NELLIE GRANT SARTORIS,

Chairman Board of Lady Managers, St. Louis World's Fair

IT is significant of the esteem in which the American people held General Grant's daughter that even while her husband was living they never mentioned her as Mrs. Algernon Sartoris, but ever as Nellie Grant Sartoris. Away back in 1869, when her father was inaugurated president the first time, his little daughter on the platform at the east front of the capitol broke from her mother's detaining arm during the august ceremony, crept to her father's side as he read his address and took hold of his hand.

Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris.

The general did not remove the small fingers, but clasped his own strong ones around them and thus read on to the end of the dignified state paper. The child was Nellie Grant. This happened a generation ago, yet the little lady is "our Nellie" still. Even in assuming the responsible duties of president of the board of lady managers of the Louisiana Purchase exposition at St. Louis she is to us just Nellie Grant Sartoris.

The manner in which she accepted the post is characteristically her father's way. He never once in his life sought an appointment to a high or great office, but when it was offered unsought he accepted it without hesitation and entered on its duties without any fuss. Just so Nellie Grant became active president of the board of lady managers at St. Louis, the former home town of the Grants, where, according to some chroniclers, Captain Ulysses S. Grant used to haul in from his farm wagon loads of wood and sell them in the streets—back in the fifties, that was. In 1903 they asked his only daughter to be president of the board of women mana• rs of the world's fair.

Briefly and m destly she consented and at once left her beautiful Washington home and fared forth to St. Louis without any fuss. In the exposition city she modestly established her abode in a hotel, ready for the work she was called to do. That work is social mostly, planning local entertainments, receiving with honor and dignity distinguished guests and providing for them, particularly women guests, also showing attention and hospitality to the home folk, our own people. But we are a nation of well nigh 80,000,000 people; foreign folks to the number of over half a billion more will send representatives, distinguished and otherwise, to the St. Louis fair. A suit of rooms in a hotel was not to be thought of as the residence and headquarters of the woman president. The hotel suit was abandoned. Nellie Grant Sartoris, still without a bit of fuss, gave it up and took a large house.

There she is this day, administering the functions of office. Her life has especially fitted her for the social feature of the work; the administrative feat[illegible] U. S. Grant's daughter will le[illegible]h the best as she goes on. She [illegible]ied so young that her first [illegible] trained gown was worn [illegible]s presented to Queen Vic- [illegible]British court. Abroad she [illegible] and loved by all who [illegible]ored in British society [illegible] any of the jealousy so many American girls of today who marry Englishmen have aroused. It was because, still like her soldier father, Nellie was so unassuming. Like him, too, she never talked, true daughter to the father who was called the silent man. But Nellie Grant owns frankly that the happiest days of her early life were those spent in the White House at Washington when her father was president, from 1869 to 1874, the year she married the Englishman, Captain John Algernon Sartoris, and went off with him across the water to be at once a none too happy wife and the light of her old father-in-law's eyes, as she had been the light of her own father's eyes in Washington. In that merry girlhood time Nellie Grant had a pair of black ponies and a little yellow basket phaeton. She herself used to drive the ponies and load the phaeton to overflowing with her girl friends. Often the carriage load of girls went like the wind over the avenues and roads in and about Washington, Nellie holding the reins and urging the small horses faster and faster. Once going thus the girls met the carriage of the president, General Grant.

"Hello, papa!" cried the girl and whizzed past. The silent man's face lighted with the rare smile that came into it when he saw his daughter, and he said to one with him:

"That was my Nellie. She loves horses as well as I do."

Had Nellie Grant been a man army generalships, ambassadorships to foreign lands, official posts the highest and most important, would have been hers without even the asking. But being only a girl, she could just be the recipient of affectionate good will from the American people and to her father the best beloved of his children; that was all. And when she took a girl's romantic fancy at the age of seventeen to a young Englishman, this child who had always had her own way, there was nothing to do but allow her to marry him and let her go. Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, her strong willed mother, was disappointed that Nellie chose the Englishman. She had hoped, she said, that Nellie would marry some nice young army or navy officer "here at home." Not only Nellie's friends, but the acquaintances of the young man, wondered "what Nellie could see in him." As a proffered husband he was the leavings of one American girl already, it was said, having been refused by a merry miss of Oshkosh.

