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WOMAN'S WORLD.

A CALIFORNIA WOMAN WHO SHOOT FROM A BRONCHO.

To Make Lovely Gifts—Women in Hotel Corridors—Flat Rebellion—Interesting and Seasonable Information for the Fair One.

One would never have imagined that the quiet, dark eyed woman who occupied a seat in the Grand Central station for a half hour yesterday afternoon had ridden the treacherous broncho and shot wildcats on the rocky hills of northern California. But the evidences of Mrs. L. W. Hower's prowess as a hunter were close at hand. Three beautiful wildcat skins bound together with stout thongs of buckskin lay at her feet. One tawny tail had struggled loose and peeped from under the heavy wrapping papers, lending a faint aroma of the wild west to the prosaic surroundings of the depot. In a motherly canvas bag on her right there were numerous trinkets of the west—a cone from a redwood tree and a string of wampum shells which had once graced the throat of a dancing savage.

Mrs. Hower left her home at Arcata, Humboldt county, Cal., last week over the Northern Pacific railroad, arriving in Chicago yesterday. After a brief sightseeing tour about the city she departed on the Baltimore and Ohio road for Pittsburg, where she expects to make an extended visit with her girlhood friends.

Full of the fearless western spirit of independence, Mrs. Hower travels unaccompanied except for the bundle of wildcat skins and the motherly canvas bag. It is the first time she has been east since, as a bride, she followed her husband over the prairies of the west and settled with him in a lonely little cabin among the redwoods of northern California. That was fifteen years ago, when only the hardest of pioneers had ventured so far away from San Francisco into the dense unmarked forests of the north.

Mrs. Hower's stories of her adventures sound like passages from some exciting romance. They all begin with the little cabin which her husband built as soon as his wife arrived. In those days the forests were full of wolves and wildcats, to say nothing of deer and antelope. Sometimes in the winter a huge grizzly bear or wildcat, driven out of the mountain by hunger, would prow around their cabin trying to steal a stray sheep. Mr. Hower was away a great part of the time, and his wife soon became an expert with the rifle.

There would be a commotion in the flock of sheep browsing near the house. Mrs. Hower knew in a moment that a wildcat had come skulking down. Dropping her sewing, she would seize her rifle, vault upon the broncho standing always saddled near the door and dash up the rocky road. The bleating of the sheep would guide her. Presently there would be a glimpse of a dark object bounding heavily from crag to crag under the weight of a live lamb. The broncho would be brought to a sudden standstill. A rifle deliberately leveled, a quick report, and the dark marauder would fall back with a snarl of pain.

When Mrs. Hower is located all traffic is done by bronchos, and no one thinks of stirring out except upon the back of one of those sure footed animals. From a little flock of fine sheep Mrs. Hower has seen her husband's labor crowned with prosperity, until now 5,000 sheep nod over the steep pastures on the hills, and a little band of men is required to attend them.

After all these years Mrs. Hower is going back to visit her friends and is carrying some suggestive mementos of her life and adventures in the west. She is a demure, pleasant faced woman, neatly dressed in black. She tells of her experiences with a little deprecatory wave of her hand, as if it were the most ordinary occurrence in the world for women to ride bronchos and shoot wildcats.—Chicago News-Record.

To Make Lovely Gifts.

Any one who can use a brush and water colors should try painting on parchment. Lovely gifts can be thus prepared, and nothing in the line of menu cards can be prettier. Photographs collected during the summer may find a worthy resting place in a parchment box delicately painted with forget-me-nots. For writing tables there are the long, narrow diaries, the parchment cover being ornamented with a rising sun or stars and the word "Diary" in gold letters. Address and engagement books may be covered in the same way, with an illuminated monogram in the center and a ribbon border. Menu cards may have a graceful basket of flowers painted gold or brown and suspended by blue ribbons tied in a bow at the top. The flower will fall over the basket and trail down the left side of the card, and "Menu" will be written across the top in gold. Menus, guest cards, little almanacs and flat pin-cushions for suspending by ribbons may be fancifully shaped like flowers, and photograph frames like hearts or lyres. To show how a menu can be made will suffice. The vellum is stretched while slightly damp (the damping being done on the wrong side) over cardboard, the edges being glued and turned over the card.

For this liquid glue answers. A piece of thin cardboard is next cut almost double the size of the menu; it is scored across the middle with a penknife, then doubled back. The edges of the face are then glued to the parchment. The menu forming its lining, which makes it neat, and the other half serves as the case back.—Once a Week.

Women in Hotel Corridors.

