The Ways of Womankind

BAB EULOGIZES THE SOUTHERN WOMAN.

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Greenlawn, White Sulphur Springs.

After the war of 1812 there used to come here, in regular troops, children, "grown ups" and colored servants. Then came the war that devastated the south and made it, like a phoenix, to rise anew from its ashes, and for years, even when the ashes were still warm, this old fashioned place had but few visitors. Its time was to come. There were too many Britons about it for it not to be explored.

Life seems one great round of love-making. These Springs were never meant for fast matrons or elderly spinsters, but they were designed for the beauty of youth, and it is conceded. The position of the mother of the average family here is that of looking after her chickens, big and little, seeing that Nanny's sock is tied or seeing that some cousin has been brought along because her own mother is an invalid who cannot endure life at the White Sulphur. In short, it is the position of a maternity hen over a very lively brood. If there is one dominant industry in the south, she would have to admit—that is, if she wished to be honest—that it is the "infant" one, for the average southern family has from four to 14 children. At a wedding given over this place not so very long ago the great desire of the bride was to keep an old darky, commonly called "Aunt Lizzy," as far from her as possible, since it was believed that she possessed the mystic power, known as "the laying on of hands," which insured to the happy couple a backbone, healthy pair of twins before the year was over.

Girls used to say Aunt Lizzy Howard is easy away, but she was inclined to be something of a scandal, she was inclined to tell what wasn't quite true. So she would accept the present and then appear at the wedding and stand, shoulder, at the door, ready to put her horrible black fingers, long and mystical looking, upon the white gown or veil of the unfortunate bride. Every southern girl for miles around knows about her, and every one of them dreads her. Not that they don't want to have a tribe of children—that seems to be their greatest happiness—but as a young matron put it to me, "If Aunt Lizzie Howard does manage to 'hoodoo' you, it is not so much yourself that you care about, but for some reason the gentlemen seem to be gayed a little bit about twins, and yet why should they?

"Just look at the doctor that attended gallant and religious Stonewall Jackson! Why, he had two or three sets of twins! And then think of poor General Hood with numerous pairs of twins! I do believe they were beautiful. I can't remember, but mamma says that when the Hood babies all came out with their mammy everybody used to laugh and say, 'There goes Hood's battalion.' But you know we southerners like babies mightily, and I never can think that a house is really well furnished unless there are plenty of little folks and two or three well bred dogs."

There is always at the White Sulphur one girl who is the belle. While there may be hundreds of pretty girls, still there is one each season who is triumphant, and to have been the belle at the White Sulphur and not to be engaged of its sort and contented as a matron during the next season that the beauty was a failure. The present one comes from close to the line that divides the north from the south. She is famed simply for the best reason in the world. Her people have very little money to spend, and she has been brought here by a rich aunt. She does over her frocks, and when one or two more handsomely dressed girls have pitied or scoffed at her she always says with a laugh: "Oh, I don't mind it as long as I look nice, and it is quite fun being over your things. You never know how they are going to turn out."

The white muslin dress is washed, fresh ribbons put on it, and the belle of the ball dances not only all through the night, but half the morning and the greater part of the afternoon, for at the Old White everybody dances. I sometimes think that is one reason why southern children are so graceful. Taken off for the summer, an awkward boy will be hauled in to fill up a waltz dance, and before he knows anything about anything he is getting compliments all around, and the prettiest girl there is saying to him, "Why, Tommy, I didn't know you could dance so well! And tomorrow morning Tommy has the courage to ask some one to dance with him, and soon the awkwardness goes away, while a happy mother says to Tom's mother, "Why, Mrs. Peebles, your Tom is getting to be a real man," and Tom's mother smiles and looks bravely at the author of Tom's being and says, "Well, he certainly didn't get his good manners and his fine dancing from strangers," and the little girl is made much of, and so life goes on in a very pleasant manner.

The belle of the ball is saying, "But I don't think our men would like it. The two soft brown eyes are looking up into yours and those words are coming from rats rosy, red lips. She is giving you her opinion as to what "our men like." From her youth up her brother has been trained to wait on her, but also from her youth up she has been trained to give the pretty little "Thank you," the affectionate nod, the caressing word that is so delightful to the heart of man and which makes all the difference between the woman and the short cake.

It is the same from that she thinks "our men wouldn't like much"—the short frock in all its glory and grandeur stiff and impossible. She is standing up with her hands locked for like the pictures of Dorothy Tennant, saying, "How would I look in a short and jacket? Well, it is a funny thing, but you can't conjure up a picture of how she would look in a short and coat, but you do appear of the way she looks in a white wool frock, a broad sash about her waist and a bodice that is V shaped at the front, both back and front too, fastened you with a glimpse of the white neck; a head crowned with soft brown hair and a half French, half American face glorious at you. She has a happy time of it, this belle of the White Sulphur Springs, for life here is a series of romances kings to railroad engineers. The soft southern speech and the pretty southern gallantry are infectious, and hard hearts, if, come gaily here, are fed themselves saying polite nothings and making awkward but well meant bows to whomever may have attracted their attention. A northern man is as rare in the south as a southern woman.

