In Woman's World

DAISY MAY AND THE HOLIDAYS.

A Round of Gayety Breezily Described — Various Subjects of Interest to the Gentler Sex.

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Bob, of course, is home for the holidays, and the house is cheery, with evergreen and holly berries, and there's a nice sort of holiday feeling in the air. Bob and Jack spend most of their time playing poker, and Bob tells me Jack loses his "pile" every day without complaining—simply because Bob happens to be his sweetheart's big brother. I think it very mean of Bob to treat my poor Jack this way!

But then it is so jolly to hear Bob's big, hearty voice sounding through the house, and the holiday season is such a light hearted time that one could not be cross with the worst big brother in the world.

The city is bright in holiday attire, and the crowds on the streets seem more genial faced than usual. Every nationality has its representative colony located in some remote corner of this composite metropolis. Swarthy skinned Italian children, chubby cased and bright eyed, swarm up and down even the prosaic Broadway, prattling merrily in their soft southern patois. Merry soul strolling from the Emerald Isle blarney little yellow haired German girls, for "tout le monde" is inoculated with holiday virus.

As I write behind closed doors I hear the echo of my big brother's strong voice. I can stand it no longer. The incessant din and fragmentary bits of an animated conversation get the better of me, and I must open the door.

"Here's to dull care! Away with her! Bid her discard blue hued raiment, in lieu a brilliant togs, become joyous, put merrily with fate and health to scorn her synonym, anxiety." This fragmentary of words comes from the stair on, where the young scion of the house holds forth, early bantering Aunt Dorothy, who dares to suggest it's bedtime. Bob hurls prayer upon prayer from his exalted position on the landing above, insisting that we shall subscribe to what he chooses to dignify by the appellation "a holiday toast." We promise, and our Princeton pledge descends to join the family group, calculating so singly in secret as to what a certain somebody will think of the particular toast he has said her. We are discreetly mute, and nobody knows, for Bob has the habit of saying the most ridiculous things at times.

The opera, I'm told, will drive many music lovers from spending the week out of town, for all the old favorites, including Melba, will appear successively until the curtain is rung down on the year 1898.

Revision, whether it be patriotic in kind or not, calls the homage as was clearly demonstrated by the fact that Maud Bonden, a survivor of the ill fated Mohegan, received at her debut in "La Traviata." The singer and mother, Mme. Bonden, seemed to so care a fillebent when the disaster came, but it was overlarmed in the mad struggle following the calamity. Miss Bonden's vocal training enabled her to use her voice to advantageously that her cries were heard above the uproar, and she was rescued.

I heard a lament some days ago which touched a responsive chord, and I repeat it, thinking outside politics expressed are often productive of good. People in general are too careless of other people's rights. A friend was repeating the loss of a very beautiful powder puff. "Has it been stolen?" I queried. "No, but, Daisy, I simply couldn't stand it! I had to throw it away."

Doubtless? I looked it. Whereupon my friend continued.

"Well, I'll tell you. Decidly inclined women are in the habit of taking more than much for granted outside the home circle. Women have no more right to use another's powder puffs than to appropriate their toothbrushes for use, yet over one of the ill who came to my reception, sans one side of a dainty creature, stalked over to the dressing table, took in more delicate fingers and took with the offensive puff—mine. Using somewhat fastidious, I couldn't reconcile myself to the thought of ever using it again. The exquisite bevel, inwrought a silken bag, contained a diminutive powder box and a tuft of soft down, touched her face lightly and replaced her possessions. I just knew she was a woman who put on great airs in matters of importance, but proved she was only considerate of trifles. This goes to make the sum total of good breeding."

So far as clothes go opera coats are the "piece de resistance" of the toilet. They are at the zenith of their glory and are marvels to look from afar off. Mrs. Clarence Mackay, née Kitty Duer, a descendant of the famous Knickerbocker set and beauty, Lady Kitty Duer of colonial days, wears one of gold brocade, fifteen of lace on an old pink liberty satin foundation line it. Brocade colors and passage supply the inconsolable trace of fur.