Nellie married him and "dreed her weird." On his mother's side he belonged to the handsome, dramatically gifted Kemble family, being a grandnephew of the splendid Sara Siddons and own nephew of Fanny Kemble, well known in this country for her magnificent talents as well as for her magnificent ebullitions of temper. A person said of Algy that he had some of the genius of his Grandaunt Siddons and all the temper of his Aunt Fanny Kemble. President Grant was fairly broken hearted for awhile after the wedding day, when Nellie went away and left him.

In England the elder Sartoris was a wealthy man, and he took good care of his American daughter-in-law and her children. Nellie Grant has, above most, the power of attaching people to her. The affection of her father-in-law was manifest when at his death it was found he had settled 30,000 good dollars a year on her and her children.

In 1893 her husband slept with his fathers and left Nellie a very youthful looking widow with three children, two nearly grown, the youngest, Rosemary, a little girl. Whatever Nellie's private heart griefs may have been, however she may have longed to return to her own land during her life in England, she wisely said nothing, nothing at all, like her father, the silent man. But when the English husband died, when her good father-in-law, too, had been laid to rest and she had done all her duty by them both, our Nellie gathered up her children and came back to America to live. Here one of her first acts was to apply to be reinstated in her American citizenship. That simple act showed where her heart had been all the time.

The request of a woman to be reinstated in American citizenship was without precedent, and it required a special resolution of congress to do it. But congress would have done that and far more for the daughter of General Grant. The act was passed, and Nellie Grant Sartoris and her three children are American citizens. Algernon, the eldest, now some twenty-seven years of age, is a lieutenant in the United States army. The elder daughter, Vivian, a handsome young woman with the beautiful dark brows of the Kembles, was married last August to Mr. Frederick Roosevelt Scovel. As to "our Nellie," she says of herself still:

"I am an American woman and proud of being one." LILLIAN GRAY.

Mrs. Sophia Lovejoy Dickinson says, "The average woman's club is too indefinite, too anxious to please men; too busy, bustling, too self centered, to allow the members to help on the real and important work of the world."

PERFUMES THAT ARE PREFERRED BY ROYALTY.

If, as is stated, a person's character can be told by his choice of perfumes, then the taste in this matter of royal personages is certainly not without interest.

Queen Alexandra, whose love of roses and violets is well known, is particularly fond of the scents made from these flowers. The king of Italy, like his mother, Queen Margherita, has a penchant for strong scents, and his favorite is said to be patchouli.

The queen mother of Spain used to delight in the essence of a special variety of orchid which was only found in the Philippines. Now, however, since the disastrous Spanish-American war, her majesty has lost her liking for this scent and only uses "eau d'Espagne," which is made specially for her in Madrid.

The queen of Roumania, whose beautiful white hair and fresh, unwrinkled complexion excite both admiration and envy, uses a toilet water to which she attributes the retention of her charms in spite of her sixty years. There is a good deal of mystery about this water, supposed to be made according to the queen's own recipe from flowers gathered by certain women, sworn to secrecy, in an unknown forest, while a cordon of sentinels keep away all inquisitive intruders.

No royal lady is credited with so large an expenditure on perfumes, soaps, etc., as the czarina, who, it is said, spends $10,000 a year on these articles in Paris. Violet scent is her majesty's favorite, but she apparently likes almost every sort of perfume, for she vaporizes the royal apartments daily with the concentrated essences of jasmine, jonquil, lilac, tuberose and white violets. No wonder, in rooms so heavily scented, that members of her majesty's suit occasionally have to retire, faint, from her presence. The toilet water used by the czarina is perfumed with violets gathered according to her majesty's orders at Grasse between 5 and 7 in the evening, when she considers their perfume to be at its best.

