WOMAN AT HOME AND ABROAD

FUN ON THE ICE.

The Most Popular of Winter Sports For Women--Skating For Health and Pleasure.

Skating has long been termed the king of winter sports, and who will deny that the exhilarating pastime—the beautiful, swift, gliding motion over the smooth surface of a lake surrounded by trees covered with snow and frost, and the keen, cold wind, do not make up a delightful outdoor amusement? When to these delights is added a companion with a strong arm and skillfulness, surely there are few girls who will not give skating the palm over all winter sports and many summer ones as well.

In these days, when there is no theme of such vital interest to women as physical culture in all its forms, any sport which will give good, healthful exercise is sure to have plenty of followers. Now, the prettiest and most graceful exercise in the list, and one which doesn't involve any sacrifices in the way of corsets, or heroics, in the line of heelless boots and bifurcated garments, health waists, or any of the other mortifications of the flesh, is skating. Woman may shine on the ice in her usual belongings, provided the skirt be made a convenient length. She may glide in single solitude or enter into dual or triple alliances. All that is demanded of her is that she be at home on her skates and have a graceful figure. Then the eyes of every man—aye, and of every woman—in sight will follow her with admiring and in the latter case often with envious glances. What more is needed to make skating popular?

Or if Mother Nature has been unkind and denied that lack of grace of motion that is of greater charm even than fairness of face, the best possible way in the world to acquire it is fearless skating by learning to balance when executing daring and intricate curves and complicated movements.

The girl who skates knows all about this. She found out all about it first by taking just the opposite course and executing headlong plunges and striking unexpected and far from graceful attitudes on her skates. Thus she learned the true meaning of the word poise.

The shining steel blades that the man she likes best—just then—tightens on her snug little feet suddenly seem inspired with diabolical purpose directly she attempts to stand on them. She takes sudden and totally unprepared for postures, sitting and otherwise, with the skates waving in a horribly undecided way in the air in a manner never advocated by teachers of Delsarte.

If only she knew whether those skates were going to slide backward or forward, she would manage better, she thinks, with despair.

Then that same nice fellow comes up with a curve as graceful as a swallow, takes both her hands in his and glides backward as she follows. He talks all the time to her of something or other, looks into her eyes, laughs, makes her blush with a compliment on her coloring, and all at once, if she be the right kind of girl, she is skating and knows more about poise than all the big volumes of physical culturists in the country, though she couldn't explain it to save her life. And that's another reason why girls love skating.

The only scientific way to skate is out of doors on a frozen river or lake, with the dazzling winter sunshine above your head and just enough of the element of danger to keep some one who is very solicitous for your safety and comfort quite near your side. And in the evening, when the smaller boys kindle the big bonfires on the shore, and the little coves and inlets where the smoothest ice has been left lie in shadows like those of a painting by some old master, what finer place in the world to get out of sight of hard hearted chaperons and give a little pleasure to the big fellow who has been helping you all the afternoon and now guides you thither with seeming accident, but with his heart beating so you can almost hear it? And what better time to say the things you know he has been on the point of saying many a time, but could not get up the courage to say in a conventional dancing room under the glare of electric lights?

But perhaps the one thing that will make skating more popular than it could otherwise ever become is the fact that that great and powerful dame, Society, whose magic wand, once she may claim to know it, rules as she has looked on skating with a pleasing eye and taken it up. The fashionable girls in New York and other places, instead of spending all the winter months in the city without that Lent were over, foregoing the pleasures in country seats belonging to their parents, taking along a jolly crowd of young people of both sexes, and skating and tobogganing and delighting parties occupy their time. And as Mrs. Society has smiled on this form of amusement, why, that is the most potent reason of all why women must skate.

Those, however, who do not care to go to the country for any period of time or who cannot afford the luxury of a country place have solved the problem of skating in the city by following the lead of Paris, where for many years has had the Palais de Glace.

The Palais de Glace is simply a circus where ice replaces the sawdust floor, and the walls are painted with mirrors and painted with scenes from the Mediterranean. Electric light pours down from the chandeliers, and lamps keep the building at a comfortable temperature, and the chemical fluids freezing through innumerable pipes below the surface of the ice keep it smooth and hard like glass.

