

The World of Woman

HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Daisy May Offers Some Valuable Hints to Young Women In Search of Holiday Gifts For Other Young Women's Brothers.

Christmas shopping presents the same old perplexing problem of "what to buy for whom." Although our ancestors, and we of today as well, have struggled with its unsatisfactory solution year by year, we are never prepared for the periodical discussion. Wise ones purchase Christmas gifts before the rush begins. We who are impelled more or less with the holiday spirit are impelled to bustle about during

appears with heavy laden tray, presenting her mistress's compliments, back goes the bargain counter lamp, accompanied by a sweet scented note, which reads so: "My Dear Mrs. Q.—How good of you to recall the things I like most. The jelly is beautiful to look upon and the angel cake deliciously tempting. Please accept in return (unconsciously written) the lamp and my appreciation. Cordially yours." Exit maid.

antique wares in a curio shop: "Exercise intelligence, Daisy. Don't get Jack a coffee service that his sister will utilize or a Bernaise bowl to hold some other girl's flowers." I preached a little sermon on economy, didn't I? Well, I was inspired by the practical common sense and logic of Aunt Hetty's argument. I was confident I'd find something appropriate and characteristic that would convey tender thoughts, yet be inexpensive. That conclusion was reached before the crusade. Now it's different. And I apologize. I don't intend to discourage—but you must have a long purse or a deal of originality. Much money is required to satisfy the greed of the shopkeeper or your own superlative good taste. Perfectly charming is the array of silver and cut glass novelties fitted to adorn the bachelor buffet. Jack has a suit of apartments in an swagger section of the metropolis, and at his housewarming each man friend contributed in part the paraphernalia for the up to date sideboard. I was almost persuaded to be a "good

venient location for slippers and smoking jacket. I know a girl who did. Meditates such an object lesson would speedily reduce the ranks of the spinster sisterhood. I've revealed unwittingly in the thought of such possibilities; but, being "a man of family," I dare not proceed. I loitered a long while amid sporting goods displays. Golf sticks appealed strongly to me, for Jack is so fond of the game. But then I suddenly remembered that last year Floss had given Aigy a set of sticks, silver capped and monogrammed, which he declared was "frankly wemanish." That settled it. I abandoned that idea. This is no bar sinister for others; but as Aigy is Jack's best friend, I was bound to regard his opinions not too lightly. A well turned tennis racket from the girl of his heart, Dame Rumer says, was this year's champion's mascot. In this connection I would mention golf bags. Those made of canvas are quite smart. Some others of canvas, leather bound and lined, have the owner's initials prettily etched in manilla cord. Either would please a man.

