



THE WOMAN'S GLOBE.

Luxurious Surroundings in Whose Midst the Modern Belle Prepares for Sweet Slumber.

Some Delicious Novelties in Evening Gowns Which Will Adorn Fair Wearers this Summer.

Something About the Proper Time for Matrons to Exchange the Blessings for Marriage.

Dressmakers and the Way They are Taught—Fashion Pointers—Fragments for Fair Readers.



AU CAFE.

You're a pretty little waiter, O, Fraulein! To my wants you always cater, when I dine; and you have no irritating way of keeping people waiting, and your smile is captivating, I opine.

BEAUTY RETIRING.

Do you know what a dudine goes to bed? Do you know what a cozy sensation it is to come home after a long night's dissipation and seek the charming privacy of one's own particular apartment? Can you imagine how relieved nature is when she gets out of her compress, her bandages and her stays, and lets the muscles of the young thing's heart play naturally for once? Have you any notion of how it feels to let all your ribs start-free to do as they please after a compression of perhaps fourteen hours, during which they have been over-lapping each other all the time? Can you by any stretch of vivid imagery feel that heavy hair on your head, and again can you realize the intense relief the young woman feels when all those savage pins are taken out, the sore spots on top of the head rubbed with cool water and the heavy hair brushed smoothly back for the night. It doesn't take a girl long to get out of her torgery when once she has gained the door.

THE PRIVACY OF HER OWN ROOM.

She is like one in a vise; even though her clothes are made big enough, they are a great load, and stays have an emphatic way of asserting themselves about midnight. The great majority of women long for an hour when they can disrobe, and Adolphus Little suspects when he leaves Angela so lingeringly at the door, that she is wishing with all her heart he would go on home and let her have a chance to get her stays off. Carrying her train over her arm, a loose wrap covering her from head to foot, her head wrapped in filmy lace, Angela ascends the grand staircase, and in a few minutes she is in her room, and the heaviness of her attire will allow her. In this western country Angela has many luxuries, but no maid; therefore she is obliged to undress herself, and she does it in a simple and skillful manner which defies competition. First, she turns on the gas and lets the light fall upon all the pretty things in the room, which she has arranged in a bedroom, half sitting-room, with its cosy little sofa and arm chairs, its antique table and writing desk, its low book-shelves and its thousand and one bits of rari-brae-abrae dear to her.

THE FEMINE HEART.

Angela looks around in a satisfied fashion, for it is very pleasant here and the quiet is a grateful change from the noisy ball room even to this pretty belle who lives on admiration and carmine. A long mirror over the dressing case and when Angela has doffed her wrappings, pray were she a woman did she not approach its shining surface and take one long look at her pretty face before she begins to disrobe? If you were a mouse in the corner there behind that little cabinet and slyly peeped out at the side you might see her give a critical look in the glass, which might mean one thing and might mean another. Angela is studying her good points, and sometimes she is satisfied with her scrutiny and sometimes she is not. If the former is the case she turns away from the mirror smilingly, but if her sense of criticism has been awakened she turns away with an impatient frown, biting her lips and proceeding to undress as vigorously as if her life hung upon the condition of getting to bed at a certain hour, but if she discovered something in her face that pleases her she turns away satisfied, trifling an air and proceeding leisurely to divest her slender figure of its numerous burdens. And now the silken robe is undressed, carefully pulled over her head, she carefully slakes it and hangs there in her wardrobe to wait its next appearance. Of how much more easily she breathes without it; can you almost hear

HER SIGH OF RELIEF.

