

WOMEN'S AFFAIRS



ADDRESS TO GRADUATES

Dear Girls, You're now about to pass from thinking into living. And take instructions in a class where you can best give.

Three courses have we. Choose the one you like, but don't mistake it. For when a course once begun it's hard to differ from it.

The first course is the popular. It requires some application. And yet, the learning gained is far from highest education.

The second course is the very best. That offers in love college. It may seem slow and small—rest assured it's the best knowledge.

THE OUTDOOR WOMAN.

American Women No Longer Yield the Palm to Their Cousins. The smiling and wholesome product of sunshine and fresh air known as the outdoor woman could surely have been so classified in America ten years ago.

American women previous to that time, though they were obliged to yield the palm in their own country to the women of a more glowing complexion and healthy, symmetrical proportions.

These of our countrywomen who lived in the city seldom made a point of any consecutive outdoor exercise, receiving it all for the summer season.

Here they spontaneously indulged in riding, driving and walking, bathing and sailing, with an occasional game of croquet, by way of variety.

The country woman suffered still more from the lack of her outdoor activities, for she had not the latitude of change and variety which move back to her sisters abroad in the country.

It is strange, but true, that comparatively few women here will look upon Nature's lawns as much to be desired for any of the glory which attend them.

The length and delicate woman, whose sensitive nerves were always on edge, has gone entirely out of fashion, and the unfortunate ones who survive in that description now are so because they cannot help it.

A generation or two farther on will find them—let us hope—an extinct species. And what has wrought this change? What alchemic has been at work, changing the sturdy but of the old-fashioned, clear, pink and white, red and brown of wholesome skin?

What miracles has lengthened the stature, straightened the shoulders, rounded the bows and limbs of our erstwhile round-shouldered and attenuated young women? What has changed the listless and half-closed eye for one that brightens or grows tender, with the softest, liquid beauty, as it reflects the live soul and emotions within?

My answer is, an awakening to the importance of outdoor life, and a consequent invigoration of every sympathy by lives, more and have been living in the closest relationship with Mother Nature.

Life takes on new meaning when a woman embraces the sun and air of outdoors. It works a better change in her manner of living, if not she is in the convert, her complexion is not even skin deep, and she soon backslides into her previous condition of servitude—Mary Sargent Hopkins, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for July.

ETENTIDE.

A child's shrill cry, a far-off song Upon the breeze that blows. The dainty robes or morning Night Are softly fitted with strange light.

Need Another. "It's too bad," said little Bessie, "that there isn't another little Peter boy." "They have six," said her mother, "I should consider that about enough."

Beginning Early. She was a pretty child of four or five summers and she knew it. Her mother took care that the fact should not escape the observation of others, and in this she was ably seconded by the little nuts.

The other day the child was on dress parade in Central Park and was naturally piqued at her failure to attract the attention of a man who sat reading on one of the benches in the mall.

Two or three times she passed him and still he regarded her not. She looked at him in amazement and then, with a look of mingled incredulity and determination, she went up to him, stamped her little foot on the pavement and said: "Man, I'm not!"—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Must Have One of Them. "What did you do for me last night?" "What did you do for me?" "I said he had better ask mamma, and what do you think the wretch said?" "Goodness knows!" "He said he had asked her already, and she wouldn't have him!"—Ill. Ill.

COMPANIONS.

A hundred times my feet have trod the way, Yet never seemed so weary till today—Your heart conjectures why.

A hundred times my ears have heard the song, Or birds and wind we, listening, make our song. Yet never seemed its notes so pure and strong. When I was here alone!

A hundred times I thought, "How fair to you, The young grass is, and every leafy bough!" How beautiful the wintry world might be, I never guessed till now.

And lo!—as if we two must part again, And on our solitary journey on, I shall be thankful, even in my pain, That love has led me on.

