The World of Woman.

DAISY MAY'S FASHION CHAT.

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Tuxedo, Newport and Lenox are deserted. Golf vesaries have turned their backs upon the links and followed their erstwhile champion, Miss Hoyt, into the field of social functions. Everybody is in town—that is, every one worth knowing—and we are all so glad to be back in dear old Gotham. Our metropolitan mansions have been restored to their original splendor under Janes' careful supervision, and nobody is seen more seen in accustomed places with a good appetite and excellent digestive apparatus, which is part of the layout acquired during a summer sojourn in these times of athletic activity.

Fashion assembled, as a matter of course, for the horse show, and all other delinquents rushed pellmell to town for Thanksgiving, which, by the way, has grown to be a distinctive festive occasion. Home parties are the order of the day. I was bidden to a Murray Hill home, which is now the scene of a week's gayety. It began with cathedral worship on the day proper and has been interspersed with good old style family reunions, to be appropriately ended in a cotillon a la militaire as a fitting tribute to beloved heroes in blue and brass.

Naturally, under these conditions my thoughts reverted to the ever perplexing problem of frocks. I gadded a lot. I frequented the shops, poured into the clothes cabinets, where the subtle perfume of Paris productions fairly intoxicated, and thus learned much of prevalent fashions, partially compensating for the lack of pocketbook pinch.

Such a bewildering assortment of fetching fashions and extravagant accessories has never before combined to wheedle shaking shekels from milady's netted purse of gun metal!

As an echo of the recent Hispano-American war we hear madame extol the virtues of the "Dewey skirt."

"It gives to milady height."

"The graceful flounce admirably reveals milady's superb curves."

"It is vaudeville charmant," purrs the modiste maker.

With lengthened yoke and flounce absolutely devoid of fullness madame will exclaim ecstatically:

"Paris has to model like unto you! You are beautiful! Give me the mirror! Ici, ici, look!"

So the world of woman is persuaded. Hence the Dewey skirt in vogue consists of a sheathlike yoke, with undulating flounce as scant or deep as taste dictates. It is no longer a question of fullness, but how closely can you imitate the "pinback" of long ago.

One of the most attractive examples of the new skirt was worn by a chum of mine, the younger sister of a Grace church bride. It was of bronzy grey cloth developed in modish material known as pompon suiting. The snug fitting yoke of plain cloth described a deep, round point in front, ending airily over the hips, about eight inches below the waist line, gauntlets of seam or fullness, and from this hung a slightly ripped flounce of nine seams, chenille dotted.

It was a dream.

Curious eyes and envious glances proclaimed it a success.

A tiny silk cord laced over a half dozen jewelled buttons closed the corset seam at back. A similar model of dove cotton was employed to fashion the simple bodice which is known in fame as the "Schley overcoat," and without doubt is the most chic evolution of the blouse up to date. It is sleeveless, skirted and a bit bouffant in front. It is worn with a simple like unto your gown and may be made of nonsuline, heavy lace or in fact any combination of sheer stuffs, and ribbons and laces.

Don't imagine, dear people, that these accurate descriptions and "daily hints from Paris" originate in my own small brain. It is madame who governs modiste and after the manner of her country women chatters incessantly at my fittings who is responsible. Little does the shrewd harpsiner, trafficking in blues, kow that I turn her volubility to account. Did she even suspect, I'd be seeking another unusual calling for "a man's wife of society."

But to return to my subject, I'm going to tell you all I discovered along the avenue before I forgot it.

The modes of the moment are so definite in variety that to be "properly gowned" is the most important point, as madame says, and her advice on the subject is not given gratuitously.

Unpublished denim was bestowed upon a striking costume donned by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the new social leader, at a Hoerry gathering. She was simply radiant in a marvelous combination of black and white, with the order of its association reversed—for instance, white lace sleeves with black frillings instead of the time honored black point d'esprit, which, in all likelihood has run its course. The skirt and bodice of heavy white taffeta were outstudded in black silk cord from hem to neck, which produced much the same effect as an applique of antique lace would. A succession of black net ruffles, each a trifle shorter than the other, encircled the tips below a white velvet belt defining the waist line. From henceforth, then, you may consider white and black designeur, but never again black and white.

And, do you know, after the affair, which was in the nature of a reception, she joined a clique who had planned for billiards at a neighboring club annex, letting her opponent four out of five games? All the men say she's a "wonder" with the cue—albeit this may sound a trifle more expressive than elegant.

As a matter of fact she's the most expert woman billiardist in town. She is a devotee of the green cloth and I understand intends reviving interest in the game by a series of billiard parties during the winter. But it did seem odd how she was able to move about so gracefully and handle her cue with dexterity in all her frills and furbelows. However, it speaks well for the art of cutting, which has proved the salvation of scores of the striking prima donna tailors.

