WOMAN'S WORLD.

AN INTERESTING MOTHER IN A WASHINGTON LEGATION HOME.

Bloomers Are Unpopular—The Princess Slip—The Summer House Hall—The New Hat Malady—The Ultimate Effects of Woman Suffrage.

One of the interesting mothers of the legation homes in Washington is Mme. de Lazo Arriaga. She is a sunny tempered woman, with a flowerlike face, lighted by the blackest of Spanish eyes and framed by masses of coal black hair. Her skin is clear like the petals of a lily.

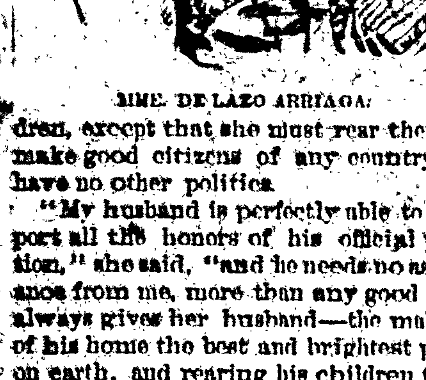
When I called upon her, she was just taking lunch with her children. She looked so girlish that I said they must be quite young children, and how merrily she did laugh!

"Why," she said, "I have five children living." And then she added sadly, "We have lost three."

She is proud of her four bright boys and her pretty little girl. The baby is only about a year old. Mme. de Lazo is a devoted mother, and, though she keeps a French governess for the children, both she and her husband devote some time each day to going over their studies, for they always superintend the studies and lessons. Madame speaks five languages—Italian, Spanish, French, German and English. Her children can converse with her in all these, and she takes great pains with their pronunciation. She admires our system of public school education and thinks that nothing could be finer.

When I asked Mme. de Lazo how she liked Washington society, which she has graced for three years, she replied: "Oh, very well, indeed. But I have not given a great deal of time to it," she added, with a smile. "You see, my little family takes a great deal of my attention and fully fills up my time. Society is very merciful to me and grants me the privilege of being good to my children first."

"Oh, no, I do not care for politics," she replied to my question. "Politics cuts no figure with a mother of five children, except that she must rear them to make good citizens of any country. I have no other politics.



MME. DE LAZO ARRIAGA.

"My husband is perfectly able to support all the honors of his official position," she said, "and he needs no assistance from me, more than any good wife always gives her husband—the making of his home the best and brightest place on earth, and rearing his children to be an honor to his name." Through all that Mme. de Lazo said there ran that tender thought of motherhood and the responsibility that it entailed.

Madame's husband, Senor Don Antonio de Lazo Arriaga, is envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from Guatemala and Honduras, and a splendid specimen of manhood. I asked madame if she liked life in Central America. She was born in Cuba, educated in Spain and spent a number of years in New York, where she became a naturalized citizen of this country.

"Oh," she said, "it is so beautiful in Central America! It has a beautiful climate, beautiful flowers, beautiful birds and beautiful women. The women there are most artistic in gowning themselves, most of their dresses coming from Paris. Outside of Paris," she added, "I never saw more well dressed women than in Guatemala, a city of about 90,000 inhabitants."

It may be that there is a kind of glamour hanging about Central America which colors madame's opinion of it. When yet a schoolgirl, her health being very fragile, her parents took her to Guatemala. While there she met a handsome young lawyer, who was making a brilliant mark in his profession, and fell deeply in love with him, the attraction being mutual. When she went back to New York, she corresponded with him, and for four years this was kept up, till finally the ardent lover gained permission to visit her in her northern home, and their marriage was soon announced. It was a really and truly love match, and a very happy one.—New York Journal.

Bloomers Are Unpopular.

It is rather remarkable how the bloomer craze has affected certain cities and disaffected others. It was prophesied by most of the critics last year that when this riding season opened drop frame wheels would be no longer popular among the ladies, but that all of them, clad in their bloomers, would scorch astride the lightweight diamond frame wheel, mounting and dismounting much in the same manner as their companions of the opposite sex.

This prediction has not become true, and the bloomer girl is fast disappearing, a fact which is proved by the increased orders for the drop frame wheels. A year's experience has convinced the average American girl who rides a wheel that the so called rational costume for bicycle riding is not rational at all, but is an ill fitting garment which affords less comfort than the short skirt for riding. Most of the advocates of the bloomers last year rode the ordinary diamond frame wheels, but this year the dealers state that the drop frame is decidedly more popular. The drop frame, by the way, is only ridden by those women who appear in their accustomed skirts, so that the natural deduction is that the bloomers are passing.

