

A VALENTINE.

BY NINA A. OTTOLENGUI

Cupid's standing here beside me, and upon this message waits,
So I trust you will remember I but write what he dictates.
And 'twas merely to oblige him that at last I gave consent
To inflict you with my verses and their time-worn sentiment.
For awhile I sat debating who should claim these worthless lines,
But could come to no decision, knowing naught of Valentines,
So I turned to little Cupid and requested him to tell
Who it was that had so lately o'er my life cast such a spell.

"Why, if you are so uncertain, I must put you to the test,"
Answered Cupid. So, submissive, I agreed to his behest.
But a few feet stood he from me, with some arrows and a bow,
While he smilingly continued: "It is thus your fate you'll know.
Every time I shoot an arrow I shall call some friend by name,
And no matter what may happen, you must promise not to blame.
If you love, my dart will pierce you with a wild, peculiar pain;
If indifferent, then my arrow will rebound and be in vain."



"Hurry, then, pray do not keep me in suspense, you roguish child,"
And convinced he could not touch me, I leaned back and calmly smiled.
Four names followed in succession, but the arrows, with a bound,
Harmless flew far, far beyond me, and were buried in the ground.
Then I laughed aloud at Cupid, who was getting angry fast
And meaningly, while aiming, said: "He who laughs the best, laughs last."
Next I heard YOUR name and saw him shoot a long, sharp-pointed dart,
Which bit quivered for an instant, then found shelter in my heart.

"Take it out, in mercy, Cupid: you're a cruel, heartless boy."
"Tis my turn," he answered coldly, "your discomfort to enjoy."
"I am truly sorry, Cupid, I made sport of you just now,
If you'll only come and help me, I will pledge a solemn vow
That whatever you care to ask me I will grant beyond a doubt.
So, do come and, like a darling, take this dreadful arrow out."

"I shall do my best," he answered. But he tried and tried in vain,
Till he said, "I fear 'tis useless; you will have to bear the pain."
"It has probed too deep already, and I know if I should try
And should force it out the wound would rankle; you might even die.
Now it's time you kept your promise made to me awhile ago.
For this aye my busy day is, with too little time, I trow,
Just a line, I prithee, write now, to the one you hold most dear
To assure him that your heart and thoughts attend him everywhere."
So, at last I've bidden Cupid bear you words of love divine,
With the promise, if you wish it, that "I'll be your Valentine."

Novelties In Shirt Waists.

Sensible Changes Predicted
by Daisy May.

SHIRT waists are the stepping stones from winter to summer wearing apparel, and at this moment the shops are flooded with most attractive specimens. For the past few years they seem each season to have reached a higher plane, both as serviceable and as beautiful belongings. Several new features are introduced this spring which bear out my assertion. For instance, collars are attached, which not only afford a greater degree of comfort for the wearer and do away with the double neckband and oft time superfluous bow collar button, but insure perfect fit and neat appearance. Then, there is an advantage in the addition of yokes, which at best destroyed the symmetry of a fine back and illy concealed the defects of one not so good.

Tight sleeves are to be commended as being consistent with the orthodox buttoned shirt. Cuffs are guaiet shaped and are marks of beauty, especially if the shirt is of the lingerie order. When it is of percale, pique or other sturdy materials, the cuff is fitted to the sleeve with upturning point, carrying out the same idea. White collars are the smart thing for colored shirts, and without exception are attached. These are, of course, of the standing variety. Where colored collars are supplied they are invariably of the turn-over sort, and not so deep as last year. The very high collar has given place to one designed for comfort rather than show—it may even have round corners and be correct. If it takes the form of an uninterrupted upright band, it fails to meet at the center. Colored piques, chambray and mercerized cottons are the leading materials of which the seasonable shirt waists are made. Mercerized cotton is a novelty which will attract favorable attention. It is simply

sea island cotton with a silky surface. It is soft, pleasing to the touch, and lends itself admirably to the purpose of blouses and negligee shirt waists. This new material will be a formidable rival of wash silks, as its lasting qualities are superior and it is less expensive. Some very stylish shirts of mercerized cotton, cut in the latest fashion, with pointed cuffs and attached collars, are festively trimmed, in narrow white heading, are sold at \$1.75, and look quite as pretty as do those of the finest wash silks. White shirts in fancy woven cotton stuffs are among the most salable of the season's products, both because they are inexpensive and women have come to appreciate their washable qualities. The material in use is sufficiently decorative in itself; therefore they are made quite plain, which conduces to easy laundering, a feature not to be despised.

