

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY is of the opinion that we are on the verge of an era of unmarried women. Our civilization, she says, is changing. Daughters cannot be supported at home, and there is nothing there to busy them. The women used to spin and weave, make carpets and soap, but now all that is done for them in the factories. Young men do not make enough money to support their wives, and there is such a craze for dissipation among them that the women would rather go into a store for almost nothing than to marry.

A woman to whom the ordinary dust collecting, moth breeding carpet was an abomination, and who could not afford to have all her rooms refloored in hard woods, adopted this expedient for some of the seldom used ones. She selected at the paper hanger's a heavy wall paper, dark in color and conventional in design. She laid the floor first with brown paper. Then she put down the wall paper by first coating it with paste and smoothing it down. When the floor was all papered she sized and varnished it with dark glue and common varnish, which deepened the color. When it was dry she scattered a few rugs about, and her paper carpets have lasted for years.

The cocoon of a well fed silkworm, it is said, will often yield a thread 1,000 yards long, and one has been produced which contains 1,295 yards.

Among the first patients of a young hospital nurse was a young man with a broken arm and an attractive appearance. The demure, white-capped nurse began to take an unusual interest in him, and, after a time, asked him if there was nothing she could do for him—no book she could read, no letter she could write. The patient gracefully accepted the latter offer, and the nurse prepared to write from his dictation. He began with a tender address to his "dearest love," and the little nurse felt slightly embarrassed. But she continued through the most ardent declarations of all-absorbing affection to the end, where he wished to be subscribed an adorning lover for all time. Then she told the letter and slipped it into its envelope.

"To whom shall I direct it?" she asked. The wicked young fellow said amiably and even tenderly: "What is your name, please?" They have been married a little more than a year now.

As soon as new shades in dress goods are received from Paris, the attempt is made by millinery supply houses to reproduce them in straw, with more or less success. This year the dyers say the call for these special new shades is greater than ever. How many of them will be produced satisfactorily will be seen later.

There is no doubt now in the minds of milliners that the old-fashioned poke bonnet will be the thing of the season with the extremely stylish. Although the style possesses many qualities of discomfort, it will be adopted because it is odd and a complete change from anything else existent in millinery. But to be fashionable, feminine human nature can bear much.

It looks very much as if the popular demand for ribbons had come to stay, for a time at least, and that the spring season will tax the trade as it has never been taxed before. The fact that raw silk has been advancing for several months, and that importers are talking higher prices, coupled with the condition of stocks—a limited supply—will tend to make buyers a little more prompt in making purchases for the new season. Already this condition of things is being felt by the ribbon trade, and a large business is now being carried on.

Most people who have heard of the "serpentine dance," invented by Miss Loie Fuller, that is all the rage just now both in London and Paris, are probably under the impression that the enormously wide skirt which is held out by the performer and twisted into so many undulating patterns is made of one large piece of material. Mr. Eric Meade, in his little volume on "Private and Stage Dancing," just published by Mr. Samuel French, of the Strand, explains that the mysterious garment really consists of many pieces. It is made, it appears, with scores of gores, which narrow towards the waist, and the skirt often contains from 150 to 200 yards of material. The skirt shuts up like an accordion-pleated skirt, but in much larger folds. Only

an expert can make this remarkable costume, which is designed mainly for the movements of the hands and arms.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Frederick Warde and Louis James, in elaborate scenic revivals of the legitimate drama, will be an early attraction at the Victoria theatre. The plays in their repertoire are Othello, Julius Caesar, The Lion's Mouth and Francesca di Rimini.

The Modest Husband drew a very poor house last Saturday evening. As a consequence, the actors and actresses were not at their best. The play possesses many new features, and, under other circumstances, would have been highly enjoyable.

Peck's Bad Boy is the next attraction at The Victoria, the date being March 17th. All the press notices we have seen of the play are flattering.

The Rose of Ettrick Vale, at Philharmonic Hall, by an amateur company, was a highly delightful presentation.

John Dillon, although 62 years old, is like a young and ambitious comedian of 22.

Frank Daniels' new play, Dr. Cupid, has proved a great money-maker.

Our Boys will be produced by a local amateur company at an early date.

WHEN BUSTLES WERE WORN.

But, by-the-by, we thought crinolines, aye, and bustles, too, were things of the past—and more's the pity. We remember, some ten years ago, standing on the steps of the Old Ship. The wind was blowing as it bloweth at Brighton and not elsewhere. A paterfamilias—in whose rubicund countenance and truly British breadth of beam the observant spectator might almost have recognized John Bull himself—had just negotiated Danger Corner, which marks the confluence of Ship street and King's road. Turning round to encourage an invisible convoy he shouted: "Now, then, there—bustle up!" And on the boisterous air was borne in a well known voice, "That's just what it is, pa. The wind's caught it and I can't get it down."—*Man of the World.*