

KATE CLYDE MORALIZES

ON A QUEER BUT COMMON PHASE OF LIFE IN A GREAT CITY

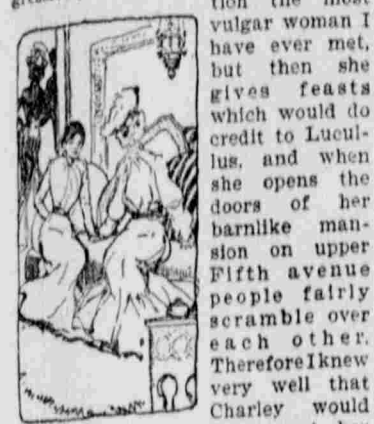


Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

EMBROIDERED AND JEWELLED EVENING ROBE.

AND so you are back from dear old Paris? What a tiny, cunning studio! Too artistic for anything! And how are poor, dear Mrs. Krome and the little little too-

It was at Charley Krome's studio on his exhibition day, and the strident voice of Mrs. Silas Horner was responsible for the above remarks. Mrs. Horner's wealth, like her diamonds, is aggressively large. She is without exception the most vulgar woman I have ever met, but then she gives feasts which would do credit to Lucullus, and when she opens the doors of her barnlike mansion on upper Fifth avenue people fairly scramble over each other. Therefore I knew very well that Charley would not resent her loud familiarity, especially as— But I don't believe I have ever told you about the Kromes, have I?

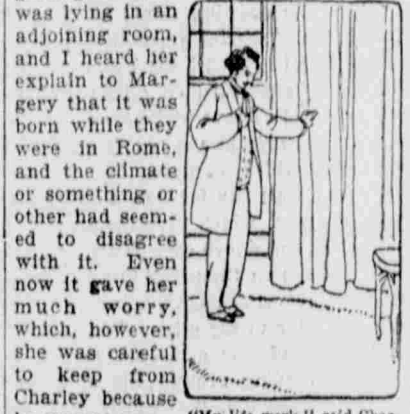


You see, Charley is an artist, supposed to be a genius. Anyway, he has one of the first requirements, for he never could keep a dollar in his life. A never could keep a dollar in his life. A little over a year ago he met May Alinsworth at a quiet little country place where she was staying with a maiden who, Charley, like most poverty-stricken young men, has a great deal of nerve and an apt tongue. Anyway, he made an apt tongue. Anyway, he made an apt tongue. Anyway, he made an apt tongue.

After that the Kromes disappeared. We next heard that Charley had indignantly refused a minor position which old Southey had offered him in his office and that he and his wife were in Paris reveling in an atmosphere of true Art with a capital A. Some millionaire, so it was said, had interested himself in Charley and had furnished him with sufficient funds to go to Paris for inspiration. He was hard at work on his great canvas from which he was to make his fame and fortune. More than a year after we heard that Mrs. Krome had been very ill and that Charley was

coming home to open a studio in New York. And so he did. They took a couple of rooms in the Carnegie building and set up their household gods amid the sound of pianos and the smell of varnish and oil paints. This was their first reception. As I looked around me I could not help thinking of the middle aged clubman Mrs. Alinsworth was so anxious May should marry. She had scornfully refused on the ground that she lacked youth and poetic imagination, but he could have given her a prettily furnished house and everything she wanted. Still perhaps poetic imagination in a studio was better. I would see.

The room was cheaply but showily furnished. There were fur rugs galore, and you could hardly move without imperiling the existence of some vase or curio. On a divan sat Mrs. Krome, Margery Briscoe was chatting gaily to her. I never saw a greater contrast than that presented by the two. Margery was coquettishly dressed in a pale lilac crepe de chine, a mass of tucks and ruffling and yet so perfectly fitted that you could easily see it had derived its origin from a master hand. A chiffon hat was tilted over her face at a saucy angle, and from the tips of her patent leather shoes to the fingers of her pearl gray gloves she was well groomed and smart. We had always considered May Alinsworth for prettier girl than Margery, but this May had a pathetic look on her quiet little face. She wore a gown of some odd shade of blue, and it was plain she had made it with her own unskilled fingers. Her hair was banded in Botticelli fashion, evidently a concession to the studio atmosphere. Every now and then she would excuse herself and run out to see how the baby was getting along. It was lying in an adjoining room, and I heard her explain to Margery that it was born while they were in Rome, and the climate or something or other had seemed to disagree with it. Even now it gave her much worry, which, however, she was careful to keep from Charley because he was so wrapped up in the inspiration for his new painting, poor fellow!