Deep tucks and the use of large pearl buttons are noticeable on the pique, chambray and percale shirts. These kinds are always neatly tailored and bear ample evidence of being the work of experienced handstitchers.

The handmade lingerie shirt waist is the immediate extravagance and real novelty. It is usually made of Persian lawn or of the sheerest linen cambric. It is really more a bodice than shirt waist, as it is nearly always provided with a fancy yoke or some surprise effect. Many of them fasten in the back with invisible buttons, and others hook under the arm. A very beautiful one is made of Persian lawn strips half an inch wide, put together with herring-bone stitches. The vest and yoke are composed of even narrower bands, which produce a strikingly exquisite lace effect. The gauntlet cuff reaches well over the hand, describing an acute point, and is fastened by crocheted buttons and thread loops. It may be worn

over a colored or white silk underwaist, which it is intended should be long sleeved and high necked. All over tucks form another. Every stitch is made by hand. In this case a surprise arrangement is of handsome vandyke lace, also handmade, with sleeves of the same. This particular shirt is slightly "bouffant," the necessary fullness being distributed by a box plait. Great attention is given to the soft stock and trumpet shaped cuffs, which are indescribably chic.

White linen lawn embroidered lavishly in silk bowknots is the midway offering between the very simple and very elaborate shirt waist output. These have box plaited backs minus yokes and plain fronts with a suggestion of fullness in the nature of shallow plaits extending a few inches below the shoulder line. Doing away with yokes calls for my unstinted praise. There was never any real necessity for their being, and not only was the identity of a good back lost, but the line of the shoulder was completely obliterated.

In the same category with the embroidered lawn may be mentioned the dressy batiste blouse or shirt. It comes in delicate colorings and is made more dainty by the addition of a white mull vest or yoke with tucks held together by beading or fine lace insertion.

The new skirts are the talk of the hour. From being seamless they are now provided with plaits or gathers. Plaited and gathered skirts are met at almost every step. These are not uniformly set in around the waist; they are arranged in groups, separated by a plain space. Bodices are trimmed in the same way. Sometimes these plaits are sewed together as far as the knees, whence all the fullness bulges out like a very ample flounce. At other times, however, the plaits or gathers are left free even at the waist, and then the skirt is called "la bonne femme" (in plain English, "the old woman").

Other skirts again are "fulled" in only at the back, while the front is as tight fitting as a princess robe. This is the most popular shape so far. It gives ease by the fullness at the back and yet preserves in front the statuesque form so dear to women. But, as every dressmaker has a style and cut of her own, we need not hesitate to adopt the skirt which is most becoming to our figure. In any case the quite tight, shapeless skirt is no longer worn by any lady with "any pretension to taste," as Lady Teazle would say.

In materials cloth holds its own; but what cloth! It is as light, supple and shimmery as satin; the only woven appearance about it is a slight, very

slight, down, upon which the shade changes like shot satin. We call these cloths "paniers" satin. They are plain, dotted, spotted, flowered, beflagged and bestarred in quite irregular fashion, just like the stars which fill the heavens above us.

For out of doors the more simple a dress the more elegant it is considered. Cloth continues the favorite material for these costumes, but the quality must be of the very finest, and light colors are preferred. Plain cloth, also, is preferred to patterns of any kind. The trimmings are stitchings, embroideries and fringes. The new fringes are exquisite. They are made of fringed out ribbons and also of chenille. Even hats are being trimmed with these, for they are quite the rage.

Terry velvet is much used for tailor costumes and undershirts covered with tulle. An imitation Indian cashmere, which is called jamalpur, also makes elegant tailor costumes and handsome house dresses.