Just a word about hats and then to gossip again.

Fashion's sans have lost some of their bewitching qualities, though these old friends do come to us in a brand new guise.

Jack says, if anything, they have a more intriguing tilt.

There are still the great mass of velvet crushed into becoming shape and drooping plumes framing the face ever so prettily, but they have added glory to their previous conquests—are looking upward—and call themselves "the Hobson."

In millinery parlance your picture hat is "retrograde," turns back off the face, preserves a graceful contour, perches coquettishly on the back of your head, is heavy laden with nodding plumes and altogether fascinating.

Color is rampant; therefore picture chapeaux are no longer confined to the sombre black family, but flaunt themselves about the thoroughfares in vivid hues.

I believe the women of New York are the best dressed people in the world taken as a class. They understand the science and study the sciences. Who but a woman that has learned her lesson well would dare come forth in purple satin and scarlet headdress?

Such a sine apparel at the first sensitive nose would. What a ripple of excitement when she entered! Mildly stood the ordeal of frozen largesse and frozen open glances, coming to the fore as a blue ribbon winner.

Even few were prone to criticise. Heads were looking right and left for a heavy view of the startling ensemble, but a clever girl, one of the only seven in the smart set, put a quietus on a hearty group of critics by the most expressive and latest addition to slang vocabulary, "Crumbs!"

"What a jolly good laugh we all had over the discomfiture of the passers dames after this. Society folk, you know, are quite good natured, and animosity gave way to curiosity, for none of us understood quite the definition of "crumbs."

"It's English, you know, therefore correct," explained the young woman. "It may express disapproval, disgust or incredulity. At all events it fits a long felt want for the right word to emphasize certain degrees of emotion."

There's a world of meaning in the clean cut word when contemptuously spoken, accompanied by a shrug. Try it and see.

Apropos of this brainy girl a good story is going the rounds. Recently she was invited for the fourth time within a fortnight to dine with a Madison avenue hostess. Being a bit so-Hobson after Jones had taken his departure, she carefully scanned the prettily worded invitation, which naively alluded "to her conversational powers, vivacity," etc. She made a discovery. She was indicated. She hesitated, refusing, as she termed it, to "prattle for a dinner with wine." She would not be made use of. Home dinners were good enough for her under such circumstances.

Madame Nouveau Riche has always been at a loss to understand why polite regrets are the invariable rule to hospitable dinner invitations by the girl, who is poor but proud.

I saw a trio of well groomed women, handsomely gowned, the other afternoon, accompanied by the same number of men sipping cafe au lait. As this unusual spectacle was seen at an up town restaurant, where women with other women's husbands are not supposed to be admitted—but, then, men with other men's wives—well, that's a different story—I determined to find out all about it. I was curious to know if the national beverage had once more come into its own.

Accordingly I summoned the head waiter. Self-only dignified, he approached. I was truly almost overawed by this august personage, but managed to put the question.

"Madame, coffee and not tea is the proper drink for a 4 o'clock."

No further information was vouchsafed. So I sauntered into one big establishment after another on a tour of observation.

Miss Dixie thought I. If tea drinking is obsolete, what will become of the Waldorf supply of dainty Dresden cups in which the substitute cocktail traveled "long" from cafe sidboard to gorgeous tiaroom?

And what of the patrons?

Surely—no, no! It is too terrible to contemplate. Their fully has not led them so far. Do they dare order coffee cups full of amber mixture?

I'll watch and wait and tell.

About the coffee—mind you, it is not the ordinary kind, but black and strong, filling the room with its delicious aroma, causing the well bred nostrils to sniff the air—stimulating it is, but not conducive to repose and nerves. It may be equally pernicious in its tendencies as alcohol or drugs. In such case "would to swagging the devil for a which."

All things considered, however, the innovation is rather fetching and destined to be popular. Many men affect she? If I were she, I think I would try to find a new topic occasionally. One gets rather tired of hearing about her new dresses and hats." If your friend have any wits at all she will take the hint to herself and profit by it.

Or, again, we will suppose the person at fault is a man, and you say-to him, "I do like to see a man keep his hands and nails trim and clean." Unless he is very sensitive, he will not think you are reproving him; actually, but will probably endeavor in the future to live up to your expectations.

Another occasion upon which we long to correct the mistakes of our friends is when they pronounce words or names wrongly. Don't bluntly repeat the word in its correct form and make the culprit feel hot and uncomfortable, but a little later use a sentence into which you can introduce the word, giving it the right pronunciation, and the corrected form will most likely be taken to heart.

Never repeat and make fun of the mistakes of one friend to another. They may come round again to her ears, and it will be sure to cause pain when she knows that you, whom she took to be her friend, have been laughing with others over her mistakes.

