THE WORLD OF WOMEN

BAB DISCUSSES MATINEE IDOLS.

The Principal Attraction For Latter Day Women at the Theaters—Ridicule For Apers of Alleged English Fads.

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New York, April 28.—There was a time when the average woman was drawn to the average theater to gaze upon the beauties of an actress, to look with joy and a certain envy at her beautiful frocks, to wonder how in the world she could keep such a perfect figure and dream of a happy day when she would be like unto her and deservedly receive the applause of millions, for there is a time when every woman yearns to go on the stage. There is a time, when every pretty young girl dreams of how well she would play Juliet in a white satin gown and a distracted look. The more intellectual girl dallies her hours away thinking of her success as Lady Macbeth with her hair down her back, but while the average girl still dreams of becoming an actress some blissful day the average woman no longer finds great charm in gazing at the leading lady. Her heart goes out to the leading man, and the hard earnings of another man are generously spent that she may enjoy the easy manner of John Drew, the romanticism of Faversham, the big magnificence of Mackett, the delicious villainy of Courtleigh, the gentle charm of Nat Morgan or the perfection of art as shown in the matinee idol, young Sothern. You know he will be called young Sothern if he pleases a world of women by living until he is 99.

There is nothing quite as interesting as arriving at one of the fashionable say the Lyceum, before the ticket taker is on hand, while little Miss Brightness from up town is waiting to join her chum, Bessie Beauty, and every other woman is either talking with her intimate friend or wondering if there has been a blockade of the cable cars.

Then each woman is discussing the man of the stage. The woman nearest me claps her hands in an ecstatic way and says, in a hushed sort of manner, as if she were in the temple: "Don see, he is so intensely manly looking, so big and with such a voice! Oh, I would like to have him preach my funeral sermon!"

Then somebody laughs and wonders who is meant, and she tosses her head, while every separate flower on her new spring hat shakes in unison as she replies, "Only one man answers to that description—Hackett, of course!" The other woman looks at her with surprise and says: "My dear girl, I thought you could appreciate a quiet, clever, cultivated style of acting. Then bigness isn't everything. Now, look at Courtleigh. He is exactly like one of those dear, delicious villains that Ouida writes about. You could love him for his very crimes, and the only wonder is that the heroine doesn't run away with him in the first act instead of meandering through four before she really decides to spend her days with him under Venetian skies. Did you notice his mouth? He has the most absolutely sensitive mouth, and he wears his gloves—well, he wears his gloves the way a gentleman ought to wear his gloves, as if they grew on his hands and not as if they were picked up, according to some special size, at a so called genie' furnishing store. The very suites is expressive—Courtleigh! But, in addition to this, he is a good actor. Somebody said that he had had real experience that he had not been trained at some school for turning out ready made Romeos and sensitive Hamlets, but that he had gone through the hard school of hamstringing. That need not mean that he will anything from Henry Irving down who didn't have to have experience of that kind to make him a success."

By this time the two women were enemies, and all through the first act of the play the admirers of Hackett never looked at the advocate of Courtleigh. Between the acts a girlish voice is heard saying: "Well, you can think what you please, but I will never change my opinion. And another thing —you don't know what good acting is when you see it. It is a waste of money to buy matinee tickets for you. I tell you the best acting I ever saw was when that young Morgan played the southern boy in 'The Heart of Maryland.' To have looked like him and have talked like him I'd have been a spy, a traitor or anything else that was necessary. Look how beautifully he puts his hands on Mrs. Whiffen. Dear old lady! Some men when they are being filial behave as if they were in the midst of a priesthood. Mr. Morgan would know better than that. Of course he is married. All of the nice actors are married. That is where they show their good taste. They appreciate women, and it is your duty as well as mine to learn to appreciate the right man in the right place."

When there is a wait, an admirer of the "Babe" is jubilant, and this is what she announces: "Of course a handsome, good looking man like Mr. Faversham hates being so abominable in the first act, but I always rather like the fellow who is a bit of a scoundrel, for it gives him a chance to repent, and he is so fascinating when he is full of remorse and has fallen in love with the girl. Somebody said he was scientifically a romantic actor, and somebody else said he was melodramatic. As if that isn't what an actor ought to be! For, after all, the stage is merely life lived, and we must have so much music, and so much passion, and so much sorrow, and so much joy. Give me romance and the romantic actor!"