Setting the Date. "And now, Casanova," rapturously whispered the young man, "it only remains for you to name the day, the hour, the minute, the second, when you will be my bride." "I have chosen such a day, such an hour, such a minute, such a second, as will be the first day of the twentieth century."—And Orlando shortly comprehended the point that had been so long in dispute between them.

The Interfering Cactus. Prickly Plant Interrupts a Momentous Proposal. The cactus is a thorny plant not adaptable for smoothing the rough places in the course of true love.

The man in the case has been studying law, but on Saturday he went to Omaha to share the practice of a kinsman. The girl lives in Washington and the man thinks the climate of Nebraska would agree with her wonderfully. He has been meaning to tell her so for a long time, but he has not the matter off again and again, awaiting a favorable opportunity.

There was a party in Great Falls, a place, I understand, he had a change to make to the old home. Then, by coincidence of the children, he had her on his mind for wild flowers. They climbed the rocks, and there they found a cactus, of a kind something that looked exactly like the cactus of the western plains.

Little white hair-like objects, which were in patches on the leaves, struck an eye. They looked innocent enough, but when the young man undertook to squeeze her hand she discovered, and he, as well, that the tiny white hairs were so many almost invisible needles. They sat themselves down as a rock and he went to work gently with his handkerchief to rub her delicate limbs of the tormenting white "stinkies."

You can't urge the advantages of the Omaha climate on a girl who says, "Cactus!" every time you take her hand, you know. The young man liked his time, and when the little white hairs were free of needles he took his handkerchief and quite absently blew his nose. If you have ever blown your nose on a handkerchief loaded with cactus spines you know what happens. An epidemic of sneezing and sniffling of fever are more hazardous remedies with what happened to him. He was sniffling and sneezing and cursing his luck when the chamber came in search of the two of them, and he hadn't said a word about his Omaha climate. You can't urge things like that between cactus in a girl who is a cactus, you know.

Momentarily he left for the west on Saturday. He may be foolish and bring on the climate matter in a letter to her. He may be wise and wait till he is in person when he goes to Washington, ready to whisper. If he is foolish she may reject him. If he is wise she may marry him. The man carries her off. This way you look at it in a melancholy state of affairs and he knows it all on the cactus—Chicago Chronicle.

Slight Difference of Opinion. They were walking merrily along the boulevard and it was clearly evident that one girl rode much better than the other. By and by the more rider collided with another indifferent wheelwoman who was wobbling up from the opposite direction and both of them came to grief. Also to the boulevard with a pretty hard tumble. The good rider laughed heartily as she came to the person.

"What's the matter now, Marjant?" she cried. "Another fall?" "No, no," said Marjant, "I've just been told that you had pleased it on again; not in the least. Merely a slight difference of opinion between myself and the wheel. The wheel kept on traveling and I didn't."—Chicago Chronicle.

She Liked Kipling. "Do you enjoy Kipling?" "Oh, I love him. I have heard so much about his 'Thin Red Book' and his 'Bar-Boots'."—W. of M. Wrinkle.

WHERE WAS GEORGE WASHINGTON WEDDED?

The Records of His Marriage Leave Much to Conjecture. "Although one of the most interesting events in Washington's private life, his wedding has been comparatively neglected by the majority of his biographers," writes William Verelst in the July Ladies' Home Journal. "It is generally agreed that the ceremony took place on the 6th of January for the 13th of January, now 1759, at St. Peter's church, in New Kent county, or at the home of the bride, known as the 'White House,' there is a wide variance of opinion. The weight of local authority is against the belief that it oc-

KIPLING'S OPINION OF AMERICAN GIRLS.

In "From Sea to Sea" which is a description of the author's first visit to America, Kipling says: "Sweet and comely," he cries, "are the maidens of Decatur; delicate and of gracious seeming those who live in the pleasant places of London; fascinating for all their demureness the damsels of France, clinging closely to their mothers, and with large eyes wondering at the world and words; excellent in her own place and to those who understand her is the Anglo-Indian 'pina' in her second season; but the girls of America are above and beyond them all.

