

THE WORLD OF WOMAN

EASTER SUNDAY ON FIFTH AVENUE.

Bab Comments on Dame Fashion and Her Host of Followers--Miss Fuss-and-Feathers and Other Types.

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There is only one day in the year when Dame Fashion permits her followers to appear on Fifth Avenue on Sunday, and that is when the bells are ringing in the story of the Easter joy and all the world seems happy and bright. Then Miss Fuss-and-Feathers, whose father numbers his dollars by the millions, and Miss Blue Blood, whose father has fewer dollars, are seen in the most wonderful procession of the year. It starts just after church, and it is all over about 3 o'clock. In it are all sorts and conditions of gowns, and of it are all sorts and conditions of souls. Then the avenue looks like a flower bed. The most dignified old lady is radiant in a bonnet covered with violets, while a lady under 70—and nowadays 50 is only counted elderly—wears a head-dress whereon the flowers of the field and those of the conservatory meet in great masses and reckless abandon.

The gowns are not so gay. There is a distinct liking among the matrons for heavy black satin made rich with ruffles edged with fine French lace, while the younger women are in perfectly fitted frocks of some soft wool that is either the new blue, a silver gray, a jet black or one of the popular shades of purple.

Purple means supreme. The milliner tells you that there are 35 different shades of it so that it may be adapted to any type of woman from an ashen blond to the darkest brunette. The men in the Easter parade look as only New York men do—smart, not only to their nose but to their boot tips. Their frock coats are made of English cloth, but are cut and fitted so exactly that one is certain no English tailor ever had his hands in them.

As you are a popular man, you have been to church. A popular man always goes to church. You are walking up the avenue with the intention of lunching at your club and watching from its window the parade of living flowers that will pass by. You are in on your hat every minute. First you bow to a dignified, rather fair woman whose face is more intellectual than beautiful, whose costume is decidedly English and who has the reputation—and you yourself yourself of being one of the best women writers in this country and belonging to one of the most aristocratic families, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, jolly Frank Griswold's sister.

A minute later and you are bowing to a stately, richly dressed woman whose gown hints of Felix in its superb black satin, with its jet trimmings and queer, quaint, coarse white lace—a dark haired, dark eyed woman with that air of having been descended from the few families who remain around in a special ark of their own during the flood. Her air is peculiar to Philadelphia women. You say peculiar to Philadelphia women? You mean peculiar to Philadelphia women of the exclusive set, and surely as you greet with extreme deference Mrs. Chalmers Jones you confess her charms and her intellect, but most of all her blue blood.

Another Philadelphia! How Philadelphia women do marry New Yorkers! But this is a younger woman, a pretty woman, though dark haired, a woman who is beautiful—but that you hesitate and remember when lovely Marion Lanedon, with her patrician air and her finely cut features, was the beauty of New York and you look again and think, "Yes, Mrs. John Jacob Astor is a beautiful woman, but her beauty is a little too intense for perfection." Her hair and eyes are too black, and her color is too high.

Here is another dark beauty, one who has gained the catch of the season, the one to whom the greater number of the Mackay dollars will go—Miss Katherine Furr, a gay, dashing girl who is very popular. Her friends call her "Kitty," and she has been credited with having had more proposals than any other of the lovely girls who were the bridesmaids of the Duchess of Marlborough.

You wonder if in this procession all the beauties are dark. It has only been a little while since the golden haired girl did not need to be searched for, but could be found everywhere. Here is one of the beauties of the season, and of course she has been church—dark of eyes, fair of skin and with hair of the lovely malogany shade that you see so often in New Orleans and so seldom in any other place. Is it strange that Miss Pitt Porter should have it? No; it comes direct in the maternal line. Then there is another fair haired girl, Miss Ruth Hoo, fair in that delicate way that suggests a German fraulein and which tells that not very far back there is English blood. One of this season's dominantes, the daughter of an immensely rich man, society is wondering who will get the desired answer from the dainty maiden.

