

# THE WOMAN'S PAGE



THOUGH the "wrapper habit" is a most objectionable one and much to be condemned, yet the daintily dressed woman as studiously

avoids the opposite extreme of unvarying stiff and starched primness of attire. In fact she counts, and wisely, upon her tea gowns, dressing jackets and negligee as being one of the most fascinating and altogether satisfactory portions of her wardrobe. Simple and inexpensive materials produce excellent effects in these pretty garments, and frequently half worn or slightly worn dresses which are no longer desirable in their more formal garb may be very happily transformed into handsome as well as comfortable negligees.

Model No. 1 displays one of these made-over triumphs, where a black silk dress may be utilized, provided you have enough new to make the long but narrow front breadth. The back is easily lengthened by the tucked band about the bottom, and the short bolero effect of the upper part of the dress is also of tucked silk.

A simple and graceful morning gown is shown in model No. 2. Of pale pink cashmere, it has a tucked yoke crossed by bands of Persian trimming in delicate colors. The same trimming makes a girde with long ends, and also wristbands, which terminate the long, full sleeves tucked around the bottom.

Model No. 3 gives a sensible, serviceable and handsome dressing sacque, which may, of course, be made of flannel, cashmere, silk or velvet in any color desired, but it is seen at its best when fashioned of broadcloth in that exquisite shade of pinkish bright red. This should be combined with a white cloth yoke embroidered with black.

white and gold, and black cloth bands edged and embroidered with gold. The draped front fastens with a fancy button.

Model No. 4 shows a quaint and artistic tea gown of Gobelin-blue velveteen, the sleeves and underdress made of cream cashmere tucked and embroidered. The delicate girde fastens the frock high up under the arms, giving the Empire effect, and the deep cape-collar is slashed.

A charming Watteau house gown is shown in model No. 5, to be made of two kinds of material. It is extremely pretty when the half-fitting body of the gown is made of bright-flowered stuff, either silk or wool, and the train, fichu, front and undersleeves of plain crepe de chine. As will be observed, the train falls in the familiar Watteau plait from the shoulders and is finished with four small ruchings. The front is plain and full and over it fall the frilled ends of the fichu.

Model No. 7 displays a simple but stately tea gown of pale maize-colored cloth, loosely tied together by great bows of wide, soft ribbon. The flowing sleeves display gupure undersleeves, and the front is of gupure over yellow silk.

Model No. 8 pictures a beautiful dressing gown of pale blue cashmere, the sleeves, collars and front being edged with an embroidered band of mingled black, blue, white and a touch of gold. The collar is deep, square and open at the throat, the sleeves long and flowing and tucked at the shoulder, and the body of the gown is tucked in clusters at the top, under which runs a soft, black panne velvet ribbon about two inches wide.

One of the prettiest of all fancies for

house jackets is shown in model 6. On a lace foundation which reaches well below the hips strips of pink ribbon are fastened at intervals, belted closely at the waist and finishing below in long loops. This jacket is open in front and over it falls a deep formed collar of the lace. The full front and collar are of deep cream chiffon.

A lady who was unfamiliar with the streets of New York was much confused by the jargon of a car conductor. When she thought she must have arrived near her destination the conductor poked his head into the car and said: "Umty bazazas!" "What street did you say?" demanded the passenger. "Uty-umth!" said the conductor. Much annoyed, the lady from the suburbs went out on the platform and rebuked the conductor for his careless use of the vocal organs. He only glared at her and said: "What do you expect for three dollars a week? A tenor solo?"

Gold cloth made with a design in the weaving is one of the latest novelties.

THE American girl of today is more brilliant than her English sister, says an Australian woman, the latter less arrogant than her fair relation, and we must blame the extreme subserviency of the American male to the whims and caprices of his womenkind for the way in which, however charmingly, they domineer over all creation.

Very loyal are these husbands, fathers and brothers who are content to toil, year in, year out, for the dollars that their women scatter lavishly over half a continent, but it may be doubted if their generosity does not lower, instead of raise, the moral tone of the objects of their care and admiration. There is little courtesy of manner and less graciousness among these self-assertive females, who unhesitatingly take the best places in every room, car or public place where they may happen to be, never dreaming of acknowledging by a word of thanks the homage everywhere shown by men.