Colors are either very bright or of the palest tints imaginable. Duck's egg blue is a very fashionable color, as also is the palest of pale gray. Then comes blue violet, bright brown, rose pink (even in fringe cloth), turquoise blue, mauve, grass green and red. Pastel and flesh tints are reserved for evening wear and are trimmed with heavy lace, especially if the material be "pannes."

Waist sashes are worn more than ever, and they are tied on one side as a rule. They are mostly in black crepe de chine, with a rich silk fringe on each end. Velvet sashes edged with chenille fringe are also seen.

Another pretty idea is that every tailor costume be provided with a taffeta collar, either white or colored and edged with lace. Many modistes provide a suitable cravat for every costume they make. They also make long, tightly fitting jackets, or coatees, for plaid skirts, and these coatees have each seam embroidered in a darker shade of the same color.

Small buttons are now used in preference to large ones, and are put on in groups of two or three in Breton style.

Passing on from skirts to bodices, again I notice that a great many costumes, although made with separate skirts and bodices, give the impression of being princess robes, as they are invisibly united at the waist. This is accomplished by the bodice being worn under the skirt, while the upper edge of the latter is finished with a binding instead of a band, so that it fits as closely as possible to the figure. Round bodices are most popular at present—that is, those which are trimmed in a

round style, with chemisettes and round shoulder collars, with horizontal rows of trimming or tucks. A number of pretty bodices are tucked in this wise round the figure, the back being kept flat and the fronts pouched, with the narrowest possible vest of full white chiffon introduced down the center. The sleeves in such cases should be tucked to correspond. Another charming style of bodice has a chemisette and vest cut in one and veiled in chiffon. A round shoulder collar of coarse, string colored lace is set round the back of the chemisette and ends on either side of the front vest, where similar pieces of lace are attached to reach the waist.

Now that we are in a period where chiffons and gauzes reign supreme, we find that a great number of evening gowns this season are veiled with delicate tissues instead of being composed entirely of handsome silks. Black has once more been restored to favor for evening wear, and many of the most elegant gowns are of glass silk, veiled with black spotted net.

Let me introduce to you a real revival—namely, the Louis XVI jacket, with long basques, lace ruffles and gauntlet cuffs. It is made of velvet, fits tight to the figure at the back and opens over an embroidered satin waistcoat with enameled buttons. At present this is worn only for visits, when the fur or heavy cloak is thrown off and left in the anteroom. By and by, however, it will be worn out of doors and will take the place of the tailor costume on dressy occasions. Of course, the skirt under this jacket must be of silk, satin or velvet, like the jacket itself. I would advise it to be made by a tailor—a good tailor—for a perfect cut is essential to its complete beauty.

Daisy May

New York.

PROPER VENTILATION IN STREET CARS.

THE other day I went into a crowded street car, and the observations I made while riding a dozen blocks convinced me that a good many of the diseases peculiar to winter may be traceable to the conditions of the public conveyances. In the car in which I traveled all in transoms were closed and the fire in the heater was blazing. The torrid temperature that prevailed caused the passengers a great deal of discomfort, for all of them wore heavy wraps which they could not conveniently take off. They mopped their foreheads, on which a light perspiration had gathered, showing that the heat had opened the pores of the body. I wondered how many of them, stepping out into the zero atmosphere in that condition, would be victims of pneumonia, bronchitis, grip, diphtheria and similar diseases; it seemed impossible that they would all escape. The brisk fire was an exception on a very cold day, for in such weather you will usually find that the conductor has difficulty in making it burn for the simple reason that a fire draws better in mild than in severe weather.

Those who ride in overheated, underventilated cars should politely call the conductor's attention to the temperature. The man will generally be found perfectly willing to do the best he can when he learns the better way, but he is a busy, overworked and often underpaid individual who cannot be expected to have the wisdom of a college graduate in matters relating to hygiene. He should be requested to open the ventilators and regulate the heat. The overheating of the cars is dangerous from another standpoint. All sorts of disease germs are carried into the car on the shoes of the passengers, and in the tropical atmosphere these develop and multiply in an amazing degree. Contagion is thus spread abroad, and many epidemics might be traced to the use of overheated public conveyances.