Here youth appears in velvets and all the latest frills and fads of fashion, and here mamma crowds on her furs and generous as did the ladies of the sixteenth century, when they appeared at months festivals.

The favorite skirt worn by good skaters is one of cordurey or velvet or some heavy cloth trimmed with fur. A rather dark and indefinite tint is usually selected, but the bodice is a gay bit of color, being made of silk, with a jaunty fur tipped about the neck, and if the waist be small a belt of some sparkling bejeweled stuff is often added to emphasize its slenderness.

As an exercise skating is certainly more graceful than dancing. It bestows a grace and poise the other cannot beat. But, best of all, it renders a girl not so dependent on a man as does dancing.

No girl, pretty or plain, need wait at the close of the ball, consumed with envy as her more fortunate sisters glide past her. Bundling hastily poised for a second, to be sure her skates are firmly adjusted, she may glide along the glittering surface with all the grace of a swan without fear or favor of any man.

Eating Houses For Women.

In London the question of suitable eating houses for young women employed as clerks in the city has been much discussed. These young women receive about half the salary that the young male clerks, whose places they fill or whose work is identical, are paid. Three and four dollars a week is pay that is scarcely adequate for where a young woman by an army of sages was found, it may be guessed that those women permit only the most economical of luncheons, most of the female clerks bringing a sandwich or two from home and eking out this insufficient meal with the inevitable cup of tea. As an employer pointed out, it is unhealthy to this failure to get nourishing food and a breath of fresh air by going out to a restaurant that the amount of exercise and general want of time allow, as even should these young women are largely due. There is no doubt among those who employ them that they do their work as well as their brother clerks, but there seems to be also no desire to give them the same pay.

The Ex-Queen of Naples.

Everybody who has read Daudet's "Sappho, Kathe" will be interested in hearing that the ex-queen of Naples, who figures in that celebrated novel as a model of all wifely and queenly virtues, is about to marry a Hungarian gentleman famous for his love of horseflesh and skill in riding.

This ideal queen in exile's fate has been well worth it, sometimes she said. Occasionally she goes in for being very naughty in her old age, and, instead of picking like a gentlewoman, suggests a lady of the large again, she'll aim at picturesqueness and achieve dowdiness. Yet, when she sinks her one, and then she is so overdressing with pride that one wonders she does not burst.

It is a very funny thing, but there are days in New York when you see nothing but pretty women, and there are days when you could, with certainty, lay your back penny without fear of losing it that you wouldn't meet a single good looking woman on the street. New York has queer vagaries, made by mixed bloods who, but cheered by the world of women. One is, that a woman who counts herself of any importance is never seen on Broadway except as she crosses it to go to some other street, except on Saturday afternoon. Then she promenades it.

You see her starting for the matinee, presiding herself with sweets and with violets, picking up her chum, and later on, when the matinee is over, you see her out for a walk. You see her if she has not been to the matinee. You see her bowing to this man and to that man while all the gay world is surging up and down and you are being pinched to look at this one and to stare at that one of the many celebrities.

First, you meet big, blond, laughing May Irwin. She is dressed in a handsome, dark gown and wearing a huge chinchilla collar and a hat covered with plumes. She is as majestic on the street as on the stage, and you feel as if you must stare at her as long as she is in sight. Then, looking like a lady in a picture book or one of Boucher's nymphs in a Worth frock, comes Lillian Russell, in town for the day and dining by force of habit to the matinee Saturday afternoon. Her beautiful blond hair shows against her rich toque of purple velvet, and her gown, a simple one of cloth, fits her as if the king of tailors had made it, while her feet and hands are perfectly shod and gloved.

Behind her, and while you are trying to get over the intoxication of her good looks, comes fascinating Sadie Martinot (by the bye, how old is Sadie Martinot? Has she found the fountain of eternal youth?) wrapped in some magnificent sables, and your eyes go from her to that (lyike looking woman, Mrs. Burke Roche, who rolls by in her father's carriage as somebody near you remarks that she is one of the American girls who exercised her English husband with twin sons.