Undoubtedly in the south the feminine element is the strongest, and in the hands of its women lies salvation. But to return to what's going on here.

To those interested it may be stated that, in anything, the juleps are slightly sweeter and the whisky used in them has a more oily taste. I make this in a complimentary sense, for the whisky that runs the throat is not endorsed to the joy of a julep. A julep must go down one's throat in a nice sort of youngish fashion, and all the while you are smelling the spicy flavor of the mint and wondering who first suggested it to, having found it, mixed it with whisky, sugar, gave it to this time and made it one of the great reductions of the south. You may go about declaiming you do not like it, you may say you have six English preferences for brandy and soda, for the champagne cup that seems to touch you in a sympathetic way, but once your feet be on the battle heath of the southern mint you meekly bow down to the julep.

Next to the julep comes the cocktail. I was telling of a supper that is counted among the archives of the Springs. At it was a large party, and the rivals were opposite each other. Miss Triplett was asked to give a toast. She declined. Then somebody called at Mattie Gold whose she was standing, looking like a sixteen, holding her glass triumphantly in the air, and, making a graceful bow to the other girl, she said: "Here's to youth, beauty and health. Twice the makes a twelve." And young states are told of this one and that one, and the voice of the little beauty shake as she whispered of the beautiful place where Mattie Gold shone, of the green corsage of with Jaloma and how on the day of her funeral, when all Richmond that couldn't drive walked to see their pride, their beauty, laid away forever, instead of a train four gentlemen sang her favorite song, "Under the Daisies," and sleeping near was the little baby whose life, lasting only a few minutes, had been her death.

Then there was a silence, and in the quietness that comes over one as it does over them I understand why the women of the south are so fascinating.

It is because they are always affectionate. They never lose an opportunity to give a kiss, to say a compliment or to do a something that will please the man that rules their hearts.

It is because they never talk scandal, a pleasant gossip being enough for them, since their homes, children and husbands greatly make a world that satisfies them.

It is because while they are intelligent, not real women, usually versed up to the classics, they will not touch the hot sex based of hobby.

It is into, into, love, that makes the southern girl so attractive. Every girl expects to get a husband and to live him with all her heart, and she is seldom disappointed. The average man is usually very happy when he puts the "belle of the season" or one of her admiring women friends for a wife, and he ought to be, mighty hot!

Bab.

THE FAREWELL DIP OF THE SEASON.

HANDSOME WOMEN OF HAWAIIAN ISLES.

[Copyright, 1898.]

The original Mother Eve could scarcely have been lovelier than some of the Eves who inherit what admirers are wont to call the Isles of the Pacific. Tawny of skin, with great, lustrous dark eyes and fine, glossy tresses of black, they are fair to look upon, nor does their beauty fade early, as is often the case with women who live in native climes. The great of figure and beauty of face of these fair daughters of the south Pacific are rivaled by their sweetness of will and quickness of comprehension. They are gowned princesses of all the adelphi arts, fearless swimmers, daring equestrienne, skilled fencers—in fact, veritable modern Diana.

It was in the year 1778 that Captain Cook on his famous voyage around the world discovered the Sandwich Islands, set the gems in the jewel casket of the blue Pacific. Their condition has changed much since then, but, so far as the women are concerned, been good for the better. Within the space of about 100 years the islanders have advanced in civilization in a way no other savage people have done.

In the city of Honolulu, with its theatres, its fine business blocks and its colleges, the palm trees and the cocoanuts waved 100 years ago. Instead of the rather meager garments in which the social leaders of Captain Cook's Hawaii were clad they are now arrayed in the latest creations from Paris.

The women in Hawaii are blessed, for they have no housekeeping duties worth speaking of. If the family has money and lives in one of the towns, there are troops of servants to wait upon them, and if they live in primitive fashion in one of the thatched cottages of the islands the head of the household does all the work, which consists of little more than going out and cutting a few bananas or yams or custard pears, or digging up some tiny root to make the national dish, poi, or chasing a pig or wild fowl through the forest on feast days, or lying for hours in the cool, fern shaded lava bed waiting for fish. Life is idyllic in those far islands of the Pacific, and had Tennyson known Hawaii he probably would never have written those world weary lines, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Among the simpler chores in Hawaii—that is, the country people of the interior—there is an heritable over a lack of up to date millinery or tricks for, for, shedding a palm or a broken leaf upon her head and gracefully donning a short Mother Hubbard or perchance a party woven mat, the Hawaiian lady is quite in the south sea mode.