You raise your hat to a dashing woman—that is the word you use—a woman who looks as if fear were unknown to her and as if she had determined to get as much enjoyment out of life as possible. With her is a well dressed man.

very dark, with hair that suggests its having been treated to a coat of shoe polish, it shames us. What is there that is odd about his face? Look again! One half of his mustache is black; the other half is perfectly white. Ah, now you know Mr. Frederick Gebhard and with him the gay Baltimore girl whose madcap pranks were the talk of her city. You remember seeing Mr. Gebhard some years ago, don't you? You think of him as a young man, and yet he looks old and wise, as if the world held nothing of interest to him.

By the bye, there goes another Baltimore girl who made one of the great marriages of the day. She is fair and eminently refined looking, while in her face there seems to be the story of her life—the life of a young woman happily married, the mother of a dearly loved son and the pride of her husband. That is Mrs. Teller, who in Baltimore used to be called "Pretty Marie Sterling."

You have got up as far as the cathedral, and you notice in the crowd pouring out from the superb building that here the French fashions are introduced and that the swell Catholic women, while their gowns and bonnets are handsome, wear rather quiet clothes, telling in that way to the world at large that they do not go to church to look at their neighbors' gowns.

On Easter some people go down to Trinity and after service walk around in the quaint old churchyard. Some drift into Trinity chapel or find themselves in Grace church or listening to

From the cathedral comes one of the most popular women in New York. Mrs. Neilson is as dark as her brother, Fred Gebhard, but she has a face full of animation, while her eyes sparkle like twin stars. She has hundreds of friends, and it is said of her that no woman in the fashionable set does as much good among the poor. For Mrs. Neilson does not allow her charity to go through the hands of a third person, but she visits the sick and those in trouble herself and sees that they are helped as they should be. It was she who started the fashionable sewing class, the "O. N.," which many thought applied to a popular brand of cotton; but, no, it stood for "Oe-trichs and Neilson." Mrs. Charles Oe-trichs, Mrs. Neilson's bosom friend, having been her partner in founding it. This sewing class did great work during Lent and sent over 800 little garments to the founding asylum and so made 800 little children comfortable and happy. There is many a fashionable woman this Easter morning who during the Lenten days has worked hard and de-

concealed behind a jest. Many a good act is laughed off as if it amounted to nothing. I wonder what your Easter sermon was. Mine seemed to have for its text, "Think well of everybody." The preacher told of the pleasure that would come if we always credited our fellows with kind acts, and then he said that from continually thinking well of others we grow to be good ourselves. Undoubtedly that is true. When you and I allow our thoughts to linger on the good and beautiful, how can we accept any beliefs but those which make all the world good and all the people in it lovely?

That was the sermon I heard, and as I walked along, making one in the Easter procession, I was glad to be there, because I love to look at pretty women and dream of lovely things. And there are so many of each in this world—this great world, so rich in everything that is good! Somebody near me whispers that in a little while it will all be changed, others will form the procession, and you and I will be-

MISS IRMA KOMLOSY, ROYAL COURT ARTIST.

She Is Painter to the Titled Ladies of the House of Austria and Just Now Is a Society Fad In New York City.

(Copyright, 1913.)

What Paul de Langre is to France, Irma Komlosy is to Austria, the painter par excellence of the floral kingdom, whose beauties she depicts with an art so rare and exquisite that one can almost see the dewdrop trembling on the petals of some newly ravished blossom and inhale the delicious fragrance.

Miss Komlosy is of mixed French and Hungarian parentage, her mother being a scion of the noble French family of Bouffet de Morimourt and her father an artist of renown. The couple resided in south Hungary, the land of romance, and while yet a child the father determined to seek a broader field for the expansion and exploitation of his art. The young daughter of the household was, as it were, born in an atmosphere of art and early commenced her study. Her talents were fostered by her painter father, who is well known from his great work, being studies of 100 varieties of roses, which were lithographed in color and sold by subscription. When she grew older, she took course in drawing and painting at the Vienna art school. The finishing touches to her education were imparted by Professor Frederick Strum, the eminent painter. She also studied in Paris. After awhile the young flower painter began to be talked about, and the public had an opportunity of judging of her progress through her canvases exhibited at the art exhibitions in Vienna. She also sent pictures to Budapest, Munich, Prague, Barcelona, etc. She received an award of merit from Barcelona.