Then her cousin from Boston, who has listened to her with her nose up tilted and her glasses swung in her hand, says: "Dorothy, I get perfectly weary listening to you. The real actor who shows dignity and quietness and a thorough understanding of the principles of life is John Drew. You can talk about your enthusiastic men and your romantic men and all that sort of thing, but John Drew is essentially gentlemanly. He never makes mistakes, and when he is in Boston you can see by the manner of an audience, its perfect quietness, its subdued applause, its appreciative silence, that it understands that Mr. Drew would be offended at such wild enthusiasm as New York girls show their stage favorites. I believe that he calls for an admiration that is more of the brain and less of the heart."

The New York girl laughed, and a Baltimore girl sitting on the other side of her inquired: "Why do you two girls quarrel? New York is a nice place to visit, and so is Boston, but only the south is worth living in. And it is only in the south that we girls save our carmel money and absolutely starve for months that we may buy tickets to lay at the feet of the one good actor in the world."

Both the girls eagerly asked, "Sir Henry Irving?" The Baltimore girl looked as indignant as if she had been accused of siding with the Spaniards as she said, "Certainly not—Mr. Sothern."

Just then the curtain dropped for good, and the girls went out to drink soda water, and I pondered over the introduction of the feminine mind and felt that there was a certain healthfulness in this admiration of the actor, because, after all, with a real nice girl it is the actor and not the man that she admires.

By the bye, it was announced early in the autumn that the fashionable card was to be preserved in the form of a written script that has so long marked that which was correct, but that block letters would be used. Now, somebody who pretended to know told me that this silly fad was copied from the English, but the English people would be the first to laugh at it since its use on the other side is only in the army and navy people. Do you remember when a few social snobs proclaimed their ignorance by putting cockades on their coachmen and footmen? Our English cousins laughed until they ached when they saw them. The cockade can be properly worn only on the hats of the coachmen and footmen of those who hold the commission of the crown—that is to say, the army, navy, house of lords and at times the clergy of the established church. If you have ever given a thought to it, you will notice the cockade belonging to a coachman is different in shape and is worn slightly different in shape and is worn slightly lower than that of any other, but, as usual, on the left side. England is the only country in the world where the cockade has an official significance. In France every dirty "cocher" who begs in a sycophantic manner for his "pour boire" wears a cockade on the side of his disreputable looking hat as equally disreputable and possibly ill smelling cockade. I never thought cockades pretty in any way, but things of that sort are a matter of taste. You may admire one thing while I gush wildly over another.

For instance, I think the loveliest women in the world have black hair and blue eyes, and your heart may go out to it also.

For instance, you think a girl who knows how to make jelly cake and caramels will be a good housekeeper. I doubt it, for there is a difference between caramels and mutton and cake and roast beef.

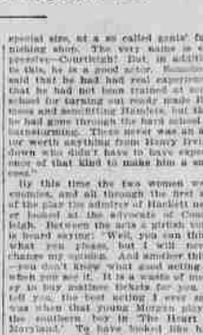
For instance, you don't blame a girl if she has a really pretty hat for keeping it on her head at the theater. I disagree with you. I think she ought to have a properly arranged coiffure and to a less scarf over it, which can easily be removed.

For instance, you think because so many women have been rude to you that you won't offer your seat in the car to anything feminine. I disagree with you. I think you are a kind hearted fellow, and if I get in and wrong on it a trap in a weary sort of way you would get up and offer me a resting place with the most charming bow possible.

For instance, you think you are cynical. You have an idea that you are very bitter and that you believe in nothing. I disagree with you. I think that at heart you are as sweet and true as the average American man is and that your cynicism is all on the surface and you will accept all truths worth believing.

For instance, you say, "Isn't she through yet?" There I agree with you, for I make my best bow and say, "Good afternoon, gentle gossip." When you are old and walking some day, stop and have a chat with

Bab

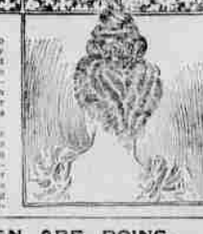


The New Coiffure.

The present season sees a new form of the ever popular pompadour coiffure. The hair is waved and mount over a light cushion, or where the hair is very thin a set of false waves is put upon the head just over the forehead. With

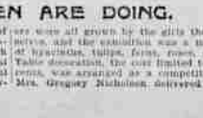
the new pompadour style of putting up the hair, partings have been done away with, for the waves are drawn straight back from the forehead. It is quite a simple fashion, and any ingenious woman after studying the illustration ought to be able to put on her own hair in this manner. The flutter the waves the prettier the effect.

