Women of Today.

BAB'S CHITCHAT ON CHITCHATTY TOPICS.

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Everybody who is anybody is coming back from Paris. The fine thing you are told, and everybody who is somebody is a woman body, is that unless you can wear cherries you are nobody. The Frenchman is made scarce in his buttonhole a huge bunch of cherries, with a stick and a leaf as the background. Bah! Well, they are the next thing to it. You are almost ready to swear that those cherries have just come from the tree itself; but, unlike those belonging to the tree identified with G. Washington, these are made of the most perfect colloid. Then the dark haired girl has a bunch of cherries at her waist to convince you of its smallness, and the plump girl has a bunch of cherries in her hair to remind you of the quantity of beautiful tresses that are her own and to which the cherries form a good contrast.

Next to cherries, everybody who is anybody is drinking Scotch whisky. The bottle that used to fan and encourage our wit is out of fashion. The bottle which held the somewhat sour but lovely colored liquid has, metaphorically, gone to the dogs, while the golden tinted sherry, with its flavor of nuts and its bouquet of sweet flowers, may be taken with your soup, but it is not counted a necessity, merely a something that we lear because our grandfathers did it. But the Scotch whisky, pale yellow in color, mixed with soda, is given to you all through your dinner, whether you like it or not, and really, though it has not the virtues of Arnie the Hunt in the way of smell, still it is not altogether criminal, and its taste can and must be cultivated.

The queen has indulged in Scotch and soda until she has forgotten her own age and has to refer to the "Peerage" to discover just how old she is. As for the set that calls itself "we," it is saving money by this Scotch idea, and as one young man whose dress and bow gained by "Five Years of Life Among the Highlands" said: "It is so beastly vulgar, don't you know, to be anything but stingy nowadays. A fellow, though, has to learn just how he can give a penny to another fellow who is starving and has the usual six wives and children. Still if a fellow learns to give his pence to the other fellow with the right air the other fellow thinks that he certainly must be a duke, else he wouldn't dare be so careful of his money. Why, my dear fellow, it took me quite a time to discover that the people who give wonderful presents and spend no end of money are always the people who dole up their gold or went out doing washing and sometimes earned their duexts in a way not so clean. We who really know appreciate the value of money, and, while we do a kind thing for a fellow, we don't go around throwing our money away. That's beastly bad form, and as you are young I am going to tell you, my dear boy, to take this lesson to heart. Give little things, and people are certain to think you are awfully wealthy and very stingy, whereas, as suggested, talk quietly, and when you give some trifle make it some gift that money could not purchase, but which courtesy could only command. As I said before, learn to have how to give a little and give that little with the air of a duke or a French duchess."

But everybody who is somebody is bringing home to the other body the dearest little night lamps that ever charmed the soul of a woman and made her feel rich. Generally, women are not grateful. Life is short, and the changes in babydressing are numerous. But the night lamps—oh, they are darlings! They are of cities, and some represent that lovely little cottage in which W. Shakespeare and his sweet wife, Anne Hathaway, lived their life of diluted bliss, while there are others that include those clocks of Noah's ark somewhat reliable the sounds of a farmyard and in which live elephants and mosquitoes of the same size. The little houses are of china, and there is an opening at the back of each. A tiny, tiny, low candle is set inside on the floor, and the light comes through the windows in front. Think how perfectly lovely it would be to have a little house after the style of the cottage of the divine William! And as you dream of Hawes, your Romeo, you would remember how he said, "Anne Hathaway, the hath a way to make earth heaven or hell, Anne Hathaway."

Yes, we are hearing of the new house. It is the thing to give it either in a big picture gallery or a ballroom, private suite of course. At such stall is sold whatever the managers of that particular one may wish, but everything must be of one color, and all the salesmen must be dressed to match their mode. Four of all were ten pretty girls who set under a huge umbrella selling wind-blown rosary products, which included Anthony's grapes and peaches at $1 apiece, or two for $2.25. Hardly one of the men discovered how lovely the romance of buying two peaches for $2 which, as the salesman told him, if you paid more you had them, which was an argument which no one could deny. Under the huge umbrella of bright red other girls were dressed as Normandy peasants, and every other girl in the room was curious because her mother hadn't been clever enough to think out what these girls were.

Now the war is over one is permitted to say that, from the feminine standpoint, it was not a cheerful one. Nobody had to hide her clothes and put on Dee—well, you know the things men wear that women never know how to get on. We didn't have to disguise ourselves. Not a single house in the city of New York was attacked by a Spanish, and if he had done this awful deed the chances are that some practical member of the family would have touched the messenger call, and, although the messenger is slow, the Spaniard is slower. I back one messenger against twelve of the president's men. The gentle youth who wears the buttons and a development of check known to be other tribe could, I feel certain, rout the Spanish nation. If all the messenger boys were sent to Spain with a note "Collect," they would quarrel as about the distance between the Philippines and the White House that Spain would surrender everything in sight and the queen regent would retire as rapidly as possible.