The sweetest looking women can be

seen about the Fifth Avenue hotel every day. They are guests of the house and come from various cities throughout the union. It used to be that American women were chary about being seen about the hotel corridors frequented by guests and loungers of the male sex, but that has all changed. I note that these women bear the stamp of the cosmopolite. They have the air of women of the world, who are not afraid of the world, and who are rather glad they are in it. The matrons have a charmingly "comfortable" look, of fashion and benevolence, of the sort of people whose position in the great game of life is assured.

The young women are comely to look upon, as a rule, and are oftener downright handsome than downright plain. It is pleasing to the eye that they dress for the most part with excellent taste, being given to plain, well fitting traveling, street and carriage gowns, and in this respect form an agreeable contrast to the American women of twenty years ago. When I see them hovering around the postoffice end of the office counter or at the bookstall or in front of the hotel theater ticket desk I recall the similar knots of stylish femininity one meets about the offices of the continental hotels.

The American woman is known abroad for her independence of character and her ability and willingness to look after herself, as well as for her fine figure and facial beauty. In the big New York hotels you will see the same fine types doing the same thing in the same quietly effective, ladylike manner.—New York Herald.

Flat Rebellion.

Since the short waist, the empire waist, is looming more and more largely on the horizon it may be interesting to give the opinion on this subject of a Parisian woman of the world who has very decided views on all things relating to dress. Her views on the short waists are contained in the following fragment of a dialogue she had with the head of one of the firms of fashionable dressmakers in Paris:

"I shall rebel, sir! Nothing in the world shall induce me to wear your empire dress!"

"But, madam—"
"Your waist line under the arm! Why, it is preposterous. On trying on the costume you sent me last month I found to my horror that I looked like a big baby in it. You know I wrote to you at once saying that I should never make such a fright of myself, and now, as soon as I enter your place, you propose to make another such gown for me. It is mad!"

"But, madam—"
"No, sir, no! You have had your own way a little too long, you dressmakers, and you have begun to think that we shall fall in with all your caprices. But let me tell you that we will not submit to the empire dress. So do not say anything more. I have said my last word."—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Query About Extravagant Adornment.

Suppose Mrs. Vanderbilt were to have a Parisian dress literally covered with \$10,000 bills, sewed neatly but conspicuously upon the garment, and so attired were to present herself in the box of a theater? What would be thought of our good friend Jesse Seligman if, having paid \$750 for the use of a box at the horse show, he should cause to be set upon the railing a glass box in which were 100,000 twenty dollar gold pieces, he dallying with them, showing them about with his cane or pouring them from one hand to another?

Silly, isn't it?

What, then, if these bills, is to be thought and what to be said of women who but for the financial ability of their husbands, fathers or what not wouldn't have a dollar, and who attend public places wearing tiaras of diamonds costing from \$25,000 to \$50,000, corseted with stomachers on which flash gems valued at a moderate estimate at \$150,000? What are we to think of women who wear gems whose value runs from \$30,000 up to \$350,000 at one and the same time? Are they fools?—Howard in New York Recorder.

An Authority on Patent Laws.

Among the despatches recently consecrated by Bishop Potter was Miss Newell, a lawyer in regular practice in New York, with a large and remunerative business. For several years Miss Newell was employed in the patent office in Washington, where she was first attracted by the intricacy of the law as applied to patent cases. Later she drew a large salary in New York from a firm that made patent law a specialty. Having thus mastered the patent law, she was admitted to practice in the United States courts and was frequently consulted by young patent lawyers who had heard of K. Newell without knowing that the K. stood for Kate.

Usually after preparing her brief she employed male counsel to appear for her in the courts, but not infrequently the judge, tired of the argument of the dull counsel, requested her to appear and enlighten the court, which she did in well chosen and eloquent language, supported by references to appropriate legal authorities.—New York Sun.

Women and Presching.

Alice Wellington Rollins, charming as a writer of stories and essays, and equally delightful as a conversationalist, recently said in reply to the question put to her, "Ought women to preach?"

"I think there should be no restriction on a woman's doing what she wishes to do and can do well. It is a matter of temperament, ability and audience. If there are those who wish to speak and those who wish to hear, silence should not be imperative. There are some things, however, which it is a surprise that the sexes do. As for myself, if I have anything to say to the world I prefer to do it through the medium of the press, but I have no objections to

any other woman preaching from a pulpit if she wishes to do so, and I think the door will be open for her in this particular line of work as soon as she is fitted for it.—Exchange.

Women Who Play the Violin.