for milder's dressing table is the fad of the moment. A newly engaged girl originated the idea, which has caught the fancy of all the belles in our block. Bless the children! They always welcome Christmas ritz royalty. It is to their infectious enthusiasm we owe the continuous custom of celebrating. Santa Claus, a Christmas bill and a spry group of little sightseers will intoxicate the soberest being I know. All the shops are bedecked in seasonable attire. Crinkled paper plays an important part where bonbons are sold, and cunningly devised boxes made of it, where chocolates and caramels are concealed, come in the guise of "Little Boy Blue." Another suggests "Mary, Quite Contrary," of nursery fame, and off comes the bonnet, disclosing the hiding place of crinkled cherries. "Little Miss Muffet" and the "Rough Rider" prototype are marching with the procession intended to gladden little sisters and little brothers of the rich. Many of these designs are easily copied at home. Plain boxes are sold at any caterer's establishment. With crinkled paper, baby ribbon and deft fingers the transformation will be as satisfactory as varied. Mistletoe and English ivy fashioned into a sort of shower bouquet, tied with white ribbons, is the accepted floral tribute for Christmas, 1898. Purple is queen in the realm of color. At the beginning of the season red, violet and gray entered the Futurity race, and after a spirited run violet won in a canter, coming in on the home stretch a length ahead, with gray and red neck to neck under the wire. Brackets backed gray and are affecting it, unmindful of its trying qualities. Blonds, radiant in copper toned scarlets or vivid fairs, proclaim their allegiance, but the plurality is in favor of the violet candidate. The long string of mock jewels which you see worn about the neck for no apparent reason are called "Roxane chains," being an exponent of the "Cyrano de Bergerac" craze. A friend from Paris writes me that suede coats are the latest outer garments. I can imagine them as "Sartorial joy," though somewhat striking. It is a downright pleasure to chronicle an occasional sensible and useful suggestion, as women discarding gloves when carrying a muff. Fur is said to whiten the hands, and that accounts for the caprice. Among the fashion hints from the ethnical side comes the unobtrusive announcement that "bangs are in." The revival of the pompadour was undoubtedly the deathknell of simple coiffures. In its wake followed imposing puffs requiring a skilled artist to properly adjust. Notwithstanding this fact, the style is infinitely preferable to frothy forelocks, loose coils and escaping curls. Paris has likewise gone daff over a new obesity cure. So simple is the prescription that one hesitates—and is lost. A cup of cannolis tea, three times a day will reduce you from three to five pounds in a week, experimenters say. We may all be sylphs and conform to fashion's latest decree of hipless, bustless, backless beings if we follow the teachings of the tea taster who claims the discovery. Forthwith all my readers, I'm sure, will lie them to the family physician for advice. He'll probably give you as little satisfaction as did mine, who after 36 minutes' sparring said: "Pie upon quack remedies! You are a bit too stout, I've begun the cure, as you will, on my own responsibility. The experience is similar to a lengthened stay in the hot room of a Turkish bath, and you weigh less after than before taking, I assure you. How much you may lose, I cannot say." Fashions in plum puddings, fruit cakes and toothsome dainties never change, for every mother's daughter uses recipes handed down from previous generations, when "black mammy" was supreme. These recipes, like old wine, improve with age, and tradition has it, became famous some 50 years ago, when Dinah collected all the pickaninies on the plantation to shell walnuts and almonds, chop raisins and pulverize spices with mortar and pestle, and chefs and their assistants were an unknown quality. In those good old ante-bellum days mint juleps and eggnog held imperious sway. Like the superannuated circuit rider preacher, they've outlived their usefulness, and newer drinks tickle the risibilities. "Fitz-Hugh punch" is a good Christmas drink for my southern friends, and to my northern constituents I would suggest "Hancock high balls." The formula is made of the following ingredients: Crush half a lemon, add a teaspoonful of fine sugar, a big lump of ice, one jigger of whisky, Mix well. Trim with fruit and add seltzer. It is considered clever to trow drinks upon the arrival of each guest. The "Fitz-Hugh high ball" is particularly adapted to the method, as a shaker is brought into play. Put the juice and rind of half a lemon into a glass partly filled with finely chopped ice. Pour over this one-third of a jigger of Santa Cruz and two jiggers of whisky. Shake vigorously, and serve in a long, thin glass, with a dash of carbonated water. Here's an elegant substitute which is a great find: Beat up the yolks of two eggs with two tablespoonsful of fine sugar, add juice of half a lemon and two jiggers of orange brandy. Serve in mugs, dusted on top with grated nutmeg. One mix is enough for two. Jack has tested the merits of this drink. He smacks his lips and says, "It's nothing waiting to be quaffed, but it lacks in quantity." Others may not agree with him, but his praise is all sufficient for

The Science of Hairdressing.

The most important factor in a woman's appearance is perhaps her hair. According to the way in which the hair is dressed, the wearer can be made to look five years older or younger. In Italy women follow the profession of hairdressing, and every young girl, rich or poor, has her "pettinatrice," who comes every morning to do her hair. The same system is in force in France, where the "perruque," however, belongs to the masculine gender. It is a pretty sight to see the French work girls trotting off to their shops in the morning with their daintily coiled hair. They discard all headgear but their own shining locks. Here unfortunately we have less individuality in taste. A style is started. We all follow it blindly, without due consideration as to whether it is our particular style or not. Yet what food for reflection is here! Reflect, for instance, how few women have very pretty napes to their necks. Tall girls look like giraffes crowned with an edifice where a flat surface would be desirable. Now that we are going to wear the hair low we shall find all the small women trying to make themselves look smaller by the adoption of a mode that is only for the "divinely tall daughters of the gods!" A return to the waved bandeaux and cascade of curls at the back is imminent in Paris, and already hairdressers' shops show blocks the counterpart of what the fair Eugenie's was like in the days of the third empire. For a moderately tall and graceful woman with regular features it is impossible to devise a style more attractive, but we must dress up to it. Our bodies must sweep in bold lines and reveal a generous display of shoulders. Pointed corsages with berthas of lace and ample flounced skirts will follow suit. For the street we shall see a revival of the tight fitting "spencer," and hats with long sweeping plumes of the amazon type will come into fashion once more. Meanwhile what is the petite woman to wear? She wants to make her neck look long, her person tall. Deftly she sweeps her hair straight from the nape of the neck, makes it curve two or three twists, and rapidly inserts it into a jug handle coil on the summit of her head, so that it will show well from the front view, and tucks the remaining coil or coils round and round the edifice. The fringe is parted either to the side or in front, to be divided into groups of little ringlet curls on either side. This is classically known as the "coiffure 1830." For young girls of 14 to 16 years of age the low coiffure will assume the style of a "catogan," being tied at the back in a "catogan."

