

In Women's World.

Bab Writes of the Fancies of Fashion.

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Whoever comes to New York, if she is a woman, finds her greatest pleasure in the shop windows. She sees the quaint and the beautiful of all lands, and it goes without saying that she wants everything she sees. However, we are growing a little older now and are beginning to appreciate the reality and to scorn the imitation. What a treat now in a shop window filled with bits of bric-a-brac, odd table covers that came from Japan or Persia, odd candelabra picked up in some hamlet in England, and all those pretty bits, queer, it is true, but which, placed here and there, make one feel a certain richness of possession that never comes with imitation joys. The pretty girl who has saved her money to come to the city to get her winter hat, goes from milliner to milliner and wonders what she shall get. Each chapeau is so much more delightful than the other one that she stands wondering, hoping and wishing that she could decide. One of the prettiest hats seems nothing but a twist of velvet. It might have been worn by a

the century to which she seems best suited. It is a little odd that England furnishes few picturesque costumes. At least if you look at the picture of Anne Hathaway you are certain that she was a scold, while the women at the court wore at once magnificent and slovenly in their get up. France taught us good manners, taught us to be dainty and made us fully understand the charm of a woman. She (for one) always speaks of France as she and Germany are as different as Scotch and rye whiskey. The German style of dress is essentially heavy, ponderous and bought with an idea that it will last for centuries. The Frenchwoman buys for chic and wears her furs or her laces for a year, a day or an hour and then forgets them or tosses them to her maid. Her great devotion this season is given to furs, and, by the bye, my young friend, it takes a woman with a peculiarly good shape to wear a cape well. One, which is deep, with a high medallion collar, is of black fur, the kind called caracul, with a border—quite a broad

Everybody looks at this body, but nobody speaks to this body, whose carriage is the handsomest that drives around the lake. Another coat is of seal-skin fitted in the back and having just down the front one strange band of a lighter fur that ends in an animal's head, while beyond on the left side is a pucker of the same. The collar, high up to the ears, is lined with fancy brocade. The muff is seal, with a lighter fur pucker on each side and the head of an animal that looks like an intelligent parrot perched on one side.
There are such things as intelligent parrots. I met one once upon a time who died an early and pious death. He knew how to say his prayers, but he sang them to the tune of "The Star Spangled Banner!" He was taken on a visit to Paris, got the consumption, was attended by two monkey doctors and is buried in Pere la Chaise. His mistress went into white mourning for him, for he had always preferred white ribbons and white wine. For intelligence that parrot was what is vulgarly known as a "talker." He had his likes and his dislikes, and his dislikes suffered. His vocabulary was enormous. The young woman who owned him had an aunt—Frenchwoman run to aunts. You too did not like her. One evening a large dinner party was given—that kind of a dinner party that costs a man a lot of money, but does not trouble a woman. You too came in to greet the guests, and, meeting the aged aunt, refused to

not mentionable, and he is delighted that he can sweat himself down to 50. I once knew a jockey who was 36—1 mean he weighed 36—and in a position way he told me—for he grew to be confidential one day—that they were a family of jockeys, and he said with the utmost contempt: "What, 39 men? Why, father he got down to 25 and was going to ride a winner, and just then he went off and croaked, and mother, being a woman, like a fool cried and cried, and I thought it was because he didn't want to croak till the race was over, but she said she had always loved John and that was what she was crying about. Women are poor creatures, anyhow. They're kind of lucky on the turf, and they make the race course look pretty, but they haven't any use in this world since they took to cigarette smoking. When I've raised enough on the turf, I am going to get a clean hearted, clean minded girl, and your gay young ladies what pats you at the race track and praises you and says you are 'a perfect darling'—well, I will drop 'em. I will drop 'em for my own Susan, my own."
"Oh, yes, I've got a sun in the bank—a pretty good one! You see, I was raised around among the horses and got acquainted with them, and when you get acquainted with a horse then you know something. Monkeys, dogs, turkeys and parrots and such things as ladies like to have around the room where they wear their best clothes, they ain't nothing and know nothing. But a horse—a horse is a whole solid education, who teaches you—well, I'd like to say to you—slight more than you can teach him!" I enjoyed the acquaintance of this gentleman and gained from him most of the knowledge that he had gained from the horses and which traveled over the seas to

The Injustice In Payment Of Women.

