THE WORLD OF WOMAN

A Poet's Pretty Wife.

Interesting Interview With Mrs. Richard Le Gallienne--Her First Visit to America.

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New York, March 3.—Julie Norregard Le Gallienne, the wife of the well known English writer, Richard Le Gallienne, to whom she has been married just a year, is a charming looking woman, a little over medium height, slight, with hair of a nondescript shade, neither brown nor golden, large gray eyes and a figure petite and well formed. She is Danish by birth, having resided in England only six years, the first two of which were spent in acquiring the language, which she speaks with the slightest possible accent, just enough to lend piquancy and quite in keeping with her distinctive personality. Her English home is at Hazlemere, a suburb of London, where there is a small literary colony, including Conan Doyle and Grant Allen, the author of the famous novel, "The Woman Who Did."

Mrs. Le Gallienne was engaged in literary work before her marriage and is at present furnishing a series of articles on "Beauty Embroidered" for The Woman, a London publication. She has also written on Danish art for London Studio and has been on the staff of the London Star and Morning Leader, correspondent for The Danish Politiken, published in Copenhagen, and is at present under contract from a number of American papers and magazines.

Yesterday Mrs. Le Gallienne gave me a few criticisms of American ways and byways, which, while not strikingly original, an impossible task for one who has been with us for so short a time, yet showed a power of keen analysis and observation, hidden under a placid exterior. "I find myself much in touch with the American women," she confided. "They are more like the Danish women—more like the women of them than the English ladies. Each one represents a distinct individuality, with special aims and results, not 'cut off by the dozen, like their transoceanic cousins." The men? And in answer to the question she was more thoughtful. Apparently the women had been already classified, while the men were still in the dubious border land of present reflection. "I think the American men," she at length said, "are of extraordinary vitality. While their physiques are perhaps not as powerful as English men's, their nerve force is something tremendous. They seem able to stand any amount of work—it hours is nothing—but what does it all amount to? They get beautiful homes, which they haven't time to enjoy. Money, honor, ambition satisfied, but without the time for content." Apparently Mrs. Le Gallienne is a believer in her husband's diction, that we need more leisure, pleasure, etc., of progression by rejection, getting rid of the superfluities of accumulations. She practices this theory in her dress. It is modest, unassuming, unobtrusive, in keeping with her childlike face and unaffected demeanor.

One of her gowns for receiving is of black accordion plaited silk with wide sera face collar and chiffon tie, here falling far over her slender hands, fair arranged a la Cleo de Merode, entirely concealing her ears with its fullness. "I am very fond of the tea gown," she admitted. "And always wear it in my own home. But here," and she looked around pathetically at the conventionally dressed guests at the Waldorf-Astoria, where she is staying, in New York, "here it is impossible. I would be stared at for my eccentricity. But don't you think the American women think too much of their clothes? Doesn's this gorgeous attire tend to belittle the personality? Isn't it better to impress with one's mind—with what one is—rather than with what one has on? I have never been more perfect women anywhere, but they are creations of the tailor and the dressmaker, is that not so?" Asked that inevitable question which meets the unsuspecting English woman who wanders guileously to our shore concerning her opinion of that monument of greatness, the Washington Monument, she made the seemingly ambiguous statement that it had more noise and more grace than any of the large bonds she had been accustomed to explaining this apparent contradiction by the remark that while, generally speaking, there was a greater average amount of bustle and life, yet exceptional occasions were trusted as a matter of course, a ball for 2,000 or an enormous dinner being given without disturbing the ordinary routine or bringing in any way on the comfort of the guests who resided there.

Mrs. Le Gallienne is an advocate of the woman's club. She has just resigned from the Pioneers, which has been in existence about and expected to the exclusivity of its members, and intends to join the Writers, another London club composed exclusively devoted to professional women, where men are admitted only every Friday, and where, on the first Friday of every month, exceptional amounts of cakes and ale are distributed.

Concerning her home life, Mrs. Le Gallienne was politely reticent. She has a stepdaughter of 4, little Hesse, to whom she is devoted, who is now with her grandmother in Liverpool, but whom she expects to join them if they stay in America as seems at present indications point. They have already accepted an invitation to make one of a house party next summer in the New England home of Mr. W. Chapin Dodge and expect to do a great deal of traveling and sightseeing before they return to England.

