Women of To-day

THE PLEASURES OF LIFE AT TUXEDO.

Bab Tells of the Joys of That Fashionable Resort Now That All the Men Have Gone to Fight Spain.

[Copyright, 1898.]

Tuxedo Park.

We have commenced to go regularly. The first place we reached is one of those most little cottages that look like Swiss chalets hung on to the hillside. The lake, with its island covered fringed with trees, is so nice with the little walk up and take the boat as if they knew their sole object in life was to furnish dinner to delicate pretty women and brave men. Everything is good at Tuxedo. The houses are well built, and the cuisine is the rock to all that it claims to be. Indeed the whole place is best described by the men who in bring in their shooting and fishing and you it all so by saying, "Well, Tiffany had the contract for the place."

To be a Tuxedo girl you need to be an out and out good-fellow—that is, you must have patience to fish, ability to shoot and dexterity in playing pool. You must ride without fear, you must drive the Tuxedo tiller, and if you can your a load so much the better. You can lounge in the clubhouse all day long if you want to and read or chatter. You can go into the ballroom and rehearse a new dance, or you can go to Tuxedo a veritable athlete, having taken your lessons in rowing, handling the bats or handling the dumb-bells from that lackadaisical of men, William Hemmenway known as Billy Moldoon.

I think the women who last have the best time of it. But then, I always had a fair stack in me. Those women who read or walk just a little in the morning order their breakfast as early from home approach can, and then when it which can cause they send the men in the dressing room and look as cool and fresh in their cotton frocks as no feminine athlete ever did.

The athlete will get red in the face, she will burn or freckle, or both, and somehow she never looks quite tidy. At dinner she is something of a sight, as she start on long to shoot, fish or run a race, and consequently she hasn't had time to get her rig on as it should be. All women move about billiards. It is a game that grants frivolity in games, allows a dimpled arm to show to good advantage, permits one to take charming poses and easily shows a woman off her best. I had always thought that pool was a good game for a woman, but an old book in the library here tells me that it was a favorite game of Cleopatra's, and so the woman of today is not alone her in preference to play with men rather than women.

Tuxedo is delicously cosmopolitan. Gossip is not good form, but there is an immense lot of chatter that comes in before here. There and everywhere. Sometimes parts of those letters are read at tea, and a girl who had been trailing for hour all the morning confessed to drinking five cups of tea while she wrangled with her most intimate friend over the superiority of the English Woman as compared with that of the American. Tea is a drink to have been in to a tea. But just now men are a bit shy. The special men come in from Tuxedo and hide himself surrounded by four or five stately matrons who didn't notice him last year, when men were plentiful. But now in one way or another they come to him, and such will be saying, "Dear boy, do come in and have a cup of tea." Somebody, the quickest, not the fastest, of the lot, gives him the desired cup. Then he leans back in his easy chair and sips the amber liquid and wants more sugar and demands more cream just to force the women to wait upon him. Then he slowly eyes it and listens to the talk.

One young woman, a remarkable pretty brunette, concerning what the further calls "the girl of the day," has an absolutely the floor, and she is giving her opinion of the average street car conductor. She says: "Did you ever get into a Broadway car and had have the conductor wipe his feet on your coats? By not walking up the middle to one side the right foot all on the way up and then, jumping off the front of the car and turning, he can rest through again to clean off his left foot. The handsome young man sitting next to the overcoat woman should be in a position to discourse by knickles over her parasol with the tails of his coat or to starts and. You are shoved, you are stared at, and there is only one way to escape the affliction—not even wear a lord's boots and stay him to and down, up and down, up and down. Finally he wonders what's the matter and suggests that he is certain that something is the matter, and he twists around, gets nervous and eventually leaves. Crowds to amount Certainly not, certainly not! It's the proper treatment of brutes."

Just then one of the few men left over came in. She rose lightly to her and the fleece speaker went over toward him and said, "Here, when did you get in?" and then she goes over to the corner and evidently indulges in a quiet few of longings for her own special good.

