The World of Woman.

DAISY MAY IN SOCIETY.

She Tells of the Woes of Managing Mammas and Dancing Girls—The Trelawny Craze May Bring Back Crinolines.

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"They are really not bad enough yet to go around," objectively ejaculated a "managing mamma" of the first assembly ball. The echo of the future commentary has been heard throughout the book of all patronesses functions. We girls are resigned to the inevitable. We take your chances—if a cultious through or stay at home. Though dances are the order of the day, unless you be a married belle or coquette hitherto just prior to the tied you aren't in it. Bad.

New York men have been wined, dined and sought after so much on account that their heads have become swelling for their hats. They simply tired in over all. You would think a dance given with all in a row, frolicking in fresh and summer, bestow favor to the music with a dance similar but would arouse the ebonity at least of the few available men.

But not so. You'd switch without your back if the last season I am good chur through. I saw three tired mothers sweat away with the sets were formed to avoid service. Wasn't that continuous?

But what are you going to do about it? Grin and bear it only a woman can, of course. A few moments spent after they appeared chatting briskly, merely addicious to the several glasses cool by 11 pulse of talking shop.

Later one unmarried thirty, wishing to engage in conversation, the cards proved to be commonplace remarks that she had been to dance and not to talk. She go the rest waltz.

"No dance isn't worth the candle, be for so if it compared. I've struck the three off my list, and you, since I've touched in my dear young, I feel better."

"Wanted—A step pat to international marriages and the crinoline craze."

A tag of one set thrust the text under my nose in an entrance at the "Walkiorie" rendition the other night.

"Won't you subscribe to these sentiments, Miss Daisy? They are the crying evils of the day," said to melodramatically.

"To all important questions, I answer you"—this with a significant nod toward the adjoining box which he had just quitted, where sat two marketable sons with short waists. "In marriage I'm not interested".

"Surely," interrupted my impatient friend, "you aren't going to be a hoop-skirt fiend?"

"Heaven forbid!"

Come to think of it, the first is a menace to managing mammas with eligible sons, while the latter also threatens an 19th epidemic, both serious consequences.

Society, I know, is all a-flutter over the rejected engagement of two American heiresses to English noblemen. Pauline, daughter of William Waldorf Astors, owner of Pall Mall Gazette and continentals, it is said, will marry his grace of Roxburghe; Mar Gertie the Duke of Roxburgh. If so, England will be a billionaire a 'all to the good.

It's too bad when a girl wants a sentimental love or attractive husband she has to go dangling to foreign fobs. The trouble is, not this, the "commonwealth" American man" is too busy to make love. He leaves his mamma to negotiate matrimonial affairs, while he busies with "pats and calls" in the Stock Exchange pit. Most times the undertaking is a failure. Mamma unreasonably exercise the commission and delivers the goods. When she does, society folk reveale each other with cells of long lines! forefathers of the centuring parlies and accompanies prate of a patriotic sense.

The majority of women are more cautious and object to hobnobbing by proxy. Earthbaum remained home to divide themselves exclusively to the objects of attention, view through spectral after they wed. Then, too, we know Nero's lamentant for little. If possessed of the wherewithal in our class, why not? That's their affair. History records instances where cruel and rude have been brought in the express, whereas of hoyden. So it one chooses to use the pen, be a man who owns the coveted bell and cold of cross what's the difference.

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"Dolly, I'm not myself fully conscious of the objections of the aldermanic scions of the great Chicago," expatiated the disturbed woman, "but at one of their meetings a bill was introduced declaring it a misdemeanor for a woman to appear upon the streets in bloomer costume after dark. A woman visiting this city was subject to arrest for, 'With your kind attention I will give you an instance of a meeting with the women of a Knickerbocker political study club.'

"Hush! Be still! Here comes the president."

Copies of different opinion drew their chairs closer for conference. They were familiar with the day's work and had some cognomen to arrange. A few minutes consultations to leaders of the several factions, while Madam President adjusted her lorgnon strings, rolled down her vail and settled out the ripples of her skirt, and all was in readiness.

"What's the special order of the day?" queried the chair.

The question to wear or not to wear bloomers in Cowpath Hamlet rapidly grew enthusiasm.

"Who's make the motion?"

The woman of dignity and dress reform stepped down instantly. "I move that this class approve the convenient and comfortable dress adopted by the women of Cowpath and deprecate the extreme crinoline roads in Chicago."

