DAISY MAY TAKES A LONG LOOK AHEAD.

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Crisp, cold weather, with a threatening snowstorm, is not conducive to thoughts of dimity or organdie. It does seem a little temperamental in January to find the shop thrives piled high with summer fabrics. It is true, however, and the dutiful daughters we accept the situation. Custom regulates commerce in this great city, and we are taught by trade edicts to expect advance importations of sheer stuffs before Jack Frost ceases to make caricatures on the window pane.

Accordingly we view trailing vine, blurred blossoms and luscious bonbon gays to the yard with curious eyes.

Judging from the estimate of my partner saleswoman, "Dolly Vardan" patterns are to be the vogue. It is a mottled pattern hard to select summer frocks in midwinter. Thereby hangs a tale. Dolly and partner or affairs of magnitude we are compelled to eschew during Lent. The penitential season we devote not to solitude or saying masses, as in ceremonies supposed, but to designing gowns for seashore conquests. This means scrubbing eternally with manifold makers. I find it an all suffising mode of doing penance, for madame is most uncompromising in her demands. I certainly have to practice self denial in order to meet her bills, and tedious delays at her apartments occasion bitter thoughts. The unspoken words I construe as a conquest, chalking down a big white mark in favor of self control. Of rest we have none, but example is better than precept, we hear proclaimed from church spires. So outwardly society targets to tread.

But do we? Nay, nay! It's only part of our social system.

Now I'm going to be real devilish—womanish, I mean. I'll hesitate. I'll just hint at the things I've seen—in other words, I'll serve the cayenne sandwich. Madame promises me a peep at her Paris boxes on arrival. This shall be the treat, or, as madame condescends to say, "Devices fresh on coming fashions."

Blue waists are pre-eminently to the fore. Light sleeves and tucked bosoms with plain backs are most nearly akin to the genuine brother artists. Madras and plaids, the latter embroidered, are by far the smartest products of the loom for shirt waist making.

The outbloom of the fur tippet is the last elegant trimmed with a fur band and a big bunch of flowers. The grocery—white water lily on stalks—stem springing from a mass of natural looking leaves—warns you of approaching spring.

The three-quarter coat is gaining ground daily. I observe no radical changes in the cut of the smart tailor garment, but take pleasure in inducing the use of buttons.

A tweed coat of this description fricoed out in steel buttons was dazzling, to be sure.

"Monstrously fetching!" though, was the only audible comment when the wearer glided into the hotel lobby.

How to hold your adjet is not an easy problem. The proper way is a matter of each of us to study. Some are evening lingerie week by week, and it behooves us individually to take a few Dorothy bonnets, keeping well in mind the possibilities of our own figures.

Those of us who were out of town for the holidays acquired a fresh supply of vigor. Recently I've rejoiced over it. The weather was ideal and golf irresistible. Now that we are once more in the city, the rep is for diversion. I have been having it.

Some friends from a distance came to town the days ago, announcing that they were on a "shopping spree." After a week's association I recommended them as capital New York guides. There was no mark to cover art, accompanied that promised the slightest return. Not an appeal was made to "Mr. Bloomer" as to location. We were pleased to unfrocented spots by the Yale quarter back of '94 as if he had quitted the haunts but yesterday.

We did the Bowery, of course; dance halls—a few, dated at "the only place in the city to obtain a properly cooked potato," and I agree.

Through devious ways we found ourselves at dusk one day in an embellished cellar drinking prime tequila and tokay served from casks through rubber tubes. A few Hungarian band pieces of continuancy, and a motley men of Jew and gentile hummed or chewed approval. Later on we scrambled down a gingerbread stairway to lunch off inverted coffins and drink "hot scotch" from yorickian skulls.

We wandered through Thomas street another day to sample a tankard of ale and a saddle of lamb served in good old English fashion. Round the mermaid, it was a typical London graveyard. The foreign contingent thought the carpet the climax and revelled in the belief that they had been positively wicked.