The prevailing characteristics of Mrs. Le Gallienne, gained in a fleeting visit, are her sincerity and simplicity, not the simplicity of the Sermon, but that of a self poised woman, whose content is in herself rather than in externals, who would have sympathy with high aims and would be strong enough to live up to her theories of beauty in life as distinguished from the merely showy and superficial.

Although the name Le Gallienne is French, Mr. Le Gallienne speaks of himself as an Englishman. His great grandfather, John Le Gallienne, was a Guernsey man, and from there the family came to settle in England, preserving the French prefix, but losing the Gallic birthrights.

GERTRUDE F. LYNCH.

Julie Norregard Le Gallienne

Wit of the French People.

Much has been written of the bright cynical wit of the French; but, although we are not inclined to associate the trait with these people, there is also a sort of humor of a broadly ludicrous aspect in many of their daily experiences and possibly as much about their wedding festivities as any other general function of their lives.

In Paris, especially among "the people"—the bourgeois class—marriage ceremonies are conducted in accordance with a fixed rule as determined as are the regulations governing the conduct of the residents of the Rue Monceau or the Quartier St. Germain. At the conclusion of the necessary ceremony that binds together two loving hearts the invited party hie to some restaurant, where lunch has been ordered, and then follows a long drive into the country, varied with frequent brief stays at rural cafes, the programme terminating with an elaborate dinner and a dance in some place previously selected.

Thursdays and Saturdays are the days generally selected, and particularly on the last day of the week, during the warm months, crowds of vehicles may be seen threading their way through leafy avenues to popular suburban resorts filled with gay parties, the air resounding with their songs and jests.

The fronts of all the cafes in the environs of Paris are paved with asphalt for the express purpose of allowing the votaries of Terpsichore to depart themselves to their hearts' content. There are some, naturally, at all times who care more for the embrace of Bacchus. There can often be seen, when the sun is at its height, a dozen brides and bridegrooms, each with their troops of lively guests frantically bobbing up and down in the rush of a gay polka or sliding more decorously also in the mazes of a waltz.

Generally there is the most perfect good humor, but sometimes the harmony of the occasion is abruptly destroyed by the jealousy of the newly made benedict, who resents forthly the trifling attentions which some male guest has considered it de rigueur to offer the blushing bride.

Indeed there has been more than one instance where these little misunderstandings have ended in pugilistic encounters.

The climax of all is a late incident that has been considered of such importance as to be worthy of international mention. At the conclusion of the wedding banquet the groom candidly confessed that he hadn't a sou to pay for it. The amount was 125 francs (about $25). To help smooth over the awkward predicament the guests contributed the sum of 42 francs. But the avaricious landlord would not be satisfied with the balance, but called a gendarme, and summoning a gendarme, had the entire party—bride, bridegroom, relatives and friends—marched off, surrounded by a large crowd of curious onlookers, to the local commissionary, where, after an exciting scene between the officer of the peace and the irate new son-in-law, the elder man paid the bill in full. Gallious, however, to compensate the waiters, All American Magazine, that this affair was the unfortunate beginning of a marital experience, but the French only laugh.

A Strong Young Order.

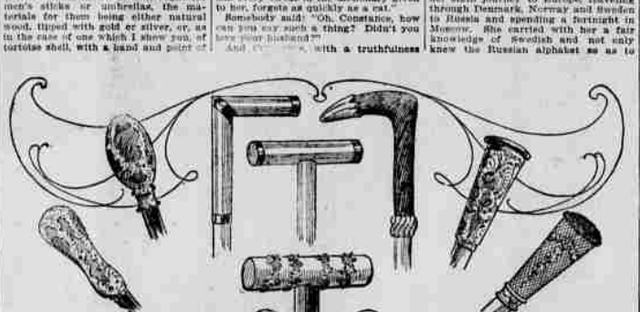
Chatterbox has a recently organized State Federation of Women's Clubs, representing a membership of 22 clubs and about 1,700 women. The organization was practically effected at Bridgeport last spring, where the women's clubs of Connecticut assembled at the invitation of the literary club of that city. The first regular meeting was held on Dec. 8, also at Bridgeport, and gave evidence of deep interest on the part of all concerned and a bright outlook for the future. A second meeting will be held in June. Mrs. T. R. Noble of Norwalk is the president of the state federation; Mrs. H. H. Pyle of Bridgeport, vice president; Mrs. D. S. Pierce of Norwalk, corresponding secretary, and Mrs. W. A. King of Willimantic, treasurer. The chairman of state correspondence for the general federation is Mrs. W. H. Hopson of Bridgeport.