Brocaded velvet is again the fashionable material. Although adopted by dames to wear for centuries, it has been pre-ceded latterly by other fabrics. It has been refashioned more each delightful circumstance that we shall welcome its return with added zest. Mrs. James Brown Potter presented a prize to her throng to our English stars in Bordeaux. Twice presentation of "The Three Musketeers." The gown across the pond is not so great, and one may confidently anticipate our greeting dame appearing at the theatre full in voluminous brocade skirts and small trains.

Pendant bonnets are the fancy of season worn for the moment. They are worn in lieu of the scarf on train performers and are decidedly more fetching than the Spanish mantilla arrangement. Sometimes the bonnet is in color and centre the long caps, while at others they are in striking contrast. Black or white satin, once lined in a delicate color and passage supply the most popular. Pendant bonnets are generally constructed. They are always like an old fashioned sunbonnet, minus the satin, and are set back enough to allow a rim both full of satin. They are ruched off at the back to a recta or cord of ribbon, terminating in tassel ends, to be tied under the chin. This makes a quaint and picturesque millinery conceit, entirely becoming and enabling one of the beauties of one's Dutch ancestors of said long ago.

I just'd to know the quick subject a Boston lady interested about 7 years to say a word regarding the capacity of sakedness and hose and below the bodice, as called by contrast. The evening bodice remarkably adapted was harsh criticism. I'm bound to confess there were revelations. The "dinner de rese" to be served every Sunday evening for an up town restaurant will give opportunity for more display. According to the fond so run, women will appear in full evening dress to lobby through a little dinner room. If this goes you will see the bodices crazy is on.

Sleeves, by the way, are playing an independent rôle on fashion's stage, when their compeers in that production are cutting Sensitive curtsies. They enjoy the lecting cary. The dentations were now with her element, for she has studied closely the trick of manoeuvring her hands, and the gow sleeve is an axis air, enhancing the slightness of swift motion and white hands. All sleeves follow the line of the arm, accentuating its length from wrist to shoulder. There is no fullness anywhere, and one's arm has the appearance of having been molded in the cloth. About the wrist a series of dainty frillings, one of white, the next of delicate tint, another white one and lastly a deeper one of tempered color and well over the hand is a cascadine nothing the beauty of which no woman will be slow to perceive. Trimmed sleeves are a thing of the past. Very dressed entirely upon perfection or not for style.

Feathers children has furnished two decided sensations during the last fortnight. The mothers' response is held responsible for the edict that "children must not go." The society for the Study of Life, an offshoot of the learned societies, which adopts wedding invitations to scientific principles, has undertaken the task of conversion. A theory that children shall be taught morality by systematic truth telling even to the uttermost is advanced. Those progressive methods of rearing the offspring have created a "tempest in a teapot," and there are numerous dissenters. Their discussion is beyond me, but the subject might prove interesting food for thought among my cold-blooded, as Daisy, ever accommodating, drivin you an opportunity to speculate among yourselves.

The more recent topic and second sensation is based likewise upon that comprehensive, though somewhat indefinite, term, morality. The Minerva club not to private upon "whether moral or immoral women have been most influential in moving history." A wide range of thought and a latitude of expression were very powerful weapons on the one side, flanked by the example of Omega Sand, but virtue, dull and dolefu, grew resplendent embodied in the person of Octavia, the faithful wife and mother. Morality won by a majority.

The study of political economy has point upon so club members, and it is necessary to stimulate our sluggish brains in other that we may continue to pursue higher educational methods.

Interesting events have so crowded one upon the other that it is most difficult for me to recall which has been of greatest importance. The Gilpatrick-Stuyfield wedding perhaps claims precedence by reason of its lack of ostentation. The nuptial ceremony was performed in Grace chapel, the wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's sister, and the couples and soul later started off on a three days' trip to the Southern coast, or ordinary course on the regular conversations limited.