On entering a car always loosen the jacket. The sensible woman modifies her dress to suit the temperature of the day. Should she by mistake start out on a comparatively mild day wearing her sealskin jacket, it is the part of wisdom to turn back and change it for a fall coat.

The stores in which women shop are always kept at a comfortable temperature for the salespeople, which is not what is suitable for shoppers wearing heavy wraps. Of course, no one would wish the merchants to modify the temperature at the expense of their hardworking employees. Consequently the sensible woman who goes into a store expecting to remain for any length of time will slip off her coat. Some day enterprising merchants will arrange to have coats checked at the door just as they do umbrellas in stormy weather. The woman who goes about from counter to counter, spending considerable time in this way, will soon be annoyed to find that she is perspiring. Going out into the cold in this condition, the chances are 99 in 100 that she will take cold. If she goes into the shop but for ten minutes, it is wise to remove the coat. In traveling in a sleeping car in winter always call for an extra blanket, for it will be redhot when you enter the car, but a polar temperature by the middle of the night. In traveling nothing is worse for the throat than the night air. One is more likely to take cold asleep than awake, so fresh air friends should exercise discretion in insisting that the window be raised even a few inches. In moderate weather it is a good thing to have the window open on a screen just a very little bit, but when the train is to cross the mountains even in warm weather night will find the car traveling through quite an icy atmosphere. Before retiring always insist that the porter leave the ventilators open.

All public places of amusement are hard to ventilate. A perfect system of ventilating is difficult to obtain. In going into a concert room, lecture hall or theater it is always best to take off the wrap.

MARY SCOTT ROWLAND.
New York.

A FAMOUS LONDON BEAUTY TO VISIT AMERICA

THE most beautiful English woman of the decade is coming to America for a visit. This is not any professional beauty like Lily Langtry, who would never have been heard of out of a little set had it not been for certain social notoriety which she achieved. Neither is it the good and lovely Princess of Wales, whose charms, while notable, have profited by her nearness to a throne. Nor is it the flirtatious Princess of Pless, whose youthful vivacity and the fact of her being the daughter of a one time famous beauty gave her a reputation. Nor is the coming visitor Lady Warwick, whose claim to beauty depends rather on her wit than on her face and figure, which are only fairly fine.

The visitor is none of these, but Lady Theresa Sussey Helen Stewart, marchioness of Londonderry. She was married 34 years ago, and just the other day her son, the Viscount Castlereagh, wedded the niece of the Duke of Sutherland. Her daughter, Lady Helen Stewart, is a belle of London society. Yet, though the marchioness is past her youth, in her splendid prime none of the young beauties can compare with her. She has a regal carriage, a perfect face and a figure that is a model in contour. The daughter of a hundred earls, she is an ideal of the type which one would expect in a Lady Clara Vere de Vere. The Londonderrys belong to an Irish house, and Lady Londonderry's own ancestors have been making history since the time of William the Norman. The earls of Shrewsbury, who were her forebears, have been as famous for their pride and talent as for their splendid deeds. It is one of the boasts of the family that the men of the house were always brave and the women always fair.

Lady Londonderry married when the present marquis was still Viscount Castlereagh, this title having been used by the heir to the marquisate. In 1854, Lord Londonderry came into his title of marquis. This brought to him a handsome town house in Park lane, the Fifth avenue of London, where the family resides during the London season. He has also five handsome country seats, the favorite one of which is Wynyard Park, Mount Stewart, County Down, Ireland, is the original family seat.

Wynyard Park is one of the most magnificent places in England. The estate is famous for its fine horses and cattle, some of the stock of the place being winners. The stables and the paddocks connected with them are models of luxury. On the stable boxes are silver plates recording the achievements of the most famous horses that have used them.

