

HER POINT OF VIEW.

It is hardly probable that the leaders of the dress reform crusade themselves expect the radical measures which they suggest to be adopted in their entirety. That they will succeed in simplifying woman's dress and abolishing some of its exaggerations and serious evils many women hope and believe and are ready to aid in their accomplishment by precept and example.

"I am willing," said a woman discussing the matter, "to give up corsets and to adopt a more hygienic stocking supporter than the garter, if one can be provided, and now I always wear a walking skirt which clears the ground, but why," she asked plaintively, "may I not have, indoors, the fron-fron of my silken petticoats and the graceful sweep of my pretty house gowns?"

This is a question a large proportion of her sex will ask as well. Dress with most women is a sentiment, and there is no sentiment about tights and trousers.

If, however, through this agitation the family needs in the matter of dress could be simplified, if the perpetual shopping of our women could be in a measure done away with, what a burden would be lifted from many an overburdened shoulder. The "weariness of clothes," as a clever woman puts it, is the eternal getting and making and altering and finally buying over again. Strong, wearable fabrics, the best in the beginning, fewer, artistic, and more permanent designs—these are some reforms to which there would be little opposition.

Miss Mildred Howells, the only daughter of W. D. Howells, the novelist, will be among the New-York debutantes this Winter. She is a tall, graceful girl, with brown hair and eyes and sweet, unaffected manners. Miss Howells's Boston debut was accomplished last Spring.

When are we to have a reaction from the flimsy paper ornaments which under various names and disguises litter our "best rooms"? We cried *Laus Deo* when the silk rags which hung from every hook in the wall and every article of furniture received their congé, but they were better than these paper monstrosities, that are more unreal and cheap and destitute of any sort of beauty than were the wax bouquets under glass of our grandmothers.

Do you know, for instance, what a piano satchet is? It's a bit of cheap perfume in a wad of cotton that is bundled in a piece of red, blue, pink, or yellow paper, and pulled together like an emigrant's pack, with two or three tall ends standing up, crimped and notched. That is the satchet, and you want to put it on your piano down by the keys, and let it stay till it is soiled and mussed, and its perfume, if it ever had any, is gone, and its tall ends droop, and it shows all through what a poor, miserable attempt at ornamentation it was—which will be before a week has gone—and then you want to burn it, and with it every paper fraud in your room, and you want to register a vow while the ashes are crumbling never to do such a foolish thing again.

"I believe in the thrift of the rural citizen," admits a woman who has been a suburban resident with a taste for raising vegetables for a year past. "As my Lima bean plants, though well grown, showed a reluctance to yield any harvest, I have been buying this vegetable, of which we are all fond, of a man who lives near and who came to offer me some one day. By the merest chance, a day or two ago, I discovered that his source of supply was our garden—that I have been paying during a fortnight for my own beans."

"What provokes us often," says a naval officer, "is the feeling which civilians often display that they own the navy, and all things pertaining thereto—vessels, officers' private rights, and all—because, as some of them occasionally put it, we pay for it all, you know. This liberty to roam at will over all parts of a ship is especially desired by women. I think they should have a hint, some of them, of the injustice of it. On the Atlanta and other vessels of the white squadron visitors to the ship, particularly the women visitors, would enter the officers' quarters and their rooms, even pulling aside closed curtains, without asking leave, and would be really indignant if politely informed that were apartments in personal use to which visitors were not invited.

"One woman whom I showed through with a party quite resented my refusal to open certain rooms. I then told her that these were as much private apartments as were her own, and I said to her: 'What would you think, madam, if visitors to your house should open the closed doors of your bedrooms to inspect them?' and she replied, with a toss of her head, 'This is quite different.'

