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WOMAN'S PROGRESS

Matters and Things in Which Our Fair Readers Are Interested.

NUMEROUS SWEET MORSELS.

A Little Humor, a Bit of Nonsense and Some Breezy Gossip About Modest Maidens and Giddy Girls.

Getting Into His Good Graces.

"You are very late to-night, George," said the girl, half reproachfully.

"Yes, dear; your father's new dog met me at the gate, and I've been trying to make friends with him."—*New York Sun.*

Breaking the News.

Percy Silverton (who has had his highly-valued though unpromising mustache removed)—See, Julie, I have had my mustache cut off!

Miss Julie Styles (his fiancee)—Oh, pshaw! why did you tell me? I wanted to find it out myself!—*Puck.*

File It Away for Future Use.

"Papa," said a beautiful girl, "young Mr. Thistle has written me a note in which he asks me to be his wife."

"Written you a note? Why in thunder didn't he come himself?"

"It would have been pleasanter that way, no doubt, papa, but I suppose he feels a little timid, and besides, papa, think how much more binding the note is."—*New York Sun.*

How She Mounts a Bicycle.

You may wonder how a lady can mount a bicycle gracefully, but it's quite easy. You know a man puts his left foot on the pedal or step, and throws his right leg over the rear of the saddle. A moment's reflection would convince you that this would never do for a lady wearing skirts. Bicycle inventers raked their brains for a long time to invent a woman's bicycle, and the appearance of the low machine with chain gearing and wheels of equal size solved the problem. All that remained to be done was to get the "backbone" between the handles and the seat out of the way so the lady could step on the pedal and throw her leg around in front of the saddle instead of behind. This was easily done, and the fate of the ladies' tricycle was sealed. I see almost every day a lady of at least 45 years, who only a few months ago took her first lesson, and she now cuts graceful capers on her machine and skims about like a swallow.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

Women in Business.

Women who go into business, either from choice or necessity, should acquire business habits, adopt business methods, and possess themselves of all knowledge of details and general information. There should be no sentiment about it; they should expect no immunity from disagreeables on the score of being "ladies;" their prospect of marriage should have no more effect on their work than it has with that of men. Their dress should suit the requirements of the occupation. In no dress does a girl look neater, prettier, or more graceful than that adopted for gymnastics or lawn-tennis, both of which give fullest play for all movements. How much better would many working girls look and feel and work in such dresses than in the gaudy, tawdry finery so many of them wear. These should have their business suits just as men do. They should also realize that in obtaining employment, weak backs and pale faces and general debility are at a discount. They should also expect no favors on the score of sex; they should call for no foolish notions as to chivalry and deference, and all that. Business is business, and this is not an age of chivalry, but an age of political economy and the survival of the fittest.—*Bessie Bramble, in Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

The Loud-Talking Woman.

Loud talking is as contagious as bad morals; indeed, rather more so. Given one member in the party who screams as if all the rest were deaf, and in ten minutes they'll all be talking so loud that they can be heard much further than they desire. The explanatory woman is a bore—she's always been every place before, and is ready to tell you just how and why. She always knows just who people are, all their family histories, and gloats over their unsuccessful attempts to marry their daughter, who, she will tell you, has been taken to every watering-place in the country to try and get her a husband. Now, why, if one wanted to marry one's daughter, should one take her to a watering-place? The right thing to do, it seems to me, would be to fill her heart with the rich wine of affection and common sense, and the husband will be forthcoming at the right time. At least, that's what I think. But my daughters, who would make such wonderful wives, and sons, who should be such courteous gentlemen, are dream children, and perhaps they are more manageable than those of flesh and blood.—*New York Star.*

A Maiden's Pocket Money.

"I have only an allowance of $10 a week for pocket money," said the daughter of a millionaire in a confidential moment the other day. "Papa has such an idea of money, you know, and he thinks I am wildly extravagant to spend that small amount on candies, flowers, novels, and theater tickets. Mamma orders all my clothing, you know, and so, of course, I do not have to buy anything that I really need."

To many a young girl $10 a week would seem sufficient for pocket money, and indeed, how many hundred of pretty and clever girls are there who cannot earn more than that amount by working hard each day of the week? But the average fashionable society girl has so many demands on her purse that $10 does not go far.

It is said that Jay Gould very generously allows his pretty daughter $25, and with this she not only supplies her own little wants, but gives to most of her small charities.