Salter House at Wynyard is the manor in which lives the hired expert who cares for the home farm, one of those model agricultural experiments in which the gentlemen of England have a mania for dabbling. The Londonderry farm is a picture. So well it is kept that its cabbage fields are poems and its turnip patches dreams in aesthetics. The Londonderrys very rarely exhibit any of their stock, it being their taste to live in proud, almost regal, exclusiveness, for they feel that there is, after royalty, no better blood than theirs in England.

In the stables where are kept Lady Londonderry's two favorite hunters, Fountain and Sobriquet, are 40 other handsome animals, all reserved for the use of the family and guests. Lady Londonderry is a graceful and fearless rider, but, strange to say, her daughter, Lady Helen Stewart, now aged 20, does not ride at all. Dogs are Lady

fads are chicken raising and dairying. She raises pure Orpingtons and Dorkings. Her poultry yard includes some fine specimens which are never seen at shows, as they are kept entirely for home consumption.

In a garden of a flower and vine covered white stone dairy Lady Londonderry and her daughter sometimes play at daisy. In front of the dairy is a beautiful rose garden. Chrysanthemum borders and other decorative flower plots are encountered everywhere in the park, for the Londonderrys are fond of flowers and have one of the best gardeners in England, to say nothing of plenty of means to gratify every whim.

One of their eccentricities is a little cemetery in which some of their favorite poets are buried, with tombstones bearing epitaphs commemorative of their virtues. One says:

There are men both good and wise
Who hold that in a future state
Dumb creatures we have cherished here
Shall give us joyous greetings when we pass the golden gate.

Is it a folly that I hope it may be so?

Lord Castlereagh, the Londonderrys' only son, who was married a few weeks ago to Miss Chaplin, a niece of the Duke of Sutherland and a considerable heiress, is a lieutenant in the Royal Horse guards, one of the queen's crack regiments. Like so many of the young peers of England, he is very anxious to be off to the war, but both his mother and his bride have used every influence and argument to retain him at home.

Lord Shrewsbury, Lady Londonderry's brother, although hereditary lord high steward of Ireland and premier earl of England, is the one black sheep in this otherwise very haughty and respectable family, and there is enough of the Shrewsbury naughtiness to require for safety from public criticism a very large area of charity.

When, some years ago, Lady Londonderry was hostess to the German emperor at her home in Park lane, although there was quite a mustering of the clan, Lord Shrewsbury was not considered respectable enough to be invited. He did attend the recent wedding of the Londonderry heir, and his wife, the present Lady Shrewsbury, was not even present at the church, her position in polite society being far from acceptable. The ceremony at St. Peter's, Eaton square, was performed by the bishop of Rochester, the countess of Londonderry. The guests at the wedding included the flower of the English nobility, for it was the smartest wedding of the season. Lord Castlereagh himself is a pleasant faced, mild mannered young man of no particular talent. The Stewarts are not noted for either the good looks or the intellect of the men of the family.

Under the administration of Lord Salisbury the Marquis of Londonderry was from 1886 to 1889 lord lieutenant of Ireland. Although representing an Irish peerage, the Londonderrys were not popular in Dublin, much as the gallant Irish admired Lady Londonderry's beauty. Her tact more than once averted unpleasant complications. Once when the family was attending a performance at a Dublin theater the galleries hooted and yelled in such a way that it was feared they would resort to more violent methods of showing their animosity to the government. Every one in the box was more or less frightened, but Lady Londonderry did not lose her presence of mind.

She stepped to the front of the box and looked up with a friendly smile at the galleries. For a minute the storm went on; then the innate gallantry of the Irish prevailed and the hooting broke into applause for the beautiful



MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

Helen's delight. The two great Scotch deerhounds, Langwell and Braemore, love to follow the beautiful girl all over the park and crouch at her feet for hours, watching her with great, devoted eyes.

Although she loves horses best, Lady Londonderry also is fond of dogs, and they are devoted to her, a fact that goes to disprove the oft repeated accusations of her enemies that she is the proudest and coldest woman in England. Animals have a way of judging character that transcends all human calculations, and their judgment is seldom, if ever, disappointing. It is beautiful to notice in the great community at Wynyard the freemasonry of friendship that seems to exist between the creature human and brute that dwell together on the estate.