The queen of Holland has a great liking for that good old fashioned scent eau de cologne.

BEAUTY CULTURE AT HOME.

Some people say that domestic work spoils beauty, and many women who really would enjoy active occupation in their own homes are hindered by the fear of spoiling their comeliness. Let them be reassured; housework in moderation is one of the best ways of cultivating beauty.

Bedmaking is a magnificent exercise for the figure. Shoulders, body and limbs are all brought into play and developed by mattress turning and pillow shaking. The folding of sheets and blankets and the spreading of them on the bed all give the arms just the right exercise to develop the muscles to the soft roundness and pretty curves which are the chief beauty of a woman's arm.

For arms, fingers and wrists the washing and wiping of teacups and saucers is admirable exercise. The water should be fairly hot, and soda, which is injurious to the skin, need not be used. The water, combined with the exercise, is especially valuable in giving suppleness to the joints of the fingers.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS FROM GERMANY.

The superiority of German household and kitchen utensils is discussed by a correspondent, who instances as a delightful example the china or earthenware rolling pin which has superseded our primitive wooden one. It is almost superfluous to point out that it is more easily and thoroughly cleaned and is cooler for pastry making than the wooden rolling pin. If the well to do American woman were to work in her own kitchen she would surely never tolerate such a thing as the ordinary pitcher, always narrower at the top than the base and therefore impossible to get clean except with much unnecessary labor. She would invent a soup spoon with a lip at the side, and she would insist on everyday cup and pitcher and vegetable dish handles being put on square, so as not to harbor dirt.

AN IMPORTED FROCK OF WHITE TULLE.

This dainty imported frock is of white tulle made over a slip of chiffon and taffeta. Wreaths of delicate flowers made of satin and chiffon in pompadour colorings decorate the skirt and bodice. Fine white lace trims the neck and sleeves. At one side of the corsage is a spray of velvet and satin orchids mingled with ribbon ends. The fan is of carved ivory and renaissance lace.

CHRISTMAS

KATE CLYDE Tells of the Different Ways of Celebrating the Day

IT is queer how one's notions of Christmas can change. When I was a child (oh, not so very, very long ago for all that, believe me!) I used to think that if there were not a tree loaded down with gifts and stockings filled and a dinner with certain things, why, the day was not Christmas; that was all. And if one pie was substituted for another of a different kind, why, the whole thing was wrong.

I am afraid the spirit of the day was a long way from me. But, then, children certainly do cling to the outward forms of things.

But now when I realize the different kinds of Christmases there are! First and foremost, the good old fashioned Christmas we love to read about, and that takes place in a New England farmhouse, with spruce trees in the dooryard weighted down with snow and the surrounding hills and mountains white with it. There is a jingling of sleigh bells in the air and a spicy smell of good things floating from the tall brick chimney, and in the pantry what an array of dainties! Rows of mince and "punkin" pies, a huge brown ball of a pudding, not to speak of— But I won't make your mouth water. When a New England housewife cooks she does it wholesale. Besides, there must be enough and to spare for the numerous aunts and uncles and little cousins, for Christmas day means a great family gathering. And in the darkened best room behold the Christmas tree! Tall, shadowy and mysterious, concealing among its spicy branches queer, knobby white packages which might contain anything from a story book to a train of cars and a doll, while among the glittering, tinsel woven branches repose the pink, green and yellow candles which are to be lighted that evening after the long drive home from church and the late afternoon dinner.

An old fashioned New England Christmas.

Ah, well, that is the right sort of Christmas, to be sure! One always feels nearer to Santa Claus in the country, where there is plenty of room for him to scamper around with his reindeer and the chimneys are wide enough to admit his rotundity.

The City Christmas.

But we can't all of us have Christmas in the country. Take the dweller in a town, for instance—in a city with high brick buildings and dwelling houses all alike in rows.