and then one by one her garments are undressed and fall to the floor, leaving her half nude Venus, her beauty sacred to her eyes alone. When the stays come off the long-imprisoned flesh seems to rejoice, and Angela knows her bust and sides are covered with small, fine marks, made by compression, which have given her an itching sensation for two hours past, which she was obliged to suffer in silence. She takes off her garments one by one, there are so many of them, each one dependent on the other, like the component parts of a machine, and when she has taken off the last one, she is as pretty a Marguerite as even Faust would care to feast his eyes upon, for unless a woman is dark-skinned and bony, she is always pretty in the guise nature gave her, particularly if the soft, graceful lines of early maturity have crept into her form, and molded her with exquisite grace, half statue, half woman. Then she slips on a dressing-gown, and sinking into a low seat, deliberately undresses one shoe, then the other, and sucks her small feet into slippers while she brushes her hair. Now, when women reach the hair-brushing

stage they will always exchange coiffures, if they are together; but if one is alone

SHE GROWS SENTIMENTAL. and often stops to look pensively into the fire, or to gaze at the half-blown rose there on the dressing table. Did he mean anything, he who gave that rose? Was she really anything to him, or was he like all the rest? And then she thinks of the women in her set, and of the clothes they wore to-night, and she is not at all pensive now, for she is in rapport with no woman on earth, just as no pretty, gifted woman ever was before her and never will be after her. All this thought out and put away in her own way, Angela exchanges her dressing-gown for the soft, lacey thing which is her night dress, sits on the edge of the bed to pull off her slippers and silken hose, and has soon sunk down among her pillows to dream of coming triumphs. Her face is warm and rosy in its sleep. Her small, white hands are often clasped and the rich tresses of her hair stray over her pillow like rays of sun spun fine. The thick shadows of night fall about her. The angel of peace takes her in his arms. Her breath comes sweet and low as that of a child. She is among earth's loveliest pictures—a youthful sleeping woman.—Galveston News.

EVENING DRESSES.

Soft clinging garments which make Belles look like Angels.

Full draperies, soft clinging materials and profuse lace trimming are the characteristic features for evening dresses for summer. Surah silks and gauzes are combined in many different tints and entire dresses of lace are also seen.

The quaint and pretty effects are particularly noticeable in the costumes for young ladies, and our cut illustrates one of the newest of these. The dress is of white



surah silk, with a peasant bodice, which is laced in front with a white ribbon. The gathered guimpe is of white gauze and the lace Valenciennes.

A dress of pale pink crepe de chine, recently imported, is made with a plain skirt, with three flounces of Oriental lace from the waist to the hem, placed perpendicularly, to form panels. A back drapery, which is bouffant, is edged with the lace, the bodice is cut square and made double-breasted below the same, has elbow sleeves and a Zouave jacket of lace. A fullness of lace is placed in the square and gathered about the throat with a little collar of white velvet.

Lavender, with palest pink, seafoam-green, with violet, pale yellow with old blue, and pale blue with bronze-brown are among the newest and most artistic combinations for evening dresses. The darker shade, such as the violet and old blue is generally in velvet and the lighter is in gauze, chambray or silk.

Clasps and buckles of rhinestone are used profusely on evening dresses, for catching up drapery, fastening the bodice and belts and ornamenting the sleeves.

A white dress of canvas cloth, which has been completed for a wedding reception, has a long plaited skirt over which falls a full drapery made of alternate pieces of the material and Torchon lace insertion. The edge is simply hemmed and the waist fits plainly and is made of lace and canvas cloth as the overdress. It is held by a white ribbon belt, and is very becoming to a slender figure.

THE TIME TO MARRY.

Diverse Opinions on a Much Disputed Subject.

In the current number of the Brooklyn Magazine several well-known literary ladies hold a symposium on the question, "When should girls marry?" Among others Louise Chandler Moulton writes: A certain sense of embarrassment attends any attempt to give my views as to the age at which girls ought to marry, for the fact that I know of no subject on which it would seem to be more impossible to lay down a hard and fixed rule or even to generalize with any degree of satisfaction. You remember the famous recipe for horse soup, "First catch your hare." I should be inclined, in answering the question, to say, "First show me your girl," for there can be no doubt but that some girls are mentally, morally and physically better fitted to marry at 20 than others at 25.