There are people who thought that many messenger boys would enlist, but I never thought of such a thing. It is much easier to sit on somebody's doorstep, allowing a bouquet of flowers to fade away in the sunlight, while three messengers discuss the war, speak familiarly of the president as "Mac," call Mr. Mark Hanna "a fat dude" and "them Guys Not Spaniard,"—a dodge lest they ever was to go where they would have to work." Work and the messenger boy are not compatible. I have never hundred and thousand of times what their pass-on-age when they were to be born. They don't work. Nobody expects them. The average messenger boy claims to be poor, but honest. As we have not met in our new existence, I have never contradicted him.

He refers to "his mother," but she is her achievement. One expert for the stage wrote to me one day—thermometer 104—that she wanted to be hired her $4.00 a week. Why, the lady who does my washing and who is as black as the ace of spades is a Daughter of Rubenia, while there can be only written a mysterious letter after the signature of

Bab

P. S.—I seldom write a P. S., but the lady who longed to become an actress was the chambermaid who "did" my room and "did" it with a vengeance. She will make a good Lady Macbeth.

A Royal Shopper.

The dowager Empress Frederick of Germany has a truly feminine love of shopping and simply delights in visiting London shops. When she is staying at Buckingham palace, she often goes out on shopping expeditions. On these occasions she uses a special carriage without the royal trappings, and the servants are clad as those of any ordinary lady or gentleman. This is often happens that the empress is not recognized, and very frequently the first information that the shop assistants have of the exalted rank of their customer is when the address is given as "Buckingham Palace, Buckingham Palace."

GIRLS OF NEW YORK ARE WAR SOUVENIR MAD.

[Copyright, 1898.]

It takes the New York girl to get up new fads. She is continually racking her brain in order to find something that will afford amusement and at the same time give her some occupation. The latest fad is gathering souvenirs of the war, and the troops and sailors who have come home from the front have met an enemy who is more persistent than even the Spaniards. The new fad was started recently. In fact, nothing was thought of collecting war relics until the battleship Texas arrived home from the seat of action. Some of the men had picked up a few curios in the shape of Spanish coin, Mauser rifles and bullets and parts of shells which had struck the ship and exploded.

The vessel had not been in the harbor more than an hour when she was swarmed with visitors. Jacky is fond of the girls, and when they boarded the ship in great numbers he showed them everything worth seeing and incidentally brought out his collection of relics, and that is where he made a mistake. It was then that the fad of collecting war souvenirs began. Jacky had no more than opened his "dirty box" when every girl who was near enough wanted something from the war. She got it. Jack gave up everything he had and was sorry he did not have more. The girls left the ship with everything they could carry away. Buttons and Mauser bullets were made into hatpins, while the ribbons from the men's caps were utilized to adorn the girls' sailor hats. It did not take long for the news to spread that the tars had brought home relics from the fights they had been in, nor did it take them long to get rid of them.

The fad has spread rapidly, and, while some relic hunters can be found in nearly every city in the country, the crews has struck New York hardest. Nearly every girl one meets on the street has a hatpin made of a bullet from a soldier's or sailor's uniform or a cap ribbon with the name of some warship on it fastened on her own hat, while a dozen or more buttons with the insignia of the army or navy may be seen upon her belt. Small Spanish coins have been made into sleeve buttons and breastpins and are very pretty.

While some of the girl souvenir hunters went on board the warships to get such relics as could be used in decorating their hats and clothing one shrewd little maiden started out with another purpose in view. She started to collect relics that had some value, and, judging by those she has got together and exhibited, her mission has been a successful one. Here is one of the finest collections in New York.

With a big roll of bills in her pocket she went on board the warships as they came to the home station from the scene of action. She inquired about the vessels and the kind of time the men had. Then she got down to business and wanted to "see" some of the relics. The men brought them out, and as the different articles were handed to her she would ask where the man got them. In this way she obtained the history of the relics, the names of the men who got them and where each came from. The coins to the value of the souvenirs, all of which are interesting.