Lady Londonderry's special farming

woman who was as brave as she was, patriotic.

Unlike many English women of noble birth, Lady Londonderry has always been an admirer of the best class of American. She is a friend of the young Duchess of Marlborough, who represents the conservative ideas and the dignity which she considers inseparable from high position.

ELIZABETH SCOTT RAYMOND.

Most coats have shallow basques and are scalloped at the edge, sometimes edged with fur. Many have vests of velvet, or vests which only show lace, for the use of lace was never more popular for outdoor wear. Many of the black cloth jackets, when they are closed, look quite ordinary, but, thrown open, display revers of embroidered satin and fronts to match.

THE WORLD OF WOMANKIND.
The average age at which women marry in civilized countries is 23 1/2 years.

Covent Garden, London, has a contingent of over 100 old women who keep eager, catching at horses' heads, order drivers to stop or move on and clearing lines of traffic. They receive small salaries from the market proprietors.

William Jennings Bryan's great-grandmother, Mrs. Bryan Cobb, is living near Kokomo, Ind., at the age of 88. Her first husband, Louis H.

Bryan, was a soldier in the war of 1812 and in the Mexican war.

The Natal Witness says that Mrs. Weir, one of the Red Cross nurses, was giving beef tea to a wounded Dutchman in Pietermaritzburg when she received a severe kick in the back from one of the Boer ambulance attendants. No explanation was offered of this cowardly and brutal assault, but Mrs. Weir puts the charitable interpretation upon it that the hospital orderly imagined she was poisoning his countryman.

Miss Parmalee, who has recently re-

turned from Japan, where she has been promoting the interests of the Woman's Christian Temperance union, will represent the Woman's Christian Temperance union president of Japan at the world's convention.

The Cat club of London, of which Lady Marcus Beresford and Lily, duchess of Marlborough, are members, gave a bench show of choice cats not long ago at St. Stephen's hall, Westminster. The receipts were given to the "No. 4 Mansion house Transvaal war fund."

The Emma Willard association has established a \$2,000 scholarship, paying \$100 annually, in Middlebury college for

deserving young women. The gift is in honor of Mrs. Emma Willard, founder of the Willard Female seminary in Troy, N. Y., who early in her career was identified with Middlebury college.

In the German empire blonds number 31.4 per cent, brunettes 14 per cent and mixed types 54.2 per cent. In some districts the preponderance of the blond element is much more marked—especially in part of the grand duchy of Oldenburg, where there are only 4 per cent of pure brunettes.

Rumor is busy as to the matrimonial prospect of Princess Margaret of Connaught, and, if the gossipers are to be be-

lieved, she is likely to occupy a very high position by and by. Her name has already been coupled with that of the czarowitz, and it is said that the German emperor, during his recent visit to his handsome, bright young cousin that it is quite likely that before very long we may hear of her betrothal to the heir of the German throne.

Mrs. Emma Van Dusen of Dallas, Tex., is said to be the only woman deputy sheriff in this country. Her father was Robert O'Daniel of County Cork, Ireland, and her mother was a cousin of "Stonewall" Jackson. Her husband,

Charles Palmer Van Dusen of Evansville, Ind., died nine years ago, and soon after his decease she removed to Dallas. Until her recent promotion she had been connected with the office of the clerk of the federal court.

Miss Lucy Marie Ely, who died recently at Danbury, Conn., was the leader of the sect known as Sandemanians, whose chief belief was relative to their duty of caring for the sick and aged of the world.

Her highness the maharajah of Dhoolpur, India, has presented a golden chalice cup, worth \$2,500, to the Ladies' Kennel club, to be competed for by the

members. The princess has the largest kennel in the world and great dunes in the eastern hemisphere.

Rosa Bonheur left many unfinished pictures, notably a large canvas representing horses starting at full gallop. Though offered \$15,000 for this painting, she refused to finish it.

Osborn H. Sakurai, a Japanese who has come to this country to study the condition of American workingwomen, says it is only a question of time when the Japanese women will be as progressive as those of this country. He is a director of the "Migi Girls' seminary in Tokyo