Another proof is the manner in which they are received. In Syracuse, for instance, last year the bloomer costume became so common upon the streets that even the small boys forgot to make comments as the girls went wheeling by. But this year there is a change. Hardly a bloomer suit has appeared in that city, which is one of the most prosperous cycling centers of the country. Bloomers are almost tabooed, and only a few of the most hardy members of the sex will wear them. The same thing is true of Washington, and one has only to watch for the bloomers upon the streets here to be convinced of the decline of the bifurcated garments.—Washington Post.

The Princess Slip.

The princess slip to wear beneath various semitransparent dresses has been once and again suggested as an elegant and economical substitute for silk underbodices and skirt linings sewed in with each separate gown. This season we are glad to notice that this graceful and money saving garment has been introduced in various importing and fancy dry goods houses. The model consists of a petticoat of silk sewed permanently to a close fitting bodice, or a princess effect is given, the slip being in continuous breadths from neck to hem. This slip is quite expensive in the shops, as it is ribbon and lace trimmed and elegantly made. However, the woman who longs for just such a dainty, easy and Frenchy little garment can purchase her 10 or 12 yards of surah, taffeta or else china silk at 60 cents a yard, good width and excellent, lustrous quality, and let her home dressmaker construct one for her, fitted to her own figure and not that of a wire model. She can have it made with high, half high or semilow neck as best suits her taste and figure. The most of those on exhibition are sleeveless, fastened at the back and cut low in the neck to wear beneath a lace, chiffon or fine French organdie gown.

A half worn taffeta or faille silk, with new silk for the bodice portion, will make over nicely into one of these slips. It can be made of black, white or tinted silk, or even batiste, and can also be heavily boned and worn without a corset. Satin and watered slips with elaborately decorated skirts, showing cascades of lace and furlongs of ribbon, are among the very costly imported slips, and for autumn and winter wear we are likely to see princess slips of sheer wool or of taffeta lined with fine French flannel take the place of a plurality of heavy, cumbersome petticoats.—New York Post.

The Summer House Hall.

The hall in the summer home should be next in its inviting appearance to the broad piazza, which is in reality the most important part of the house. If there is not room for a parlor and large hall, combine the two in one as the living room. It will be found much more enjoyable, giving a greater sense of spaciousness, better air and lending itself readily to picturesque effects in furnishing, says Demorest. The multitude of small details, collections of various sorts, rare bric-a-brac, choice porcelains, etc., which have in recent years turned town houses into museums, should be studiously avoided, for not only is it a weariness to the flesh to take care of these things, but it is actually a strain upon mind and eyes to be confronted at every turn with a multiplicity of objects.

Therefore a wise restraint should be exercised in the selection of everything of a purely decorative character. Every piece of furniture should be for use and comfort; you want no stiff, spindle legged chairs, which invite one only to perch lest they fall beneath one's weight, nor stiff, upholstered chairs and tete-a-tetes which proclaim their ceremonious purpose.

The great, roomy hall should invite to restful ease, and there should be couches, divans and lounging chairs, with plenty of soft cushions wherever they can be placed, as well as low willow chairs by work and tea tables.

If there can be but one open grate in the house, let it be, by all means, in the hall, where a cheery fire on cool evenings and mornings will be most enjoyed, and whence the genial warmth will most easily pervade the whole house and dispel its dampness.

The New Hat Malady.

I have been called in by several married ladies who say they suffer from a peculiarly irritable kind of headache, which has commenced to trouble them recently. The husbands of nearly all of them told me privately that never had they found their wives so disagreeably snappish. Everything seemed to annoy them, especially when they had their hats on. I asked to see the articles and found them to be very much alike—large structures of straw, with masses of flowers and ribbons towering high into the air. The weight is itself too heavy for the delicate cranium of a woman, but worst of all is the anxiety a lady must feel in keeping such a thing properly poised on her head. Of course I prescribed the usual remedies for what they call the "migraine," but strongly advised them to put aside such headgear and wear light, reasonable bonnets. Some of them did and were completely cured; others did not and are getting more snappish and disagreeable every day, to such an extent as to threaten the domestic peace.