The art critics commented so favorably

on her paintings that Archduchess Maria Theresa, stepmother to the heir apparent of Austria, and Archduchess Valerie, daughter of Emperor Francis Joseph, requested her to come to the palace. These royal ladies were so impressed by her modest demeanor that they made arrangements to take lessons. This brought the artist into prominence, but unduly by the favor of courts she worked as hard as ever, always reaching up to the attainment of her highest ideal. Her royal pupils made great progress, being endowed, in common with most of the family of the house of Hapsburg, with artistic talent. More kept coming until the Hungarian artist had quite a galaxy of noble women under her tuition. There were the Princess Carl Stefan, the Princess of Bulgaria, the Duchess of Parma, the Countess Koterinski, the Baroness Apor and others. Miss Komlosy possesses a number of testimonials in the form of autograph letters from her royal pupils, accompanied by signed photographs in frames surmounted with the royal crest.

"The most delightful lessons I have given," remarked Miss Komlosy, "were when my noble pupils were adorning at their summer palaces and had for the moment cast aside the cares of state. These were happy days, for even an archduchess or a princess-like sometimes to be merely a woman, un molested by important matters. I spent a few days in the summer weeks," continued the artist reminiscently, "with

the Archduchess Maria Theresa at her summer residence of Reichenau. From there we made excursions into the heart of the Alps. For days we remained at an unpretentious hunting lodge belonging to her highness' brother, Duke Otto, where we lived in primitive fashion, the archduchess dispensing with her usual retinue. She was accompanied only by myself, her maid and a faithful groom. "On fine mornings we used to rise before the sun was up so as to make the ascent in time. We were obliged to ride on horseback, the roads being impracticable for vehicles. When we reached a spot where the wild flowers bloomed in abundance, we would dismount, leave the horses with the groom, set up our easels and begin to paint. The Alpine roses, or rhododendrons, were splended up there, as were the delicate mountain flowers of that region. When noontime came, weren't we hungry? We devoured the sandwiches as voraciously as a couple of schoolgirls out on a picnic. Then the ride homeward was lovely in the early twilight. When we reached the lodge, we would find a substantial supper awaiting us, to which we did ample justice. What happy days they were! I hope to repeat them the coming summer, for their royal highnesses have asked me to return and take up their instruction."

The Hungarian painter's flower pieces occupy the place of honor in many a splendid palace and are owned by some of Austria's proudest nobles. In fact, Irma Komlosy is known as "the court painter to the ladies of the house of Austria." In spite of the honors heaped upon her she is as unassuming as the most modest of her countrywomen. She speaks little of her successes, leaving it to others to trumpet her praises. Her renown is due to her unflinching industry, allied to manifest talent. She works carefully and neglects no detail that might add to the perfection of her paintings. One almost feels tempted to pick up a stem of fragrant mignonette or bury one's

ed her best canvases, one of which was extravagantly admired by the eminent sculptor Richard Greenough, who purchased it.

In recognition of her position in Vienna Miss Komlosy on leaving was paid an unusual compliment, it being a letter signed by the minister of foreign affairs requesting that the ambassador and consuls in the United States extend all courtesies to their countrywoman.

On her visit to Washington the Austrian ambassador, Baron von Hengel-muller, and wife gave her a reception, which was largely attended, and the young daughter "became an interested pupil. The pretty young daughter of Mr. Francis Stockinger, the Austrian consul general, has been one of Miss Komlosy's most diligent and successful pupils, making great progress under her distinguished teacher. The pet ambition of Irma Komlosy is to hold an art professorship in a Vienna high school. In spite of her influential friends she has been unable to accomplish her object, as a prejudice exists against women holding such an office.