In precisely the inverse ratio of the American's indulgences of his woman-kind, her carelessness of him has increased, and it is his own fault if she regards him as a mere excrescence, to be lopped off and forgotten when she

makes these tours of the world, for which apparently, and for no other reason, she considers that she was born.

"How sad it is," said a witty Ambassador one night at dinner to a fair rover, "to see such great numbers of American widows in this country! I never meet their husbands, so they must be widows!" Yet it is this very indifference to man, his predilections, his prejudices and his feelings, that gives the American girl her charm with Englishmen. She fascinates them by her determination to please wholesale, and perfect indifference to the man individually, and accustomed as he is to be scolded by good women and flattered by ulterior intentions, by bad ones, he finds her detached attitude towards himself mightily refreshing and enjoys her wit amazingly.

But strangely enough he never announces that airy wit unless it has a substantial foundation of dollars on which to support it, and when our transatlantic cousins proudly point to the great matches they have made in this country they omit to mention the greater fortunes, without which these ladies would never have been invited to take up their residence among us.

Bright and light as humming birds, exquisitely dressed, curled, manicured, groomed to the utmost point of perfection, they alight with perfectly disengaged minds in our midst and instantly claim our attention, for they are afraid of nothing under heaven, and let fall their shrewd perspicacious comments on men and things with superb aplomb and freshness, being as completely free from prejudices as their hearts are from the smallest taint of romance. Where do they go, these brilliant birds of passage, when they shake from their feet the lime of Paris? Do they return to their generous male bankers and settle down into those good wives and mothers we know exist in America everywhere else? Or do the nicest girls never come here at all, and so we get quite an erroneous idea of the American woman as she really is at home?

Our English maidens do not cross the herring pond on matrimonial affairs intent; apparently they have not the yearning for American husbands that our fair cousins display for our sons and brothers; their graces and charms are for home use, and the main difference between the English and American girl is that while the former has a great desire to make happy the man she loves, the latter thinks man was created to make her happy, his claims

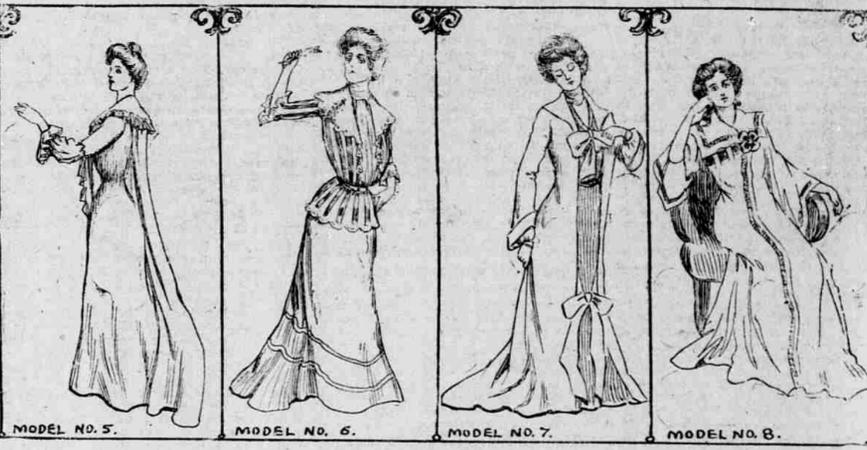
on her unselfishness, devotion and womanly duty being absolutely nil.

And inferior intellectually as the English girl may at first sight appear, yet she has been able to grasp the great fact (which the American has not) that it is worse than idle to aspire to a position that she is incapable of upholding—that she is man's complement, not his peer, and she knows that when she and a man are set each to do something, the man's slow-going, constructive mind will do it well, while she with her alert, receptive faculties will either be unable to do it at all, or do it extremely ill. For one conspicuously bright man you will probably meet a hundred bright, intelligent women, but set the ninety-nine dull men real work to do and they will beat out of the field the brilliant women, who have put all their wares in their shop windows and left nothing in their cellars to produce more when those attractive wares are "sold out."

Could America ever produce two such perfect types of what English wives and mothers should be, Lady Salisbury and Mrs. Gladstone, women whose lives were absorbed in those of the great men to whom they were life partners, and who never tried to usurp the privileges and penalties of the sterner sex?