"Another incident was this: A party of girls were going through a ship accompanied by two or three officers. They went into the ward-room, where the officers showed them their own rooms, and one or two of the others which were open. The girls, however, were not satisfied, and insisted upon pulling at the closed curtains of the other rooms. In one of these an officer was dressing, and his curtain was pulled partially aside four times. Every time he prevented it going entirely back, but at the fifth pull he gave up and let it go. As the inquisitive girl threw the curtain aside she saw before her an irate man in shirt and trousers, who looked at her calmly a moment, then remarked: 'If you are quite satisfied, will you kindly drop my curtain?'

"To do the girl justice, she was much abashed, and evidently had gone so far only in ignorant curiosity—a curiosity, however, that ought to be rebuked as it was. With thousands of persons sometimes visiting a ship in a day, you can imagine the nuisance it becomes and the difficulty we find in securing a little privacy."

An idea for a cushion which is merely an elaboration of the covers made of men's white linen hemstitched handkerchiefs was seen in a suburban parlor recently. A large-sized plain black silk muffler, with hemstitched border, had been powdered all over with tiny "Johnny jump-ups," their gay little faces worked in purple and gold floss. The square was then fitted on a cushion, whose lining was gold silk, and the four corners had heavy tassels made of gold-colored flax.

The fashionable dinner table of the coming season will, it is said, show a return to the long-stemmed goblets, displacing the low tumblers. Givers of ornamental dinners claim that, however these latter may be desirable from an economic side, they add little to the effect of the table.

The coming woman—she who is playing with her doll to-day—is going to be well equipped with the small silver for her coming establishment. The custom of giving single spoons on birthdays and at Christmas time to the little daughters of the home is becoming so prevalent that some silversmiths keep duplicate patterns for regular customers. The coffee and dessert spoons are selected in harlequin patterns; the tablespoons and the forks are preferred of a single design.

In some family circles different members take upon themselves the providing of one certain set of silver; as, for instance, grandmother elects to give the dessert forks, an aunt the dinner size, a mother the tablespoons, and a father, perhaps, the dinner knives, and so on. A single piece is selected for each holiday, bearing the proper date and name, and when the small miss becomes a large one, exchanging eight years for eighteen, she has a case of solid silver that represents a considerable sum, and is a valuable start in her housekeeping.

Another pretty custom in the same direction is the reversal of this just recounted, where the children contribute, each of them, on Maama's birthday to the home silver basket.

With the roamy heads of cauliflower, that tender and succulent vegetable, staring from every market stall, a receipt for serving it *au gratin*, or with cheese, will be seasonable. Trim the cauliflower, wash, and put it to boil in boiling water until tender. Take two cups of a rich drawn butter or white sauce, to which add six tablespoonfuls of grated parmesan, two of cream, a little salt, and cayenne. Butter the dish on which it is to be served and put on it two tablespoonfuls of the sauce, after which put the cauliflower on and pour more of the sauce thickly over it and sprinkle the top with browned bread crumbs. Stand the dish in an ordinary baking tin containing about a pint of boiling water, place in the oven for twenty minutes, and, when a rich golden color, remove, sprinkle with a bit more parmesan, and serve very hot. When once done it will be found to be no more trouble than serving in the ordinary way with white sauce, and it is very much more delicious.

Said a woman yesterday: "For over a month I have been treasuring a sense of wrong, from which I am at last relieved. Five weeks ago last Saturday I went with a friend to pay a visit in Brooklyn. When we came to take an elevated train at an up-town Brooklyn station, on our return trip, several persons reached the ticket office just as we did. When I stood before the window I laid down a quarter, and asked for two tickets. The man pushed the coin into a pile of change and said, 'Five cents more, please.'"

"Why," I remonstrated, "I gave you a quarter."

"Not at all, Madam, you gave me a nickel," was his equally positive assertion.

"I appealed to my friend. She had noticed the quarter, and said so. The ticket seller was politely positive and refused the second ticket. I refused further money and the train went off without us. We stood in the station and discussed the situation, and once more tried to reason with the man at the ticket window. He was civil, but firm as a rock in his insistence that I had put down a nickel only and was entitled to only one ticket. We were indignant and obstinate, but after two more trains had passed without taking us aboard we were forced to yield, and, producing 5 cents with the reluctance of the proverbial tooth pulling, I got the tickets and we came on to New-York.