Cornelius Vanderbilt and Elliot F. Shepard allow each of their six children a certain amount of pocket money each month, and they are required to keep cash accounts and present them to their papas the first of each month. The amounts are not large, and are given more to make the little millionaires understand the value of money than aught else.

Willie K. Vanderbilt's three children are allowed plenty of pocket money, but are fined heavily for all misdemeanors. They dine in a pretty little room adjacent to the great dining-salon, and if a tiny drop of any coffee, milk, or wine is spilled on the snowy cloth the offender is fined 25 cents for each offense. A glass of water knocked over or a dish let fall on the floor brings a fine of 50 cents to the culprit, and all the fines go to the foreign and home mission.

"What do I do with my $20 a week?" said an only daughter of a Fifth-avenue millionaire, when asked the question. "Well, not always the same thing. Last week I spent every cent of it on a lovely new parasol, to carry at the coaching parade, and then after all my trouble it poured rain. I generally purchase my flowers—you know I must have a fresh corsage cluster of violets every day—and they cost $1 a cluster.

"I do not think that the wealthiest New Yorkers are more than liberal in allowing pocket-money to their daughters," said the principal of a very fashionable up-town school. "My pupils are most of them daughters of millionaires, and yet they have seldom enough for their many little wants. It is wisdom, not meanness, on the part of the parents, I think."—*New York Journal.*

Chat About Women.

MODJESKA, the actress, is a society favorite in California.

MRS. LELAND STANFORD'S jewels are valued at a round million.

TWENTY-FOUR young women have graduated as lawyers in Michigan.

NELLY GRANT'S husband has become rich through the death of his brother.

THE Sultan of Turkey has ordered several type-writers for the ladies of his harem.

THERE are seventy members of the Washington Bicycle Club for Women, of which Mrs. Harriet Mill, is President.

VERNON LEE, the young English woman upon whom the mantle of George Eliot is supposed to have fallen, is only 25.

THE average yearly income of the working-woman of Boston is $260.07, and her average expenses are reckoned at $261.30.

MRS. SOMERVILLE was one of the few authors who could write with her friends talking the most absurd nonsense in her presence.

THERE is a prospect that Mrs. Kate Chase may enjoy great prosperity again, as her property in Washington is rapidly raising in value owing to local investments.

IDEAL WOMEN.

To get some comparison between the ideal of a woman's figure as the Greek sculptors chiseled it and the modern dressmaker and cloakmaker regard it, one cannot do better than compare the proportions of the Medicean Venus with those of the professional models who exhibit fine goods for the sellers at wholesale and retail stores. The Venus is 5 feet 5 inches in height, measures nearly 25 inches about the waist, 34 inches about the bust, and 44 inches about the hips. The upper arm measures 13 inches and the wrist 6. From the base of the skull to the waist is between 14 and 15 inches.

The approved dimensions for a cloak or dress model, as employed in most of the large city houses, do not differ from the Venus greatly as regards height. Short women and tall women are needed in the retail stores, but a wholesale house exhibiting samples to a buyer will require a woman about 5 feet 5 to display its choicest goods to advantage. Her other measurements will be about as follows: Waist 23 inches, or sometimes 24; bust, 36 inches, or occasionally 37; hip measure, from 45 to 47 inches; upper-arm measure, 11 inches, distance from base of skull to waist, 16½ inches, and from shoulder to shoulder, 13½ inches.

The modern measure approximates the Greek measure much more closely than it would have done twenty years ago. Sixty years ago there would have been very little comparison possible between the two. Where the dressmaking models differ from the statuesque model, the divergence can be traced accurately to the corset shape, which makes the waist rather smaller, the bust and hip considerably larger than they ought to be. It is the corset also which makes the waist too long. Lack of a sufficient amount of muscular exercise is responsible probably for the missing two inches in arm girth and the inch and a half in shoulder width. The professional models are as a rule among the most symmetrical women seen in the city as to measurement not specified, and in these respects approximate the Greek very nearly.

IN THE VINEYARD.

Learn at All Times to Be Master of Your Temper.

THE GROWTH OF THE CHURCHES

Right Praying Is an Earnest Petition Prompted by a Deep Sense of Guilt.

Church Statistics.