Of course it isn't so bad in a house with children in it and stairs up which they can scamper to bed and banisters over which they can peep, white robed and large eyed, when they think they hear Santa Claus, while downstairs in the back parlor father and mother are trimming the Christmas tree, the former forgetting his business troubles and the latter her social worries. Oh, Christmas is good for the grown folks as well as for the little ones!

Then there is the apartment hotel, with its plate glass and iron doors and its stiff orange trees on each side of the entrance; no children there, or they are in the minority, but young couples spending their first Christmas together and looking unutterable things at each other as they eat at the tiny little dining room table, with the still tinier little Christmas tree in a jardiniere between them.

And don't forget the studio Christmas, with its walls hung with holly and mistletoe, its shiny, waxed floors, its hospitable punch bowl and its festive music, and the smaller studio, with its chafing dish and its atmosphere of fun and ambitious dreams.

For many, too, there's the boarding house Christmas. Did you ever? So did I once. We understand then. Still the landlady usually does her best with turkey and cranberry sauce and greens here and there, and, after all, it isn't where you are; it's whom you are with.

Trimming the Christmas tree.

But there are some who are alone. Oh, I am sorry for them! Victims of ambition far away from their homes and their people, with a sprig of holly tied to the solitary gas jet and the latest home letter spread out on the table, suspiciously blurry in spots.

And there are those whose lives lie behind them and who are still alone, without youth, without hope, without ambitions, and I am sorriest of all for them. The saddest thing in the world at a holiday time is not to be able to look forward to brighter things.

The Stage Christmas.

The queerest Christmas of all, however, is on the stage. Holidays are no holidays at all to the player folk. In fact, they mean a double amount of work, for there is the extra matinee which must precede the Christmas performance. So after the long morning sleep on Christmas day the actress goes to the theater with perhaps a sprig of holly pinned to her coat to remind her that it is Christmas and dashes into her dressing room to put on her "makeup." There is a chorus of "Merry Christmas!" as she passes, and if she is popular she may find one or two little packages on her dressing table, and perhaps one or two more may come in between the acts.

She rushes through the matinee and then, as there isn't time to eat a regular dinner, hastily wipes off her "makeup," ties a veil over her face to conceal the traces of it and hastens out into the gathering darkness to get something to eat at a nearby restaurant. Then comes the evening performance. She must hurry back for that, and when the long, long day is over she is so tired that she is glad to get home and go to sleep in warmth and comfort. But on the following day or on the Sunday after watch her celebrate Christmas! What matters if it is not the day? Stage people have imaginations. There is the regulation little dinner, with presents, friends and a merry time.

Spending their first Christmas together.

So to all of us, high and low, talented or stupid, happy or sorrowful, Christmas comes once a year to wake us from the monotony of our lives and our eternal strivings and hopes and to put a bit of idealism in our hearts. And all of us, from the tramp on the roadside and the humblest servant in the kitchen to the happy and the prosperous, are the better for this reversion to childhood, this bowing down to the spirit of Christmastide.

Kate Clyde

New York.

TOO MUCH MATRIMONY.

A marriage epidemic now troubles Servia, and the cause of the trouble is a system of marriage banks, which were founded with the idea of encouraging thrift, but have had an exactly opposite effect. Young men and maidens in Servia pay into these marriage banks in order to secure a premium whenever they marry. Immediately a small sum has thus been accumulated the desire to marry seems overwhelming, with the result that the first chance of entering the "holy estate" is eagerly seized upon. To marry in haste usually means to repent at leisure, and in Servia the effect of premature and ill considered marriages is such widespread misery that the government is now considering the advisability of abolishing marriage banks altogether.

DRESS DON'TS.

Don't always wear red if you are a brunette or think blue the only color for blonds. Reverse the order. A brunette can wear all the light shades of blue, and a blond is a symphony in bright red.

Don't wear black, mauve or green if the hair is black and the complexion swarthy. Try yellow, scarlet or pink.

Don't choose delicate shades of pink, lavender and blues, except a deep navy blue, if the eyes are blue, the hair dark brown and the complexion not clear.