Some Feminine Whims and Ways.

In spite of the anglomania that is supposed to be prevalent in some circles an English woman in an American city has her troubles. Here is an account of them in her own words:

"I am always asking for things in the shops that they can't sell me because they don't know what I mean. I ask for muslin, and they bring me shirting cotton or calico. I ask for heavy cotton, and they give me flannel, and then they try to propitiate me with hats of hating and other atrocities. Finally I find that the name of the thing is 'cotton flannel.' I ask for a reel of cotton, and they look pityingly at me and say, 'Do you mean a spool of thread?' But the clerk who is almost surely male, comes wrathful with my baker. I saw some nice looking pastry in his window and said to the girl, 'Please send home a lemon tart for dinner this evening.' Dinner time arrived and no tart, and the maid positively affirmed that none had come. A day or two later, I got through the refrigerator, I saw a fore-lorn looking little cheese cake peeping by itself on a plate. 'I don't know when this could have been bought,' I said. 'I have no recollection of ever having had any of these cakes.' And I promptly threw it into the waste bin.

"When I went to pay my baker's bill on Saturday, I expostulated with the saleswoman for not having sent my lemon tart.

"'I did send it, madam,' she said. "'Well, it never arrived anyway, and I see there is no charge for it in the bill, but—scrutinizing it closer—there is a charge of 2 cents here. What is that for?'"

"'Why, that is for the tart,' she said. 'I remember the little lady's cheese cake in the refrigerator and burst out laughing. "'I mean a thing like that,' I said, pointing at a duplicate of the delicacy in question. "'Oh, that is a pie, madam,' she said. "'It is, is it?' said I, regarding it with interest. 'Well, after this whenever I ask for a tart, please always send me a pie!'"

Mrs. Theodore Birney, the president of the national congress of mothers, which is growing to be such a power in the land, gave utterance to the following other day which ought to be given to the public. She said:

"There are many clever women with active, intelligent brains who, through lack of means, sit four after four sewing on Mary's cloak or Jane's dress, doing a work that is almost purely mechanical and which even other women of a lower order of intellect would do quite as well if not better. Many a strong brained woman frets at the restriction of family stitching, but deems it a necessity because of the ever increasing needs of the family. I would say to such a woman that it is her duty to look about her for a work that is more in accordance with her tastes and her endowments and, having found it, with the money that earned pay some poor struggling seamstress to get in the necessary stitches. Thus a double good will be accomplished. "I am well aware of the fact that it is not always easy to find the necessary, congenial and remunerative occupation, but in many cases it is only a question of keeping the eyes open for the opportunity. "Bread matter should be cleaned with a large coarse cloth dipped in salt and water. The salt prevents the matted hair from turning yellow. "A significant proverb was quoted the other day by a woman lecturer, relating to the average small families of American city women and their oft repeated plea of inadequate income to support a larger family. 'What mothers can see would bring up two children.' If women would consider a little of the luxury their wives to think of as a necessity, there would be stronger mothers and fewer empty cradles when old Uncle Sam comes to count up the future citizens of our great republic. "If every woman would economize herself to the use of a complete cold water sponge bath upon rising in the morning, there would be no danger of taking cold during the treacherous days that are coming. It is a sure specific. "H. M. A. H.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria has collected the photographs of all the pretty women she has seen during the last nine years. To each picture is attached a statement of the name, age and occupation of the subject, with date and place of the taking of the photograph.

The club is called the Walsknot, and the members will endeavor to preserve historical facts and relics of their tribe. Mrs. Odia Wallace of Chicago, who offered to adopt Evangelina Cameron, has purchased the famous Uppan diamond for \$21,500. The late Signor Nicotini left \$100,000 to his widow, Adolina Fatti, and his three children by his first marriage. Mrs. Fatti, however, has renounced the legacy.