"My life work," said Charley, with an impressive wave of his hand. "Ah, no," in answer to a question from Mrs. Horner. "I cannot show it. It is not yet finished. In fact, I have begun it over three times. But some day! Ah, some day!"

Mrs. Horner appeared very little impressed. "Are these things all you have?" she drawled. "Oh, I tell you what, Mr.—ah—Krome, why don't you paint pretty little dancing figures—ballet girls or eastern women? Those things sell so much better, don't you know. Something on the style of Perrin's water colors."

Charley drew himself up. "Perrin! I think his work utterly lacks brutality," he said stiffly. At this piece of artists' jargon Mrs. Horner stared and then burst into a ripple of laughter. "You artists are such droll people! So like children! So naïf!" she cried, and with that she took her departure. She had not bought a thing, and a shadow fell over Charley Krome's face. I saw him talking to his wife, and the poor little woman began to devote herself exclusively to the rich and influential woman present. "Such a pretty bit of peasant life! Charley painted it in Normandy," I heard her saying to Mrs. Van Twiller. "Do let me show it to you." But Mrs. Van Twiller only stared through her lorgnette and murmured that it looked very neatly drawn, but that she was no judge of those things. At this moment the baby cried, and little Mrs. Krome fled into the adjoining room.

Only three small water colors had been sold, and Charley had not received a single order when I saw Madeleine Dunbar approach him. Mrs. Dunbar is a woman I instinctively dislike. I could not hear what she was saying, but I judged from the gradual narrowing of her eyelids that she was at some of her coquette's tricks. After a few minutes she moved across the room, trailing her black lace gown over the polished floor and scattering a heavy fragrance of hellebore. Charley followed her admiringly. "Now, remember," she cooed. "I want you at my next little affair. It will be a week from Tuesday. There will be lots of clever people. You are afraid Mrs. Krome can't leave the baby? Oh, these dotting mothers! But you surely can come yourself? A genius like you cannot afford to neglect these little opportunities for gathering inspiration. You shouldn't shut yourself in so much, my dear Charley; you shouldn't." And, with a bewitching smile, she disappeared. Then I noticed that most every one had gone. The flowers were fading in the vases, there was a pile of soiled teacups on the table, and Mrs. Krome was looking white and drawn; so I made my adieux also.

I took the elevator and descended to the ground floor. Then I went all the way up again and knocked at the door of the Krome studio. They evidently did not hear me, for I heard Mrs. Krome's gentle voice raised to a shrill pitch. "You shan't go to that woman's reception and leave me alone!" she cried. "I saw how she looked at you and then at me, as if I were a drudge! Inspiration! What we need is money! You said you would sell all the big pictures, and they've only bought three. Where is the baby's medicine to come from? And my jacket? And the baby is sick. I tell you—sick!"

"Hush!" interrupted Krome angrily. He had heard my second knock, and he opened the door. "I beg your pardon, May," I said, laughing a little nervously, "but I'm such a featherbrain that I forgot the most important thing I came for. The fact is that if Charley isn't too busy I want him to paint a portrait of me—the large size, you know—like the one he did of you and the baby in Rome."

It was wicked, wicked, of me to encourage Krome in his mistaken career, but what was I to do? What would you have done? "There isn't a thing about fashions in this letter," I hear some one exclaim. No, I have not told you what Mrs. Horner wore, nor have I described the Parisian gown with which Mrs. Van Twiller dazzled our eyes, but I have put before you a bit of New York life. It isn't gay, perhaps, but one sees it often, and this time it stirred deeply the heart of

Kate Clyde
New York.

VICTORIA AND HER BABIES.
The mother of nine children, one of the late Queen Victoria's most womanly traits was an intense love for little ones. The queen was proud of her babies. She was exceptionally proud to find that Prince Arthur as a baby was bigger than the keeper's child at Balmoral of the same age. With motherly pride, she had careful measurements of the latter made for purposes of comparison.

