DO MEN, AS A RULE, LIKE FLIRTS?

The Cold Truth Is, They Criticise Them Severely, But Eventually Marry Them All the Same, in This Merry, Giddy World.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Tells Why the Retiring Girl Remains in Seclusion While Her Gay Sister Marries. Happily.

The "Go" That Makes Young Women Attractive, and Why Some Plain-Looking Feminines Become Famous

A Fan, White Lilacs and a Romance at a Ball in a Second-Tier Box--Fact and Fiction in Woman's



Flirtishly Inclined Girls remained single, while several of their prudent and well-behaved and more industrious sisters are still clinging, un-gathered, on the parental branch. Not many years ago I heard a father caution his two lovely and accomplished daugh-ters against an intimacy with two of their girl friends. "Those girls are be-coming so flirtish and gay," he said. coming so flirtish and gay," he said, "that I am sure your good names will suffer it you are seen much in their company. Men are quick to comment upon and misinterpret such frivolous actions as I see those girls ladulge in, and I do not want you to suffer from an unwise intimacy. I have no doubt they are innocent girls now, but they will soon lose the reputation of innocence if they are not more prudent." The daughters of the gentleman listened to his counsel and ceased to visit the young ladies and ceased to visit the young ladies who had been accused of being flirts— and not without cause; and yet, I regret to relate, the two flirts are today wives of men who adore them, and who are the most tender and devoted husbands, while the two prudent daughters of the discreet gentleman have re-mained at home unwoord and unwon. Innumerable cases of a similar kind have come under my immediate obser-vation. I always feel exasperated with men when I see them choosing such girls for wives, while the prudent and discreet ones are nosed by: agrapamuch as because of their praise for the type they neglect and their censure for the type they select. It is a curious problem. Thave tried to solve it and party of the ball—a crowd of Bohemians, writers and artists, with their render the conduct of the men con-

Most Ready to Marry. It seems to me that I arrived at the explanation of the problem. Men themselves do not know why they are attracted to and won by these girls, despite their better judg-ment; but I think I can explain the matter to them. Stronger and deeper than man's cultivated and acquired taste for the domestic virtues of civil-ized life is his inborn admiration for what they usually term "go" in women. I think I have seen more men's eyes sparkle when they described a woman sparkle when they described a woman as full of "go" than I have ever seen from any other cause. A man will be very calm and matter-of-fact when he tells you how very beautiful somewoman tells you how very beautiful somewoman and prosaic.

At that moment her eyes fell on the form lying on the silken folds of her very calm and matter-of-fact when ne tells you how very beautiful somewoman is; he will be phlegmatic and prosaic when he tells you of some "highly accomplished and charming woman," he complished and charming woman," he work. Not a ripple will disturb the large will be the control of the control of the control of the large will be supported by the control of the large will be supported by the control of the large will be supported by the control of the large will be supported by the large wi complished and charming woman," he knows. Not a ripple will disturb the repose of his face when he speaks of some good, domestic, virtuous girls of his acquaintance; but when he says, "By Jove! she's full of go!" his calm becomes exhilaration, his eye glows, his voice thrills. I have heard them say it scores of times, and it is always with the same intense delight and appreciation. I heard it said once of a girl on a country farm; the hired man fell ill just in the harvest season, and she took bis seat on the great reaper and drove four horses until the overand drove four horses until the over-ripe wheat was cut and bound. I heard it said of a young girl who had been ripe wheat was cut and bound. I heard it said of a young girl who had been reared in luxury and idleness, and whose father died suddenly and left the family with nothing but debts; in less than six months sne had canvassed all the adjoining towns, and had obtained a large paying class in music. I heard it said of the wife of

A Famous Politician,

Thereface. A faint odor—the ghost of a perfume—stole to her senses. Lilacs? Yes; white lilacs.
The "gittering horseshoe curving between" faded away, and with it went the dancers, the music, the lights, the revelry. My lady's blue eyes were staring straight down at the gay scene before her, but she saw nothing of it. What did she see?

White lilacs:
What did she see?

White lilacs: the winding garden path, bordered by trees bending under their

whose energy and tact and brilliancy had won him half his success; and I heard it said of a society girl, who was not beautiful or rich, but who became a belle because she was the best dancer, belle because she was the best dancer, rider, swimmer and talker in her set. Now, it is the same element—a sort of combustive hidden quality of character—that actuated these women to do what they did which causes many girls to become flirts. An excess of physical vitality, an overaupply of mental activity, an ambition to do or to be which has no proper outlet—in other words, misdirected "go." Indeed, it is only the occasional woman who is full of "go," whose life is so well directed and whose nature so well balanced that she keeps wholly out of balanced that she keeps wholly out of mischief. At the same time, whatever direction or escape this element finds, it makes itself felt above all mere negative goodness or passive propriety coupled with domestic virtues. Girls devoid of this element do not understand why they are not as attractives. devoid of this element do not understand why they are not as attractive to men as some less beautiful and less prudent friend may be, and think the male sex very unappreciative. They hear men severely criticise the girl whose misdirected "go" has led her into fliratious follies with his sex, yet he is attracted, in spite of himself, by the quality which actuated her follies, and he ends by marrying her. "I do not see that it pays to be well behaved and prudent," said a very beautiful and modest girl to me recently. "The men treat you with respect, but they pay all their attention and finally marry the girls who flirt with them." I could not deny the truth of her statements, yet I felt sorry to admit it. But no modest felt sorry to admit it. But no modest and discreet girl need envy the happi-ness of a firt. If she marries a man she loves every indiscreet act and every familiar attention she has received from other men during

as Courted Belles. Superb Kingdom.