Father Ducey at St. Leo's or in the cathedral saying prayers amid all the magnificence of architecture, of flowers and of music. Perhaps if you are young and very gay you go to the church, that is controlled by a very fashionable preacher, known as "The Church of the Holy Flirtation," where the text and the sermon are always the same, "Love your neighbor," and the one question asked, "Who is my neighbor?"

A great many of the fashionable women, my friend, make very good mothers. They never make the mistake, made too often by women who cannot afford it, of over-dressing their children.

nied herself many a luxury that her pet charity might gain by it. Every third person on the avenue is a messenger boy carrying a pot of flowers for nowadays it is the growing plant that comes with somebody's compliments, although the special body has the privilege of sending a few cut flowers, that is my lady may wear them at dinner. Is it Vanity Fair to which this procession is ascending its way? Perhaps, but there is much that is good in Vanity Fair. How do you know and how do I know the kind acts done by the clown as he jingles his bells or the dancing girl as she floats around on the tips of her toes? Many a good act is

that she intended to get married: "I hope, Mary, you have given the matter serious consideration." "Oh, I have, ma'am!" was the earnest reply. "I've been to two fortune tellers and a clairvoyant, and looked in a sibnook, and dreamed on a tack of his hair, and been to one of those astrologers, and to a medium, and they all tell me to go ahead, ma'am. I ain't one to marry recklessly, ma'am." Eleanor MacAllister of Newburg, N. Y., who was recently appointed as woman physician in the Manhattan State hospital, will receive a salary of \$1,900 a year. The Hardtown (Ky.) Record tells this story of a woman's witty last words: "A well known bachelor, who is one of the most popular and amiable fellows in town, was good naturedly teasing a bright witted young lady about her age on New Year's day. He concluded by asking her how old she would take him to be. Then the girl got in her work, surveying him carefully, she slowly, but with painful distinctness, said, 'Well, you look to be about 65, but you talk as if you were about 12.' "Miss Lucy Marnard, a bright young English woman, has just published a novel called "The Philanthropist." Well known philanthropic women of Philadelphia are co-operating with the board of education of that city to establish a free night cooking school for women. There will be no fees, the school being for poor women who are too busy earning their daily bread to be taught during the day. A woman correspondent of an Indian newspaper has been refused admission to the ladies' gallery in the house of parliament. The Indian women who formed themselves into a club some little time ago on Indian island, Maine, have decided to establish an industrial school there.

where? Today we are not thinking of that. We are thinking of the sunshine, and the pretty women, and the flowers, and we are glad that the fashionable colors are the ones that permit the wearing of violets and roses and gorgeous yellow blossoms. Then you remember, or I whisper to you, what a poet, a poet of frills and frivols, wrote about the fashionable shade of pink: This frock, when it's made with most exquisite taste, fits like a glove on the shoulder. With soft and full plaits and a band at the waist. Will gladden the passing beholder. With lace and with buttons of mother of pearl. You'll say on a mature reflection The best of all garbs for a pretty young girl. No doubt in the pink of perfection.

And when you meet her—but you have met her. On this Easter morning you are walking with her in the procession. Ah, well, belief in humanity is a necessity on Easter morning, and now what you want to hope for is that she may find you the "pink of perfection," and I—well, I wish you a happy Easter day and trust that you got up early enough to see the sun dance. Oh, it did! It did! I assure you it did on the word and honor of

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WOMEN OF ALL LANDS.

Miss Florence King of Chicago has been appointed At-large commissioner of deeds for Illinois and is not only the first woman to hold such a position, but also has the distinction of being the only woman lawyer registered at the United States patent office. Miss Natalie Sawyer, a young Kentucky artist, is making a name for her-

self in New York art circles. She is a graduate of the Art Students' League of New York and has since studied with prominent European masters. Miss Sawyer is making a specialty of miniature painting in which branch of art she has met with success. This story is told of a lady in San Francisco who was notified by her cook