It is interesting to note in this connection that her majesty thought the Duke of Connaught more like his father in personal appearance and character than any of her other sons. Another interesting point is that the queen incurred a fine of 7s. 6d., or about \$1.50, for allowing six weeks to elapse before registering the birth of the Duke of Edinburgh.

For the baptizing of her children the queen used water from the river Jordan. This is now used at all royal baptisms in England.

country seats in Holland, with beautiful gardens and large beech forests. This domain came to the late King William on the death of his brother, Prince Henry, whose wife was sister of the Duchess of Connaught.

Miss Laura D. Gill of New York has been installed as dean of Barnard college. Bishop Potter and President Lowell took part in the ceremony.

Many worn-out farms in Virginia have of late been utilized for growing vio-

lets. The industry is spreading, and some of the most successful growers are women. They employ small negro boys to carry on the work, which is not hard. The greater part of the yield is taken by Philadelphia dealers.

Mrs. Marion Willoughby of Omaha owns a magnificent dog, Bob, a cross between a Siberian bloodhound and a Great Dane. Mrs. Willoughby travels for a New York firm, and, lest something should happen to her while on the

road and the dog thus fall into the hands of those who would not treat him kindly, she has had her life insured in the animal's favor. The money is to be expended in caring for her pet.

J. Ogden Armour and his mother, the widow of P. D. Armour, have announced that they will give \$1,000,000 to the Armour institute. The institute was endowed by P. D. Armour in the sum of \$2,500,000.

Mrs. Dita Hopkins Kinney of New York city has been appointed by Secretary Root as superintendent of the female nurse corps under the army reorganization act. Mrs. Kinney graduated in 1892 from the training school for nurses connected with the Massachusetts General hospital.

The queen of Roumania, besides being an author of both prose and verse, is something of a musician and artist. She composes a great deal and spends much time at her painting.

WOMEN OF KOREA

They Pound Linen In the Daytime and Take Walks at Night

IT is hard to say whether the Korean women resemble more those of China or those of Japan. They seem to be a cross between the two, except that they are somewhat taller than either Japanese or Chinese women. Their dress is neither the short gown and wide trousers of the Chinese nor the long bloomers and bathrobe-like kimono of the Japanese, but, again, a sort of cross between the two—something like a Mother Hubbard. Koreans of both sexes wear white cotton clothes. The boom of soap has never yet been known in Korea; consequently, with the best intentions of the women, who spend a large part of their lives laundering, from the time of the first dip into water Korean garments are a doubtful white, very doubtful.

We have the authority of an encyclopedia that Korean women are not held in such abject condition as those of China, but if any women in civilization or barbarism are kept down more they have not appeared. Cows and women are beasts of burden in the Hermit Kingdom. It is true the Korean girl's feet are not dwarfed, but women of the higher classes seldom see the light of the sun in the open air. A man may have all the wives he can support; but, though they become the mothers of 20 daughters, that Korean man is by himself and his neighbors reckoned childless, whereas one single sickly, deformed, imbecile boy baby will count him a proud, happy and distinguished father.

A Korean girl is such a innocent that she has a six-year-old brother. If she has no brother, she is simply "girl." If she has a brother, she is known only as that brother's sister and is thus spoken of. When a man addresses his wife, he calls out, "Woman!"

Perhaps it was from forgotten Korean ancestors that the American citizen in certain localities inherited his habit of speaking of his wife as "my woman."

Little Korean girls of the upper class are allowed to run and play outdoors till they are 10 or 12 years old. Then they are caught and caged, scarcely again to breathe the open air or see the blue hemisphere of heaven till they are old and withered. Women of all ages are, however, permitted to take the air at night. In western nations men go out after dark, and women are apt to stay at home. In Korea this is exactly reversed. A woman may not go outdoors by daylight, when the eyes of man can rest upon her, but she may go out after dark, when she cannot be seen. She takes her fresh air by moonlight and starlight. During the women's outing hours, however, it is a crime, punishable with a flogging, for any man to be on the street, and the offender is caught and the whipping administered immediately, no matter who he is. He is then kept in till the women's hours are over and dismissed, with an admonition never to do it again. Under this moonlight parading the Korean women never become tanned, though the peeping Tom does get tanned in a lively manner.