The same style of hat leads the people known as "Arriets" to drink when they put it on for bank holidays. In other circles it leads to the state of things I have described. And is it to be wondered at? Who can calculate the amount of worry to a man with a tall hat on a windy day? If we were not a strong brained people, our asylums would have been full long ago from that very cause. Women are not able to bear the same strain successfully, and if they persist in wearing hats taller and more difficult to manage than men's, nothing but domestic disaster can [illegible].—A Physician in London Telegraph.

The Ultimate Effects of Woman Suffrage.

We may as well consider what changes in human society, and especially in the character and fitness of woman, the new order of things sought to be inaugurated (full political powers) will be likely to bring about.

Immediately, and in one generation not very many or considerable. Character that has been slowly molded by certain influences, acting for long periods, will not be modified immediately by the withdrawal of those influences. Whatever deterioration occurs, whatever new hardships make the lot of woman more tragic, will only appear after adverse influences have had their full term of operation.

Neither in readjusting the duties toward society of the sexes respectively are men likely to insist that, in taking full political powers, women shall surrender any or all of their present immunities and privileges. The relation of the contracting parties is not one that will make any such rigid and hard bargain possible. But that surrender will inevitably be brought about by the indignant clamor of the women who will have effected the social revolution at being the recipients of any privileges which differentiate their situation or hamper them in their complete development. The inevitable ultimate result of subjecting the two human sexes to the same labors, the same employments, the same cares will be just the same as when domestic animals have been subjected for long periods to the same conditions, sex differences, physical and mental, will tend to disappear, and the two branches of the race will approximate a common type.—George F. Talbot in Popular Science Monthly.

Stylish Pique Gowns.

Pique in dead white, but with its cords so thick that they make it seem like cloth, is shown in white, wood, stem green, mazarin and navy blue, as well as in plaid designs somewhat larger than shepherd's plaid, but with hair lines so crossing each other that an extremely fine plaid is achieved. Scarlet and white, blue and white, black and white, stem green and white and purple and white are the contrasts offered in this plaid. The pique dresses are simply made, and as much care is taken to make them fit well as if they were of cloth. A typical one shows the stem green and white plaid. The skirt has the usual flare, and to increase it there are two rows of skirt boning around the lower edge. The jacket bodice is somewhat longer than those worn during the winter and flares away from the front to show a waistcoat of stem green cloth fastened with bullet pearl buttons. The broad revers are of the pique, and the high neck is of stem green taffeta ribbon with a large bow in the back. The full sleeves shape into the arms, and each has three rows of the bullet buttons on the upper side. With this is worn a sailor hat of white straw having about its band of stem green ribbon, while five stiff stalks of mignonette stand up on the left side. The gloves are of white glace kid closing with four large buttons.—Isabel A. Mallon in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Woman Hermit.

In the northern part of Lyme, near the boundary line of Salem, Conn., in a lonely clearing, surrounded by woods, stands a dilapidated old house of the seventeenth century style, with a stone chimney on the outside at the gable end. The old house is the home of Miss Desire Wilcox, a maiden farmer, who resides there alone. In former years she used to keep oxen and cows and till the soil, but she is getting past heavy work, and her stock now consists of a horse and a flock of sheep. The only income derived from the farm is the annual crop of wool and what little hay or timber she may dispose of, which amounts to very little. She has lived alone since the death of her parents and seems perfectly contented and happy.—Boston Herald.

Methodist Women.

"Women in the Methodist conference"—these words sound as familiar as the notes of the returning robin. With the coming of spring the Methodist woman always makes a move on conference and conference as regularly makes a move against the Methodist woman. But the persistent sister is steadily edging her way nearer to the coveted goal, and nobody doubts that she will ultimately get there.—Chicago Advance.

A Triple Suit.

It was thought that the height of combination effort was reached in the union suit of the various dress reformers, but a triple suit produced by a fashionable London firm combines low corset cover or chemisette, drawers and underpetticoat in one garment. The stays are worn under this and over the wool gauze vest, leaving nothing to be put on over it before the gown except the beruffled silk petticoat.—New York Times.

To clean a white sailor hat which is soiled remove or cover the band and scrub thoroughly with 5 cents' worth of salts of sorrel dissolved in cold water. Be careful not to bend the hat out of shape, as it becomes very stiff when dry. Place in the sun to dry.

There is a fad among girls just now to pose, invariably resting the hands on the hips. When the sleeves are sufficiently bouffant, the effect is quite fetching.