"They are clever; they can talk. Yes, it is said that they can think. Certainly they have an appearance of so doing. They are original, and look you between the brows with unabashed eyes, as a sister might look at her brother. They are instructed in the folly and vanity of the male mind, for they have associated with 'the boys' from babyhood and can discerningly minister to both sexes or pleasantly snub the possessor. They possess, moreover, a life among themselves, independent of masculine associations. They have societies and clubs and unlimited tea-fights, where all the guests are girls. They are self-possessed, without parting with any tenderness that is their sex right; they understand; they can take care of themselves; they are utterly independent. When you ask them what makes them so charming, they say: 'It is because we are better educated than your girls—and we are more sensible in regard to men. We have good times all round, but we aren't taught to regard every man as a possible husband. Nor is he expected to marry the first girl he calls on casually.' Yes, they have good times; their freedom is large, and they do not abuse it."

Equal to It. Young Lord Duval Plazaud (to fair companion on box seat, whom, with her mother, he is taking for a drive in his coach through his park)—"I think your name is such a pretty one, Miss Primrose."

Hard as It. There's a little expedition living in the upper section of the city whose father is an officer in General Otis's army.

MISS JANE BOYD NEELY.

She was recently taken out to dinner, and in reply to a query as to where her father was replied: "Oh, he's away off there," pointing to the East, "fighting the Philistines"—Philadelphia North American.

The First Red Rose. An anxious lover held within his hand A pure white rose, sent from his lady's bower, From which he fain would read her secret thought. And thus he whispered to the fragrant flower:

"Tell me, sweet rose, and did my lady's lips Press thy soft petals ere you came to me? Then will I stoop to play the errand thief, As now I stoop to steal her kiss from thee."

Mind Occupied. "Harold," said the young woman, pushing away the third arm from shoulder, "I think you have forgotten yourself." "Possibly," said the weak young man, "but I can think of myself any old time. Just now you are occupying my undivided attention."—Kansas City Star.

The Question of the Hour. To go or not to go! That's the question of the hour. Will you be happier and cooler at a summer resort, or had you better stay home and save your summer vacation? Then it would be such a good thing for the husband, for he'd appreciate your petting and cooing and numerous kindnesses when you returned, while now you're here he's putting in a good share of his time frowning because the girl doesn't dust his books and railing because you haven't sewed the buttons on his bicycle coat. Yes—there are the mosquitoes—and the sewing necessary before-hand—and—and—and so on until the summer is gone and the winds of autumn are trying to blow out the window breaker. It is the usual topic for June meditation.—"Liners," in Times-Herald.

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EMPERESS EUGENIE HAS A NEW GOWN.

She Who Once Averaged a New Gown a Day Now Hesitates at One in Three Months. The Empress Eugenie has a new gown. Strange to call her "old," she who within a generation electrified the world with her beauty and her spirit. And, stranger still, to record the purchase of a dress. For in her day Eugenie was the most extravagant woman that ever lived, but excepting Josephine, the queen of woman spendthrifts, or Marie Antoinette, the best-dressed woman of her day.

Eugenie spent a thousand francs as easily as another woman spends a dollar, and it all went upon the wonderful things which were her delight. A former lady-in-waiting tells the story of a dress of her stuff, thin as gauze, and shimmering like silk. Silver stars were woven in its pall. Blue folds, and around the hem was a fringe of wonderful lace, 50 francs a yard. Eugenie was delighted when she saw it, and could not wait to put it on. That evening in the games in the Tuilleries it was ruined, torn to shreds as Eugenie ran through the plays which delight her so.

Now the Paris newspapers record with some pride that the Empress Eugenie has a new gown. The material, which is a soft black goods, like Henrietta, was purchased during her recent visit to Paris, and was left with a modeste to be made.

Eugenie always wears one kind of gown now—plain in skirt, bound in water, with the throat cut to a point and stiled in with lace, quite like a grandmother's throat.

When walking Eugenie wears a long cloth cape and a small turban to match. She has never taken off mourning for the Prince Imperial, her only son, killed twenty years ago by the Zulus—Buffalo Times.