Bowing to this fashionable woman and to that one is John Drew—John Drew, who, without a single feature, is counted the most distinguished looking man in New York. Perfectly dressed, he wears his clothes as if they were a part of him and as if to them he never gave a thought.

A contrast in appearance is the young statesman, Perry Belmont—rather small, with keen, dark eyes, a slight mustache and dark hair. He looks as if he ordered his tailor to make his clothes and after that gave no thought to them.

A slender, quiet looking girl in a dark brown dress, a brown jacket and a brown cloth hat, one at whom you scarcely look and who walks by quickly as if she wished to pass unobserved, is pretty little Maude Adams, who today by her good acting and wonderful magnetism is packing a theater. With her and talking in the most earnest way in the world is "Gallopher," the most fascinating of young pickles, Richard Harding Davis. Smooth faced, perfectly dressed, he has to perfection that air of indifference which, among a certain set of young men, is counted especially good form.

A tall, dark, slender woman, whose gown is a marvel of good taste and perfect fit, is Elsie de Wolfe, at once the woman of society and the actress, the mistress of a home in town and the best dressed woman on it. Just now, in the small part she plays in "A Marriage of Convenience," she is doing a bit of her work—for because she makes the character of a waiting maid not only perfectly correct, but absolutely of its time "On the platform," as the professional would say. Following her and bringing out her good points by contrast is a loudly dressed woman, a well known fashionable, who sears across the front of her jacket her stage name wrought in brilliants.

Here is Hermann Oelrichs, big, blond and well groomed. Without the English accent, picturesque, irrigative and utterly unconscious of the looks that are being given him. Talking as if he were interested in his charming wife, Virginia Harned, is young Sothern. There is a certain affection in the way we call him "young Sothern," for I do not believe that there is an actor today whose audiences are as loyal as are those that gladly listen and eagerly applaud his efforts.

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It is odd how one thing will be absolutely correct and another one so undesirable that it would Damn with a large D anything to which it was attached.

Did you ever stop to think of the right and wrong of inanimate things? Did you ever stop to think that what one person can do with assurance and not one is sure to blunder over? That the well turned compliment paid by the man who understands the art of conversation is a delight, while the attempt at it made by a man who is a fool is worse than a blunder—it is cause for defamation of character?

One woman can be tender and affectionate to all mankind and charm them, while a different type of woman following this example is spoken of as fast and forward. Why? Why have girls to learn your mother and then be yourself to it. You have got to suit yourself in dress and manner to that which nature intended you to be, and the successful man or woman is the one who finds out what nature's intentions were and honorably achieves them. If you have any doubt as to what I mean, just look at some of the little things and see how they make or mar.

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Four Leaf Clover.

Four leaf clovers set in crystal and mounted in sterling silver are appearing as stickpins, as fobs and good luck charms of various kinds. They are very popular as the design on garter buckles. Every girl is bound to wear a four leaf clover in some shape or form, and there is a perfect fad for them, some young maids believing that they have no good fortune the days that they do not wear them.

The smallest specimens of the clover have been secured, fully dried so as to preserve their natural color and placed between two thy crystals. These crystals may be rimmed with either silver or gold, in the shape of hearts, diamonds or circles, jeweled or plain, according to individual fancy.

Speaking of color, the question arises, How many girls know that one leaf is for health, one for wealth, the third for love and last for happiness? Many young women take pleasure in searching for four leaf clovers under circumstances described by George Eliot as "a solitude a deux."

Origin of "Spinster."

There are few persons that have not looked into the dictionary especially who have found the term "spinster" originated. We often find it in Shakespeare and other English classics, but it is not always used to define a spinster. This is its special meaning. Its general significance is wider. There was an old practice, in the years agone, that a woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table and bed linen. It is not difficult to see how easy the term became applicable to all unmarried women, and finally became a law term and fixed.