We were a jolly crew. Hereafter if you want to know how to go and where to go shopping ask me.

Up town was not so enthusiastic. The specially neat things ordered at each shopping place were gathered education to the uninitiated.

Second ale quickly has become second nature with me nowadays, and I can take. I shall compile a handbook which is destined to astound the English explorers. "Forty Dimers."

While in the vicinity of East Houston street I contributed my share toward entertaining. I introduced the Irish Tweed among my comrades (I'd have myself interviewing the shoulders). The proposition was hailed with delight. Our response was to halls only where some extraordinary combination attracted attention. Finally it was agreed to single out shops owned by women.

My friends had sort in plenty, and I learned much.

First of all, women as elsewhere are assuming broadening responsibilities. Outdoors their college are unique and original. For instance:

"Working dresses to fit" obtains a difficulty on the matrimonially inclined. An enterprising woman has hit on the happy idea. From a small beginning, where her dresses were her stock in trade, she is now possessed of two dozen. It has proved a profitable venture, and needs such originality for desirable success.

In the block beyond a women's name is emblazoned upon a swinging sign. It is a Mrs. Cadbury, where we first set foot in a bewildering, ranging from gayest pond neckties to richly dyed underwear. This neat and rather attractive little store is one interesting mass of coloring, not attractive, but suggestive of taste in the direct among the shops of this quarter. This is a novel division of woman's enterprise.

Within a store's throw a good natured, wide mouthed (all tell why she had become a "lady's shoe fitter.") I've had filled herself with drink, and foreign power wouldn't lost Esther Morton's three pairs of Delia and pay a trifle to look out for "one." Delight started up for herself, making shoe lasts and tending bakery in a room 14 by 16 feet. The little "lady's shoe fitter" is somewhat motherly, but it is the prime aim for Bridget's "probating," as she is pleased to style it. Mrs. Morton makes aspects for many shoes.

Some of the favorite have its several departments is operating where shoes are made complete. Others send the upper to the establishments, mostly run by men. Shoes built upon this institution plan furnish an avenue of revenue for a mother of six regulation high bonnets.

I was vastly interested on this course of discovery. My excuse for regaling good friends with a list of these and occupations is that some one who has to earn a living may be grateful for suggestions they may contain.

As a character study Caroline Beck, a diminutive specimen of fluffy dermen spinsterhood, was fascinating. She hates men, says so in language more forcible than elegant. The evolution shortcoming has undergone since the time of our grandmothers is strikingly exemplified by a visit to her finery in the neighborhood. She is a pupil of the summer. Here 20 women are busy as bees and not a drone among them. The adhesion to her principles—when female help can be obtained men are never employed.

An underpaid schoolteacher several years ago in disgust quit. Nothing daunted her project of existing from the market. Now she enjoys an income of $1,000 a year. The venture has been a success. She practically keeps abreast with the times. With an increased demand the supply is created in more exemplary form. Perfumed pots are the latest decorative scheme of the chemist.

Dress up to little round boxes similar to bonbonnieres, the fragrant potions are offered for sale. A few carried in the pocket, tucked in the corset or slipped in the glove fulfill the desired mission. The tiny tablets give out only a faint, delicate fragrance, which is just the thing for refined women. For the bath they are superior to fluid waters and claim a hygienic advantage over women.

The wheels of time appear to be going backward to the sentimental period of powder puffs and perfume. These three companies, indicative of necessity, are striking evidences of the return of the era.

A desire for economyzing and devoting the person may from the beginning the inquiry of an enterprising woman. The civilized are following the illustrious example. Thrifty women are in clubs.

They are not wearing them in a dangerous cell, nor has some sentimental fool desired to wed them. Love of self advancement is easier.

It is no uncommon thing to see a woman behind the counter in the number of cities. Our grocerts for snuff, but power derative from tinks at her tem, while her numerous favorably depends from a delicately wrought golden thread suspended about her neck. Boxes of rent of such jewels are made to do service and can be bought for any sum from four to $12.