Discovered by Bab.

Some Parisian Novelties In Umbrella Handles and Canes--Phases of Modern Social Life.

[Copyright, 1898.]

At this time of year the well dressed woman, having chosen a suitable frocks, selects her parasols. Unlike the English woman, the American doesn't bring her a very big umbrella with a solid rest and an assertive handle, but, like the French woman, she reduces the varies of her movable background, and gives a protective shelter rather than umbrella is feminine in appearance, although absolutely useful. The big parasol that protects her from the sunbeams is a veritable thing of beauty, with its elaborately decorated handle, its chic trimming and its beautiful material. Silk in specially dainty shades, decorated with frills, combined with very narrow velvet ribbon, makes the preferred parasol. But the handles! For them nothing is too fine. Hand painted porcelain, jade, amber, rock crystal, even some of the minor gems, mounted in chased gold or silver, all of these are allowed to make beautiful that part of the parasol which is held in the hand of beauty. Oddities are of course much to the fore, and my dearest friend, writing me from Paris, says: "The duck's head, of which I have drawn you a tiny sketch, is specially liked. It is reproduced in wood, gold, silver or crystal, with jeweled eyes and gold collar, and it has for its only rival the rabbit's head, which is, however, not nearly so chic. Another very smart handle (you see, as I am something of an artist, I am sketching these for you) is of natural wood, with the natural cherry leaves and cherries, wrought out in some substance that looks like the real thing and which is properly colored. Dresden china handles—some long, some showing the crutch shape and some showing the always fashionable round knob—are in vogue and greatly liked, for they harmonize particularly well with the always useful parasol of white trimmed with black. Speaking of the crutch handle, that is still in vogue for men's sticks or umbrellas, the material for them being either natural wood, tipped with gold or silver, or, as in the case of one which I show you, of tortoise shell, with a band and point of gold. There must be very little gold or decoration of any kind upon a man's stick or umbrella.



"No well bred man would have such a thing as a jewel in the handle of his umbrella or stick, for then he would look like those overdressed South Americans, who are in the slang of the boulevard called 'Bastaquères.' Don't be deluded, when choosing your umbrella, into getting that abomination, which, I am told, appeared on the streets of New York during heavy rainstorms, the plaid silk one. It is absolutely bad form, and certainly did not leave its birth either in France or England. Paris would laugh at its unsuitability; England at the fact that it would not wear well. To the red umbrella there is not attached so much indignation, but, after all, the well dressed woman prefers to carry in her hand a plain umbrella of dark green, dark blue or black silk. The umbrellas having watches or pencils concealed in their handles are destined as a caprice, but certainly not for much wear. By the bye, if you can only get one parasol, let that be a fluffy looking one of black chiffon or black muslin. If you can add two to your wardrobe, let the second one be of white silk, trimmed with ruffles of the same, decorated with lace or black velvet, and only choose colors when your parasols are many in number. Apropos of colors, it is very heartily bad form to tie a knot of ribbons or a cluster of artificial flowers on your parasol. If you fancy wearing a chou of velvet on the side of your parasol, with a gilt pin or brooch just in the center, then a similar chou may be put on the stick of your parasol, but not if it is a very elaborate one. Few women realize how becoming a yellow parasol is. And yet all women should understand it, since sunshine is becoming to everything feminine. The old idea that yellow was only adapted to brunettes has died away since Worth proved that Sarah Bernhardt and Ellen Terry, both blonds, but each of a different type, could look exquisite in toilets of clear, pure yellow."

It was a Frenchman who said, "The woman who wears yellow thinks and talks of love," so possibly that was the reason why, at a luncheon the other day, a bright woman who wore a yellow chiffon bodice started this question, "In love, who are more constant—men or women?" The argument, which grew very warm, was carried on between a young girl a matron and a widow. Said the unmarried one: "I must first announce that I don't believe in such a thing as love. Affection? Yes. Pleasant comradeship? Yes. But when it comes to a question of constancy, I think the things are about even. Love, my friend, is a game of toss and go, and the one who goes the soonest is the one who has got the most pleasure out of it."