The well-to-do Korean merchant has a shop about the size of the parlor of an ordinary American city flat. The rest of his house consists of a tiny reception room for the master and his men friends, a kitchen and three or four bedrooms just large enough to spread mats and sleeping rugs in. Bedsteads are an invention of the foreign fiends; consequently not to be tolerated. The bedrooms open on the kitchen, which is smaller than the shop. One sleeping compartment is larger and more splendid than the household. This is for the master of the household. In the other smaller cubbyholes his wives, first, second, third and fourth—if he have so many—his mother and his children must stow themselves as they can. In the rear of the little one story house is a strip of yard. In the kitchen, with its mud floor; in those cubbyhole bedrooms, and in the strip of back yard the women of the well-to-do merchant spend their lives, varying the monotony with the occasional ghost walk under the stars.

If they are obliged sometimes to go abroad in the daylight, they are covered with heavy veils draped about them with something of the grace and beauty of a cotton tablecloth. However, "tis enough; 'twill serve," as it covers them from the eye of man.

Women of the lower or laborers' caste are indeed allowed to go about freely in daylight, but they have been so terrorized at the thought of meeting men of other nations than their own that if they see one approaching they dart into alleys and down side streets, and a foreign man rarely gets sight of them. In order to keep them in proper subjection their men have told them that if a "foreign male devil" once lets his eye rest upon them they will never thereafter have any boy babies. What is more, they believe it, which shows how thoroughly well trained they are. A Korean woman's only hope of becoming treated with even common civility in her home lies in her being the mother of sons. Therefore no wonder she runs.

Women do not get away from home together enough to gossip. In Korea the men are the gossips. Your Korean is lazy. He spends much time in talking over matters with his friends and neighbors. His gossip frequently leads to conspiracies against government officials. But in Korean plots there is no woman in the case.

Korean women of the coolie class spend most of their daylight hours doing washing. The alleged white clothing generally worn necessitates this. They gather in groups at a river side, like a flock of quails around a sheaf of wheat, and begin pounding the life out of their heads of dingy white linen. But if foreign men draw near, if so much as one solitary trousered white male is seen in the distance, they scurry to cover.

It may have been because the Korean's clothes were out so fast under the strenuous washing process that he was driven to invent paper ones for both himself and his women. At any rate, men and women wear waterproof overgarments of paper. These last a long time and need no washing or mending. When they go to pieces, they go all over. At times one sees above the mushroom shaped roof of a Korean house a large paper fish of bright color. This is an announcement card to everybody for miles around that a boy baby has been born in that house and that consequently its master and at least one of his wives are exceeding glad. Such is womanhood in Korea, the last oriental country to succumb to western inquisitiveness and desires for trade.

BRIDAL SUPERSTITIONS.
Never in rehearsing the ceremony read the marriage service entirely over. A bride should use no pins in her wedding clothes.
There is an old superstition against May marriages.
Dec. 31 is a favorite wedding day in Scotland.
A bride must wear nothing green. That color is emblematic of evil.
To change the name and not the letter is change for worse and not for better.
The origin of slipper throwing is not known. It means, however, good luck. In Yorkshire, England, the cook usu-

spatted or spanked with wooden paddles to make them smooth. The paddles of all the women rise and fall together upon those piles of doomed shirts and baggy trousers, further reducing them to a state of limbo. Thumpity thump, pat, pat, go the paddles, rhythmic sounding, but hardly musical. When the clothes are pounded till a gloss comes out upon them, the women carry them home. In the house the woman takes off her outer Mother Hubbard and appears in the bosom of her family in a loose pair of trousers, a skirt shorter than the trousers and a short—very short—jacket. Well, with all her disabilities, the Korean female can do what is unlawful for her sisters of western nations—wear trousers.

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CLARA BRANSCOMBE.

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er like quails. When the "foreign white devil" has passed on beyond possibility of looking backward, they slip out of their hiding places and resume work.