Among the many questions concerning women and their work, there is one that does not appear to be given as much attention as it ought when its importance to women is taken into consideration, and that question is, "Why should women be paid less for their

the young men of their acquaintance, but women who work do so from a higher motive—they either feel that they have a mission to fulfill, a talent to employ for the good of others, or a mandate to obey that says in plain, stern tones, "Work or starve," and it is to their credit that they do their work so brightly and willingly that they make those around them think that they labor for love and not for lucre. And the brightness and willingness are not all pretense, for it is nature's law that we learn to like that in which we succeed, and it is only natural, therefore, that women like the success that attends their efforts, and are glad to live without being burdens upon rela-

An Episode of President's Day.

On president's day at the exposition an Omaha girl and 38,000 other people started to the exposition to see the chief executive. She was very early, but when she reached the plaza in front of the band stand, where the president was to speak, streams of people were coming from all directions, and she could not get within a hundred yards of the platform. Boxes, benches, tables and chairs were being utilized to gain a better view. Men, women and children who had been trying to climb up each other's backs rushed for her chair. It danced wildly on three legs, when whirled around on two and she clutched madly at a passerby to save herself from annihilation. By a lucky chance it was a man she knew, and she implored him to stay and protect her. It is no great affliction to take care of a pretty girl, and the young man mounted the chair with alacrity just as the president appeared on the platform and 38,000 people went up a cheer and a shout of enthusiasm.
How they did split their throats! And the Omaha girl cheered and yelled with them until her eyes filled with tears and her voice cracked. In front of her were tired looking women with heavy, heavy, gray haired old farmers, who had slept in their wagons all night to be able to catch one glimpse of the president, and sorry, disappointed souls, who had looked forward to this day for months. But how could they see in that struggling mass of humanity?
The Omaha girl had an inspiration. "Let's give some of these people a chance to see the president," she said to her knight on the chair.
"All right," he answered in good American.
"Do you want to see the president?" the Omaha girl asked a weary woman trying to pacify a crying child. The woman's face brightened. She was lifted to a third of the chair, and she and the baby saw a sight they will boast of to their dying days. An old farmer was next hoisted to this important platform. He will never see another president, and the Omaha girl is glad he saw this one. A corpulent young woman was the next visitor, and she took up so much room and staid so long that she was finally urged to leave. And so the good work went on till Mr. McKinley's speech was over. At least 27 people and a small pinkey were lifted to that common kitchen chair—and a seventh heaven of delight. Verily, it is a great thing to be a president and a lovely thing to be an unselfish woman!
LEILA PATRICK WILSON.



FLOWERED TEA GOWN.



BODICES FOR EVENING WEAR.

lady of Venice. It is a gorgeous purple, set back so that it seems to frame the mouse colored hair, while the trimming is nothing but a high quill sponged with steel. This seems the most attractive; then there is another. There always is another—another woman, another bonnet or another frock, and when you have got one you always want the other. That is life.
There was a bonnet made of white kid, shaped like a square Dutch bonnet, with a fell of the kid spanned with gold all around it and a gold tassel at one side. The woman who wore it was fitted to it, or it to her. That is the aim nowadays.
Every girl wishes it to be known that she studies out types and that no dressmaker ever designs her frocks or any of her belongings. She is particularly to get her hat so that it is absolutely suited to her face as well as to

one—of fine chinilla. The fluffy collar comes far up about the throat, giving a soft look to the skin. Another wrap, which only a Frenchwoman could wear, and which has the look of the cape worn by some coquette who is posing as a gentle Puritan, is of a dark fur with a cape coming to the shoulders, the long ends crossing in front and hanging at the back. The high collar is open in front, and a long lace jabot hangs far down and contrasts well with the fur, while the turned over collar shows its lining of ermine.
Maidenhood, who stops at a tea-room on the boulevard at 4 o'clock to get a cup of chocolate and some of those dainty little cakes, wears a short, close fitting seal-skin jacket, double buttoned and closed with tortoise shell buttons. The big revers are of white silk overlaid with green and outlined in a fine pattern with black soutache braid.

speak to her. His mistress slapped him. The guests pleaded for him, but he suddenly disappeared. Alas for You Too! Alas for the aunt. She gave one yell and jumped from her chair while You Too yelled, "Ain't her legs thin?" That night the aunt told the niece that either she or You Too would leave the house at once. The niece said it would not be You Too. As they had a first class car, and the witness were good and she wasn't asked to get up early, both You Too and the aunt staid. Both were wise in their own generation, and on the tombstone of little You Too, who died of the gout, is engraved:
In Rem Vivant
An Enigmatist.