A new national career is engaging public attention for women life, she offer newspaper. But from the fact that it appears to differ Belmont. He has aspirations, and his wife, formerly Mrs. Alva M. Vanderbilt, talks of establishing a present salon. The weekly teals to about three weeks ago, is spoken of Velvet and voices the opinions of Mr. Belmont on matters Democratic.

Daisy May

New York.

THE LATE "BAB" AND HER WORK.

Clever, lonely little as more! It is hard to decide it. Possibly no other woman in America could boast so many friends as she. Her own friends, those who loved the woman Isabel A. Mallon, are legion, but compared with them those who knew and loved the writer are as the sands of the sea, for she was not simply one woman, but many. There was fun, gay, brilliant, light hearted Bab, between whom and working table of will one could detect the transcend wonderfulness of the generous hearted writer. Then there was Ruth Ashmore, the discreet and tactful gentlewoman who wrote entertaining and one for the guidance of anxious girlhood, stalking, now dejected than instantaneous, at the half open door, which means the step from adolescence to womanhood, and, with all the vivacious exuberance of youth, just how this step might be most gracefully accomplished. Thousands of young girls in America considered Bab Ashmore the last court of appeal in matted questions of etiquette and propriety. In the role of an authority on fashion Mrs. Mallon had still a third audience, with an occasional one under her own name for short stories of fiction.

Her death, while a surprise to the outside world, was not altogether unexpected. For some months Mrs. Mallon's health had been bad. Her mother, to whom the daughter had always been devoted, was for many years had been her constant companion and friend. Died in October. The proved so, in fact, of a kindred, that several women and made the recipient of dances an sore matter. She died the day after the Chamber of Commerce. Dr. Bab said: "After all, we mothers women, don't know very much, anyhow, never how to love and be loyal to what we know."

Mrs. Mallon was a native of the picturesque city of Baltimore, where boast it is that all its women are beautiful and its men are gallant and chivalrous. Her mother connected to one of the most distinguished of the families of Delaware, and her father's people, the Ashmores, for the generations had been and the old mansion in which the writer was born.

The little maiden had every advantage which wealth could give her, business, affectionate and tender. When she was little more than a child, she married William Mallon, a good looking young businessman of the family and prospects. Ever since she was 12 years old she had known him, and the match met with the approbation of both families, with the single exception to the youthful years of the bride. She was 16, not Mr. Mallon was seven years his senior.

After the wedding they went abroad and several years were spent in travel. On their return they made their home in New York city. Unfortunately Mr. Mallon was not strong, and after a few years consumption began to make fatal inroads on his health. With the same financial disaster, and the young woman who had never known what it meant to have a spoken wish unfulfilled found herself with an invalid husband and no means of support.

In an effort to secure employment. The daughters of luxury do not often bring marketable wares into the business world, but she was an exception. The manager of a great publishing house to whom she applied was struck by her courage and sensibility.

"What can you do?" he asked.

"Anything," she replied, closing back a little "novel point face, if you're looking letter for me to do."

The publisher thought the matter over. He had a mind to scrub his floors, and while he did not doubt the will of the slender, pale faced young woman who stood before him he took doubted her physical ability to keep his floors immaculate. So he said decorously:

"Do you think you could write fashion?"

She thought she could and was engaged at a salary of $15 a week. She worked nine hours a day at a dingy desk in a dingy office and was glad of the chance because it enabled her to make her husband's descent to the grave a little easier. For three years she worked on this, and in that period her salary was raised a number of times.

In her position the mode the acquaintance of other writers and some of these advised her to contribute to some time Mrs. Mallon had been associate editor of The Ladies' Home Journal.

With her mother Mrs. Mallon had for some years occupied apartments on Fourth avenue, New York. They were dainty and prettily furnished, as its mistress was always fastidiously arranged. She had a womanly love of pretty things, and the large sums that she realized through her work enabled her to gratify her tastes.