Don't wear pink and scarlet if the hair is frankly red. Green and white are the colors. There are brown, oak and copper tints that make a redheaded girl a model for any artist.

THE CHRISTMAS CLEARING UP OF MRS. MINXEY.

MRS. MINXEY was tired to death. It was the day before Christmas, and she was not half ready. She had ordered five costumes made over, and only two were done. Besides, there were three more gowns—a taffeta, a cashmere and a voile—not even yet ripped up. There was the room she had kept her ancestors' china and furniture in to be dusted, the spare blankets and furs and rugs had not been taken out of their moth wraps, and the linen chests she examined twice a year had not been overhauled. The drapings of the cozy corner, the spare bedroom and the dining room and parlor mantelpiece had to be taken down and dusted and the lace curtains changed, and not a soul to do it but Mrs. Minxey.

She sank into an easy chair that had to have the cover taken off before Christmas and cleaned and put back again. Mrs. Minxey's eye fell upon a newspaper page as she sank, exhausted, into the armchair. An article headed "The Slavery of Things" caught her eye. It set forth how women are slaves to possessions, abject slaves chained to the care of things they do not need or use. "Let us simplify," said the writer. "Let us have in our houses only the articles we actually need and get rid of all the rest—the bother and worry of them. We don't own more than half the things supposed to belong to us. On the contrary, they own us. Our lives might be simple and happy and free from care if we kept in our homes only the clothing and furniture we actually need. When these are worn out we can buy more. Let us free ourselves from the slavery of possessions."

Mrs. Minxey saw a light suddenly.

"That's so, every word," she thought. "Here am I worn to the bone this minute because of the care of possessions most of which I don't use once in six months and the rest of which I don't use at all. This article is just right.

"Let me see. It's the day before Christmas. I'm going on the spot to clear out all the old truck that I don't need. I'm going to give it away in Christmas presents. The Perkses were burned out last week; lost everything. I shall send them my grandfather's four poster bed, my great-grandmother's old patchwork quilts and heavy coverlets which I wouldn't sleep under if I were paid for it. Then there's that ancient wooden cradle, that old red table of Aunt Jemima's and those lengths of carpet that I have been keeping ten years, thinking I would move into a house and have use for them. There must be four suits of men's and boys' clothes in the attic that nobody wears. I'll send them to the Perkses. And look at these stuffy, dust catching lambrequins and drapings in parlor, bedroom and dining room. The Perkses can find place for them. Out they go, and it'll be a cold day when I get new ones. They're going out of fashion, anyway. I've got furniture never used, never to be used probably; enough to fit out two or three rooms. The Perkses will be grateful for it.

"I've two jackets a trifle worn that I meant to make over, likewise a long cloak. These go to the charities' organization. Then those dresses I'm trying to get remodeled—I'll send them for Christmas presents to my washerwoman and to Sarah Stump for her girls. They will be Christmas presents these people will receive joyfully. Come to think of it, I've been making gowns over and letting them get old fashioned again for fifteen years. Christmas day shall witness the end of it. I shall give in Christmas presents to those who will be thankful and make good use of them the three gowns not yet ripped up, and I vow by Father Christmas never again to load myself up with one dress that I do not need at the time. That wadded wrapper I have not had on in five years because it is too warm to wear here, but which I have kept, thinking I might move to a cold climate, I shall send to old Aunt Susan up in the mountains. It will be a real comfort to her. Every article of furniture, drapery or overloading bric-a-brac I shall give away.

"Hereafter I shall buy only what I need at the time, and that I shall use till it is worn out; so I shall simplify my life. And every Christmas henceforth I shall have a clearing up similar to this one, giving away to those to whom they will be useful all the possessions that merely cumber my way. So shall I escape the slavery of things."

JANE MOSES.

AN ATTRACTIVE WINTER COSTUME.

Very attractive is this winter costume of tailor made brown zibeline. Toning in with the cloth are a beautiful muff and boa of sable fur. The odd little walking hat of white beaver is trimmed with folds of castor brown velvet and bird wings.