SAVE YOUR ROSE PETALS.

Now is the Time to Gather Materials for Dainty Christmas Gifts. This is the month to begin picking your Christmas presents, or rather to start in saving rose petals. The country girl really has the best of it, because by the end of summer she can have a store of rose leaves that would make any city girl envious. But even if you can't find roses amid the bricks and mortar of your city home, surely you have some friends out of town who own rose bushes. Ask them for the petals, and if you are persistent, with what flowers you can gather yourself, by fall you should have a fragrant collection.

Beginning in June the leaves should be gathered, dried slowly in the sun and packed in cardboard boxes. All during the summer, when you can get hold of bits of thyme, rose geranium, leaves, sprigs of lavender, sweet clover blossoms, indeed any scented thing from field to garden, add them to the rose petals. Between the layers of rose leaves sprinkle lightly a little ground cinnamon, allspice, a few fennel leaves, and, if you happen to have on hand a stick of Japanese incense, crumble it up and toss among the leaves and spices. By the end of summer that box ought to be as sweet as a whole florist's shop. And don't you see what a delicious mixture you have—better than sachet powder at \$5 a pound—making up into muslin bags.

This is where the Christmas presents come in. There couldn't be anything daintier or more acceptable than a little sack of gauze or muslin filled with these rose leaves, tied with a bright ribbon and mailed to your friends as a holiday gift.—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE JOKE ON THE BRIDE.

"We tried to keep the railway carriage to ourselves, from Liverpool to London," writes a girl, who can appreciate a joke on herself, even when on her wedding tour, and if you happen to be crowded we really had not had a moment to ourselves. At Busby I think it was the guard opened the door, and in spite of Fred's scowls, lifted a small girl into one compartment, making a lot of fuss about about having no place else to put her."

"She was a real little tow-headed English girl of about 7, and she sat down on the edge of the seat and stared about her. 'What is the matter, Miss Victoria?' asked Fred, who is the most good-natured man in the world. 'I don't see the birds.' 'What birds?' asked Fred. 'When I came from my other train, your guard said to my guard, 'Shove her in along with the love-birds.' Where are they?'"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

OUT IN KANSAS.

"Had a pretty bad cyclone over in your country last week, didn't you?" "Should say we had! Worst I ever seen! It left things mixed up almost as bad as the stuff in a bureau drawer after a woman's tried to find something there."—Chicago News.

A Woman's Request.

O'er my grave, I pray you, dear, Plant no roses, sweet and rare; For that tribute while I'm here—Send me roses while I'm here.—Detroit Free Press.

MOTHERS OF THE PRESIDENTS.

The following is a complete list of the maiden names of the mothers of the presidents of the United States printed by the Boston Transcript: Washington, Mary Ball; John Adams, Susannah Bowdoin; Jefferson, Jane Randolph; Madison, Nellie Conway; Monroe, Eliza Jones; J. Q. Adams, Abigail Smith; Andrew Jackson, Elizabeth Hutchinson; Van Buren, Maria Hoe; Harrison, Elizabeth Bassett; Tyler, Mary Armstrong; Polk, Jane Knox; Taylor, Sarah Struthers; Fillmore, Phoebe Miller; Pierce, Ana Kendrick; Buchanan, Elizabeth Spear; Lincoln, Nancy Hanks; Johnson, Mary Mc. Donough; Grant, Hannah Simpson; Hayes, Sophia Birchard; Garfield, Eliza Ballou; Arthur, Miwina Stone; Cleveland, Annis Neal; Hiram, Elizabeth Irwin; McKinley, Nancy Campbell Allison.

MY SUMMER GIRL.

By MAX ADLER.

In July sun and August heat, This summer girl is found, By pleasant fells and woodland dells, Where mossy is the ground.

Forgotten is the winter girl Who smiled with old Jack Frost; The summer miss by sunshine kissed My pen and praise exhaust.



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