To make a happy household climate, That's the true pathos and sublime Of life. Human.

Many an English girl thinks that to be a mother is to be the most beautiful and at the same time the happiest thing on God's earth, that unselfishness, and practicing as far as possible the universal love, brings a joy that mere dressing up and being a striking figure in society never can. And when she is witty, which is fairly often, she is not, let us whisper it with bated breath, witty through her nose. Granted that she is not so highly educated as her transatlantic sister, she also has not the ineffable self-assurance that the full pocket (in itself vulgarizing) inevitably brings, and if she is more likely to be badly used by a man because she is more sensitive to his praise or blame, she is also more lovable, more humble, and, above all things, more genuinely womanly. The very small minority of ugly and discontented women whom no man ever wished to annex or subdue in no way affects that gracious garden of English girlhood which must ever stand first in the massed armies of the women of the world.



## CAPTAIN GROGAN, A DASHING HERO WHO IS NOW PAYING A VISIT TO HONOLULU WITH HIS BRIDE

Few young men have ever been fortunate enough to make successful explorations of unknown countries, and even old and experienced South African explorers have failed signally in their attempts to accomplish what Captain Ewart Scott Grogan, now in Honolulu, has done. Never before in the history of explorations has an undertaking of such magnitude been entered into with less preparation. The idea of traversing the continent of Africa from South to North was deemed impossible, but with the characteristic stubbornness of his ancestors, Captain Grogan at the end of three years' of perilous adventure found himself at his journey's end. To anyone who knows the captain it is only what might have been expected of him; of excellent physique and perfect health, his face is the true face of the Briton, and being well supplied with worldly goods a better man could not have been found in all England. He is now with his bride at the Hawaiian Hotel.

The following extract from the World's Work magazine gives the reader a good idea of the extent of the work that Captain Grogan laid out for himself:

"On February 25, 1898, Ewart Scott Grogan and Arthur Henry Sharp landed at Beira, the port of Rhodesia, East Africa, ostensibly on one of those big game hunting expeditions which carry Englishmen to the furthest corners of the earth. Mr. Grogan had been in the Matabele war two years before, and was familiar with the veldt from Cape Town to the Zambesi. Both were great hunters, and if they had any ideas of exploration before them, they wisely kept silent about them, for failure is unpardonable. In the heart of one of them was a secret purpose breathed only to a single man at home, and not even then broached to his comrade, a secret so gigantic that he was almost afraid of it himself. Before him stretched hundreds of miles never traversed by man, and beyond that, even where white men had formerly been known, the long stretches of the Nile were again in savage hands. Yet eighteen months after starting north Mr. Grogan set foot on the platform of the railway station at Cairo, where the people of all nations meet. Half the way he had come alone,

his friend refusing to continue the journey into the deadly Dinka swamps south of Fashoda.

Here is an extract from a characteristic letter that Cecil Rhodes wrote to Mr. Grogan from the Government House at Bulawayo, on September 7, 1900:

"I must say I envy you, for you have done that which for centuries has been the ambition of every explorer; namely, to walk through Africa from south to north. The amusement of the whole thing is that a youth from Cambridge during his vacation should have succeeded in doing that which the ponderous explorers of the world have failed to accomplish. There is a distinct humor in the whole thing. It makes me the more certain that we shall complete the telegraph and railway, for surely I am not going to be beaten by the legs of a Cambridge undergraduate. Your success the more confirms one's belief. The schemes described by Sir William Harcourt as 'wild cat' you have proved are capable of being completed even in that excellent gentleman's lifetime."

As to personal appearance, the young traveler is in no way disappointing. He is the tall, muscular, pink-and-white young man that you would choose from a hundred to do what he has done. You will find it hard to believe him when he tells you how he has suffered from African fever; and you wonder still more to hear how even now, when the fever excites him, his mind reverts to the awful journey through the Dinka swamp, where days were maddening and nights hideous. Often, at the time, he thought that he was going mad. Day followed day in the trackless jungle when the life of every man of them depended on the truthfulness of the compass. Even the black men could not stand the strain; two of the porters went insane and had to be driven along handcuffed at the point of the spear. The portage was reduced to the bare necessities; the whole party was only fourteen, and there were troubles enough to have justified even the kindest of leaders in leaving crazy men behind. The fierce sun was directly overhead and gave no rest to direction. Perhaps the compass was false and they were traveling in a never ending circle. The atmosphere, the dust, the vegetation, even the multitudes of insects, were so poisonous that perhaps they were all insane and had lost their original purpose. And the absolute lack of companionship for the leader was no light addition to his distracted mind. He says that the