THE LATEST COIFFURES.

SEASONABLE COSTUMES.

Bachelors as Hosts.

At the present time some of the very pleasantest of entertainments are given by bachelor hosts. A few years ago bachelors occasionally gave a dinner party or a ball, and then it was generally a function marked by lavish expense, but there was very little of the informal sort of entertaining by bachelors which is so pleasant a feature of society at the present time.

Now almost all bachelors who are so disposed invite their lady friends and acquaintances to some sort of entertainment, to afternoon tea, to supper after the theater or to luncheon.

The reason that bachelors now entertain so much more than formerly is that it is no longer considered necessary that they should be countenanced and supported by sister, aunt or other relative when they desire to entertain ladies. It is now quite understood that at a bachelor's entertainment a hostess is superfluous, which is really the case, for from boyhood schoolboys are trained in the duties of hosts. Probably you have sometimes enjoyed the hospitality of some young Yale boy relative at luncheon on the Fourth of July and have also been entertained at Harvard or Princeton at luncheon or tea in the rooms of an undergraduate friend, and then you have seen for yourself what charming hosts young variety men make. Young subalterns in the army entertain ladies just in the same way, and thus at the present time, from boyhood to middle age, bachelors continue to play the part of host to those ladies at whose houses they receive hospitality or for whom they feel friendship.

In fact, Mrs. Grundy's ideas have changed with the times, and she would not advise a widows man to trouble a lady to help him entertain his guests unless it should happen that that man were a widower with young grown up daughters.

Marking Table Linen.

A pretty method of marking your table linen very simply is by embroidering your initial about three inches long in the center. The marking should be done in cross stitch, very evenly and smoothly. If you can really be sure of great care being used in washing, a colored flax thread may be used to work the initial, such as pale green, or blue, or yellow, but if, on the other hand, an ordinary laundress washes them, you should use only white, otherwise the colors may run and spoil the pretty effect on the linen. Of course serviettes and doilies should be embroidered the same as the larger cloths, only in small letters. The plainer the design of the initial letter the better, and quite the best style to use is like that of a large capital in print.

The Faults of Other People.

Don't set into the unpleasant habit of criticising everything and everybody, particularly, don't be hasty in correcting in others mistakes which are trivial and really not worth noticing. Even the most good natured person does not like his faults pointed out to him. We are all aware of the fact that we have faults (with the exception of a few conceited folks, but we don't like to think that other people have noticed them.

Should your best friend possess a fault that is really bad, and you feel that you must call attention to it, do so in the most manner possible. You might mention the fault as belonging to some one else and speak about it in some such fashion as this:

"So-and-so never seems to have any subject of conversation but dress, dress, dress. Don't blunt repeat the word in its correct form and make the culprit feel hot and uncomfortable, but a little later use a sentence into which you can introduce the word, giving it the right pronunciation, and the corrected form will most likely be taken to heart.

Never repeat and make fun of the mistakes of one friend to another. They may come round again to her ears, and it will be sure to cause pain when she knows that you, whom she took to be her friend, have been laughing with others over her mistakes.

Daisy May

New York.

Women In the City of Havana.

Public attention has been much centered on events in Havana. The landscape is by no means impressive or grand, though it is bright and charming and the capable condition of its streets is always by the fact that you windows are very recent, and, not just but little desire for drainage. Much anywhere else are main rivers so good. They gracefully adorn all the chalk hills and surround every where the round the port and wind up hill and stretch far into the island. The various forms of cactus, the cactus cactus and lemon trees, the sago and breadfruit trees, the pomegranate and alcanfor bushes, all unite in giving the environs of Havana a peculiarly oriental appearance, which is heightened by the mild atmosphere. Thus the small port, with its forests of masts, its citadels and forts perched on every hill near the harbor and over all the deep blue sky of the tropical sky, flecked with fleecy clouds, makes a picture which is beyond doubt the most charming to be found in the West Indies.

Havana is divided into two great halves by its broad paseos, or promenades. The outer town is more modern and airy, having wider streets and better pavements. The inner town is older and more animated, for it is the center of business. Here, as elsewhere, money is power. Every one who is having his own comfortable home and, above all, his private "coche," or small two wheeled car, which has no driver's seat, but a negro harnesses the horses. The ladies of the better classes appear in public only in carriages, and it is said that many of them have never set foot in the streets. They never enter a shop, but sit blandly in their equipages while the shopkeeper brings his wares across the pavement for their inspection.

The array of well dressed ladies to be seen in the paseos on Sundays and holidays is gay and brilliant in the extreme. These Sunday promenades are the great rendezvous of all people and well to do women. Money, fashion and love of finery are then displayed in the most gorgeous toilets. Even in winter the beautiful climate permits the wearing of the thinnest costumes. The richest ladies of Havana wear out of doors what would be deemed ball dress in the north.