The ripples extend all around the head, and even at the back the curves are drawn over a small bit of cushion if the hair is fine or thin. Tiny ringlets are made to fall over the face or clustered at the side of the head. These give further softness to a face of strong or sharp features, for which the ripp



pled pompadour is particularly becoming. The most attractive way of dressing the mass of hair on the back of the head is to arrange it in the Greek fashion, so that the length of the head is greatest in a line drawn from the center of the eye to the back of the hair. Coils of more or less elaborateness finish this coiffure. One consists of a simple coil drawn high on the head with three or four coils arranged around or below it.

Especially effective are the combs to be worn with hair arranged thus. Some are in the shape of jeweled butterflies to surround the coils; others are long, broad ones to support it below. Side combs to keep the small strands of hair from falling over the face are necessary, but are placed well back on the head. All the combs are more elaborately ornamented than ever before. Jeweled combs will be worn by women who aim to be ultra fashionable, to match the jeweled ornaments suitable for their several evening dresses. Emeralds, turquoises, topazes, coral, sapphires and lapis stud the tortoise shell combs in the fashionable jewelers' shops, some of them set so thickly that the rims of the combs are covered with them.



WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

The Duchess of Bedford, president of the Hyperative Kyoning Schools association, has accomplished a great work among the working girls of Bedford Green, London.

Recently the annual flower show was a wonder. The flowers were all grown by the girls themselves, and the exhibition was a marvel of hyacinths, tulips, ferns, roses, etc. Table decoration, the cost limited to 15 cents, was arranged as a competition. Mrs. Gregory Nicholson delivered an address upon "The Hyacinth's Message," and the Bicknell orchestra, in pale green with gold trimming, furnished the music. The girls in the association are assembled from the neighboring rural, but not fashioning shops.

Frances E. Willard's portrait is to be placed in the western staircase in the capitol in Albany. It will be carved alongside of those of Captain Molly Pitcher of Revolutionary fame, Harriet Hosmer Stowe, Clara Barton of the Red Cross and Susan B. Anthony, the veteran leader of the equal suffrage movement.

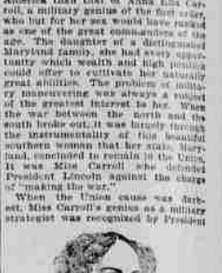
Mrs. Daniel Manning, the newly elected president general of the D. A. R., having been one of the cabinet ladies of the Cleveland administration, will grace numerous grand receptions of the D. A. R. with dignity and a marvelous charm of manner.

Mrs. Victoria Cookling Whitney of the Missouri bar has been admitted to practice before the supreme court of the District of Columbia and the department of the government.

Princess Christian unveiled and dedicated two diamond jubilee beds recently at the Hampstead Home hospital. The wards were decorated with flowers, and the girls from the neighborly filled subscription lists, served to furnish the funds for supplies and sent out brave nurses, who served even upon the field of battle under the guns of the enemy. Many of these undertook all manner of dangerous enterprises in order to serve their country.

No name should be more honored in America than that of Anna Ella Carroll, a military genius of the first order, who but for her sex would have ranked as one of the great statesmen of the age. The daughter of a distinguished Maryland family, she had every opportunity which wealth and high position could give to cultivate her unusually great abilities. The problem of military maneuvering was always a subject of the greatest interest to her. When the war between the North and the south broke out, it was largely through the instrumentality of this beautiful southern woman that her state, Maryland, remained in the Union. It was Miss Carroll who defended President Lincoln against the charge of "making the war."

When the Union cause was darkest, Miss Carroll's genius as a military strategist was recognized by President



ANNA ELLA CARROLL.

Lincoln. The Union army had been costing the government $2,000,000 a day and up to this point meeting with little success when, at the president's request, she went to St. Louis. The result of that visit was the brilliant campaign which resulted in the fall of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, but Miss Carroll was told that it was absolutely necessary that the authorship of the plans should be a secret so long as the war lasted, and it was long after the close of the awful struggle before her services were generally recognized.

The name of Miss. Bissel, wife of the leader of the insurgents in the present Philippine island rebellion, and that of Evangelina Cisneros have within the last two years been conspicuous in the protest which neighboring peoples have made against the tyranny of Spain. Whom, at different times, the South American republics threw off the yoke of their oppressor, the timid, correct maid and wife is everywhere ready to serve for and champions of the cause of independence.

With the first suggestion of hostilities between America and Spain hundreds of American women volunteered their services to aid their country, showing that the old spirit of feminine patriotic daring is still alive.

ELIZABETH MORGAN.