"Last Saturday I made a second visit alone, to Brooklyn, to the same neighborhood, and

when I came to the ticket window of the station, homeward bound, there was the face of the obdurate yellow who had charged me 15 cents a ticket on my previous trip. As I looked at him, all my former indignation returned.

"Have you found my quarter yet? I could not resist asking sternly. He looked an instant, then his features relaxed.

"I have, Madam; you were right. My cash that night showed a surplus of 20 cents; here it is," and he shoved two dimes through the window. Satisfaction, though late, is sweet."

A veritable Mrs. Malaprop was encountered in a Brooklyn Street car the other day. As the car neared the park her companion wondered what a large, evidently public building seen in the distance was. "That," was the prompt reply, "is the Incurable Home for Women." Later the same woman was seated on a bench in the park when a dog following a young man along the path stopped and sniffed about near her. "Oh, call your dog," she cried in some alarm, "he's too official."

Evidently the woman was like the home.

An old-fashioned, low, silver cake basket may be put to a pretty use as a flower holder. Set a finger bowl in the centre, which fill with flowers and pack wet sand around it for ferns. This makes a very effective centerpiece, and in at least one New-York family is the one which appears every night on the home dinner table.

This is an age of details, of finicisms, some persons say, and it would seem so when a woman gravely announces that to do her hair over another way rests her.

The woman who prides herself on the perfections of her toilet has in her dressing room nowadays both hand and foot "shapes," which, as the name indicates, are models of those useful members. On the face simile hand and wrist gloves are stretched for cleaning, and it is used to keep a nice pair in shape when not worn. The counterfeit presentment of milady's foot performs the same duty for her dainty boot and slipper, each model being a perfect cast of the individual member.

Housekeepers looking homeward to houses that have stood closed since June, or even for less time, will do well to provide for the thorough flushing out of the plumbing before installing themselves and families again. Physicians say that the occupancy of closed houses without precautions is more responsible than any other one cause for the prevalence of fevers after the influx in the Autumn of the Summer wanderers.

Have somebody at your house a day or two in advance of the family to open and air it thoroughly and set all the faucets running. An excellent plan is to fill each set bowl with strong salt and water and let it off through the pipes, taking care to have the solution rise to the waste flow to flush that as well. Salt is a cheap and good disinfectant. In the sleeping rooms a stronger one may be used. If there is any suspicion of mustiness or dampness it is a good plan to light the furnace fire for an hour or two, using, if preferred, the quick-burning wood.

The cellar needs careful attention after being long closed. It should be aired thoroughly, not into the house, however, as some housekeepers have been known to do, and if it was not white-washed in the Spring a coat now will be of benefit.

With these precautions and the additional one which many housekeepers now take for the Fall months at least, of using only boiled water for drinking purposes, the health of a household is likely to be preserved and the family reap the full benefit of their change of air and scene.

China closets in the dining room are no longer confined to corner cupboards. They are frequently built in the wall and have wide doors with tiny leaded panes after old Dutch models.

Flower bowls in cut glass are no longer round, but are shown as well in octagon and oval shapes.

A woman with a short, fat neck may wear, becomingly, the black velvet band. Let the thin, long-necked woman leave it alone.

New imitation paper, or, at least that much used in fashionable circles, is parchment vellum. This is a heavy paper of cream shade and is dull, finished, not unlike undressed kid. Dinner cards are made of the same dull surface board.

Sets of English muffin plates are now considered an essential with the breakfast china. Pretty sets are shown in cream ground with bunches of pink clover. To the thrifty housewife who does not want to keep a set for muffins alone, it may be whispered that they are useful to serve oatmeal or the breakfast fruits upon as well.

POLITICAL NOTES.