Explorer Grogan Now Here.

myriads of mosquitoes furnished some kind of stupefying injection which caused him to rise utterly dazed in the morning after a bad night of them. Two of his negroes were bitten to death, literally sucked dry, by them. To hear him tell of these terrible experiences (and he tells of them very vividly) as if the whole thing were a huge joke, is an experience not soon to be forgotten.

The expedition was planned first of all in the search of sport. Its leader says that as a child he had four ambitions—to slay a lion, a rhinoceros, and an elephant, and to see Tanganyika. Had it not been for big game hunting, no earthly consideration would have induced him to put his foot one mile south of the Pyramids. Yet the scientific results of his journey are surprising and varied. The geographical results include an exploration of the swamps of the Pungwe river, made as a sort of spur on the main journey north. The explorers found the face of this whole stretch of land much changed since it was last described nine years ago. There seems to be a general drying up of the swampy plains. Where natives, according to former accounts, went from village to village in canoes, there is now dry land with only a few deep water holes. Their boats rot on dry plains, and a few surviving crocodiles lead a precarious existence. Mr. Grogan thinks that as remote as this is from the center of volcanic disturbance, there is a constant and rapid process of upheaval. The quantity of game in this country, called the Goroza country, was found to be incredibly large.

The real trip forward began on October 28, 1898, when the expedition left the Zambesi river for the north. The next exploration of geographical value covered the mountain mass of Chiperoni, previously visited by only one party of big game hunters. The stay of the explorers on the shores of Lake Tanganyika was considerably disturbed by fever and sunstroke, but at last they proceeded up the valley of the Rusisi river, which flows out of Lake Kivu. Thence, for hundreds of miles, they made many additions to the map. They noted the progress, both material and territorial, of the Germans at the expense of the Belgians, rival colonists in this region. A very complete map was made of the eastern shore of Lake Kivu. In fact, Grogan's map of the whole country between Lake Tanganyika and Lake Albert Edward is a great advance over all previous records.

An amusing discovery was made in regard to Mount Mfumbiro, which has been marked on most maps, with the height given, which played an important part in the British-German treaty negotiations. Grogan declares that it existed only in the imaginations of the learned gentlemen who met in conferences and solemnly changed maps, regardless of the real territory in dispute. The valley of the Rutchuru and the shores of Albert Edward Nyanza were carefully traversed. It was when Lake Ruisamba was reached that Mr. Sharp decided to return home. After this, Grogan proceeded alone to Albert Lake. At Bohr the little expedition reached the edge of the impenetrable Dinka swamp. Throwing away everything but absolute necessities, the young explorer, accompanied by only thirteen men, and with many misgivings, started on his four hundred mile tramp through an unknown region. Here, also, new maps were made and new names given, a hitherto unmarked channel of the river being called the Gertrude Nile. After this there was still the hopeless stretch of the Nuer-land to be covered, before the Sobat branch of the Nile was reached and the solitary journey ended.

Mr. Grogan brought a mass of ethnological information, having carefully investigated and described the various tribes with which he came in contact. And a motley collection of giants, pygmies and cannibals they are. He had very little trouble even with the worst of them. There were only two mortal combats, and only once during the whole journey was it necessary to take food without paying for it. Usually the proffers of cloth, beads, and even jubilee medals, had the desired effect of bringing about a sort of dumb market day. This experience is the reverse of former African methods, culminating in Stanley's idea that the only way successfully to cross the continent was with an army which could lay waste everything before it. Where Stanley would only be a useless waste of ammunition, Grogan found them perfectly tractable, and did not use one of the twenty rounds of ammunition that he had brought to meet them.

The return to England carried the young explorer through the more perilous jungles of social attention, even to reading a paper before a full meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, where the president in thanking him, ingeniously hoped that he would soon return with another paper of still greater interest and value.