THE PART WOMAN PLAYS IN WAR.

Historical Examples of the Patriotism, Devotion and Self Sacrifice of the Gentler Sex In Our Previous Wars.

Patriotism is the very birthright of American women. The history of our country cannot be thoroughly related without telling the stories of its fair women. In their veins flows the fearless blood of the Anglo-Saxon race, a race ever swift to resent its injuries and strong to do and dare.

In the war of the Revolution it was the wife of the commander in chief himself that set the example of devotion and sacrifice. Through the long, hard winters, even at Valley Forge, women of the highest social position vied with one another in ministering to the sick, the wounded and the needy.

In Philadelphia was organized a society to aid sick and needy soldiers, a society which supplied the idea for the great sanitary commission. The animating spirit of the colonial organization was Esther De Berdt Reed, a descendant of the French Huguenots, an English woman by birth and wife of a young Philadelphia lawyer. Another woman interested in this work was the sprightly and intelligent daughter of Benjamin Franklin, Mrs. Sarah Bache. The women of the colonies parted with their jewelry and every trinket that they could sell or exchange for food or clothing the order that the necessities of the army should be relieved.

Throughout the colonies whenever Washington issued a request for help, no matter how late it might reach the home might be, the patriot women always found something to send to the army. When Washington wanted earthworks after the battle of Bunker Hill, the women of New England patriotically sent to him not only the lead about their houses, but even their pewter ornaments and tea sets to be molted into bullets. The women of the Wyoming Valley, until the terrible massacre cut short their labors, worked tirelessly to manufacture powder for the patriots. In the fields, in the workshops, everywhere, women took the places of men, and on their labors the army of Washington depended for its food and clothing that kept body and soul together until the terrible struggle was over.

In deeds of daring the women of the Revolution were not behind the men themselves. Every one knows the story of Captain Molly Pitcher, who, when her husband, an artillerymen, fell, wounded, sprang to his gun and managed it during the rest of the battle with such ability as to attract the attention and praise of Washington.

Lydia Darragh, whose timely admonition to the Continental army saved it from a night surprise and defeat, was only one of many women who at various times by their warnings or information guarded the Americans from loss or destruction. It was a woman's keen instinct that was indirectly the cause of Andre's arrest. Mrs. Cornelia Beekman, daughter of Lieutenant Governor Van Cortlandt of New York, refused to deliver to two men who called for it a valise containing a Continental uniform and some gold which was known to have been left in her care by an American officer. Thus a woman's wit changed the reading of one of the most famous chapters in the annals of American warfare, for in this uniform Andre had hoped to escape.

Both in the Revolution and in the civil war there were adventurous souls who, discarding women's attire, entered the ranks as volunteers. Some of these, like the famous Deborah Sampson of 1778, after seeing much hard service were discovered and discharged, while doubtless many stayed their part until the war was over.

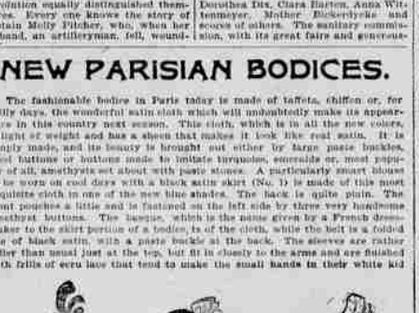
The advice of women like Mercy Warren, Abigail Adams, Catherine Schuyler and Dorothy Quincy was eagerly sought by the most brilliant commanders and statesmen of the colonies. Miss Warren was the adviser of such men as Samuel and John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Dickinson, Gerry, Knox and Jay.

In later years, during the second war with England and the conflict with Mexico, women were active in alleviating the miseries of the soldiers by work at home and in the field, but there was no occasion for the conspicuous sacrifices that had marked the eight long years of the first struggle.

In the late civil war there were good and faithful women interested in the success of north or south. The names of the heroines of that conflict are household words—Mary Livermore, Dorothea Dix, Clara Barton, Anna Whitteneyer, Mother Bickerdyke and scores of others. The sanitary commission, with its great fairs and generous

NEW PARISIAN BODICES.