The Louis Quatorze and Louis Seize styles may come in, now that the first step is taken, and we must not despair of seeing the flat, smooth piece of hair brushed back where the parting used to be, with clustering ringlets framing the face and a small chignon twisted at the back. Elderly women and matrons will rejoice to see a more elaborate style coming in. The scantiness of our hairdressing has been the despair of hairdressers and matrons for the last few years. Combs tipped with pearls or jewels will be very popular this winter, when a variety of new styles will make their appearance. Women past 30 want something that accompanies and frames the face. False hair will receive a fresh impetus, and our heads will be a source of interest as well as expense. A flower or colored bow placed at the summit of the head slightly on one side adds to the height of the wearer and gives length to a full, round face. The flowers worn nestling in a cascade of curls beneath the left ear corrects an overlong oval, and makes the wearer look less abnormally tall. Flat like curls suit most abnormally tall. Flat curls are easily made by tying a lace fall or piece of tulle over the hair for about an hour every morning. In hot weather, fringes, little curls at the back of the neck, etc., must be avoided, as they get limp and uncurl in a few hours. Fair women need the halo of a fringe more than their darker sisters. They are beautified by a frame of wavy hair or bunches of small curls. A piquant brunette gains quaintness from stiff, little, flat bandeaux, not unlike those one sees painted upon the children's wooden dolls. A low, straight fringe gives a staid, even a becalmed, expression to the face. Strong features and a full forehead call for a soft, full style, while a small cameo face will not be endangered by the most severe Greek and classical methods of hairdressing. If the hair is worn very high, medals and high collars of all kinds can be worn. The dog collar neckties will be adopted, and square cut bodices should be chosen. For the Eugenie style the Victorian decollete and the chaplets of pearls in rows of three or five must be selected. Soda and ammonia are responsible for much of the premature grayness one hears about now. Therefore it is best to use borax instead when washing the hair. No woman in her senses will resign herself to be gray at 30 or even 40, but as there are plenty of harmless restorers wherewith to color the hair care must be taken not to purchase deleterious productions too often sold for that purpose. White and fair hair is best cleaned with flour. Hair dyes are an absurdity. Yet here are fashionable women dyeing their hair even now in the new shade—Spanish mahogany. Coarse and colorless hair may be considerably improved by care. One last word: Remember to choose the hat in accordance with the hairdressing, that everything in the toilet may be in perfect taste and harmony.

An Imperial Home.

The life led at home by the emperor and empress of Russia is one of absolute simplicity and industry. While the emperor reads and writes his wife generally sits near him occupied in needlework. She is a clever embroiderer. When an official or a stranger is introduced, the empress prepares at once to put aside her work and leave the room; but, as a rule, the emperor says: "No, no, Sasha, don't go. Stay with us." And when she resumes her place he proceeds to discuss the business on hand.



EVENING GOWNS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

the festive season, quite content to be classed with the unwise and less methodical. Jack necessarily heads my list of "what to buy for whom." Over the question I've contended several sleepless nights. What it is to be I do not know. But of one thing I am certain—it shall be suitable. Jack's Christmas present shall be for Jack's use. The individuality expressed in its selection shall accord with his tastes and be symbolic of his preferences, and Daisy will settle every artistic impulse which might suggest daintily embroidered linens for shaving stand, or any other evidence of her own handiwork, lest the desire to exhibit "lady-like" accomplishments conquer. Ah, dear me! This might be to be a season of joy. No, indeed! I hear a chorus of voices running the gamut in scold and contrition. It has developed into a gift season of "give and take." That's the conventional view, and if there were not a Kris Kingle with reindeer and sled to make merry for schland folk I fear I would become a Joan, leading a rebellious army against a persistent foe. When the maid from millade's neighbor, the "queen of housekeepers," ap-

Sotto voce to casual caller: "Do you think she'll feel repaid?" The lamp cost \$2.95. This is a fair example of the reciprocal treaty established. Isn't it demoralizing? Who wouldn't protest against a common custom positively prostituting a sacred pleasure? Time is passed when simple tokens of friendship are exchanged. This gift business has merged into a competitive undertaking among friends. Your affection really seems to be measured by the cost of your purchase. Open purse and popularity go hand in hand, and even those who profess to love us vie with one another in giving costly presents, oftentimes price being the chief merit. A good old fashioned blue velvet among the few that sentiment and association make the simplest token invaluable. I'm going to take a lot out of their book. A gift that entails no obligation is a treasure. One that demands equal recognition causes concern. Ugh, but I've been moralizing! I beg pardon, for it is not within my province so to do. Forget and forgive and come with me a shopping.