If indeed one must generalize as to whether early or late marriages are preferable, I should certainly say that more girls are capable of a wise choice at 25 than at 20; and that nine-tenths of our girls would doubtless be happier should they wait until the maturer period. Two considerations would induce me to a preference for a marriage late rather than early. In the first place is the certainty that a girl of any brains would know a great deal better what she really needed, by way of companion, than she would at 20. In the second place, the world is full of girls who, when they are young, are very much in love with the man of their choice, but who, when they are older, find that the man they were in love with is not the man they would like to marry.

There is one other consideration for which women seem to be well fitted, judging from the number engaged in it, and that is telegraphy. Strolling about New York and dropping into almost any telegraph office from Harlem to the Battery there may be seen the female operator, and as a general thing she will be seen to be young and pretty wide awake to her business. She will sometimes have about her a number of subordinates of the opposite sex in the form of call youths and messenger boys, over whom she queens it with a right royal will and an air of authority that is charming to behold. Generally these young women are very pleasant and obliging; only occasionally will one come across a terror, whose very look will freeze him to the marrow. However, they all seem to give satisfaction to their employers and to attend well to their work and appear to be rapidly monopolizing the telegraphic business. Far out on the Western plains, wherever there is a railroad station, almost invariably the traveler sees a pretty lace or muslin curtain at the window, a bird-cage hanging up aloft, and some flowering plants on the narrow sill, or a vine trained up over the red door of the station, all along the line of the telegraph line.

But I would be very far from deducing from these two illustrations to the conclusion that a young woman should not marry under the mature age of 25.

The terrible danger is in the early marriage of people in a transition state, when, before the wiles of the spring from the shoulders of Pegasus, he may be mated all unknowingly with the plodding plowhorse. Unshared aspirations, unshared tastes, unshared acquisitions—these are fatal to conjugal happiness. I know, for instance, a man in high, official position, educated largely by contact with the world, by the very duties that have developed in him the attention of every day's experiences, whose petty, empty-headed wife must shock him by her very accent every time she opens her lips. He does his duty manfully, this man—but does any one suppose he would not be happier with a different wife.

Louisa M. Alcott writes as follows: My reply to the question, "When shall our young women marry?" is, "At 25, as few girls are ready for the duties of married life before then, either physically or mentally. Many are never fit, owing to the serious defects in our modern education and inherited ill-health."

"When shall our young men marry?" is a still more important question to my mind, because the sins of the father visited upon the children are too often the cause of that feebleness which is usually attributed to the mothers. When young people are wisely prepared for marriage and taught its sanctity, it will cease to be the leap in the dark it is now to both sexes, and the beauty and vigor of youth will make it what it should be—safe and happy.

As teacher, nurse, author, and confidante to young and old, I have had many opportunities of looking behind the curtain, and am convinced that books on the health of our boys are much more needed than any additions to the library of advice our poor dressers are now so ready to give to our end, gentlemen, and do not visit upon Eve's daughters the sins of Adam's sons, making it unsafe to marry at all.

Men Earn More Than Women—Some Ladies Make Their Own Dresses.

A number of quiet, neat-looking girls were busy sewing upon some new spring goods at a fashionable up-town modiste's when a reporter called. The head of the establishment was dressed in black with the utmost simplicity, which contrasted strikingly with the brilliant dresses around her.

"I have come," said the reporter, "to learn something of the manner in which women learn the dressmaking trade. Are there any schools where the business is taught?"

"I never heard of any. When any one desires to learn the business she goes to a dressmaker and enters herself like an apprentice at any other trade."

"Most women who learn dressmaking expect to work at it for a living, I suppose?"

The modiste smiled as she answered: "It is such a bother to learn it that I don't think any one would go into it for fun. Occasionally, it is true, ladies learn in order to understand better the fitting of their own dresses; but as a rule, dressmakers for apprentices expect to gain a livelihood by their trade."

"How long does it take to learn?"