"I second the motion" exclaimed the fair treasurer.

"Are ready?" suggested the chair.

"I do not understand what the term 'extreme' implies. I call for information on the subject," came from the woman with well modulated voice.

"Dorothy, I do not myself fully comprehend the objections of the aldermanic scions of the great Chicago," expatiated the disturbed woman, "but at one of their meetings a bill was introduced declaring it a misdemeanor for a woman to appear upon the streets in bloomer costume after dark. A woman visiting this city was subject to arrest for wearing bloomers. Dorothy is far ahead of us in dress reform. Will some one define the various clearly so we may be intelligently on this question?"

"Why, of, although to thwart dress reform measures across divided girls," said the leader, with a chuckle her lips with twinkling eyes.

"Mamma dear, the 'Knickerbocker Belles' are not so bad after all," said the exceptional member. "Another Bloomer would be quaint if she were alike. We could fall to remember in the so called measure of being her radical.

"We'll refer it to a committee," declared the fair cyclist, she scented defeat in the air.

So it was agreed and the committee appointed. The modest Bloomer, the emancipated woman, the mother or two daughters, the women barred cyclist and the of uncalled men were holding a caucus so I fled a hasty retreat to ponder over and digest a woman's lesson in political economy.

Now from the ridiculous to the sublime!

So the old fanatical are "ahoy de ma" can scarcely forgive hypochondriac tendencies for the times, even finding wiggle of power for the could secure for certainly a hopelessly plain girl would become a thing of beauty envelopes in silky mists and sheer linens as the Dresden Shepherdesses. Lovely is quite the dream style. All Paris is producing for several years has been worned by street nonfeasance, but old years the last season have Americans generally but said "hand wearing." Ruffled ruffles and ruffle ruffled years crept stealthily to head the "Song of the Shirt" which in childhood days was involuntarily read from the back of your first Sunday school copy book.

Fichus, fichus and N. ecaus are trend in dainty and character. All over back at the girdle, came about the skirt in fashion fashion. On the right side it was completed to a garland of roses, on the left by a drapery of spangled tulle which fell to the bottom of the skirt. The corsage, with slightly blouse effect, was draped about the decolletage with spangled tulle, a bow of black velvet on one shoulder being joined to the velvet girdle by a band of the same material. A garland of roses sprayed the other shoulder.

Another gown, if anything more elegant, was of white and blue, the skirt of white taffeta, trimmed about the bottom with a deep flounce of white lace, over which hung a polished dragery of lions de mer. An accordion of white satin, embroidered in steel beat colored chenille, fell over the lions. The bodice of white satin was in its turn embroidered with the brown chenille, the sleeves being nothing more than straps of blue lions de mer.

A handsome evening dress of rose satin had the skirt trimmed with knots of moonstone de sale and jet. The corsage was draped with cream lace and finished with a deep corselet of cloth of gold and turquoises.

Daisy May

New York.

Among the mysterious customs of the Sulus is the dread which the married men has of his mother-in-law. He is afraid to meet her and always holds up his shield to screen him from her glance when he passes her dwelling.

NEW PARISIAN EVENING GOWNS.

ABOUT GLOVES.

In buying gloves there are more important considerations than their color and the number of the buttons. Black gloves are generally less elastic than white or colored ones, and cheap grades are dear at any price. Dressed kid usually retains its freshness longer and is more durable than suede. The best and most serviceable kid is soft, pliable and elastic. A glove so small that it cramps the hand and prevents grace of motion gives poor service. Short fingered gloves are ugly and certain to break soon between the fingers, if not at their tips. The way in which a glove is first drawn on and shaped to the hand has much to do with both its beauty and durability.

Unless you have ample time do not leave them fitted at the shops, but at leisure draw them on as here recommended, and, if possible, wear them half an hour without closing the fingers. In fastening a glove the greatest strain comes upon the first button, so before attempting to center this button the others, commencing with the second one, lastly the first.

Never button one glove with the ungloved hand. Do not begin at the tips of the fingers to pull them off. Turn back the wrists and draw them off inside out, but on no consideration leave them in this shape or roll them. Turn them right side out, smooth brotherlies and put away by themselves with a strip of cashmere flannel under and between them.

