

have moved the hearts of millions with excitement and tears. Joanna Baillie, poet and play writer, was "one of them." Florence Nightingale, most gracious lady, heroine of Inkerman and Balaclava hospitals, has to the present written "Miss" before her name.

"Women play odd tricks on one another sometimes," said a smart American woman; "but the queerest I ever heard of was perpetrated by one social leader in a western city upon another. They were rivals, and hated each other accordingly, though outwardly they preserved the semblance of pleasant relations. Every chance that either got to give a dig at the other was eagerly seized. But the final and most effective stroke, after which no calls were exchanged, was delivered by Mrs. L. She sent out cards for a grand entertainment, and then took pains to find out what Mrs. F., her competitor, was going to wear. A gorgeous brocaded satin was the material for Mrs. F.'s gown, it was ascertained. Accordingly Mrs. L., whose husband was in the dry goods business, obtained several hundred yards of the same identical stuff and draped the walls of all the rooms on the lower floor of her house with it. You may imagine the feelings of Mrs. F., on arriving in her superb new frock, which she expected to make a sensation. Naturally, she ordered her carriage and drove away in tears."

Miss Olga Nethersole is one of the English women who believe in high thinking and simple dressing, for off the stage her gowns are almost Puritanical in their soberness of color and plainness of fashion. They are mostly tailor built, and, astonishing to relate to those women who have taken admiring note of her slender waist, straight back and well defined curve, she wears no corset.

A contille waist that buttons in front is the nearest approach to that bulwark of the French dressmaker. Miss Nethersole thinks the corset is ungraceful, injurious and not quite neat, since her belief is that every article of one's underwear should pay a weekly visit to the washtub. Indeed her lingerie, if one call it by that name, can easily be packed in a handkerchief box, for it is woven of silk and wool, a beautiful fabric, warm, fine and soft, leaving her body free for active movement. Miss Nethersole is a tremendous worker in and out of the theatre, as much manager as actress, and her capacity for the daily achievement of her really tremendous labors she attributes to her sensible dressing. She fully recognizes that petticoats are part of a woman's life, unpleasant, yet impossible to avoid, but her effort is to mitigate their weight and bulk as far as

possible with a view to good health and active movement.

It is astonishing the number of women who have, like this English woman, laid aside their stays forever or wear the contille waist instead.

Have you ever noticed that there is a rainy day woman, who is nothing remarkable when the weather is fine and her sisters in smart attire completely overshadow her in offensive personality, but who looms up a perfect ray of sunshine when the heavens open and the dull pattering of drops against the window pane gives every one within doors a horrible attack of the blues?

It is then that this little creature goes about in a quiet, cheerful manner, that is wonderfully consoling to those mortals who are made to enjoy life only when the skies are blue and the whole earth merry with the glad laugh of children and the stir and bustle of pleasant outdoor activity.

She is embodied happiness; she enjoys playing on her piano or banjo; she is quite contented with a book or finds ample amusement in tearing a hat to pieces just for the sake of putting it together again in a different way. It doesn't annoy her at all because she cannot go out, and while others are yawning and growling at the weather, she finds the day altogether too short, and soon, by her own persistent sunshininess, imbues others with the idea that there are far worse calamities than rain, and when the sunshine comes once more, she relapses into that neutral calm that is unmoved until another gray day comes around.

The rainy days of affliction and financial difficulty have just such figures to stand out as cheering beacon lights of hope and help over the present distress. Some women, who apparently in prosperity are veritable dolls, come out strong and staunch under the buffetings of adverse fortune. Rainy day women are treasures in whatever way they are tested. Question yourself and ask whether you could justly lay claim to the title?

No material is too fine for the dinner gown, writes Isabel A. Mallon in an exquisitely illustrated article on "Graceful Dinner Gowns," in the November *Ladies' Home Journal*. The rich brocade, the soft velvet, the lustrous silk, the heavy cloth, the glossy satin, each is dedicated to this toilette. The fashionable color may be chosen, or one may wear some becoming shade that it has been elected shall always be in style. All one's jewels are in good taste at this time, and the hair may be as elaborately arranged as is desired. By preference, a short train should be given to a dinner dress, for it tends to make the wearer look

more dignified. Young girls wear soft clinging fabrics, noticeably silk, crepe or muslin, but, as a well known writer said, the young girl has too few interests, and she has not seen enough of life, consequently she has not gained the experience that makes her a desirable member of a dinner party.

Many combinations of brocade and velvet, of brocade with silk, and of silk with cloth are liked for this purpose, while lace is used in large quantities upon the glossy black satin which is given so much vogue just now. The magenta color and the tints that shade off from it, are liked upon either black or gray, while the peculiar green that is between an emerald and a moss is fancied as the decoration upon lavender, black, pale blue or golden brown. Spangles of all the flashing beads; jackets, belts and collars of golden embroidery are liberally used upon the dinner gown. When flounces of chiffon are noticed upon the skirt, a contrast is given by a narrow piping of dark fur on the extreme edge of the skirt.

Children born of mothers under twenty years old do not have as good a chance of healthy life as those born of mothers over thirty.

The favorite flowers of the Princess of Wales are the lily of the valley and the Alexandra orchid. The Duchess of York loves the white rose. Adelina Patti is fond of the carnation. Miss Ellen Terry prefers the large white lily. The rose is Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's special delight.

A clever young newspaper reporter, who has lately been engaged in chronicling fashionable society functions of various kinds, says it would not surprise him if some society dames he is acquainted with were to see a part a day on which to receive their children.

A novel sleeve, especially suitable for soft French cloth, is made on a fitted lining and has an under and upper piece which is gathered at the back and front seams and drawn up under a rosette of ribbon. The second one is more extreme in style and is trimmed with lace and ribbon.

Speaking of wrinkles, they are the vice of hosiery for feminine wear. The woman with wrinkles in her stockings may just as well have them in her face. Both can be equally disenchanting.

Charming bonbonnières can be made of cream-colored satin, worked with wee spangles, gold passing and a few stitches of floss silk. Fans are prepared for working in the same way.