The violin, which is considered the most difficult of all musical instruments to learn to play, has become a great favorite with ladies of late, to say nothing of gentlemen who are good performers. Henry Villard's daughter is quite an expert; so is Miss Rockefeller, who plays the violoncello as well, while her brother, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is a violinist of some skill. Miss Catlin is a brilliant performer. Among other devotees of the violin are Miss Delafield, Miss Goodridge, Miss Weeks and Miss Sands. Mrs. Delafield has organized an orchestra which is composed of both ladies and gentlemen. Miss Anderson, Miss Munson, Miss Lillian Parslow and Miss Jennie Babcock are promising pupils of Mr. Richard Arnold, the violinist.—New York Press.

English Women Astride.

There's no telling what may happen next among those who ape English notions in this country, now that the English women are authoritatively reported to be riding astride their horses at the hunts. The spectacle of fair equestriennes attired either in divided skirts or in long riding coats, boots and breeches is something calculated to startle those who are privileged to witness it. Over in England it is reported that the innovation meets with approving comment from the men. It is just possible that this fact may be sufficient to secure its approval here, but the chances are that the taste will have to be acquired very gradually.—Boston Herald.

THE DECLINE OF SWAGGER.

What Franksness Has Done to Make People Understand Each Other.

We may take it as established that for the moment, at any rate, swagger is not the fashion. No doubt the consciousness of personal merit and possible superiority is as strong in human nature as ever. But most people are contented to acquiesce in the knowledge of the fact, and are willing not only to forego the particular form of its expression which is known as swagger, but even to live without expressing it visibly at all. The most obvious and disagreeable form of self assertion, which consists in making other people conscious of their inferiority by intensely unpleasant and supercilious behavior, has of course been dead and done with as a social claim for half a generation.

The high born and wealthy heroes of the old novelists who were too great to speak at the breakfast table, and "turned to fling a morsel to their dogs with an air of high bred nonchalance," exist no longer in fiction and very rarely in life. Mr. Grandcourt was perhaps the last of them. But swagger in its minor and more amusing manifestations is also dying, and though it is premature to write its epitaph we may call attention to some of the symptoms of its decay. One of the later forms of swagger, much affected by men of the bachelor leisured class, and especially by the much abused "lotus eaters" of clubland, was the nil admirari attitude. It had quite a vogue for a time, and in addition to conveying an impression of superiority it saved a good deal of trouble. Older men who had seen life were spared the effort of hearing about it again, and young men who had not were enabled to convey the impression that they had.

This form of swagger had positive merits in a negative form. It is still in use as a weapon against the bore, but as a fashionable cult it exists no longer. It is dead as wigs and powder. The leisured class, as such, does not assert itself by any explicit form of swagger, and would seem for the moment to set before it the ideal of the "plain man" in its dealings with the world.

Swagger nowadays is mainly limited to people living in little worlds of their own. Contact with the big world and realities rubs it away. Petty country squires buried in remote neighborhoods often give themselves airs most comical to behold by those capable of comparing what they are with what they claim to be. The bumptious scientific gentlemen who have made their class a byword, the bloated financier and the overgrown shopkeeper, even when success is attained, are only on the verge of the world where their training should begin. Their time has been otherwise, and let us hope, more profitably occupied, and if they do not reform their children probably will and will do their best to reclaim their erring parents.

For there is no lesson which is increasingly wise young person, the young man on his promotion, has laid more to heart than that swagger, or, as he prefers to call it, "side," does not pay, and whatever his private opinion as to his own merits, he distinguishes very clearly between the swagger which does not pay, and judicious self advertisement which does. Moreover, being an educated young person with some claims to good taste he is discriminating even in the means he takes to advertise himself, having recourse only as a last and doubtful resource to self assertion or eccentricities of dress and manner.

Probably the strongest guarantee for the continued decline of swagger is the growth of frankness. Formerly to refer to money as a consideration in action was considered ill bred. That form of swagger is certainly a thing of the past. Nothing is more common than to hear the remark, "I wish I could afford it," "I can't afford it," or more surely, but not less pleasantly, "I have been lucky lately, and I can afford it." No doubt the last is capable of abuse. But the admission into conversation of these commonplace realities must still further hasten the rapid decay of swagger.—London Spectator.



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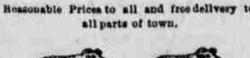
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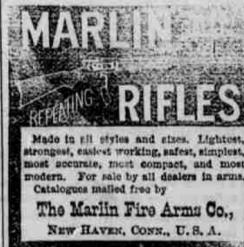
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