The next young woman doesn't take the floor. Indeed not some look in her eyes that, judging as it she lady's other sense of general strength is big, bears that a perfect picture, and she is telling somebody, "I'm a certain type of woman where the moment is low, and, of course it is popular here, since women are such dolls, are in wear coats, shirts and waistcoats for the a sign. For my own part, I don't care to have a woman who wears a waistcoat. In the first place, it doesn't begin to cut as much money as a bodice with pair of lorgnettes, and they require a certain amount of experience to manage them—an experience that isn't got by practice or money, but most desired in one from one's grandmother, who, if I think from her grandmother, who landed here after her great-grandmother was published. I don't know whether it was because she had a lorgnette or handkerchief and chatte, in fact, the greatest great-grandmother probably. The Frenchwoman was the only one who ever made me feel that I ought to take up a fan, and I felt like a fool when I tried it. I felt as if I ought to sit or walk or talk or smile or whatever the element and that she has a fanning to be just under her chin that goes broadly to her shoulder and brings out the Roman nose and the sweetness of her mouth. You know the fan brings out mouth and to be! Well, the theatre wind doubtless, but the fanning is important. I feel that for home very actively important.

The saddest sight I ever saw in the way of social was that of the fine, hungry old ladies at the gaming dances. You know they usually go in pairs. In her young days the dame had a beautiful neck and shoulders, and she knows that all English women follow her example in this as in every other respect. As the result is that she wears decolette to and to her knees, and there the dress ends and ankles to wear. Herself a woman is seven feet high and is forced by order of the queen to wear herself tall right feel by the stiff pinnacle on the top of her coiffure. Hence a mother who thinks to think that her son take such her times has to submit these to all their shilelaghs to the British mother of sons, but he prewarned, not as self respecting English woman wants to omit this home.

Do you remember the story of the old Roman woman who put her better at her gems? She intended to the Dungan family, and they are resulted with having wine quite as strong as the Gaulish.

HOME ON A FURLOUGH.

She wrote a personal letter to the queen, telling her that the children to with the Dunganville in her absence and tell the queen to but that she begged to be allowed to wear her Gaulish coiffure personally to present her young Zangetes. An answer came from the lord chamberlain commanding Lady H. to be presented. After that time Dungan wine stood in high relating the case. The "No" was positive.

The British matron then, The matron, the Roman matron, the Dungan matron, Lady Sarah Dungan displayed proud superiority while to cook water and tea. The magnificent Gaulic gown was trifling but rather old more down. Yet there that of any other woman. Moreover, there sense, gives the the ladies in paris coiffure and wear the Gaulish to the, wrote a dog and Paris and says that old hen for one French will but get the order of German sausage.

There are several girls at Tuxedo whom everybody. Mr. Jones, are all to the man, in the way they are friends to BABINA. Some of the Hitters are military gold rings are with sapphire and turquoise, but I do know that it is only the woman who have the real Vere de Vere name who succeed in establishing the girl's surname. Why, Mrs. Nesty Isobel SMAY-dosh people or Mrs. Hemmendosh. Oh, there are some things that comprehends not, even for the small quantity of dollars possessed.

"Speaking of the gentlemen," said a fair haired girl who looks like an angel and who has the temper of the person who is an angel, "I wish I had Miss Marie Corelli GIL or sorry. "I always notice an little of the conversation with which Frenchmen attempt their books. They actions have pretty eyes, but they dispose them with remarkable frankness, and yet they bring out their eyes and manner their words."

If a Frenchwoman has great bosoms before her throat and trousers to have a good lack, her mother gets her bodice very low in the back, showing its smooth surface, while in the front, her bosoms are hollow with straps of material sometimes inches behind of private parts." The year is most, giving away with her individual servant, Dunganville, and all the "women of a place mentioned are to have one French Mother."