There are very few of the natives of the Sandwich Islands who do not know how to read and write, and as a consequence the women as a class are educated to a greater degree than in many communities that have had the advantage of civilization for hundreds of years. The white women who have come into Hawaii—some of them wives of sailors of the Americans or Englishmen, whose capital is helping to develop the country—have set an example to the native women which they are not slow to follow. The children, too, in the kindergartens and the public schools are being quickly Anglicized.

The half caste population, families in which the head of the house is a Portuguese, Chinese or Japanese and the wife a native woman, receives greater respect than is accorded the same class anywhere else in the world.

There in the family of the Chinese Vandenbilt, for instance, that of Ah Fong, whose daughters are sold in the belles of Honolulu and have long been the toast of naval officers whose ships lounged in Honolulu bay. The lovely dead eyed Princess Ah Fong are said to be very well educated, clever and of excellent taste. Those of the 12 now married have bestowed their hands and hearts and shares of Ah Fong's fortune upon appreciative Caucasians.

Many of the native Hawaiian women are quite well endowed with land, and this has of course sent them fortune hunters from other lands, who have gone to Hawaii to take up rice or sugar planting. Marrying a Hawaiian lady is of course cheaper than buying a plantation.

Possibly nothing will give a better idea of the character of the Hawaiian women than the story of that splendid sovereign, Princess Kapiolani, who visited this country in 1887. Like all Hawaiians, she believed that the crater of Mount Kilauea was inhabited by the terrible goddess Pele, who, whenever she was angry or offended, poured forth a storm of fire and lava upon the land.

Being convinced that Pele was a humbug and in order to prove it to her people and perhaps chase away any lingering doubts of her own, she announced that on a certain day she would ascend the mountain with her attendants and challenge the goddess in the name of Jehovah, the Christian's God, to do her worst.

As they climbed the mountain side one of the priestesses of Pele, who lived on the mountain, came out to urge her to give up her project. Princess Kapiolani merely laughed at the old woman and went on. When they reached the brink of the crater, looking down into the horrible pit with its seething lava and flames, she solemnly invoked the goddess:

"These fires were kindled by Jehovah," said she, "He alone is God, and Pele is naught. I trust in Jehovah, and he will preserve me. Let Pele pour forth fire and stone and lava as her answer."

Kapiolani cast stones and other rubbish into the sacred crater, and, breaking off a cluster of the ohelo berries, sacred to the goddess, she deliberately ate them in the presence of the priestesses of Pele and her suit. She also broke off the long, fine tufts of lava that hung over the ports upon the mountain side and which were known as Pele's hair.

There was no desecration which she could think of which she did not offer the ancient goddess of the mountain, but the voice of the volcano was still. For days after the rabbiah waited, expecting a storm of the angry Pele, but never resented the affront, and with one accord the Hawaiians disowned her. Since then Christianity has flourished in Hawaii.

In their homes the Hawaiian people are simple and hospitable. The better classes have an ideal life, being deeply devoted to one another. Photographs and perhaps a trifle sentimental, they are to the rather delicate practical characteristics of the Americans, qualities which may round out and soften some of the more rigid national traits.

It may not be generally known, but in Hawaii men greatly exceed women in number, so that spinsters have a delightful excuse of choice even though they remain single until well on toward the "late, fat and forty" stage.

ETHEL KNOX.

WOMEN THE WORLD OVER.

Women in the Philippine Islands have a pretty independent time of it, after all. Their marriage contracts are quaint. Married women retain their maiden names, adding to it the husband's name with the prefix "de." A widow takes her husband's name with him and immediately is known again by her girlhood name. A woman's property is never settled on her husband, a custom which affords little incentive to wife polemics and the position for marital pills. At a wife's death her children are considered her nearest heirs.

The Duchess of Portsmouth has consented to act as president of the British society of Women Journalists for the next year.

The claims evidently forgot, when she forbade the practice of smoking among the ladies at the imperial court, that princes like charity, should begin at home. Princess Henry of Prussia, her sister, is devoted to the cigarette. The Dowager Empress Alexandra smokes habitually, as do the Duchess of Cumberland, the empress of Austria, the queen regent of Spain and the queen of Portugal. Man cannot give up his beloved tobacco without a tug, and why should women? Surely he will not bend it in his heart to become the ladies of the court for petitioning for a withdrawal of the distasteful order.

A woman took the prize at the Universities and Chamber Pageant Union association's competitive examination. She is Miss Flora Ferguson and was one of 4,000 shorthand candidates for the honor.

The queen of Greece lately sent an American woman an autograph letter expressing her thanks for a generous contribution sent a few months ago to the American-Greek mission at Athens by Mrs. De Witt of New York city. Her contribution was for the benefit of the sick and wounded Greek soldiers and their families. It is said that in many Greek schools, whenever the national anthem is sung, it is followed by the American national hymn, in grateful recognition of the sympathy and substantial aid received from many citizens of this country.