An exhibit has been prepared of the denominational statistics for the past year, compiled mostly from official sources. The following is a general summary by groups:

	Chs.	Min.	Com.
Adventist	1,563	835	100,441
Baptists	45,434	30,928	3,971,635
Christian Union	1,500	500	120,000
Congregationalists	4,404	4,690	437,584
Friends	700	500	107,968
German Evangelical	675	560	125,000
Lutherans	7,992	4,215	987,600
Mennonites	385	605	93,000
Methodists	48,258	28,313	4,699,529
Moravians	94	108	10,966
New Jerusalem	95	101	5,750
Presbyterians	13,057	9,585	1,136,685
Episcopalians	4,766	3,931	446,787
Reformed	2,028	1,345	509,523
Roman Catholics	6,879	7,596	7,500,000
Unitarians	375	488	70,000
Universalists	730	677	57,807
Grand total	458,885	94,457	19,790,328

The net gain for the year was 6,434 churches, 4,505 ministers, and 774,681 communicants. By far the heaviest gain was among the Baptists—4,587 churches and 3,109 ministers. The Methodists with their 48,258 churches, 28,313 ministers, and 4,699,529 communicants, stand at the head of the denominations, the Roman Catholics come next, and then the Baptists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Congregationalists, and Episcopalians.

Keep Your Temper.

Calm demeanor under provocation is wisest and best. A ruffled temper is no help to anybody. The greater the offense, the more need of considerate decision in respect to it. Be slow to wrath. Conquer your irritability. Learn to speak as quietly and calmly to a threatening foe as to a loving friend. He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than He that taketh a city. Time will come when you will be thankful that you held your anger in check. Harsh words and fierce deeds never yielded their speaker or doer any permanent satisfaction. God has endowed us with reasoning faculties, with the design that we should use them. Storm and bluster seldom have any reason in them. Thoughtfulness and consideration are becoming to the Christian. The only vengeance the man of God may indulge himself in is that of charity in return for wrong, and kindness in exchange for violence. If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. They will melt him down. But perform your good deeds in the right spirit. Let not vengeance be your motive. Angry charity may prove a boomerang. Approach your opponent in a Christian's garb, but not with a devil's heart. Get right within, and the outward bearing will take care of itself. Be Christ-like, and you will appear Christ-like. Hate the sin, and yet the sinner love. Make it the one grand aim of your life to put down evil and save the evil-doers, whether personal friends or foes—*Michigan Advocate.*

Prayer.

Do you ask what is prayer? It is the voice of the needy calling to Him alone who can relieve them. It is the cry of the sinful to Him alone who can pardon them. It is not eloquence, but earnestness. It is not fine words nor flowing periods, but it is a deep sense of a guilt, urging us to approach the Saviour to seek pardon, help, and salvation with strong crying; it may be tears and groanings which cannot be uttered.

Did you ever hear a man that was starving beg for bread? That was prayer. Did you ever witness the agonizing cry of the condemned criminal for mercy? That was prayer. Did you ever hear or behold the ship-wrecked mariner looking wistfully to those on shore for rescue? That was prayer. The publican prayed when he cried: "God be merciful to me a sinner." St. Peter prayed when he said: "Lord save me or I perish." Blind Bartimaeus prayed when he exclaimed: "Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me."

St. Stephen prayed when he cried: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," yet in all these instances the words of the petition were plain and simple; they could not indeed be more so; but it was real prayer because it came from the heart, and therefore was heard and graciously answered by Him to whom it was adressed. For the publican went down to his house justified. St. Peter was upheld from sinking by the sustaining arm of Jesus; Blind Bartimæus was restored to sight.

St. Stephen fell asleep in a calm and forgiving spirit. I know not how sufficiently to represent to the reader the prevailing efficacy of genuine prayer. We know that it has stayed the pestilence, that it has caused the sun to stand still in the heavens, and it has parted the sea, opened the prison doors, healed the sick, and raised the dead to life again. No sooner is the spirit of grace and supplication given from on high, than the stubborn soul is melted, the broken heart is bound up, the sinner changed into the humble saint, and offending man restored to the lost image of God.

May all who read this resolve to begin the day with prayer, for it is the golden key that unlocks Heaven to pour down blessings upon us, and end the day with prayer, for it is the same golden key that locks us up under Heaven's protection at night.

HOW PEOPLE DIE BY DROWNING.

"How do persons die from drowning?" asked a Health Board doctor of a New York reporter.

"For want of air?"

"No."

"Give it up, then; what is it?