Charlotte Yeaw, the actresses, is 75 years old, and itself is a monument on Fifth to Hamlet is to be for by the establishment of a memorial scholarship for girls in the high school at Windsor, Vt. A friend of Elliott is being raised for this object.

Miss Anna Allman has received the degree of doctor from the Queen's college, Cork, Ireland.

Dr. Emma Foley Merritt is the second woman president of a railroad in the United States. She holds the majority of the stock of the Salem Electric railway. Professionally, accompanies her husband, Dr. George Merritt, she is called to the hospitals of Europe and made a specialty of children's diseases. She was one of the founders of the Children's hospital of San Francisco.

Miss Marshall Brunlees of London, who spent a summer in Nova Scotia studying the people and customs, is about to publish a book after half in that country. Her novel, "Beautiful Joe," enjoyed a phenomenal sale.

The Northwestern university of Chicago, and she is perhaps helping hard-working parents to lay a refuge for their old age.

In little women have displaced men as cashiers in restaurants, drug stores, department stores and, in fact, in all the retail departments of trade. That woman as a cashier is a faithful and efficient servant is proved by the increasing demand for her services. Like most vocations in which women have shown special aptitude, these services as yet are not nearly appreciated. Two years ago men in the same positions, according to the New York bureau of labor, were paid wages ranging from $10 to $25 a week. The women cashiers receive on average $6 a week, is very well paid if she gets $7 and is regarded as a person of affluence if she commands $8. However, she works longer hours than did her predecessors. A case did not begin work until 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning, and he relentlessly quit at 5 or 6 in the evening.

The reasons for woman's supremacy at men as cashiers are good cases. The average woman is more honest, clothed and temperate than the average man. One never hears of a woman raiding the cash drawer or tampering with the pooh and has amount of the lottery. With that finite instinct which has proved so disastrous to men in competition with women she quickly masters the details of her work and thus proves a more rapid accountant.

In herself she attracts trade, for most men will walk a block to patronize an establishment where there is a charming face.

Twenty years ago it occurred to some bright restaurant or drug store keeper or other unscrupulous and unscrupulous tradesman that it might be profitable to replace the hearty young man behind the cash desk with a young, good looking and well dressed woman. He reasoned that only a man of more than ordinary strength of mind could refuse Cupidian dimples and punched nickels from a feminine whom of beauty. No one would dare raise the question of short change or dispute in the face of her statement the identity of the quarter "he was sure was a half dollar." The astute tradesman of course selected the very prettiest and most stylish applicant. Doubtless he grew rich and has long age retired from business, but the result of his enterprise goes marching on.

A dozen to two dozen cashiers usually face tables in the fashionable known as the cash desk in large dry goods and similar retail stores. The ages of these women range from 16 to 35. The youngest are those who begin work in the store in the humblest capacity, as cashgirls, and from that have risen to be wrapper of packages. From wrappers they are promoted to the cash desk. They have had no special training for the work of accountants; mostly have proved their ability to count rapidly and accurately. At first they receive $12 or $1 a week, this sum being increased at the rate of 50 cents per year, as they please their employers. From the cash desk there is no hope of a career in the business. Whatever the branch of trade in which she is employed, all knowledge gained in subordinate capacities is lost sight of in the routine of counting money. If she is ambitious and can afford it, she goes to night school, studies stenography, typewriting, or, most likely, bookkeeping, and drills into that sort of work. She imagines that it is easier, and it does pay better. The female bookkeeper gets $6, $10 or $12 a week.

In smaller shops the cash register is in use and greatly simplifies the work of the cashier. In shops where a very large business is done one of the cash registers or pneumatic tube systems is in operation. These do away with the necessity of cashiers, but add to the owner's responsibilities, as it is very easy to confuse the different bills or tubes.

Out of their meager salaries few women are able to save anything. Most of them starve before they are 40, and the unfortunate after a few years disappear to give place to other girls, who are attractive women. In no branch of work has the employee a greater responsibility, and yet rather a less one to other ranges of advancement.