The coins are artistically mounted on a panel of highly polished quartered oak, with the name of the ship and its history. With one exception all were taken from the Spanish vessels that were destroyed off Santiago harbor by the American fleet on July 3. In the center of the board is an ugly looking cutlass about three inches wide and two feet in length. The blade has been ground to razor sharpness. It was got from one of the insurgents at Guantanamo by a private of marines who was stationed at Camp McCalla. It looks the death dealing instrument it is. On either side of it are mounted several silver spoons and forks which, from appearance, have seen a hot time. They are burned and twisted out of shape. On the back of the spoons is inscribed the name of the ship they were taken from. One of the spoons of the Texas got them from the officers' quarters of the Almirante Oquendo after that ship had been sunk.

A steel boat hook from the Cristobal Colon adorns one corner of the panel, while the most gruesome trophy is a Mauser bayonet. It was picked out of the back of an unfortunate sailor whose body was found in the forward turret of the Spanish cruiser Infanta Maria Teresa. It is placed on the panel opposite the boat hook. A piece of the patent log line of the same ship is on the board below the machete.

A compass taken from plate has also found one of the more prominent places on the panel, and one would wonder why it was placed there. Upon close inspection it will be easily seen that it was given one of the best places. The inscription on it reads, "Taken from the United States steamship Hornet just before she was sunk in Santiago harbor by Lieutenant Hobson."

Near the plate is a queer looking piece of steel. It is one of the keys to the "Kingston valves" that were used to sink the Cristobal Colon when the Spaniards saw there was no chance of escape. Two small shells from the rapid fire guns and one of the 5 pounder shells from the Almirante Oquendo are placed along the bottom of the panel, while the most valuable trophy of the collection is draped on top. It is part of the battleflag of the Spanish cruiser Cristobal Colon. The flag was taken from the ship shortly after she struck her colors by some of the crew of the flagship New York. The rest of the flag was cut up by the men and distributed. There are also some Spanish coin and the inkstand taken from the cabin of Captain Eulate of the Vizcaya. To add to the value of the battleflag of the Colon a certificate stating where it was got was given to the girl by the man who secured the trophy.

MARY F. JENKINSON.

A NEW YORK GIRL'S SOUVENIRS OF THE HISPANO-AMERICAN WAR.

1. Part of battleflag of cruiser Cristobal Colon. 2. Boathook from cruiser Cristobal Colon. 3. Mauser cartridge. 4. Forks and spoons from cruiser Almirante Oquendo. 5 and 6. Spanish coins from the cruiser Maria Teresa. 8. Plate from the United States steamer Hornet. 7. Machete from Guantanamo. 9. Small steel box. 10. Key of Kingston sea valve of cruiser Cristobal Colon. 11. Lee rifle bullet used by American troops. 12. Krag-Jorgensen cartridge. 13. Thirty mm. shell used in Spanish rapid fire guns. 14. Piece of patent log line of cruiser Maria Teresa. 15. Spanish coins taken from cruiser Vizcaya. 16. Spanish Mauser rifle. 17. Spanish Mauser bayonet. 18. One pound Spanish shell. 19. Spanish sailor's swing "kit."

A Novel Fire Dance.

It must be rather difficult to introduce anything distinctly new on the subject of a skirt dance, but a New York performer seems to have accomplished something quite unique and distinctly exciting. This is called the "Cinnamon Dance," and the denouement is represented whirling and gyrating surrounded by tongues of fire.

At first it is only the hem of her white skirt which seems alight, and she apparently tries to put out the flames. They grow, however, and change from a pale yellow to the deepest red. Then, while, as the skirts are shaken, clouds of sparks fly upward.

Altogether it is a startling performance. Building with the exposing of the dancer in a mass of fiery fragments after a tremendous explosion. The whole thing is a cleverly contrived illusion, managed by means of a concealed electric searchlight thrown on the performer.

China to Be Represented.

Two Chinese women have been appointed by Li Hung Chang to be delegates to the international congress of women which is to be held in Paris. This appointment will be sure to prove of no importance in the history of Chinese thought.

A Cynic's Idea of The Popular Man.

Although the suave, politely flattering man may seem to be popular, according to a Boston cynic there is not a woman living who does more popularity—all of the ladies, he says, "is charmed with a man who contradicts him—positively, he is delighted—argues against her opinions, profits at his knowledge and information is extremely pleasing and instructive."

A man who can cultivate these characteristics will find that he is sought after by every girl of his acquaintance, and as his fame spreads then he does not know will seek superly for introductions. Such a man is in a few months quite a fashionable and valid article.

The reason for all this is not hard to find. Every girl he meets knows either to convert him or to get in a sharp edged remark to make him writhe, which is a case hardened man will only provide additional entertainment.

Those who decide to follow the procedure must of course devote much time to study in perfect themselves, and in the interim there is a distinct risk of getting the reputation of a bore. On the other hand, the man who, either from long study or natural aptitude, becomes an adept in this attention-compelling art may rise to eminence.