"I will tell you. After a person is below the surface long enough, he fills his lungs with water. The first stage of deep inspiration lasts about ten seconds, followed by a reaction caused by the resistance to the entrance of water in the bronchiales. This is followed by arrest of respiration and loss of consciousness.

"In a few seconds more he makes four or five respiratory efforts and then dies. Immersion causes an immediate rise in the blood-pressure with slowing of the heart-beats. The action of the heart remains slow but strong until death ensues. The pressure gradually lessens, but rises just before death, to fall to zero immediately afterward. The heart continues to beat feebly for twenty minutes, in some cases. The period of respiratory resistance is therefore due to the respiratory muscles, and not to spasms of the glottis. An interesting study, you see," added the doctor, "but to appreciate fully the various symptoms caused by sudden immersions you, perhaps, had better experiment yourself."

"ANYTHING else?" asked a landlady of the new boarder, as he pushed back from the table. "Yes, I'd like to have a crowbar." "What for?" "To pry that tough beefsteak out of my teeth." "Indeed! And while you are prying with the crowbar will you please try to raise a little money to pay your board bill?"—*Arcola Record.*

WHEN the fair private secretary dies, of course she departs typewriter fields above—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

THE FORESTS OF EUROPE.

The French Ministry of Agriculture has issued some interesting statistics respecting the distribution of forests in Europe. The total area of Europe laid out in forest—exclusive of Turkey, Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, omitted in the official statement—is set down at 286,989 million hectares, or 708,862 million acres; that is, 18.7 per cent. of the total area of Europe is forest land. In proportion to its total area Great Britain and Ireland have of all countries in Europe the least extent of forest, amounting to only 4 per cent. of its surface, and in proportion to the number of inhabitants enjoys by far the least allotment of forests, amounting to only 0.036 hectare, or 0.089 acres—i. e., considerably less than the tenth of an acre to each inhabitant. The country in Europe next lowest in the forest scale is Denmark, with 4.8 per cent. of forest land, or 0.09 hectare to each inhabitant. That is to say, in Denmark there is an average of between two and three times the extent of forest land to each inhabitant that there is in Great Britain and Ireland. The third of the countries of Europe in the ascending forest scale is Portugal, with 5 per cent. of forest land and 0.11 hectare to each inhabitant—i. e., an average of three times the amount of forest land to each inhabitant of Portugal that is allowed to each inhabitant of the United Kingdom. Holland has 7 per cent. of forest land and 0.05 hectare to each inhabitant, or about one and a half times as much as to each inhabitant of the United Kingdom. The country in Europe possessing the most forest is Russia in Europe, with 200,000 million hectare—i. e., 37 per cent. of its whole area and 3.37 hectares to each inhabitant—that is, each inhabitant of Russia, in Europe, has an average of nearly 94 times the extent of forest land allotted to each inhabitant of the United Kingdom. In its percentage of forest land and the amount of forest to each inhabitant Sweeden, however stands still higher. With 17,569 million hectares of forest, Sweeden has 39 per cent. of its land in forest, so 3.84 hectares of forest to each of its inhabitants. Norway, with 24 per cent. of its area in forest, allows each of its inhabitants an average of 4.32 hectares of forest, or 120 times as much as is allowed to each inhabitant of the United Kingdom. Hungary has 29 per cent. of its area in forest, or 0.58 hectare of forest to each inhabitant. France possesses 9,888 million hectares of forest, or 17.7 per cent of its total area, and so allowing 0.25 hectares of forest to each of its inhabitants—nearly seven times as much as is allotted to each inhabitant of the United Kingdom.

INDIVIDUAL STATIONERY.

Individual stationery is a notion that spreads like witch grass in the ground. Each woman must have something original, something by which her private letter paper may anywhere be known. A favorite fancy is a black and white sketch in broad outline, done with light strokes, and not too large or conspicuous, just an odd bit of something to catch the reader's eye stowed away in one corner. A woman who can handle a pencil has the advantage here. She will have a thorny rose, or a heap of sea shells, or a couple of tennis rackets hurling cupids towards each other, or a yacht in a stiff breeze, or a blue stocking bending over a writing-desk, or any one of fifty oddities else heading her letter paper. Girls in want of pin money are earning large sums doing these things for richer friends. They are never pretty, nor even tolerable, unless they are done with a half-dozen free strokes, and then they are sometimes very pretty indeed.—*New York Mail and Express.*

I HAVE seldom known any one who deserted truth in trifles, who could be trusted in matters of importance.—*Paley.*