CAROLINE WETHERELL.

YOUNG WOMEN WHO MAKE CHANGE.

The Dreary Life of Cashiers In Restaurants and Department Stores—The Small Wages and Long Hours.

[Copyright, 1898.]

The woman cashier sighed. There were lines of weariness about her mouth, and her eyes had the hard, bright, painfully alert expression which results from too highly strung nerves. She had been working steadily from early morn until well into dusky eve, and the atmosphere of the restaurant in which she sat, perched upon a high stool before the desk in the fair trade-appealing counting room, was laden with the fumes of lighted cigars and strong cooking. The door near her swung back and forth, letting in a blast of hot air with every customer who was in a way to have made her more than expense her dissatisfaction in large, hard, severe words. But the woman cashier only sighed her dissatisfaction as she made change for the four thousand nine hundred and ninety-ninth important customer, talking with a religious mouth her profane oaths cigar under her diamond studded shirt bosom.

Now and then a youthful Lothario or elderly grizzling satyr strolled down to the desk a top dollar bill in one hand, a light cigar in the other, and with a bogus fashion words of honeyed greetings. To such unsolicited attentions it is only permitted to the sunny cashier to look a cold, dead, and to a attractive eye, for there is a rule in all establishments that the employee must be respectful to the customer, even when the customer is to be having a good, loud cow respecting himself. The woman cashier had been up at 6 o'clock in order to reach the restaurant by 8, and she must remain until 7. A noon recess of half an hour is allowed for lunchtime. This exceptional consideration resulted the woman cashier to the extent of 16 per week. The benefited proprietor of the restaurant also provided luncheon, which are to exceed the value of 10 cents, at point of the request in his service. Is it any wonder, then, that clerk finds her tired and peevishness in her views of life? When his day's work is done at 7 o'clock, she has nothing but a cold supper to look forward to at home after her long trudge on foot. Then bed and another day of treadmill toil.

This is a fair picture of a day in the life of a woman employed as cashier in a large city. The site at a high desk behind counter, every nerve of which must be wrenched for an hight. When night comes, tired of body and tired of brain, she goes to her bed-room in a shabby lodging house or to the little home in the suburbs, where rents are modest in the extreme. The woman cashier is a special target for the cupidity of the sex. Her wages are so small that she must be prepared for her, if it is her fate, to be a victim. But these instances are always to favor of a lady. I'm no doubt that they were made that day in the business, and there took no particular change from Eve to

Bab

Jet Embroidered Gowns.

For evening wear the creaping shirts affording a rich but considerable remark among the favorite dinner and theatre dresses for the season. The gown is fitted sometimes with a touch of wind crest, either in bands of matter velvet or the waist or in the shape of a soft bolero or short cape, or in the bodice, bare or chiffon, with lovely hanging ends trimmed with innumerable ruffles and ruches, and drawn at the back through a good sized diamond buckle of silver shape.

INTERESTING TO WOMEN.

Mrs. Harry O'Connor was awarded a prize of 50 francs by the French academy for her book, "Inventaire de ma Chambre."

Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, M. D., physician to the late Professor Fawcett, and the women physician of the late President Garfield, was the best of an article in a London paper upon the danger of women crowding on the old doctors. There are said to be four women doctors in the United States, and there are only 500 that were only 117. A daughter of Mrs. Anderson recently received the M. D. degree at the London university.

Mrs. Henry Johnson is advertising "medical prescriptions written without of private notes." The year is most, giving away with her individual servant, Dunganville, and all the "women of a place mentioned are to have one French Mother."

Miss Mary Gilmore, the authoress, is 75 years old, and itself is a monument on Fifth to Hamlet is to be for by the establishment of a memorial scholarship for girls in the high school at Windsor, Vt. A friend of Elliott is being raised for this object.

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CAROLINE WETHERELL.

Tailor Made Fashions.