"American millions piled up through Cupid's soap foments will be spent on an impoverished English estate," impertinently hissed a heavy swell, who joined me as we were leaving the opera.

"Well," I retorted, "if you are a fair example of the well bred rich American men, give me the Englishman every time."

Daisy May

New York.

When Should a Girl "Come Out?"

Very few people agree as to what is the age when a girl should make her first appearance in society. Some mothers are in the habit of allowing their little daughters to go to dances and parties of all sorts at a time when they should be in the nursery or schoolroom, and such girls are always more or less "out" from their cradles, and are prematurely spoiled and precocious.

In society girls are not allowed at any festivity until they have been presented at court, or properly introduced, while among ordinary people who do not aspire to court circles a girl generally comes out at some ball or dance sufficiently important to give eclat to the event. The advent into society marks the fact that the girl has reached years of discretion. Her school days are over, and she is old enough to take upon herself the responsibilities of life.

In days gone by 16 or even 15 was not thought too young for a girl's debut, but nowadays mothers have become more sensible. They see and understand of what value the last years of an of school life are to a girl, and do not wish her to marry before her mind and judgment are formed.

Seventeen is the earliest age at which a girl should come out, because she is good society, and it is far more general.

Sensible mothers convert the last two years of a girl's school life into something distantly resembling that of a cloistered nun.

That is to say, they cut off all those juvenile festivities to which the little girl used to go, and keep her quite in the background.

There is a double motive in this. It will render her appearance in society all the more striking and attractive, because she has not been in evidence before, and it will enhance all her own pleasure in grown up society, because she has not had the keen edge of it taken off by a premature taste of its joys.

It will above all things preserve a girlish freshness and charm, which are the greatest attractions a girl has to offer, but which seldom outlast any long experience of society and the world.

The Princess of Wales, who is indeed a model mother, kept her girls in the schoolroom until they were 18, and did not even contemplate matrimony in connection with them until they were long past the age when they would be considered on the shelf in continental European countries.

The Prince's Favorite Dogs.

The Prince of Wales has one invariable companion in all his travels. This is the Dandie Dinmont which belonged to the Duke of Clarence and has since then become the prince's favorite among the numerous dogs which he possesses. He feeds it always himself. Other high lower favorites are Newmarket Tip, a collie, which has given reable of many tricks; Little Billy, beloved of the Princess of Wales; the famous Dandie Dinmont of prize taking notoriety, and a glorious Lapland sledge dog.

ABOUT RUBIES.

Some Famous Gems That Are Identified With Historical Personages—Superstitions Regarding the Stone.

From time immemorial precious stones have exercised a mysterious fascination over the human mind. In eastern lands they have been surrounded with divine honors. The ruling light within them has been deemed the outward sign of the indwelling of a divinity. All over the world men have fought and died for them; women have associated their beauty with the loftier pleasures; love and romance have ever surrounded them, and their presence has been held to confer every species of good fortune. Therefore it is that their lustrous and fickleness must ever be transcendently attractive.

Foremost among gems stands the ruby. As a strictly popular favorite the diamond is usually given precedence, but experts agree that a perfect ruby is at once rarer and far more valuable than a flawless diamond. The basis of this stone, as of the sapphire and amethyst, is alumina, the mineral earth in its natural state, called also corundum (from a Persian origin for its peculiar beauty and use which might furnish the best for a hominy). The word "ruby" is derived from the late Latin rubinus, or rubinus, which suggests also the etymology of the name "Rubin," since it means simply red. The French, German and Italian versions, rubis, rubin, rubino—carry out the same idea, but the Greek more particularly called the gem "anthrax," signifying live coal or fire, in allusion to the living light which flames in the very heart of a fine ruby and causes the Hindoo to revere it as the abode of a most illustrious god. Rubies are being admitted to the paradise of Buddha.