"Under the McKinley law," says the Spokane (Washington) Review, (Rep.) "American commerce is rapidly sweeping the seas. This is painful to the politicians in the Democratic camp, who had staked their hopes of office upon that issue, but it will be gratifying to all patriotic Americans, regardless of party connection. The highest aim of American politics is the prosperity of the Nation, and whether the Democratic or Republican Party enacts legislation beneficial to the Nation is of minor importance." That is what is known in newspaper parlance as a "clean beat." In spite of the superior facilities which many other American newspapers have for getting hold of maritime news, not one of them has ever until now heard an intimation of the important fact which the Spokane paper brings to their notice.

The Detroit Free Press (Dem.) is of the opinion that the Speakership should be given to the Northwest. Presenting its demand, it says: "There will sit in the Fifty-second Congress sixty-six Democratic members from the Northwest as against twenty-seven who sat in the Fifty-first Congress. These men represent a Democratic Party militant, which, after many battles and sore reverses, has won its way to the possession of its own. In no spirit of sectionalism, but as a reward for ardent loyalty and devoted service in the past, and as an incentive to victory in the future, the Democratic Congressmen from the Northwest should ask the House to give them this recognition." Perhaps Congressmen might listen to this plea more favorably if some other than Springer were the Northwest's candidate.

The Milwaukee (Wis.) Journal (Dém.) throws light upon the McKinley proposition that the producer pays the tariff tax. It says: "As we know, England, France, and Germany are competing in our markets for wheat for their own consumption. That which goes to England goes to the consumer duty free, that which goes to France and Germany has to pay a tariff tax of about 30 cents a bushel. All start from New-York at the same price. The conundrum is, How can McKinley show that we pay the tax on that which goes to France and Germany?" Possibly the Major will undertake to answer this conundrum in the course of one of his campaign speeches. Probably, though he would prefer to talk about silver.

A pretty good test of the soundness of the position which Ohio Republicans have taken on silver would be to have proposed for adoption by the Massachusetts Republican Convention that same declaration made by the brethren in Ohio. This was what the Ohioans said: "Thoroughly believing that gold and silver should form the basis of all circulating medium, we endorse the amended coinage act of the last Republican Congress by which the entire production of the silver mines of the United States is added to the currency of the people." Would Major McKinley be considered as making a fight for honest money if he should go through Massachusetts endorsing that declaration?

The Harrison boy in his paper, the Helena (Mon.) Journal, has said unkind things about the Butte City Inter Mountain, (Rep.) because it has refused to quit "booming" Blaine. Finally the Butte City editor has become angry and "dipped his pen in vitriol" and done sundry other things which angry Western editors do. A few lines from one of his recent editorial articles read like this: "The asinities of the Helena Journal are generally beneath notice, as they are always beneath contempt. It is a concern which like a prophet has no honor in its own county and like a fool has no honor in any other county." Think of it! A Court journal talked of in that way!

The reply of Senator Morgan of Alabama to the attack upon him made by a person named Adams is full of hard hits. Adams criticised Morgan because, as he alleged, Morgan had pronounced the Sub-Treasury scheme a fraud and a humbug. One of the funny passages in the Senator's reply is that in which he addresses himself to this particular charge. In substance he says: "I have never called your old Sub-Treasury scheme a humbug, but the time seems opportune now for calling it a humbug, and I so declare it. I believe that it is the least sensible and most impracticable plan of finance that I ever heard of."

The Portland Oregonian hopes that Senator Squire of Washington may be sent out as Minister to China. It believes that he would be *persona grata* and all that, and that he would make a good Minister. Further it says: "There are several aspiring Republicans of the young State of Washington who are more than convinced that Mr. Squire is just the man for the Chinese Mission, and who ardently, and of course disinterestedly, hope that he will accept the position, have a pleasant voyage across the blue Pacific to the sunrise seas, and a long and happy sojourn in the Flowery Kingdom."

The Women's Anti-Lottery League of Louisiana, having headquarters at New-Orleans, has issued an appeal asking women to do all in their power to help put down the Louisiana State Lottery. Women of other States are invited to aid the league in every way possible.