The following few hints may be of use to the novice:

When talking to an engaged girl, he should always devote the idea of marrying his lady fair the honeymoon, and if her fiance is asked the old saw, "Marriage is a lottery," he should reply "whoever makes the heart grow fonder—of somebody else" can often be used with advantage.

The young mother can always be drawn into an argument by pronouncing to her his theory on the correct upbringing of an infant.

The bachelor girl who prides herself on earning her own living is ever ready to talk to the man who suggests that her talents will be wasted when she marries and has to look after a house and husband.

The girl who delights in outdoor exercise loves to find a man who insists that nowadays women have their proper sphere and do not know how to use.

And the girl who wears bloomers when she cycles is absolutely on the hooked to know man who disapproves of her costume.

And now for my last and best trick. It is infallible.

Whenever introduced to a hospital nurse, begin conversation by asking her if she has read "The Christian" and proceed to remark how wonderful it is that a man not a doctor should have gained such a thorough knowledge of life in a hospital. There is not a single hospital nurse on the continent but would smile to meet such a man.

Mme. Patti's Burglar Alarms.

Visiting Mme. Patti's superb castle in Wales, a guest not long ago had a very curious experience. He chanced to open his window in the middle of the night, and, to his surprise, bells began to ring in every quarter of the grounds.

Very much scared, but realizing that he had, after all, only set a burglar alarm going, the guest descended to the lower floors of the household, where he instantly found himself in danger from a dozen raving dogs, who had obtained their freedom and were growling and snapping in the spirit of mischief.

At breakfast next morning he learned all about this curious fad of Mme. Patti's and wondered at it. The singer has a great dread of burglars. Some time ago a gang of these gentlemen from London attempted to obtain admittance but were defeated in their object, and since that date Mme. Patti has set up every kind of burglar alarm that exists.

The queer part about one of these is, however, well worth noticing. Her burglar alarm is vacuous brute, who might be relied on to cope with a little army of thieves, is kept rigorously chained in a patent kennel, but the chain is so arranged that it should any one attempt to open a window or a door in the castle the dog is released and free to act at his pleasure, it being presumed he would at once make for the burglars and do his duty. The idea is ingenious and, as the guest discovered, not a little dangerous.

Mr. Sherry's Many Marriages.

A curious wedding took place in the white age at Cotes Abbas, in Dorset, England, on June 30, 1898. Alfington Sherry, the "oldest inhabitant," at the age of 96, for the fourth time entered the bonds of wedlock. The bride was Miss Julianne Neath, whose age is said to be between 18 and 60. This is the second time within eight months that Mr. Sherry has been a bridegroom, and naturally his last wedding caused a considerable amount of interest among his friends and acquaintances.

Sentimental Jewelry.

Lockets are worn now engraved with mottoes, names, charges, four leaved shamrocks and other wonderful things which appeal to sentiment.

The clasp is gold bent a lucky shoe, and they keep the tie in place capitally for bicycling. A new pin is a combination of Spanish made in sterling and pearl—the combination will appreciate an equal boat sailing with pennons from which metal stones hang from bracelets as charms.

FACTS ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Rodnea Hyde Walworth is a most enthusiastic aid to her mother, Mrs. Ellen Martin Walworth, president of the Women's National Relief association. When Mrs. Walworth found that she must place a nurse at Fort Monroe if she took care of those outside of the hospital, she immediately telegraphed her daughter, who was at their home in Saratoga. Miss Walworth did not let the grass grow under her feet. Within a few days she was at Fort Monroe, where she faithfully attended patients in the cabbed ward.

Miss Chanler, the New York society girl who joined the Red Cross workers when the war began, has received great praise from Lieutenant Colonel Nicholas Bean, chief of the operating staff of the army, just returned from Porto Rico. He says she worked night and day with nothing but ministering to the sick and wounded soldiers.

Mrs. Margaret Deland, the author of "John Ward, Preacher," and other successful books, is at present reading the proofs for a collection in book form of the sketches entitled "Old Chester Tales," now being published serially in one of the magazines.

Mrs. Curzon, wife of the viceroy of India, will rank next to the queen and take precedence even of the Princess of Wales. Precedence is a highly important matter in going out to dinner in England and at all sorts of functions, but just now little Miss Curzon has precedence even of her own mamma.

Miss Hastie, a Scotchwoman, is about to undertake a scientific expedition to the south sea. Fifteen women have signified their intention of joining the expedition. Miss Hastie proposes to make scientific collections and to take meteorological observations. Miss Pilbeck, a botanist, will be in the party and conchology and archaeology will be studied. They intend to visit the New Hebrides, the Friendly islands and other groups.