Rubies have been found in Siam, in Ceylon, in Brazil and even in Australia, but the best come from the famous mines in Burma, which until the conquest of the king were closed to western enterprise. The Burmese have the sincere belief that rubies are originally white, but that they become red as they ripen in the ground. In the days when the products of the mines belonged exclusively to his Burmese majesty of Ava, the method by which it was the custom for bags of coarse ruby dust, the refuse from the workings, to be placed under the foundations of all public buildings, in order to propitiate the gods and insure good fortune. The king kept all the finest stones that were found, and it is still believed that his chief treasures are buried in Mandalay.

Besides the oriental or pigeon blood ruby, the most valuable of all, there are several other kinds, including the balas, or rose red, the spinel and the carbuncle. The spinel ruby has a yellow light in the center and can thus be easily distinguished. People speak sometimes of "star rubies," but these do not belong to the same family. They are asterias, or star stones, not true gems, although both pretty and curious. Owing to the internal constructions they reflect a six rayed star. The blue and green varieties are spoken of ceremonially as star sapphires and star emeralds. It is recorded that Helen of Troy were one of those stones in a ring and attributed all her conquests to its magic powers.

There are, of course, false rubies on the market to entrap unwary purchasers. Such imitations are made with small stones joined together, and may be distinguished, as the rule, by the absence of "silk," the thin veins of the characteristic beauty of the genuine stone. One great authority has even gone so far as to tell us that the ruby should not be counted a true gem at all, but the a patriotic fiction made up of impurities, for as soon the known some which looks like a fine specimen is placed in the crucible it disappears in the ashes, as "a very great humbug."

The story of the Black Prince is well known, in romantic enough to vest an edition here. It was given by Pedro of Castile to the Black Prince in gratitude for his assistance at the battle of Najera. Edward wore it at Cressy, and it was set in the helmet of Henry V. who bore it through the field of Agincourt. After that its fortunes varied with those of the English sovereigns. It was frequently pawned and at last taken to Holland by the queen of Charles I. for the purpose of "raising the wind." Finally, mentioned, it subsequently fell into the hands of Peter the Great, who had it set in a cuirass to be worn by a carpenter in the service of the Dutch East India company at Amsterdam studying the English art of shipbuilding. When he came to England he took the great ruby, which was still in its rough state and valued at $2000, to his room, wrapped it in a piece of brown paper. On his return to Russia he presented it to William III. in return, we are sure, for the gift of the ship he loved Tsarmobert. William had the stone placed upon it, and it is in the crown. It is rounded in shape, like a large pigeon's egg, and a hole bored in its center is filled by a smaller ruby.

The great balas is said to be, of course, the largest ruby known. The Emperor Rudolph II is said to have possessed one as large as a hen's egg, but its color, the richness of which was unknown, is one so rare to know what has become of the three rubies known as the "Three brothers" and owned by Charles the Bold, the great duke of Burgundy, but they would seem to have at one time formed part of the British crown jewels, for there is in the British museum a "letter from James I. to his wife, wherein he writes, "I send you for your wearing the Three Brothers." The ring alluded to the English sovereign to the country, being placed on the right hand during the coronation ceremonies, is supposed of a large "table" or square cut ruby, on which is graven the cross of St. George.

The famous Mazarin rubies eventually became the property of the late Mr. Ayer of New York. Another American showing memory is Mrs. Leander Martin, whose parure is valued at $100,000. Among English beauties Mrs. Crewe-Read has perhaps the best collection of these stones, and the Duchess de Luynes bears off the palm among French ruby fanciers.