Red was her favorite color. Her favorite authors were Thackeray, Balzac and Scudmore. Mrs. Mallon's ideal of beauty was Mrs. Langtry at her best, "the most beautiful creature I ever saw." Hugo she was fond of, and although she liked other artistic she admiration. She did not have much faith in women's love of work for work's sake and thought that the present craze for self support would wear itself out and the coming woman resume her comfortable place in the home—if she had one.

Although the dark eyed, golden haired Bab, with her wit and talents and charm of manner, had been admired by many, she always preferred to remain faithful to her first love.

"As for me," she would say, "I have seen in my life as much happiness as comes to our women."

In her City drawing room stood a handsome inscribed piano. In the old days when she was a bride she and her handsome young husband had often spent happy evenings beside it, for they were both music loving, but on the day he died the piano was closed, and although others have played upon it from that day until her own death she herself never touched it.

Here are a few random selections from some of the more recent Bab letters. It will be noticed, as many of her readers doubtless have noted, that Mrs. Mallon's thoughts of late turned continually toward death:

"If you honor and respect every man, woman, child and dog that you meet in your daily walks; if you give the courtesy due them, you can be very certain that respect will be shown you. The dog you kick is going to bite. The woman to whom you are rude is going to scale you. The child you don't consider worth politeness is going to be important. Where you give honor and respect, my friend, you will get them in return."

"Modesty is complex. The modest woman is the one who wears her dress where the dawn cannot peek at it, and who keeps her own affairs to herself. She is the woman who doesn't talk loudly in public and who doesn't ever dress. Modesty does not cover; it simply does not recognize the existence of some sins. There are women who are as exquisitely modest as the angels—women who could put out their hands and lift up the other women who has fallen and never feel they were soiling the tips of their fingers. The modest woman is the charitable one, for modesty and charity are twin sisters."

"I was glad as I walked along to be one in that Easter procession on Fifth avenue. I was glad to be there because I love to look at pretty women and dream of lovely things. And there are so many of both in the world—this great new world, so rich in everything that is good. Somebody near me whispers that in a little while it will be all changed, others will form the procession, and you and I will be—where? Today we are not thinking of that. We are thinking of the pretty women and the dowers." [Easter, 1898.]

"And how many laughs conceal sorrowful hearts? How many smiles are masks for sadness, mind? Ah, my friend, you will see that the hardest part to play is that of the jester, the one who always laughs! Yet we can't go around with tears in our eyes, with quivering lips and throbbing hearts. Oh, no! You and your neighbor have to put on a smile, have to laugh with those who expect to laugh and have to be glad, or appear to be so, whether the world has brought the good things to you or to your neighbor."

"People are fond of saying that God is just, but for me I like to think of him as merciful."

"To me there is nothing so fine as a gentlewoman, but she is the result of the same good breeding that is necessary to make thoroughbred horses, and if you will take the trouble to look at it you will find that the women who are amounting to be called Women with a capital W are the first of their kind. They are strong in muscle and in brain, and in consequence in character. We have the edges rubbed off by the pumice stone of society, for not one of these women wants her daughter to be what she is."

"Death is a great idealist. He makes beautiful what lacked beauty and brings forward a perfect loveliness where indifference or even dislike may have existed. Therefore death is not altogether bad. It is only the meeting of it. It is only knowing how to be brave enough to go forward in your turn, to make your bow, greet death as you should and go to the place called home. Where is home? Where is home? Can you tell the home that is to be the everlasting resting place of the gay, laughing girl, of the happy, noble boy, of the patriotic soldier and the brave sailor? Where is it? Not one of these can describe it; neither can Bab."

"Few of us are really temperate, and yet that is the art of living. It is worth while to think it all out, because when you know how to live you know how to die, and that is the art of all arts, for it enables you to close your eyes without a fear and go into the presence of the Judge, who is going to be no more harsh in his judgment of you or your neighbor than he is of Bab."

JANE DEVOE.

"BAB"