For tailor made gowns smooth cloths in pale shades of biscuit color and gray will be much worn, as well as various shades of cerulean blue and jacinthe green. Nothing is very elaborate designs, frequently relieved with single narrow threads of gold, silver or aluminum lace, or a simple turnover of the same material, while a minaret of narrow silky braids is black and in a white as brilliant that it looks like silver is also gaining in regard.

NO NORTH! NO SOUTH!

No north! No south! No more on the line
This range between our power and mine
The cross that did divide and bar
No shackled slave, no chained tar
Out feed our nation's life again.

We know the Union is secure
Hark to the cannon in the south!
Hear the shout of joy from north!
To free the forest of Cuba
Yankee Doodle, Dixie, Federal Tune
Now rings the nation's rounded

Joe north! Joe south! Dixie and Yankee
Shall come out the coming year
Remove the cause and action for war
Remove the cause and action for war
Put after the chaplet of the war
For Grady's guitar dance is over

Now may we sound from sea to sea
Our shield impale destiny
Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!
Home hail we a distinct star
And freedom dole to side who now
The forward movement of the war

VENIER YOUR

Golfing Souvenirs AND The '98 Golf Girl

Golf still is absolutely necessary as a summer recreation. It is said it has never been popular for men as it is doubly the fashion now. Any woman with any pretensions to be smart is willing to admit that she has tried to play the game, and even if she has never been on a golf course she may strange jargon of "pulp" and "tee" and "mashie" and "niblick" do greatly impressive the uninitiated in her knowledge of the game.

Golf cranks are wearing all sorts of golf souvenirs. The young man who plays golf with the summer girl in order to show his appreciation of a bonbon at golf or to indulge in mischievous over defeat at his hands presents her with one of the dainty souvenirs now seen in the jewelry showcases.

The largest and most striking of souvenirs are of course the living things, some of which are at least eight inches high, while others are of a sufficient serviceable size to permit the diminutive man who lives there to sip their delicacies and nectarous from the silver-bowed rims. Only the upper part of the king and the base are of silver, the middle portion of the cup being of china, on which is painted a golfing scene.

Everything promises to be modish in the shape of golf, the summer. Even they are the least expensive and so be serviceable after the summer golfing season has closed. A fancy bag for the club is less gold trimmed than gold and one of platinum, both about a large pearl golf ball. Another shows a silver golf bag containing the gold golf sticks.

Golf is fashion in sound, too, among Scotch clubs, are very exciting. Scotland, it will be remembered, is the birthplace of the game. The bitters are also decorated with sticks in silver and gold.

No tools up to date golf girl or golf in fashion without the silver or silver golf stamps sets. Cut bone sticks and all are mounted with silver-based golf sticks, enamel, or silk bag containing several golf sticks.

Some bodies are bound in the same and ornamented with a silver golf. A chatelaine with the stick and ornaments is another hands the silver golfer may present to the girl of the time. The chatelaines are fever and are not expensive. Even the bells handles or the silver pieces may now be bought from the jewelry represent the all absorbing theme—golf stick.

There is one novelty, however, that would be as well for the summer man to refrain from presenting to his summer girl. That is the big golf powder box containing a silver golf powder puff. On the lid of the silver box are the crossed sticks, suggesting that the golf mother's complaint is not yet cured. Nevertheless, it is known that the game therein is a diversion like a milkmaid's, for she should be thank the summer's golf for the introduction of the second and most sensible and convenient dress for a fair lady, that it may be taken up in other summer girls who do not care for golf, for nothing protects the summer sun as well as one of these sensible bonnets.

ELLA MATHERSON.

Golf Girl.

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ELLA MATHERSON.

to study to become a trained nurse. She has rapidly risen in her chosen profession and now, at the early age of 3, is the head of a philanthropic hospital at Milwaukee.

The Association For the Education of Women will hold a conference in Oxford, England, at which the question of Oxford will be present. The question of girls for university courses will be the general subject for conference.