Much has already been written concerning the superstitions associated with this gem. The fortieth anniversary of marriage is called the "ruby wedding," and it is as a parte honeur for those born in July that the stone is most prized, as it is supposed to preserve them from mistaken friendships, to prevent love troubles, or at least to insure forgetfulness of them, and to betray the presence of poison by turning pale. The birth stone superstition is of Polish origin. Nearly every nation, however, has contributed something to the folklore of the ruby. The Egyptians credited it with the power of exciting the melancholy and quenching thirst in the desert. The Hindoos say that it warns its owner of danger, and that it inspires the lover of a woman who wears it to be true and faithful. It has been hailed as the peacemaking stone, for it calms anger and restrains inordinate imagination.

Did perhaps the most poetic of all the myths associated with the "king of gems" is the Persian legend of the elixir of life, which an angel brought to Sultan Suleiman. The precious draft was contained in a ruby cup, formed of the sunset rays solidified, and the monarch was bidden to drink it if he would have everlasting youth on earth. He took counsel with the djins, the peris, with men and women, with beasts and birds. All advised him to drink and to become immortal, all save the dove, who, summoned from her nest, pained to ask if the gift of perpetual life extended also to those whom Suleiman loved. "Nay," said the king, "the cup is for me alone." "Then," said the white dove, "better were death than life bereft of love." Suleiman, seeing, as in a vision, the long, dark vista of the barren years, shuddered and dashed the fatal cup to the ground, and the dove flew back to her nest in haste, lest her cage should grow cold.

Telephone Girls and Their Dress.

With the provision of new and logically constructed telephone stations for Vienna has come a reform in the dress of the girls employed. Experience has shown that the dust, shingles to the dresses of the telephone girls when they arrive at work finds its way to the instruments and brings about a disturbance in the telephone service. To avoid this the girls will now be required to wear a uniform during office hours. On arrival they are to remove their street dresses and put on others provided by the government, made up of stuff similar to that used for dust cloaks. The material is dark in color, and on the sleeves are yellow stripes, in imitation of the national colors. The girls are also compelled to take off their outdoor shoes and substitute for them a slipper-like shoe.

At the Russian court there are too innovations latterly—the use of the English language as much as or even more than the French and the permission accorded to any gentleman of good social position to ask any lady of rank—with the one exception of the czarina—to dance with him.

"The war between the United States and Spain, which resulted in the destruction of the Spanish squadron under Admiral Cervera at Santiago."

As a prize contest for national music and dances, held in the Norwegian town of Skien, the first prize for dancing was taken by an old gentleman of 86, who went through the dancing dance.

THREE STRIKING HOUSE GOWNS.

MODISH WINTER HATS.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

The empress of Russia, who announced her husband, the ruler of Hanover, this year other to her kingdom through the war with Prussia, is ill, her home in the Tiffin at Gmunden, in upper Austria, within a few miles of Ischl, where Emperor Francis Joseph, the husband of her sister, the Duchess of Montebello, Lady Queen Victoria, the delicate in the society of young people, which perhaps accounts for the small escape time has made since her health and vivacity until very recently. But long ago she celebrated her eighteenth birthday.

The Princesses Victoria and Maud are the most enthusiastic cyclists in the British royal family. On one occasion a Scotchman, when they were rolling together, an old countryman, scandalized at lady bicyclists and unaware of their identity, lectured them in sound terms and finished by calling them "bad lassies," a novel epithet for the princesses.

Speaking of Bismarck, the late princess of Austria once said: "He could not bear women, with the single exception of his wife. He disliked queens. The first time I saw him he was exceedingly stiff. He would have liked to say, 'The ladies had better remain in their apartments.' I think all his hatred of England is on account of the queen. The Empress Eugenie Frederick has also had to suffer.

Mrs. Evan James Jones of Glynarong, Wales, has been appointed policeman for that district. She is to be congratulated on having obtained a somewhat novel post for a woman.

The commanding officers who served under Admiral Sampson have presented Mrs. Sampson with a handkerchief bordered to any. It contains miniature representations of the Spanish vessels sunk off Santiago, and the inscription refers to