Bab

A Husband's Revenge.

A charmingly pretty cyclist recently attracted the attention of a certain French vicomte, well known among the elegant automobilists in Paris, and he obtained an introduction to her. She was the wife of a fashionable dentist, Monsieur T.

The vicomte obtained permission to call, and was received several times by the lady in her drawing room. At last, however, he behaved in such a lovable manner that Mrs. T., being annoyed, told her husband.
On the following day when the vicomte appeared, Monsieur T. surprised him in the midst of a passionate declaration to his wife, and, pretending to have heard nothing and to regard the visitor as a patient, he invited him to his consulting room, and there, sitting in a chair, he examined his teeth deliberately and carefully, and then, suddenly applying his forceps, extracted a large molar.
"There!" he said. "I don't think it will be necessary for you to call again. That trouble is settled."
Then he calmly pocketed his fee of 20 francs, and the vicomte departed, a sadder, if a wiser man. He has not called again.

Easy Divorce in Burma.

When a Burmese husband and wife decide to separate, the woman goes out and buys two little candles of equal length, which are made especially for this use. She brings them home. She and her husband sit down on the floor, placing the candles between them, and light them simultaneously. One candle stands for her, the other for him. The one whose candle goes out first rises and goes out of the house forever, with nothing but what he or she may have on. The one whose candle has survived the longer time, even by a second, takes everything. So the divorce and division of the property, if one can call that a division, are settled.

For Example.

Women are now admitted to lectures at Edinburgh university, where they were attending Professor Tait's lecture on the geometric forms of crystals. "An octahedron, gentlemen," said the professor, "is a body with eight plane faces. For example—"Look at the front bench!" he bade in a man from the safe ground of the back seats.

work than men?" To the ordinary mind the sex of the worker would not appear to be of so much consequence as the amount in which the work was done, and, of course, if women cannot do the work as well or as quickly as their brothers, they neither could nor should expect to be paid as much; but when they can and do it as well, it seems somewhat of a hardship, not to say an injustice, that they are given and expected to be satisfied with a lower rate of remuneration. And then, as if to add insult to injury, the better paid half of the community, instead of trying to help their sisters to remedy this injustice, take part against them—that is, the majority of them do—and actually accuse women of willfully and deliberately taking smaller pay—cutting down prices, the men call it—with the express object of getting rid of them and taking their places, as if, forsooth, any woman under the sun would take smaller pay than she is obliged to. The absurdity of the idea speaks for itself.
The truth is that a woman takes poorer pay on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread at all. She would take more if she could get it, willingly and gladly. It is a mistake to think that women are so enamored of work that they want to take it all out of their brothers' hands into their own. On the contrary, women, as a rule—indeed it might be said all women, with a few exceptions—dislike regular, steady work. They do it from necessity, not from choice. In her heart of hearts each woman, although she will not always acknowledge it, even to herself, would rather have her own house, rule her own household and govern her own kingdom of love and home than do any outside work, but even in these days of progress and emancipation women are not always mistress of their own fate. If she were, there would not be so many poor, weak, ill paid women workers as there are.
Young girls may think it fine and independent to take up work and vie with