To mend a tear, buttonhole stitch closely around the edges once or twice as the size of the rent may require and then join the edges together. Save the buttons from discarded gloves to replace lost ones. They often match perfectly.

The Insurrection of Women.

In October, 1789, took place one of the most dramatic events of the French revolution, the insurrection of women. Already the discontent of the nation was gathering like a swollen torrent, growing more destructive at each attempt to stop its headlong course. The popular irritation was ready to flare up on the slightest provocation, and a cause was not long in coming. The regiment of the bodyguard was entertaining the Royal Flanders at Versailles, and during the banquet the king and queen passed through the hall. Blondel's song, "Oh, Richard! Oh, Mon Roi!" had just been sung, and the young officers, excited by wine, music and the presence of royalty, trampled on the tricolor and donned the white Bourbon cockade.

The news of this foolish scene, which was quickly reported in Paris, outraged the feelings of the people, already brought to the verge of starvation by the miserable harvest. The poor could feast while they were faint for food and bidden by the Minister Necker to eat grass! The court could revel at the sign of their constitution and trample it underfoot! The result was too great, and the women, always the leaders and now driven to despair by their children's clamorous cries for food, assembled in thousands, shouting "Bread, bread!" and at last started a procession. Unbidden, armed rabble joined them, the palace at Versailles, the scene of the riot, relatives or the advancing mob, gathering force as they went.

The palace was attacked, but Lafayette and his guards were successful in defending it, and the struggle was terminated for a time by the gathering darkness, the drenching rain and the fatigue of the mob.

So the strange night wore away—the king and queen within, surrounded with luxuries, but restless and alarmed, the people without, famished, weary, soaked with the rain and huddled together for protection. In the gray, ghostly dawn some of the mob forced their way into a wing of the palace, and the king and queen barely escaped with their lives.

The rabble insisted on their being brought to Paris and clamored for the hated "Austrian" to appear on a balcony alone. "No children!" they cried. But when Lafayette, kneeling, kissed the queen's hand, the executions of the fickle crowd changed to enthusiastic cheers, and they escorted the royal family back to Paris, dancing round the carriage with vociferous shouts of joy and crying, as they pointed to the bodyguards of corn which followed, that they were bringing "the baker, the baker's wife and the baker's boy."

So the procession wound on to the Tuileries as it in triumph, but it was the triumph of the people over the king. The revolution had begun in France.

Amusing the Baby.

A baby will be attracted for a time by some bits toy that he can simply look at, but he will spend ten times as long in putting pegs into holes in a board contrived for the purpose or in taking out one by one from a well filled basket articles no matter what—spools, blocks, coathooks, anything—so that they are sometimes changed and he does not tire of the monotony. Then the task of putting them all back keeps him busy for a still longer time.

As baby becomes more discerning and his fingers more nimble, a passing desire for his employment is a board with variously shaped holes—round, square, triangular, etc.—with blocks and spheres to fit into the various places. Should these be bright colors, he may for some time stay also be gratified and learning these colors soon follows. Little tasks of carrying articles from one portion of the room to another, or from room to room, will often keep a child busy and interested for hours.

THE MEN WHOM WOMEN ADMIRE

Many people have at different times tried to solve the question as to who it is about a man that first draws a woman's admiration, often afterwards deepening into love, toward him, by the query his very remained, as it is likely to do, possible, for women, as men—probably more so—differ much in their various tastes and desires, and, as it is with them a most intuitive process.

Some women, though they can be a factor a man in love, cannot tell what they call a "nice looking fellow" for a husband, with all kinds of reasons and an Adonis who sets some women for beauty are cast aside for the long run they are for the man who, on the opposite side, is the better for the "dear looking, admirable" fellow in all ways, almost without exception, a few whose hearts are little and those not worth much.

Most women like genuine men—men who will spend their money, their time, their powers of any kind, in ministering the various whims of their feminine friends. But the generous man, though he may gain the favor of many ladies by his generosity, is not always an ideal lover, as many have found out before today.

It has been well said that it is rather the wealth than the wealthy man that other women love, and it is to be feared that some of our lady friends must come under this category, for we have never yet seen across the woman who did not "adm she was rich." But the wealthy man is a poor creature to love if his money is all that the woman loves him for, and they who have the fruit of the apple tree by the Dead sea most expect to find a taste of ashes about them.