To have the silk waist match the lining of the jacket of the suit is a necessity of present smart dressing.

Mrs. D. W. Beard has been elected president of the Tennessee State Federation of Women's Clubs.

The Illinois state Prohibition convention declared for woman suffrage.

A BUSY WOMAN.

She Edits a Paper, Manages a Household and Is Rearing Five Children.

Women who find that it is a great tax upon them to manage one house and five children should read with admiration of Mrs. Ann Doherty of North Dakota, who manages a house, five children and a newspaper. The newspaper is The Nelson County Independent and is a legacy to Mrs. Doherty from her husband, who died a couple of years ago.

MRS. ANN DOHERTY.

The Independent is not an insignificant sheet by any means. It is the official paper of the county, and it is a popular exponent of the views of the Populists, so that Mrs. Doherty has to be wise in politics as well as in other things. But she conducts her paper satisfactorily and is making it even more of a success than it was under masculine management. Besides this she is bringing up her children to the admiration of the neighbors and is a housekeeper of repute.—Exchange.

White Wheels and Guest Wheels.

Vagaries of bicycle fashions are numerous. To dress in harmony with one's machine is one of the latest, now that colored wheels are in use. A woman flashing by the other morning in a white cloth suit, with white sailor hat, veil and gloves and mounted on a white wheel was a somewhat startling spectacle. Mourning wheels, or, more properly, wheels for use in mourning, are a Parisian caprice which the Frenchwoman finds necessary to her a la mode grief. In the meantime the woman of taste brings that necessary quality to bear upon her wheeling equipment as upon all others and wears an inconspicuous, suitable dress on as good but not showy a wheel as she can afford.

Speaking of wheels, a smart young woman says that one has to know how to ride one nowadays, just as one has to know how to play cards or tennis or do any popular thing, to be an agreeable visitor. "If I'm asked to a country house with a party," says this authority, "I put in my bicycle suit just as I used to carry my riding habit, for there is sure to be a wheeling expedition arranged. One does not have to take one's wheel unless one needs it town one in [illegible], for it is the very modest house party entertainer these days who has not from four to six wheels at the disposal of her guests."—New York Times.

What Some Women Do.

It has sometimes been hinted by worthy people who sought to praise the American girl at the expense of her English cousin that the latter lacked the ingenuity of the former. But a list of [illegible] which various well born, well [illegible] English women have been doing [illegible] and in training [illegible] [illegible] a certain amount of adaptability.

One woman made a specialty of belts and made them in leather, kid and [illegible] [illegible] prevailing styles. The [illegible] [illegible] gave to their woman [illegible] [illegible] clientage of [illegible].

Sisters [illegible] tastes and attainments gained a reputation and [illegible] jam from salted [illegible] and devilled biscuits. The [illegible] personal friends [illegible] sold at prices [illegible] below the confectioners' [illegible] the buyers as well as the sellers.

Some women whose taste runs to dogs take the pet canines of other women out for daily airings. Others take charge of birds, attending to the ornithological rites of feeding, bathing and the like.

Bertha G. Lamme.

One of the delegates to the convention of the National Electric Light association at the Grand Central palace, New York city, is Miss Bertha G. Lamme, the only woman electrical engineer in the country, so far as known. Miss Lamme attracted a good deal of attention, because her fame had preceded her. She is a graduate of the Ohio university of Columbus and is connected with the engineering department of the Westinghouse works in Pittsburg. In the last few years she has invented several electrical devices.

Japan's Empress.

The empress of Japan has discarded the picturesque costumes of her country. Her majesty's wardrobe is made in Paris, and she has a decided preference for tight fitting, small waisted gowns. The royal example is followed by the ladies of the court, and state functions no longer present their former polychromatic appearance. It is a curious coincidence that the discarded Japanese costume combines all the latest ideas on dress reform embodied by its apostles here and in Europe.

Utica's Woman's Club.

The cordial spirit of reciprocity and camaraderie which is more and more signalizing the woman's club movement was evidenced recently in the great club gathering in Utica, N. Y. The New Century club of that place threw open its beautiful clubhouse for a reception to 26 clubs of central New York and entertained about 800 persons.

The Care of the Hair.

Every woman should [illegible] take care of her hair. It is [illegible] common sight now to see a woman under 30 with gray hair.