The flatiron of the outside barbarian is unknown in Korea. After the women have finished their washing they lay the wet clothes in a neat pile and begin the process which with them takes the place of ironing. It was not enough that the substance was trashed and pounded out of the garments in the washing without soap. They must, at least what is left of them, be further

to pour hot water over the doorstep after the couple had gone to keep the threshold warm for another bride.
It is said, "Blessed is the bride on whom the sun shines."

FLANNEL BLOUSES.
Blouses for country house wear are in soft pastel shades of flannel, tucked and trimmed slightly with gold galloon at the neck and wrists. These are pretty and simple for morning wear and are very smart with the black belts, gold or steel studded.

WOMAN'S ODD LITTLE WAYS.
BY TABITHA SOURGRAPES.
MISS FOGGLES is an old girl obliged to lift her little finger, whereas in Boggies' time she had not so to do. Lifting her little finger seemed to be associated in Widow Boggies' mind with exertion so tremendous as to involve a crane and derrick operation.

"While Mr. Boggies was alive I was waited on like a baby. I never had to lift my little finger," was her plaint. In a quarter of a century any reasonable woman would have either married somebody else or learned to be thankful that Boggies was still alive. Yet Mrs. Boggies still sat up nights to wait his loss. The atmosphere of the boarding house grew heavy with the defunct Boggies. Miss Foggles gently tore herself away and went to the lodging house kept by Lucretia Coggies, spinster.

"No more widows for me!" quoth Miss Foggles. Miss Coggies had in her rooms the awful straw sham pillows, and she skimped the butter, but Miss Foggles did not complain. "Anything to get away from the corpse of Boggies!" she said to herself. She started in with Miss Coggies Monday morning. Monday evening Miss Coggies called on her in her room and entertained her with the Coggies life story. Miss Lucretia had had a fortune of \$1,000. She put it into a boarding house and lost it. She learned the business that and had managed to make a living in the 15 years since, but the loss was

ever present with her. It was like Mrs. Boggies' husband over again. Miss Coggies had the hallucination of many spinsters—that if she had had a husband her troubles would never have been.

"A woman needs a man to lean upon, and I never had a man to do for me." So Miss Coggies planned till Miss Foggles began to see in dreams lost thousand dollar bills and specters of husbands that might have been. She endured it twice a day for two months, then went to Mrs. Boggies' and said, "No had been or might have been husband distressed the soul of Mrs. Boggies. Her grievance was a living husband, Boggies, very much alive. She had to support him off the proceeds of the house, and he ate twice as much as any paying boarder she had. He got drunk, he treated her cruelly, he never did a lick of work, he abused her first husband's children. He was jealous as Nero."

"If I was just only rid of that man," sighed Mrs. Boggies. All this every new boarder heard before he or she had been in the house 24 hours, and the old ones had it for every meal, daily and Sunday. Miss Coggies mourned because she had not a husband, Mrs. Boggies because she had.

Miss Foggles is advertising for a lodging house kept by a landlady without a grievance.



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

LACE PRINCESS DRESS.

IN WOMAN'S ARENA.

Miss Mary Goards, an attractive young woman of 20, lately served as court interpreter before several New York magistrates who had cases of foreigners tried before them. Miss Goards is a Russian by birth, but has spent most of her life in this country. She speaks Lithuanian, Italian, Russian, English and several other languages, although she has never had anything

more than an elementary public school education. A great strike is going on among the women employed as dressmakers in Paris to secure a working day of eight hours. The legislature of the state of Washington has passed a bill limiting women's labor to ten hours a day. Of course, this does not apply to mothers

of families or to women in domestic service. Mrs. Mary Teasdale, Mrs. Elizabeth McCune and Mrs. Alice Merrill Horn have been appointed members of the governing board of the Utah Art institute. Four men complete the board. The queen mother of the Netherlands is to reside in the future at a palace in the Hague, which is being fitted up for her, and at the Chateau of Soestdyk, near Utrecht, which is one of the finest

country seats in Holland, with beautiful gardens and large beech forests. This domain came to the late King William on the death of his brother, Prince Henry, whose wife was sister of the Duchess of Connaught. Miss Laura D. Gill of New York has been installed as dean of Barnard college. Bishop Potter and President Lowell took part in the ceremony. Many worn-out farms in Virginia have of late been utilized for growing vio-

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