A round of applause met this sentiment, and then the matron had her say. She introduced: "I am on the side of the woman. Once we love, we love forever, and we stick to a man through thick and thin; we bear with his faults, we exaggerate his virtues, we nurse him when he is ill, we are considerate of him when he is well, we want him always by our side, we turn to him in our sorrows and our joys and"—

"And," continued the widow, "we let him pay our dressmaker's bills. For my part, I think that causes half the trouble in life. Not dressmaker's bills; I don't mean that, but the women who are eternally constant. This sticking by a man through thick and thin makes him horribly weary, and he would be much better satisfied if he were occasionally allowed a little rope. Women are utterly lacking in sentiment, and the cleverest of them can only assume it. Whereas a man will choke up and his eyes will be full of tears, and when you ask him what's the matter, he may say he would rather not tell you; but eventually he will let you know that he thought it unutterably sweet of you to put on the frock he liked, to pin a flower in his buttonhole, or to have had some special dish that pleased him for dinner. Now, you only put on the frock because it was becoming, without a thought of him. You pinned the rose in his buttonhole because you had it in your hand and didn't know what else to do with it, and you had that special dish ordered because you liked it yourself. Men are faithful to memories even. And woman, lovely woman, who has every virtue in the dictionary given to her, forgets as quickly as a cat."

Somebody said: "Oh, Constance, how can you say such a thing? Didn't you love your husband?"

And Constance, with a truthfulness that was charming, because it was unusual, answered, "Yes, I suppose I did, but I really have forgotten what it was like, and that, he was always very well satisfied, I don't think I ever put myself out particularly to please him." Somebody said this wasn't a suitable question to discuss before young girls, so it stopped just there, and to fill the gap I told a story I had heard the night before—a story told after dinner by a pleasant Englishman. And a pleasant Englishman who has a good fund of stories is the most delightful dinner companion ever created. But here's the story: There is a very learned magazine published in this country—we'll call it "The South American Record." It is owned by a dignified gentleman of great wealth and much fashion. One night this gentleman was boasting that in this day of decrepitude, in this day of running and jeering and jesting, no one had ever yet been able to make a pun on his name, and in his stately way he was thankful for it. The pleasant Englishman had accepted an invitation to dine with him the next night, but something happened to prevent, and he was forced to stay at home. His mother, a charming lady over 50 years old, was surprised to see her son, as she had heard he was going out, and, looking at him, she remarked in perfect innocence of the wrong naming: "Oh, my dear, are you here? I thought you were going to dine with Mr. Boiled Rice!" Nobody has ever dared tell the stately gentleman of the innocent pun made on his name, but there are four people find it difficult to keep from calling him after the innocuous vegetable. And yet the dear old lady was a friend. But perhaps he might think that, innocently, she wore the garb of an enemy.

Who doesn't prefer some enemies to some friends?

I prefer the open enemy to the so called friend who considers it amusing to discuss my weaknesses before people who are strangers to me.

I prefer the open enemy to the so called friend who uses me as long as it is convenient and then laughs about how easily I am fooled.

I prefer the open enemy to the so called friend who, visiting me in the day of my sorrow, hears of my woes and tells them to a lot of idle listeners.

I prefer the open enemy to the so called friend who exploits his temper, disagreeable truths and dissatisfaction upon me, assuming that friendship gives such privileges.

I prefer an open fight always. Then there's honest enmity, not innuendoes, not backbiting, not lying, misrepresentation, but clear, honest war, where you strike out from the shoulder, either mentally or physically, straight. And you can hit your backpoints that you will find either a good friend or a good enemy in

Bab

What One Woman Did.

A plucky American woman, who began to support herself at 16, has shown how a poor schoolteacher can see Europe to the best advantage in 12 years. Earning a small salary in a public school, she has taken private pupils and lived frugally and has been able to go to Europe every other year for a two months' holiday.

Her first journey was made to England and Scotland and was enjoyed so keenly that she planned another one and saved money for it during the next two years. The second tour was through France, Belgium and Holland, and in order to travel comfortably she learned French during her leisure hours.

Returning to her school work, she began to study German and at the end of two years was ready for a journey up the Rhine and to Vienna and thence through Dresden and Berlin to Paris. With renewed ardor she plunged into the study of Italian, and at the end of two years she started for Rome. She made the round of the Italian cities and spent a fortnight in Switzerland. Two years afterward she was in Spain and was able to speak the language.

During the last year she has made her sixth journey to Europe, traveling through Denmark, Norway and Sweden to Russia and spending a fortnight in Moscow. She carried with her a fair knowledge of Swedish and not only knew the Russian alphabet so as to read the street signs, but could make her own bargains with dressy drivers and go about without a guide.