Miss Flora Van Cayzenburg, a native of Corfu and at present a student at the London Medical school, has received a stipendiary of $75 a year for three years and one term that she may be trained as a medical missionary and obtain a full qualification to go abroad as a medical missionary.

Miss Jerome Bread is at the head of one of the largest wholesale feather houses in Paris. It is said that she shows any amount of tact in her business dealings and prefers foreigners as most desirable customers. In the last 12 years she has increased the annual returns of her concern from $80,000 francs to $400,000.

ETIQUETTE OF A COURT BALL.

Buckingham palace, London, is admirably adapted for the giving of state balls, and many historic entertainments of the kind have taken place in the splendid suite of rooms which overlook St. James' park on the one hand and the beautiful gardens of the palace on the other. Those people are under the erroneous impression that every lady presented at court has a right to an invitation for one of the two state balls which are given each season. This is quite a mistake, and the fact is that, although certain officials and their relations are invited as a matter of course to each state ball, the invitations are not issued according to any strict rule.

Some of the most interesting spectacles in Buckingham palace are closed on the occasion of the state ball. Among them is the small Chinese dining room, every article in which was sent to the museum at Peking. The walls are covered with Chinese pictures, and from the painted ceiling hangs a wonderful chandelier in the form of a bunch of lotuses. The apartment, was brought from the pavilion at Brighton and may certainly take rank among the curiosities of furnishing.

Before each state ball several cartloads of plate are brought up from Windsor to Buckingham palace, for the staff of servants kept in London is quite able to cope with the refreshments, the more so that all the fruit and vegetables are supplied from the gardens at Windsor. One great feature of the Buckingham palace buffet is a certain kind of hock or Moselle cup, made from a very old German recipe and from specially selected wines.

The etiquette of a state ball is somewhat peculiar. The guests are not introduced, and there is no official reception. The dancing does not begin until the arrival of the royal party. Court trains are not worn at state balls. On the other hand, gentlemen are expected to appear in uniform or court dress.

Court dress is silk or cloth or black velvet. If of cloth, the other choice is generally Irish frieze, claret or brown. It consists of a drab coat, trousers stitched off with a narrow gold stripe down the side, a white waistcoat, a cocked hat and a sword. A black velvet court dress is for all the most becoming. When a dress coat and knee breeches are worn, silk stockings, low shoes with silver buckles, a cocked hat and sword complete the costume. The court dress of a clergyman is very unbecoming, for it consists of a black silk Geneva gown and bands. Bishops are not presented, for on being appointed they do homage to the queen, and this takes the place of a presentation. On the other hand, they attend levees. Full dress uniform is worn by officers belonging to both services, by deputy lieutenants and, in a word, by all those who have a right to any special form of costume. The prime minister presents all members of the diplomatic body and members of the cabinet.

A Wonderful Lace Scarf.

The French nation has recently presented to the empress of Russia a specimen of modern lace worthy of her a real masterpiece of lacemaking. It consists of a cobweb scarf, two yards long and one yard wide, in a variety of colored chantilly lace never attempted before, and sufficiently light to be carried off by butterflies. In this instance polychrome effects have been successfully achieved by a few old lacemakers at Puy under the supervision of the painter Felix Aubert. This innovation was suggested to the artist while at Venice, where he had the opportunity to admire the skill of a few embroiderers copying with wonderful accuracy some designs from Carpaggio.

The first samples of this new departure were submitted to M. Hanotaux, who was great interest in the lace industry. The minister of foreign affairs himself was so delighted with the beauty of the work and of its thread paintings that he at once ordered a heart to be made in this unique style, intended as a suitable gift to Alexandra of Russia.

The floral pattern of the scarf displays no less than 20 different shades. Its border of conventional carved leaves a frame of two intertwined rose trees, bearing respectively La France roses and yellow roses. The delicate forethought the center is left as open and aerial as possible, so as to veil the beauty of the face shadows which it is meant to shelter. On this light ground of rare point d'alencon are sparingly scattered small lilies, while at each angle glitter the imperial crown and monogram of the emperor, A. F. (Alexandra Feodorovna), woven in gold.

The empress will thus have the opportunity of conquering the latest notion in multicolor lace introduced by the fairy workers of France with the polychrome style of more ancient origin produced by lace workers of her empire.

The Czar at Home.

A pretty picture of the home life of the czar is the following: Alexander III was said to be an excellent man in the bosom of his family. Nicholas II, however, is the very reverse. He regards his consort as a good comrade, and when, in virgin snows, sledders and even an audience take in the evening he is invariably to be found in her company, chatting and laughing without restraint. The czar is generally up at six o'clock, walks the czarina twice herself with embroidery work, immediately a minister enters she rises and it is retire, but more often then otherwise the czar informs her that she is not too busy.