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A curious marriage custom obtains in the island of Ilanda, just opposite the island of Rhodes. The Greeks, by whom it is peopled, are very fond of taking a sponge fishery. No girl in this island is allowed to marry until she has brought up a certain number of sponges, which must be taken from a certain depth. In some of the other Grecian islands this demonstration of ability is required of the men, and if there are several suitors for the hand of a maiden her father bestows her on the man who can dive best and bring up the largest number of sponges.

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A DAY WITH BAB.

Correctness of Style the Proper Caper. The Right and Wrong of Inanimate Things.

During the past year we had the horse show, the cattle show, the flower show, the dog show and the innumerable doll shows, but all of them meant one thing. You are invited to think that the horse show is meant to incite the breeding of finer horses, the flower show to make orchids more wonderful and chrysanthemums bigger, the dog show to induce the bringing forth of smarter puppies and the doll show to make popular handwork and charity. But that's all a mistake. They are for nothing of the sort. They are all for one cause—the entertainment of women. You get a horse, or a flower, or a dog, or a many colored background to bring out her and her best gown. Nobody can deny that she rules the court, the camp, the grove, probably most of the men below, though I rather doubt her having to do anything with the saints above. She is the acme of self possession and yet hides around the unbark, the soft dirt or the linen never and invites all the world to come and look at her. Sometimes she is very

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well worth it, sometimes she isn't. Occasionally she goes in for being very naughty in her old age, and, instead of picking like a gentlewoman, suggests a lady of the large again, she'll aim at picturesqueness and achieve dowdiness. Yet, when she sinks her one, and then she is so overdressing with pride that one wonders she does not burst.

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Epitaph For A Duchess.

Perhaps the most successful matchmaker of her time, and assuredly one of the greatest of her kind the world has known, was Jane, duchess of Gordon, ancestress of the present Duke of Richmond, Gordon and Lennox. In olden days she was "Matchmaking Jeannie," as she was nicknamed, remarkable, up to her ability as a recruiter England could ask, fine regiment, the Gordon highlanders.

"Matchmaking Jeannie" was born at Monreith, in Wigtown, the daughter of a country laird named Maxwell, of no descent, but nearly patriarchy, and shortly after her birth, in 1750, her mother and father separated, the former settling down in rather poor lodgings off the High street of Edinburgh, Edinburgh life was somewhat primitive in those days, and the tradition still obtains that Jeannie Maxwell, the future duchess, was wont to gallop up and down the High street on the back of a fat pig, to the great delight of her neighbors.

The lucky marriage of her elder sister to a lawyer of prominence in 1767 gave Jeannie Maxwell her chance, and she did not neglect it. Deftly she cast the matrimonial net, and rich was the prize she caught—no less a husband, in fact, than the Duke of Gordon, one of the greatest peers in all Scotland and chief of the great Gordon clan.

The duchess had five daughters and marvellous was the manner in which she won husbands for them. Her "pigeons," as they were justly called, could only be adequately described by a Thackeray or a Balzac. But in no case was she wasted in these campaigns. All her daughters married well, thanks to their mother's skill and tact. The eldest, Lady Charlotte, became Duchess of Richmond; the second, Susan, married the Duke of Manchester; another was Marchioness of Cornwallis; another captured the greatest prize of all, the enormously wealthy Duke of Bedford. Only one of the five married a commoner, and her husband owned a baronetcy and was at the head of an ancient family.

In 1794 the duchess set about raising a regiment to serve against the French. She pranced about the highlands dressed in tartan and feathered "bonnet," and every man who listed had the privilege of claiming a kiss from the great lady's lips in lieu of the customary shilling. Within four weeks this extraordinary woman had enrolled fully 800 men, and a month later the new regiment was formally reviewed as the "One Hundredth Gordon Highlanders," a designation which it still proudly bears.

The duchess died in London April 11, 1812, and her body was borne, amid highland honors and followed by vast crowds, to the Gordon burial place at Kinrara. On her deathbed she declared that she wanted no other epitaph than this: "Here lies Jane of Gordon, by some styled Matchmaking Jeannie. She raised a regiment for her king and country, and among her sons and sons-in-law were four dukes, one marquis and a baronet."