In the course of 12 years she has made six journeys to Europe and learned to speak six modern languages, and she has supported herself entirely by her earnings as a schoolteacher and has paid every penny of her traveling expenses. Starting out with a smattering study of the language of the country which she was to visit and also preparing herself by a course of reading, she has made the best possible use of her time abroad.

The reward for all this energy and perseverance has come in her thirtieth year. Her knowledge of foreign languages has fitted her for broader work as a teacher, and she has left the public schools to take a position as instructor in French, German and Italian in a high school for young women.

There may be higher aims than those ordinarily attributed to foreign travel, but the persistency of this American girl in carrying out her plans is worthy of praise. It is a great gain to any human life if it is governed by definite purpose and keeps that purpose steadily in mind.

Your Hat, Madam.

The thing to do now is to wear the hat cocked over on one side. No matter what kind of face it is or how the wearer's face is built, she must give her hat a rakish tilt to one ear or the other if she would be up to date. It's interesting to note the different effects this fashion has on different faces. It makes a matronly looking woman appear years older and frivolous, to put it charitably, into the bargain. It makes one of those meek, innocent faces look coquettish, and it makes a really coquettish face look more vivacious than ever. Men evidently don't like the fashion, and neither have they learned that it is a fashion. One has only to pay attention in the cars, in the shops, in the theaters, on the streets, anywhere, to what is said to hear five out of ten men say to their companions:

"Put your hat on straight."

"It's intended to be on one side," is the invariable reply, and there is nothing left for poor man to do but to let it stay there and remark that he now knows what the college boy means when he talks about a "sassy hat."

Pictures In the Home.

A clever man once said, "Let me see the pictures on the wall of a house and I can tell you all about the inmates." This may seem a sweeping statement, but there is a good deal in it. To the man or woman of culture a bare wall is infinitely more attractive than one that is covered by inferior, inartistic pictures.

The woman of taste will have her pictures, but those items on her walls will be of the best—a well painted water color, done perhaps by a friend; a good etching, a lovely pastel, but never a cheap imitation of a great work, or anything of the nature of a chromo is an ill executed oil color.

There is a tremendous output of wretchedly executed oil pictures which are gathered into the homes of the vulgar and the inartistic with no misgivings. These so called pictures are chosen by men of more financial aspiration than artistic power or sense and a many cases are painted on canvas as long as the room in which the enterprising young man works, in order to save time. The canvas is eventually cut up into pictures, 25 of the size required by the dealer for whom they are executed.

Families who cannot afford good paintings on the walls, yet who wish to brighten their apartments with pictorial effects of some kind, can always fall back upon the photograph or the cheap artistic etching and feel that they are not violating any law of good taste. Many people who have not been educated artistically are in the position of the little girl with a third by my knowledge who said to her aunt who she accompanied her to the dressmaker's, "Aunty, is that picture on the wall a pretty picture or an ugly picture?"

She had made so many mistakes on former occasions by expressing her admiration and being told that the thing she admired was an atrocity that she had resolved to master the mystery of criticism.

Pictures are good educators. Parents are wise who, realizing this, place upon their walls representations of beautiful things, thus insensibly educating the taste and the moral sense of the child.

A good rule in the selection of pictures is that the restful scene was best. Too much action in a picture is likely to be tiresome and irritating to the overtaxed mind and body. An offing of a placid pool, with a hen perhaps in the foreground and some trees in the near distance, would be more conducive to rest and pleasure after a tiring day than a battle scene or a wrestling bout. A water color of a little Egyptian maiden, her water pot at her head and her draperies in soft contrasted colors, will be grateful to the eye when the representation of children playing ball or a dog retrieving a pheasant would be unrestful or disturbing. In most cases, too, the ethical sense of the occupant should be consulted in hanging pictures on his wall and his favorite train of thought catered to. The religious man will be pained by a "Madonna" or a "Good Shepherd" that would only annoy the devotee of lived art.

Avoid the garish and the glaring in pictures as in costumes. The notorious in both cases, always excepting the great masterpiece of art, is very rarely the beautiful.

As to Visiting Cards.

"Roman lettered visiting cards are the very latest and the smartest," said an authority on visiting cards, approve of the Roman lettered pastel cards are popular. "They will be popular. "They will be popular." "They will be popular." "They will be popular."