Everywhere I saw novelties for the huntsman's comfort, none exactly denigrating my economic theories. In sheer desperation I decided upon one of the best articles I had under consideration. My selection is really very commonplace. I wonder if he'll like it. I've misgivings on the subject. After using up all my energy and spending two whole days in the bustling crowd I bought a poker set. Aunt Hetty was ready to criticize, as a matter of course, but when I explained, with what patience I could command, that Jack taught me to play poker, that our loquaciousing began and as partners we progressed in it until Jack declared himself on the golf links," she was silenced. "Sentiment and association," she grandly admitted, were both included, and "altogether it was not such a bad buy." I'm really proud of my purchase. The cards are of silk and excellent manufacture, chips plentiful, and upon the ebony box containing the outfit I mean to have placed in the left corner by means of a small square of enamel, the initials of my dear friend. Don't you? To be photographed on satin or art linen in fancy costume and make the same bit of material into a "pin roll"

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the Marquis de Lorne during his stay in this country. The wedding is expected to take place shortly, and every one is wondering if the bridegroom will return to Egypt as commander in chief of the Egyptian army, view of the fact that he made and has already incited a very serious case that King's officers of that army should not married men. Besides, Miss Merton brought a fortune to her husband, which, with his high rank, makes a fortune to Miss Marie Evelyn Merton, whose father was private secretary to

"A MANGER IS OUR THRONE" BY MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM

Not to a throne of gold where glittered many a gem
Such as upheld in days of old with orb and diadem
The Babylonian king
Do we our homage bring.

Not to a chair of state where cloth of purple dye
Proclaimed the august potentate of Roman majesty
Do we with hearts that yearn
Our thought and feeling tura.

Not to a jeweled stair of canopied divan
Where Haroun, wise beyond compare, ruled o'er Afrite, man
And spirit of the sea
Bend we the humble knee.

The brown Euphrates sweeps where once Belshazzar trod,
The grass grows deep and mosses creep where Caesar strode, a god,
And savage creatures sport
In mighty Haroun's court.

A manger is our throne, and round it wondering kins
Arc courtiers, Guardless and alone a child within that shrine
Outstretchers in his hands
A scepter o'er all lands.

Riches and power decay and swiftly are forgot;
E'en wisdom wanes and dies away the same as tho' 'twere not,
But in resistless tide
Christ's love shall o'er abide.



WOMEN THE WORLD OVER.

Gyp must use a very large amount of paper in writing her stories, judging by a recent specimen of her penmanship in which the word "remembrance" was 2 1/2 inches long. It is suggested that her sight is not so good as it once was, and that she has to write large so that she may be able to read what is written. Miss Fanny Shannon of Mount Carmel, Ill., has represented two Minne-

apolis lumber houses for some six years. She is said to be little and blond, smiling in manner, but a good talker, with great power and discrimination in making friends. Miss Pullman, the heiress of the palace car magnate, has a penchant for frogs. This ornithological lady adorns her person with tiny, jeweled frogs, which she wears as earrings and in a form of pendants and pins upon her

neck and among the draperies and lace of her costume. Not satisfied with wearing frog jewelry, Miss Pullman uses them not altogether unpretentious replies for the adornment of her rooms. In the Japanese shops there are now to be had sheets of silk, embroidered in various novel and conventional designs in black and several dark colorings. These are easily transferred to silk or cloth fabrics which are to be used for decorative purposes. The designs may be applied with a paste or preferably put on with concealed stitches, fine silk

of the same shade as the design being used. Queen Victoria is the owner of one of the most remarkable articles ever made in green. The superintendent of Agrajal, in India, two years ago received an order to weave a carpet of special design for her majesty. Twenty-eight of the dearest weavers of the establishment were put to work on it. The carpet measured 77 feet by 29 feet, and it is estimated to contain no fewer than 28,000,000 stitches. A woman who did much work among

the sick and suffering soldiers in Florida this summer said that as her ward, comprising 12 men, began to get better she became aware of a wistful expression upon each face that told there was a want of something. She did her best to anticipate the want. For each and every attention there was great gratitude, but she felt that something was as their souls which they had not yet filled and for which they were resigned to ask. At last one of the men picked up his crutches and asked for a mirror. "I know

it may seem queer," he said, "but it's such a quaintness lying here from day to day and not knowing how we look. The whole 12 of us have wanted one for some time, but we didn't like to ask for it, and somehow nobody thought of giving us one. You've showed us how to feed and drink and wash and look and have and 'most all the other good things in the world, but the mirror," he stopped because he was so shy. Led King's better he engaged to be married to Miss Marie Evelyn Merton, whose father was private secretary to

the Marquis de Lorne during his stay in this country. The wedding is expected to take place shortly, and every one is wondering if the bridegroom will return to Egypt as commander in chief of the Egyptian army, view of the fact that he made and has already incited a very serious case that King's officers of that army should not married men. Besides, Miss Merton brought a fortune to her husband, which, with his high rank, makes a fortune to Miss Marie Evelyn Merton, whose father was private secretary to