"Well, that depends upon the student. Generally a girl should master the trade in season. A good dressmaker should have a quick eye for form and color. She should be something of an artist in addition to having more mechanical skill. Most women know something about sewing, and have little difficulty in hemming and stitching, but when it comes to fitting, trimming and finishing dresses, where real taste and judgment are required, few women find a rocky road. Each dressmaker has a peculiar way of finishing a dress as each tailor has of making a coat."

"What can a dressmaker earn after she has learned her trade?"

"It depends upon her skill and ability. If she is smart she can get \$2.50 a day, otherwise she may not get more than \$1.50. That is after she has taken lessons for one season. Fore-ladies who superintend the work receive an average of \$25 a week. They are women of long experience in the trade. So far as dressmaking at home is concerned, the paper patterns manufactured by a number of houses in this city have greatly simplified matters. You see that chart on the wall?"

"Yes," he replied, "but I don't understand it."

"I don't expect you to," said the lady, "but any woman, with the aid of that diagram and paper patterns, can be her own dressmaker, although she may never have taken a lesson in her life. Of course, any body who intends to make dressmaking a business must have the aid of an experienced teacher. As with many other trades, apprentices get no pay while they are learning."

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"There seems to be quite a variety in the spring styles this year," observed the reporter, glancing at the gorgeous display around the room.

"Yes," said the modiste, "there is variety enough in all conscience, but it is simply discouraging to see how few people dress well. It is a hard way for women to see that the charm of dress lies in not being ultra-fashionable, or showy, or odd. Custom has got such limitations to a man's attire that he cannot dress in outrageous bad taste without making himself a subject of ridicule. With woman the case is different. She is permitted to wear rich fabrics of many colors, lace and jewelry. Go right out here on Broadway and behold the women who wear such things, and you will see women in loud, inharmonious colors, and gowns blazing on every finger. All they care for is a show, and that they call being stylish. You will see women in the latest fashioning, and others who are her abject slaves, regardless of taste or common sense."

"Well, madam, is it not in the power of the dressmaker to alter this state of affairs?"

"I don't see how. We have to make what there is a demand for. Business is business, you know."

"Is your business one that men ever take up?"

"O, yes; there are male dressmakers in this city."

"Do they make more money than women?"

"From \$3 to \$6 a week more. Men are better than women at making waists, which are in some particulars like the coat you wear, but I never saw one who made a skirt properly."—New York Mail and Express.

The Lady Operator.

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vision of her superb presence. "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair." The Cavalier Bernatti, after his marriage, went to Turkey, where he was the minister of Italy for some years, and the sultan presented Mme. Bernatti with an exquisite necklace of pearls. He died, and she returned here to recover from the United States government a considerable sum of money for cotton destroyed on her Mississippi plantation. When last in Washington she was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Bass, who has inherited her mother's fair sunny face, wealth of light brown hair and imperial person.

SILVER-STRINGED MUSIC. The Piano Giving Way to the Harp and Banjo.

The good old fiddle which existed many years ago of giving the place in the estimation of musically inclined people, which has since been usurped by the piano, is on the point of being revived. Every music store now carries several harps in stock, and receives daily inquiries concerning them, when but a few years since one was seldom sold. Now, numerous society girls, disgusted with the universality of piano-playing and its monotonous character, have devoted themselves to the harp with results as pleasing to the eye as to the ear. No more beautiful picture is capable of being portrayed than a young girl, clad in a costume which does not too effectually conceal the beauty of her slender arms, bringing sweet music from the willing strings. Nor has this new-born interest in string music been called then, "for mamma."

The Plain Girl. Philadelphia Times.

An esteemed contemporary emphasizes the fact that in Berlin, Paris, London, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and even in Camden the girl who elopes with the coachman, ruins the preacher, runs away with the variety show, kills herself, and keeps the reporters employed is always beautiful and brilliant on paper and gets all the fuss made over pleasure and beauty, as in their search for wealth, men are too apt to forget everything except the object of their quest, and the object being too often trivial they are apt to be fooled, while the beautiful girl gets the advertising and a long, sound sleep on opium. The plain girl, meanwhile, gets very tired of



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