The "volantes" go by in two long lines. The gentlemen on foot range on the broad allees and contentedly watch them. The long, light and somewhat uncomfortable "volante" looks picturesque with its silvered frame. The negro postilion wears his front jacket richly trimmed with gold and silver lace. His high riding boots, tipped with silver, are picturesque survivals of the fashions of mediaeval times. The ladies form trios in the carriages, and the youngest and most beautiful sisters is the center of each group, and as they can proceed only at a walking pace the bystanders have the fullest opportunity of observing and comparing the Cuban beauties who pass before them in a continual stream.

The tulips of Haarlem may be the most rare an abundance of beautiful black shining hair, fine black eyes, delicate features, small mouths and complexions generally characterized by a white by means of cosmetics. If the climate affects the complexion and gives it a pallowish tint, cosmetic is used in large quantities to restore the native hue. Cuban profiles are not always perfect, but they bespeak in a marked degree Castilian or Andalusian descent.

Cuban girls receive but the scantiest education. Household duties are held to be unworthy of ladies in good circumstances and are left almost entirely to colored female servants. Dancing and bed writing, embroidery, a little music and less French are taught, and never does this system of education awaken any desire to study the great poets and novelists. The reading of such useful books forms no part of the daily life, for they are regarded in Havana as luxuries that can be dispensed with, though in one miserably supported bookstore at least 200 fashion magazines can be bought.

The lack of intelligence and fancy is plainly seen in the women of Havana, and a certain coarseness and grossness this want in some measure. In church or in the theater, in the ballroom or at the bullfights in the circus, the ladies are conspicuous by their imposing demeanor and majestic carriage. But this graceful deportment is artificial and acquired. Their conversation is as dull as form as it is trivial in matter, and they to so play of fancy or sprightly wit to give a charm to words. How such a monotonous existence can be passed without any occupation beyond that of the toilet, the table and strumming upon a piano is hard to be explained by the force of habit. Perhaps the climate is to blame for making the inhabitants veritable lotus eaters.

It is a peculiarity of home construction in Havana that the domestic life of most families can be observed by passers along the street. In summer the most good natured people dwell chiefly on the ground floors. The huge latticed balconies stretch out almost to the pavement and are always open to catch the breeze. Thus, if the pedestrian does not wish to be run down by a "volante" he must hug the wall on the narrow footpath, and in doing so his glance will at once take in the interior of the lighted room plainly visible through the widely opened lattice. There he will see gayly dressed ladies and elegant gravely reclining in rocking chairs and rapidly breaking stakes.

these houses will be lined with nice wood and the roofs thatched with bamboo. Each will contain a sitting room, dressing room and kitchen.

Mrs. John Sherman is said to have made a study of the management of a team and a bodyg of housekeeping. Her household was always under her personal supervision and was called the best ordered in the capital.

The Countess of Meath proposes to give the sum of £2,000 for the purpose of establishing a nonsectarian home for workhouse girls in Ireland. The object of the home will be to keep the girls out of workhouses until they have reached the age of 12 and to enable them to earn their living and it and render them efficient to undertake domestic service.

The electric light plant in Long Beach, Cal., is managed by a woman, Mrs. Ira E. Tutt, who is superintendent and principal owner as well.

THE WORK OF WOMEN.

Female emancipation in China, the use of the bicycle by the fair Chinese, and the publication of a weekly entitled The Feminine Magazine, edited by Chinese ladies, show the progress which Christianity has made in that land.

It is probable that the conference of the International Council of Women will be held on June 21, 1899, and for several days after, at Berlin. Frau Lehmann is president. No minutes meanwhile has yet been taken as and authorized, but it is certain that the subjects discussed will be those which concern the women of all nations represented in the International Council. Men speakers not being included on this occasion, an effort will be made to obtain the delivery of some of the addresses by statesmen and other continuous of the first eminence.

Miss Elsie Dale White, the author of "The Course of Tendrils," "Winter Jessamy," "A Bewildered Courtship," etc., has written a new book called "A Lover of Truth."

Mrs. Alice Dugnell is becoming famous for her painted copies of Florentine tapestries. This lady has established herself in Florence in the Via Strozzi, and executes orders for copies of tapestry as well that it is difficult to decide whether they are done with the brush or the needle.

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt has translated M. Montanin's play, "Cyrano de Bergerac," into Russian, and Signorina Lombardin has translated it into Italian. It appears that women are the chief inventors of this play, as it has been done into English by two ladies, and Miss Marguerite Hall has made an adaptation for America.

Queen Victoria has had class of dainty little bedrooms submitted to her, which are to be erected round about Balmoral on sites chosen by her majesty herself, on account of the lovely views afforded. The walls of