

Ladies' Department.

THE POSITION OF A PATRONESS.

As every American boy has before him from his infancy the possibility of some day becoming President of the United States so it is the privilege of every girl who enters the awful arena of society to fancy herself as fulfilling in the future the duties of a patroness. The prospect may perhaps be a pleasing one, perhaps it may not, but certainly it is startling! To feel that in the years to come you may some evening stand in all your glory with smiling face and outstretched hand and see advancing to meet you, also with outstretched hands, countless numbers of proper young people, in black cloth and pink muslin and patent leather shoes—all wishing to shake hands with you and you alone—the prospect, I repeat, is startling!

You might object to the publicity? Ah! but think of the power you would wield! What could be more gratifying than the thought that first of all in this evening of gaiety and joy you are to be considered. That until each one of the pink-muslined, patent-shoed individuals has accosted you and shaken your hand in friendly greeting, he is unwilling to take any part in the evening's fun. You may be half-hidden away behind a crowd of admirers, he must and will seek you out and warmly press your hand before ever he thinks of the orchestra tuning up so wildly in the dancing-hall, or of the propinquity of even the "nearest and best." What woman could ever restrain a feeling of pride at receiving such marked attentions?

Oh the stern joyousness which must fill the heart of the patroness who comes late to an evening's entertain-

ment! It is then that she really knows what a position hers is. Girls, young girls all, would any of *us* be able to be calm, when, sailing in half an hour behind the time, we should see the anxiety with which our coming was expected—should see the ill-suppressed expressions of joy with which the young people saw us take our stand and first stretch out our hand to receive that kindly pressure from one and all? Could they have thought of indulging in any amusement until we arrived? We are proud to think they could not. No, late we might be, very late, yet we would be missed, awaited, earnestly greeted before the fun could commence.

Yes, we feel that a very high position lies in store for some of us in years to come. We can fancy even now just how it will be. Having received the greetings of all the guests, we slowly move along towards the dancing-hall, and smilingly watch the pink muslins nodding a pretty assent to numberless questions put to them by those of the black cloth and patent shoes—watch the tiny blue and pink pencils doing yeoman service in those awkwardly-gloved hands, and see the flutter of little white pieces of paste-board passing from hand to hand, while above the hum of voices the first strains of the orchestra sound through the hall. A pretty sight it is, and withal an interesting one, and we are glad to waive attention for a time and watch the greetings interchanged between those of the younger generation. We draw to one side as the music strikes up and the feet begin to fly over the polished floor. How easily they glide around and how bright the music is. Our feet keep time instinctively and, for a moment, we almost