

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

A woman writes of Pajamas thus: It is somewhat interesting for the woman out for her Fall shopping to be shown pajamas in which to sleep. She looks at them with curiosity; the neck and wrists are trimmed with lace and ribbons, but otherwise they are duplicates of those displayed in the haberdashers' shops. Some women, overwhelmed by bravery, have bought them; whether they have ever worn them or not I am unable to say. But I for one protest against this inroad on the essentially feminine belonging—the night dress. I can't think of anything more unlike a woman than prancing around in pantaloons and a jacket. There is one thing certain—and this is intended for a warning for the world at large—that the woman who wears them will, in case of a fire, be rescued last of all, for the gay and gallant firemen, concluding she is a boy, will let her wait. Nothing is so pretty, nothing so dainty in underwear as the eternal feminine, and even the women who give themselves over to tailor-made gowns still retain an affection for the frills and ruffles, the ripples of lace and the bunches of ribbon that decorate veritable feminine belongings. If you were very ill and I went to see you, I would lose half my sympathy for you, that is, supposing you were a woman, if you wore pajamas; but looking delightfully weak, intensely feminine in the soft, long gown, white and pretty, my heart would go out to you and my sympathy would show itself in hothouse grapes and orchids. It is always the way, you know; when a woman throws aside the feminine trappings she is very apt to lose the sympathy given her by everybody, for women somehow rebel against this assumption of what really isn't a woman.

"Do women tittle?" was a subject of animated discussion among a few who were conversing in a desultory way the other night in this city. Several young women were free to confess that the custom was growing. The tittling habit is a dangerous one; more so, perhaps, in the female than in the male sex. Women, and I am a woman myself and know whereof I speak, are not so constituted as to resist temptation with the same determination as men. And again, society, though why it

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should do so I know not, condones trifling irregularities in the male sex, while it never forgives the female offender.

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