Perhaps some one will [illegible] this is due to "higher education," the amount of brain [illegible] end of the century maiden. [illegible] of it. The fault lies in not taking proper care of the hair.

In our grandmother's day the girl who had the highest gloss on her hair considered herself superior to her [illegible] in point of beauty. To obtain this effect the hair was oiled and seldom washed.

Now the girl who can make her hair stand out perfectly dry and crisp congratulates herself.

To do this she must shampoo the hair often and put ammonia and soda in the water. The former makes the hair gray in a few years, the latter produces a dry, unhealthy scalp and is apt to make the hair fall out.

Once every two weeks is not too often to shampoo the hair, and if a raw egg is put in the water it will thoroughly cleanse the hair and make it grow. Castile, tar or sulphur soaps are good.

The most successful bleach ever discovered is the sun. When the hair is drying, I wear the window and let the sunshine on the hair through the glass.

Perhaps that is how the Greek maidens of old secured that burnished gold tint to their tresses. They sat on the walls of the city and brushed their hair."—New York Telegram.

Gingham Squares.

The pretty gingham squares sold for cushion coverings for the country house are shown this season in wonderfully soft, tasteful patterns, as well as in the gayly attractive ones that are so effective in the hammock or piled on piazza couches. One of the simplest and gayest cushions, as well as a very inexpensive one, is made from two large bandannas such as the south in "mammies" bind around their heads, although in cotton the dye is very fast, and two or three of these thrown on a dull sofa prove a wonderful brightener. Lovely pillows for white and gold rooms are of white silk, covered with a loosely done crocheted netting of white silk, studded at intervals with gold beads. Heavy gilt cord and tassels edge the pillow and finish the corners.—New York Recorder.

Mrs. Blaine's Donation.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe stirred many hearts by her recent appeal in behalf of the Armenian sufferers, but none more strongly than the hearts of her own family. Her daughter, Mrs. Laura E. Richards, whose home is in Maine, started several little boys out to solicit contributions. One of these little boys was Mrs. Richards' own son, and one of the persons whom he asked was Mrs. James G. Blaine. In answer to his appeal she asked: "Do you think I ought to give something for the Armenians?" He replied, "Yes, I do." She then asked: "How much do you think I ought to give?" This was a poser for the little fellow, but Mrs. Blaine relieved his perplexity by presenting him with $100 for the relief fund, to his great delight.—Boston Woman's Journal.

Miss Gertrude Simmons.

Miss Gertrude Simmons, the Indian girl who was awarded [illegible] honors at the [illegible] state oratorical college [illegible] [illegible] speakers of the [illegible] and sophomore classes for the honor of representing Earlham college. Miss Simmons is a full blood Sioux of South Dakota, and lived the usual life of an Indian girl on a reservation until she was 8 years old. She then went to White's institute at Wabash, Ind., which was closed last year. Last September she entered Earlham college, Richmond, Ind., with the intention of taking the regular four years' course [illegible] supporting herself by [illegible]. She is proficient in the English, French and Sioux languages and is preparing herself for work among her people.

Plantation Table Cover.

The latest novelty for afternoon tea cloths are those bordered by handsome bows of soft pink, sky blue or lemon linen. These make a harmonious finish to the table of the drawing room. For a small table a rather neat arrangement is made from a gaudy yellow bandana handkerchief. It is embroidered at intervals with scraps of floss and tinsel, haphazard, such as the whim and energy of the owner prompts. From the border hangs a fringe of doily ribbons in dull crimson and yellow, studded at equal distance with big Japanese glass beads which are threaded through the ribbon.—New York World.

Preferred Fabrics.

Mohair, alpaca and kindred fabrics are the most popular. Etamine, however, is aspiring to become a rival, but I presume it will not be successful, for the simple reason that not every purchaser of a toilet can buy the silk underskirt for the etamine, and next not every woman likes the constant "creak" of the silk dress. This fashionable etamine is not gotten up to resemble lace, as was customary heretofore. It rather resembles coarse canvas. The threads of the fabric lie close to one another in regular bar work and are often adorned with dots or flowers.—New York Advertiser.

Tone Down Your Laugh.

Fashion seeks to extend her power and rule the expression of our emotions as well as our taste in dress. We are informed that real old fashioned audible laughter is no longer considered good form. It is too boisterous for this æsthetic age, but what is worse, it causes wrinkles to appear a little earlier than they otherwise would. So, if we would be quite up to date, we must demonstrate our joy in sweet, brilliant, but languid smiles and leave the merry laughter to the uncultured side of society.—New York Sun.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

FAITHFUL RUSTIC.