The fashionable bodice in Paris today is made of taffeta, chiffon or, for chilly days, the wonderful satin cloth which will undoubtedly make its appearance in this country next season. This cloth, which is in all the new colors, is light of weight and has a sheen that makes it look like real satin. It is simply made, and its beauty is brought out either by large paste buckles, steel buttons or buttons made to imitate turquoise, emeralds or, most popular of all, amethysts set about with paste stones. A particularly smart blouse to be worn on cool days with a black satin skirt (No. 1) is made of this most exquisite cloth in one of the new blue shades. The back is quite plain. The front pouches a little and is fastened on the left side by three very handsome amethyst buttons. The basque, which is the same given by a French dressmaker to the skirt portion of a bodice, is of the cloth, while the belt is folded one of black satin, with a paste buckle at the back. The sleeves are rather fuller than usual just at the top, but fit in closely to the arms and are finished with frills of ecru lace that tend to make the small hands in their white kid



gloves look even smaller. The high collar is of the cloth faced with white moire, while the hat is of openwork straw decorated with two black ostrich plumes, one of which flares to the front, the other to the back, with between them a quantity of folded ribbon of pale blue.

A simpler bodice (No. 2) and one which can be worn effectively with a black net or black taffeta skirt is of salmon pink taffeta that has over it a wonderful white sheen. Jacket fronts are achieved, laid in tiny plaits, not more than a quarter of an inch apart, while each edge is finished with frills of the taffeta. The sleeves have puffs at the shoulders and at regular intervals are tiny tucks, while frills of white mousseline de sole come far over the hands. A very tiny basque is below the waist, and between it and the bodice is a belt of salmon pink ribbon, with a square buckle of plain gold just in front. White mousseline de sole in gilet style shows slightly between the jacket fronts, and a very Frenchy bow of the same material comes far up under the dimpled chin. The hat is one of the old shapes in black nonpareil, with full bows of salmon pink ribbon as its only decoration.

Another bodice (No. 3) is essentially suited to a slender figure. It is made of white nun's veiling and is divided on each side by three sections at puckered bellstrope mousseline de soie, while the corselet is covered with white guipure and has straps over the waist at the back and front in pointed basques. The sleeves are finished to show white guipure, while three tiny flare at the wrists are odd bows of bellstrope velvet. The crush belt is of bellstrope velvet, and the enormous bow at the neck is of white tulle. The hat is a leghorn, worn off the face to show the pompadour, the coiffure most in vogue, and is trimmed with black and three quaint bellstrope wings heavily spangled with steel. Surely the woman who finds no beauty in the stiff shirt or the perfectly simple shirt waist cannot complain of lack of design for the more fanciful bodice. In suiting these she may use less expensive material, but the artistic effect can always be achieved.

Latchkeys For Women.

Latchkeys have ceased to be made perquisite since the old fashioned gentleman has passed away and the latchkey maid. The bachelor girl is nothing if not determined, and so she has adopted one of the last remaining articles of man over which his wife has reigned. When the key came, the pocket had to come with it, of course, and now it is out in the back of the dress skirt very near the belt line and with a bit of a flap over it to conceal the fact that a coattail is missing. And thus it is that the freed woman goes on her way, connected as she may at least center her own doors at all sorts of coveted and fascinating hours without arousing every one, from the janitor to the aged grandparent, who "disapproves."

When the pocket came, the key chain had to follow in its wake, and behold, from a station promptly saved by the tailor girl's "wrinkle" hangs the jeweler's device, for she has not been emancipated long enough to leave off sterling silver and take to plate in any form. When the bachelor girl went into business, she was forced into some of the needs of a man, and some of his patented rights had to come with them, and at last there came the key ring, in the train of the key and chain, and there was another chance for the ability to turn out pieces of delicate workmanship. They are oftener heart shaped wires of silver, solid and wide. So it seems that woman never gets so "new" that she cannot carry forth a trinket. Other designs are serpents, and over their spring set tails go the door key, the mail box key, the secretary key and the key of the lot that used to be always "among the missing." And now the bachelor maid is free from care unless she forgets chain and ring and key.

She Likes to Cook.

Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart is as noted among her friends for her culinary accomplishments as for her literary ability. She delights in concocting dainty dishes and finds much recreation from mental labor in preparing a salad or a taquot. Over this work, too, she is wont to talk and lost and spin plots—plots that are a delight to the listeners, and she declares that praise of her cooking is as pleasing as appreciation of her stories.

The Duchess of York, Duchess of Fife, Duchess of Albany and Princess Alice of Albany have headed a subscription for an "Alice in Wonderland" cot in the Hospital For Sick Children, London.

Queen Victoria has sent to the nursing homes saluted her royal highness in line, besides presenting a bouquet from the hospital fairies, youthful visitors of the Pioneer mission.

Lady Henry Somerset will preside at the annual public meeting of the National Woman's Temperance association on May 3.