Intellectual men ever more or less, with the admiration of the fair sex, but that admiration very often does not ripen into love, for, while the women admire the knowledge and cleverness of the intellectual man, they too often find a large lump of conceit carried about by that gentleman, which makes them feel as very inferior, and everybody knows that no woman ever yet thought herself inferior to a "mere man."

Athletic men, also, are not the men who capture the female heart in anything like the proportion that one would expect from hearing the words of praise which Emily bestows on Cherry when he wins the "100 yards" or kicks the ball for a "home run." The men of this kind will persist in talking about "record times," "rooted hits" and such like things. And, after all, girls never did take to sports naturally and never will. See how many ladies there would be at a football game if a rule were made forbidding any new dresses or hats.

No, all these various types of men may find their few admirers here and there, but the mass of women will want something better to admire to become "lovers." And the kind of men they are looking out for is one that will always be in great demand and always sure of winning women's admiration and love. Whether he be rich or poor, or whatever other qualities he may have, all true women are ever in love with a gentleman.

In What Month Were You Born?

Here is an old astrological prediction, said to indicate, with tolerable certainty, the character of the girl according to the month she happens to be born in:

If a girl is born in January, she will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good tempered.

If in February, a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

If in March, a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarreling.

If in April, inconstant, not intelligent, but likely to be good-looking.

If in May, handsome and likely to be happy.

If in June, generous, will marry early and be frivolous.

If in July, passably handsome, but with a silky temper.

If in August, amiable and practical, and likely to marry rich.

If in September, discreet, affable and much liked.

If in October, pretty and coquettish, and likely to be unhappy.

If in November, liberal, kind, of a mild disposition.

If in December, well proportioned, fond of novelty and extravagant.

She Swallowed Him.

An amusing story about Mr. Rhodes is told which, if true, ought to induce "the Colossus" to abandon his role as colonizer. It is said that at a certain young ladies' seminary near Cape Town political feeling had been running high during the recent Cape elections.

Some time ago one of the day scholars brought her lunch wrapped up in a newspaper which contained a portrait of Mr. Rhodes. An Africander young lady pounced upon the portrait, and, fixing it to the school wall, began to throw stones at it, a pastime in which she was joined by others of the same nationality.

This was too much for the feelings of the English girls who owned the "Colossus" with a combined roar. A total battle ensued, and at one time it seemed that Mr. Rhodes would again fall into the hands of the stone throwing party. But the original owner was equal to the occasion, and, to save the picture, crammed what is left of the picture into her mouth and swallowed it. "Now," she cried in triumph, "you can't hurt Mr. Rhodes!"

WOMEN OF THE WORLD.

Her who marry for money often owe it to strange debts to pay on their speculations. A young man who married a country girl in Seattle not long ago found himself in an present mortgage particularly in a certain residence lot, which he duly and calling, as he did so to the lady of the house and asked to see the deed of the property. The woman took out of her traveling bag an envelope and handed it to him. He took it and opened it, and found it was a deed to the property in question, but it was made out to a third of having deceased. The woman said that her husband was a celebrity lawyer, or lawyer." Miss Agnes Irwin, dean of Radcliffe College, who was visiting shows in Chicago, has been drawn regularly ever since they were granted. The church authorities have been asked for an explanation and for proofs that the nuns are still alive, failing which the latter will be scheduled as dead.

Miss Lillian Russell's refusal to sing at the doll show of the Professional Women's league in the Windsor-Astoria hotel, New York, is said to have been due to the fact that some writer about a doll shown referred to the fair Lillian as a "war relic" in a way to suggest that she was no longer young.

The lady members of the well known Kyrkle family in Birmingham, Eng., are some time locally famous for the share they take in municipal work. The present lady councilor, Mrs. C. E. Kyrkle, is the third sister who in turn has occupied the civil chair of Birmingham.

December Bridget is sure to be the Paris fashion magazine, is a strait-laced author of Madame Pompadour. She was sent to Wentworth in 1841 and is a descendant of William Wallace and Mary Queen of Scots. Her mother, Clementina Maxwell, married Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart., of Lochnaw, Wigtonshire, Scotland. Her father was a descendant of Madame Pompadour. Her mother was a daughter of Mr. James J. Dallas.

In Russia a young man must be a fine fellow indeed to be called a "good fellow." The phrase is applied to a man who is a good fellow, a good fellow, a good fellow,