tives and friends, for the bread of dependence tastes as bitter to the mouth of a woman as it does to a man. It must be borne in mind, when considering the question of women's payment, that her employers are not always those of her own sex, but more often those of the opposite, and it is they, therefore, who have decided that neither a woman's time nor her labor is of so much value as the time and labor of men—not even if she works for ever so long and performs her duties as well.
How or why they have come to this decision it would be difficult to say, but that they have done so is surely not the fault of woman, but her misfortune, for which she should be rather pitied and helped than condemned. Not so very long ago there was an appointment vacant, and among the many applicants for the post was a woman, or woman, if you will. She was not the first woman to be appointed, but she was the first woman to be appointed to a post which was not a woman's work, and the reason for this reduction was not because she was less fitted for the post, but because she was a woman. To one of them the appointment was given, but with a reduced salary, and the reason for this reduction was not because she was less fitted for the post, but because she was a woman. It was supposed she would not require to spend as much on her food and living as a man would.
If this is the principle on which the payment of women is regulated, these cannot be much said for by justice. Women do not expect or ask to be paid more than their brothers, but they do consider it unfair to be paid less if their work is as good and as quickly done. The question of the payment of women is not one of sentiment, but one of simple justice and equity—a question of merely whether good and honest work is not of as much value when done by a woman as it is when done by a man.
The Shah's Cats.
Persia is the cats' paradise. The shah possesses 26 of them, which are under the supervision of a special officer, with assistants at his command. They are housed in better quarters than those of well to do Persians.

Where Bachelors Were Fined.

Ancient Rome was severe with its bachelors, who were made to pay heavy fines, and were subjected to even worse treatment, for it is on record that Camillus, after the siege of Veii, compelled them to marry the widows of those soldiers who had fallen in battle. In the time of Augustus married men were preferred for filling public offices. Bachelors who had as many as three children were exempt from the payment of personal taxes, and they were paid instead by the bachelors. Plautus condemned unmarried men to be fined, and at Sparta they were driven certain times to the temple of Hercules by the women, who chastised them in true military style.
In modern times women were sent over to the French settlement of Canada after the men, and in order to compel unwilling bachelors to marry they were heavily taxed.

The Prince and His Daughter.

A very deep feeling of affection exists between the Prince of Wales and his only unmarried daughter, Princess Victoria. She has always been a great pet of her father, who used affectionately to call her "Tutie," partly, no doubt, as an abbreviation of her name, but partly also in reference to her quaintly conservative opinions and friendships. During the time that the prince was laid up after his accident Princess Victoria devoted herself especially to him, and did much by her care and attention to make a time of enforced inactivity pass as pleasantly as possible to her naturally energetic father.



A PRETTY LINE OF AUTUMN MILLINERY.

WOMEN WHO WORK.

A reporter has been arrested for offering his arm to Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. What would have happened to him had he offered her his hand?
Ex-Queen Lilioakalani is making efforts to have returned to her the Hawaiian royal ensign that last floated over her palace in Honolulu. It was secured by President Doak and presented

by him to a daughter of Congressman Berry of Kentucky.
Probably no living person has more godchildren than Queen Victoria, but nevertheless each may believe that his or her nephew is a matter of interest and importance to her majesty. Every year the number of the queen's godchildren has increased, and, though it

is a great honor to be reckoned among them, it is one which is not confined to the children of the aristocracy, for many children of very humble rank at Balmoral and at Osborne have their own godchildren. The queen's marvelous memory for faces is well known, but her memory for the ages and names of her many godchildren, though less frequently remarked on, is far more wonderful.
Mrs. Anna Burley, wife of a Methu-

en preacher at Hainesville, N. J., filed the pulpits recently during her husband's absence. He was gathering raspberries at a large marsh which he owned, and Mrs. Burley presided morning and evening to large congregations, both of which were highly pleased with her efforts.
Mrs. Rankhead, wife of Congressman Rankhead of Alabama, one of the leaders of the southern colony in Washington, has a son in a regiment now in

San Diego and is going to pay a visit to him at Christmas time, taking with her a number of southern babies who have excelsior in General Wood's command.
Sarah H. Emory of Irvington, N. Y., has offered a prize of \$50 for the best story that will show the "backwardness" of writing and setting type.
Mrs. Craigie is engaged at present in writing a sequel to "The School for Saints," which she expects will take her

four years to finish, and at the same time is composing a tragedy, one of the greatest misdeeds by her life was that of Cardinal Newman, whose writings were the chief instrument that led her to change her faith and to go over to the Roman Catholic church, which she did six years ago. After five years of varied study and meditation on religious subjects, she determined to do what her destiny should be to her and permanent that she avoided the so-

ciety of her Roman Catholic friends during that time in order that no casual or accidental influence should sway her.
Travelers in the south of Russia have for some time past encountered a highwayman whose grace and courtesy were only equalled by the violence of his sword. The highwayman is a woman by the name of Liliak. She dresses like a man, and her passengers are those of the dining room.