A Clever, Affectionate Doggie Who Always Found His Way Home.

I am going to tell you a story about my dog. I called him Rustic, after a celebrated fox hound. He was a fox terrier, and the brightest and sharpest little fellow you ever saw.

When I was about 10 years old, my mother married again, and my stepfather took a great dislike to Rustic because the dog showed plainly he did not like the new inmate in our house.

"I'll have that dog poisoned," said my stepfather one day when Rustic had refused to come to him when he was called.

Every day I used to hear him complain about my dear doggie, and one summer's morning things came to a climax. Rustic had killed a favorite cat of my father's, and the verdict went forth that the dog was to be poisoned, but my mother begged so hard that at last Mr. Jackson, my stepfather, agreed to let the dog live, but he was to be sent away.

Jim, our shepherd, took him to the next village and gave him to a friend. I cried myself to sleep that night, but was comforted by the thought that I could go and see him sometimes. At last I fell asleep, and to my intense surprise and joy the next morning I woke up and found Rustic by my side licking my hands. Oh, how glad I was, but it was of no use. My stepfather insisted on his going away again, and this time he was sent in the cart to the next county to a friend of ours.

I kissed my dear dog, and he was put into the cart and taken into Leicestershire, along a road that he had never been, to our knowledge. I had vague hopes that I should wake up to find him by me again the next morning, but this time I was disappointed.

All that day I was utterly wretched. The next day, just as we were beginning breakfast, I heard a bark, and there actually sitting on the doorstep was Rustic. He was dusty and panting, but was overjoyed at seeing me and licked my hands and face all over.

My father was annoyed and declared he would try once more, and this time the dog was to be tied in a sack and taken by train to London.

I thought now that I had lost him forever, as nothing was heard of him for about a week, when one morning, going out into the garden after breakfast, I discovered a poor starved dog lying just outside our gate. I called Tom, one of the gardeners, to come and carry him in, as my love for animals always made me [illegible]. Tom stooped down [illegible].

"Why, I'm blessed if it ain't old Rustic come back!"

"What!" I exclaimed. And indeed it was. The poor doggie had come all the way back from London.

This time we were able to prevail upon Mr. Jackson not to send him away again, and I think he really admired the dog for his wonderful sagacity in coming home through places he had never seen.

I always say Rustic was more like a person than a dog, and you can imagine how much I loved such a clever, faithful little fellow.

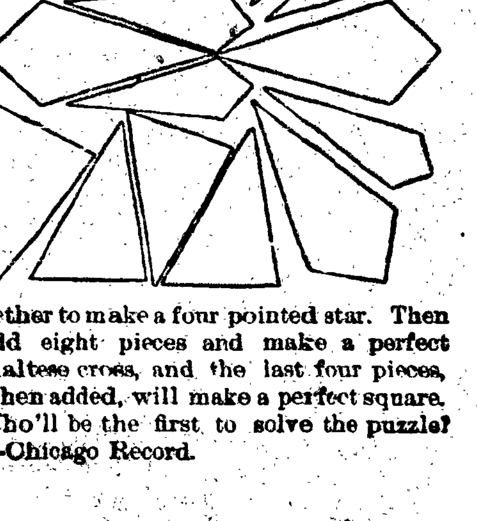
It was a great trouble to me when he died, and, although I have had more than one dog since then, I have never cared for any dog as I did for Rustic.

If I Were Ten.

If I were ten, my dear, like you,
The [illegible] were always blue;
[illegible] dull and dun,
For every day I'd see the sun
Come out and gild the world anew.

And every thing I heard were true;
There were naught to mourn, undo;
I scarce would know the things to shun
If I were ten.

And yet perhaps if I could woo
Your age again I'd long with rue
To see the years and birthdays run
Until my place today were won.
I'd have a different point of view
If I were ten.
—London Sketch.

A Hard Nut to Crack.

One of our boys has sent in a very interesting prize puzzle, and it will take some time, you'll find, to solve it. You will see that there are 16 pieces. The problem is to fit four of the pieces together to make a four pointed star. Then add eight pieces and make a perfect Maltese cross, and the last four pieces, when added, will make a perfect square. Who'll be the first to solve the puzzle?—Chicago Record.