they are so managed constantly in New York and Newport indicates the truth of the "great lady" assertion.

* * *

Every bride delights to give some touch of originality to her wedding fete and florists and decorations are taxed to suggest or carry out some distinctive design. A couple recently married stood under two large wedding rings of golden flowers hung above their heads by broad white ribbons. A background at another wedding was a screen of greens on which a large true-lovers' knot was designed in roses, while at still another wedding celebrated last week, an arch of wedding bells made of white flowers spanned the entrance to the room where the ceremony was performed. In the heart of each floral bell was fastened a metal one, whose silver tinkle rang musically out with every air vibration.

* * *

A trained nurse in England has a distinctive dress when she goes abroad with her patient, a dress of dark blue material with red pipings, and with it is worn a semi-poke bonnet with ribbons tying it under the chin. One who accompanied her charge to New York this spring has attracted some attention accompanying him about in drives and walks during his convalescence. There has been an added halo set around the trained nurse's head since the publication of some statistics by a German professor of the risks of her calling. The professor computes among other things that according to figures a nurse at the age of 25 has the same chance of life that a man at 58 has, which shows a small percentage of survival in the profession.

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Next to this being an age of cushions and souvenir spoons it is also one of sachets. A sachet tea has already been described in this column and its possibilities were by no means limited. Dress sachets accompanying gowns sent home from leading modistes and sets of them in varied hues are considered dainty and acceptable gifts for brides. They are attached to a seam in the skirt and are usually 32 inches long and three inches wide. One is sufficient for a skirt and one each, 15 inches long, for the sleeves. In sets they are made of delicate hues, for ball and reception toilets and of ecru and tans for walking dresses.

Bureau sachets are now made in pairs one for the bottom of the drawer and another a size larger than the drawer itself to cover everything and tuck in lightly. There are besides sachets for gloves, ties, handkerchiefs, night dresses and various other impedimenta of the toilet. Fan sachets for the delicate and exquisite toys which milady affects are a late development of the sachet scheme. They are single for one fan, or made often with three compartments for as many of the lace or feather trifles.

* * *

A specialty of some of the Women's Exchange and one to which the attentions of all managers of such institutions should be called, is the painting of china to match broken sets. Any housekeeper who has tried to have a cup or plate of a cherished service replaced by sending to the factory knows what delay and disappointment often result and will be reminded of the probable resources much nearer at hand.

* * *

The desire among women nowadays to contribute in some way to the welfare of others is noticeable in the branching out of the women's clubs into philanthropic work. Whereas at first the clubs were home missionaries, content to carry a broader culture and a deeper knowledge of affairs to their own members alone, they now reach out for other fields of work. Kindergartens and kitchen gardens are favorite schemes for women workers, and fortunately these vineyards are large enough to employ many laborers.

"I welcome a new kindergarten as I do a fresh flower," said a woman who has given her life to the work. "There can never be too many."

Women's Alumnæ associations are especially proficient in concerted charitable work, looking back with amused surprise to the days when a social reunion once or twice a year was the apparent raison d'etre of their existence. Even the fashionable private schools are imbued with the prevailing spirit. In Chicago there is a Lunch Club to provide wholesome and inexpensive luncheons for working women, which was started by the graduates in that city of a fashionable Philadelphia school, and in various cities there are others doing similar work. Vassar Alumnæ, in New York, provide a scholarship at their alma mater, support a kindergarten, and largely contribute to the famous Rivington Street College settlement, and Wells and Smith women are equally active in various avenues of the same sort.

* * *

The white chamois gloves so popular last year are in high favor again. They may be washed in suds of white castile soap, thoroughly rinsed and should be dried on the hand to retain their shape.

MARGARET H. WELCH.

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A most desirable and comfortable range of Allen's Famous Print $2 Wrappers, pointed yoke, piped with solid colors to match stripe, plaited fan back, **Now for 98c Each**

Then come those lovely $3 Wrappers, made up from Arnold's popular Zephyr Ginghams, lovely patterns, both stripes and plaids; they're gathered in front from a square yoke down to waist, where a new Bodice Belt brings it close to the front, plaited fan back, **Now for $1.49 Each**

Talk about keeping cool, you should see those fine India Lawn $3 50 Wrappers, black ground, large or small polka dots, also stripes, feather stitched yoke and cuffs, Watteau plait from neck down with a short demi train, and all we ask for them is **But $1.74 Each**

They're very neat and stylish, those elegant Anderson Gingham $3 50 Wrappers, Chambray yoke and cuffs, tight-fitting body waist, **Now for $1.99 Each**

Take a Peep at Pittsburg's Unapproachable Waist Department.

Still they come. Ten Thousand more! Ten thousand what? Customers? Well, no, not exactly; customers'll come anyhow. But ten thousand more new, stylish, nobby, seasonable Waists (and, whisper in your ear, they're a couple of celebrated manufacturers' overproductions, bought at less than price of material; but, then, you see, we don't want to rattle any of our sensitive neighbors this hot weather; that's why we whisperingly make this announcement in brackets)—

Another lot of those fine 50c and 75c White Lawn Waists, plaited front and back; oh, but they're daisies! **As Before, Only 24c Each**

More of those lovely, fine India Lawn Waists, neatly plaited front and back—$1 is their price all round about us— **Now for 49c Each**

Pretty dark patterns of beautiful dotted and very fine Lawn Waists—they're what you're accustomed seeing at $1 50, **Now for 74c Each**

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Above are simply selections at random. Hundreds of other styles equally cheap. All nice, new fashionable tony Waists. Pay us a visit. It'll more'n pay you.

Pittsburg's Acknowledged Headquarters for Stylish, Fashionable Millinery.

Although running the risk of ruffling the fine feelings of some of our friends and laying ourselves open to renewed manifestations of their constant love and bilious attacks, we cannot refrain from remarking (however egotistical it may appear, it's in appearance only, after all): That never in Pittsburg's Millinery history was there ever such a trade recorded as we've done this season, and let-up there's none, increasing every day. Well, we're ready for all emergencies. All the most advanced styles of Trimmed Millinery for Ladies, Misses and Children, whilst in Untrimmed Hats, why there isn't space enough in The Dispatch to describe their names and attributes. Then our assortment of Flowers, Aigrettes, Jets, Prince of Wales Tips, in all shades and black; the fashionable Scotch Thistle, Straw Braids, and, in fact, everything that will contribute to the elegant, refined, cultured appearance of high-class, stylish, fashionable Millinery. Then, our trimmers are all brainy, artistic, United States milliners, each one an adept at her business. And, to crown all, our prices (never mind how it's done, it's done, anyhow) are very much lower than anywhere else. All these facts strongly and firmly welded together, making one of the most powerful trade attracting magnets it ever was the good fortune of anyone to possess. Besides paying particular attention to every-day Millinery WE ALWAYS HAVE A LARGE STOCK LATEST STYLES MOURNING MILLINERY. ALSO, MAKE ANY STYLE TO ORDER. MOURNING VEILS, ALL LENGTHS—WE KEEP A NICE LINE OF IN STOCK. MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S MILLINERY, AT ALL TIMES—NO MATTER HOW BUSY WE MAY BE—RECEIVES OUR BEST ATTENTION.

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