Hints For Lady Cyclists.

Cycling shoes, when new, should be worn a few times for short rides before being used for continuous touring.

A waterproof cape which costs but a few shillings and lasts for several seasons should form part of every tourist's equipment.

To brighten the enamel wash with a large, soft linen cloth and lukewarm water, dry thoroughly with a soft cloth and afterward polish with a solution of beeswax in spirits of turpentine, but never use a brush, hot water and soap, as they injure the enamel.

Although a "naked" machine is preferable for short out and home riding in dry weather, a tourist should not with a full equipment of mud guards.

After riding in the rain it is more important that the tourist should see that the front wheel brake is in working order and not in need of lubrication at its joints.

Wormwood boiled in vinegar and applied as hot as one can bear on a sprain or bruise is an invaluable remedy. The affected member should afterward be rolled in flannel to retain the heat.

Frame For a Gown.

The wire and wooden frames for hanging handsomely trimmed ball and fine shirt waists are now quite things of beauty as well as useful. They are wound with cotton batting and then covered with a full piece of china silk to match in color the decorations of the room they are to be used in. The wire is made one-eighth of a yard longer than the holder at each end, a piece of ribbon is tied around it, and the frill of silk is left to hang. The hook for hanging is then wound with silk and finished with a bow of ribbon. These holders have two uses, for besides keeping a waist in good shape they form a very dainty sachet if well sprinkled with some fragrant powder before it is wound over the frame.

Putting Plants to Sleep.

All plants, even in tropical countries, require a period of rest. Some begin to show signs of weariness in the dry season and others again in the cold or in the hot season. Herr Johansen, a Scandinavian, believes he can shorten this period by intensifying the "sleep" with chloroform or ether. Bulbs or buds exposed to the vapors of these anaesthetics resume their period of activity sooner than those not so treated. It has also been observed that the branches of orchids placed near warming pipes, and thus more completely dried, begins to spring sooner than air kept in the ordinary way.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Princess Beatrice, youngest daughter of Queen Victoria, has completed an oratorio which will be executed in the spring.

Sleeves are growing smaller each month. Most of the light cloth dresses have small epaulets over unlined drapings for the sleeve. The perfectly tight sleeve has not appeared yet, but the tailor made gowns approach nearer and nearer to it. These sleeves do not drop at all, but stand out a little from the shoulder seam in crisp folds.

Mrs. Maude Howe Elliot, the beautiful daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, is much in demand for parlor lectures. She is brilliant and entertaining.

A Russian-and Tyrolean woman the other day caught a large chamois. It had been driven by a dog into a corner, where the woman caught it, and, after tying its feet, delivered it to the forester, who gave her a reward.

The widow of Charles Dickens the younger has been granted a small civil list pension, being in very straitened circumstances. The same list includes Anthony Trollope's widow.

Miss Eleanor Wheatly of Memphis recently presented to the Grand Army of the Republic at the Tennessee centennial a life sized medallion bust of Andrew Jackson.

Miss Glasgow, who is almost continuously with the ex-premier and her mother, is an enthusiastic cyclist, and during her parents' stay in Dorthshire made many long journeys of exploration.

Some weeks ago a number of young women of Atlanta formed a military company and have now astonished the secretary of state by applying for a charter. The company contains nearly 200 young women, who dress in white duck uniforms, handle muskets with skill and have regular drills. Among the members is Miss Butt, who has been appointed on Governor Atkinson's staff, as recently announced, and all of the young women are serious in their desire to be made a part of the national guard of the state. They call themselves the Foster Light Infantry.

Mlle. Chamfleurie, the foremost woman composer of the world, intends coming to New York, where she will interpret her own musical compositions in paper excerpts at the houses of New York's best society.

A woman shamelessness captain is Mrs. Ida Lachmund. In this now line of work she has proved a success and has made not a little money.

Mrs. Charles Tyson Yerkes, the wife of the multimillionaire, dresses in a fashion of her own. She avoids the conventional and has her gowns specially designed to suit her style.