ERE you to | sweets. And if she does not love the ask any man
the question, "Do
man she marries surely she is not to be
envied, for she is very likely to continue
her flirtations after marriage. The best
good girls is to cultivate "go." Extremely discreet and domestic girls, who in a scornful never feel any inclination to kick over negative; the traces of conventionality, are and he worthy and excellent members of sociein a scornful never feel any inclination to kick over the traces of conventionality, are worthy and excellent members of society, but they seldom possess much "go." This quality needs to be born in a person, like most other qualities, if we would achieve great results. yet it can be cultivated. Shake yourself up, overcome your self-consciousness, your indolence and your fears of public comment! Try to emphatic remarks to the negative, writes Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Chicago Tribune. He would tell you that "a flirty girl" was his abhorrence; that she lowered the standard of her sex, and he felt genuine regret whenever he encountered one of them; and that any man who was rash enough to be inveigled into marriage by a flirt ought to receive our mingled pity and contempt. I venture to say that ten men out of every ten you might consult on this point would give you this sort of a reply in case you asked the question scriously and demanded a serious response. And yet—and yet—how are we to explain the fact that the flirts almost invariably marry, and quite frequently marry better than do their modest and retiring sisters? We have but to look about us to prove this statement. Select your own immediate circle of young lady friends—those whom you have known during the last ten years—and you will find, I think, that few if any of the

Flirtishly Inclined Girls

wites, if we would achieve great results, yet it can be cultivated. Shake yourself up, overcome your self-consciousness, your indolence and your fears of public comment! Try to be ambitious, tactful, amusing and thoughtful of others. Don't get into conventional ruts and act like every other girl you know. Dare to be yourself, for everyone has an individuality peculiarly her own. But in your efforts to be attractive don't attempt to be flirtish when it is not your nature to be so, because you see that men make love to flirts even while despising them. If you do you will surely bring ridicule and disgrace upon yourself and win no man's regard. It is not the flirting which draws the men—it is the element. I have referred to, which, when misdirected, frequently causes a girl to flirt, that attracts them, even in spite of their prejudices. A man would prefer a girl who possessed "go" and who did not become a fiirt. If you, devoid of this element, degenerate into a flirt, you will be like some literary aspirants who emulate the vices of Balzac and Swinburne without Swinburne without possessing any of Avoid flirting, my dear girls, but cul-

AL THE BALL.

A Fan, White Lilacs and a Romance in a Second Tier Box. T WAS at one of the



ropolitan opera house last week, says Edith Sessions Tupper in the New York World. The music was crashing, the house ablaze with light and the flashing of jew-els. The boxes were filled with laughing, chattering, flirt in g groups. Flowers, per-fume, the rustle of silks, the frou-frou of laces, the popping of champagne corks, the murmurs of admiration, and the mute but more expressive language of soft eyes speaking to eyes that answered, made up the brilliant

The entire scene was like a sparkling passage in music, full of movement and staccato effects. Strange that into it discreet ones are possed by; exasper-ated not because of their choice so much as because of their praise for the holders.

problem. I have tried to solve it and render the conduct of the men consistent with their ever-repeated assertions of aversion to the very girls they have many. They were bemoaning the delay of one of their party, a woman who was al-ways in the group. "Why does she not come?" over and over was demanded. come?" over and over was demanded. Suddenly she came, glowing, radiant, all smiles and pretty apologies for hav-ing disappointed them so long. Her ing disappointed them so long. Her maid was probably the most stupid creature in existence; she had mislaid her mistress' fan, and an hour had been spent hunting it. Finally it had been discovered at the last moment, and thrust in her hand by the careless servant just as she was leaving the house. Was there no wine for her? Yes; here was her glass waiting. Four or five sprang to fill it. She laughingly delegated one as her cur-bearer, from

smile vanished; the repartee died from her curving lips. She lifted the fan to her face. A faint odor—the ghost of a

bordered by trees bending under their snowy load and "shaking out honey." Bees rioted through the fragrance over Bees rioted through the fragrance over her and a humming bird dipped his bill in a luscious cluster there, just above her head. She pulled down the branches, broke off one and buried her face in the flower in the control of the con face in the flowers in an ecstacy of de-

light. How sweet they were!
With the cluster in her hands she mounted the stairs leading to a chamber. Propped up by pillows, with great eyes in whose depths lurked the prescience of the fast-coming change of worlds, lay or the fast-coming change of wollds, lay a feeble girl whose hands were clasped in pleasure as she saw the white lilacs.

"Oh, my dear flowers," she murmured; "my dear flowers; I had hoped to pick you myself this spring, but it was not to be," and, kissing the blossoms tenderly, she shaded her eyes and looked steadily at her sister.

"You will nut a cluster on my breast."

"You will put a cluster on my breast when I am gone?" she said.
"When you are gone! Do not speak like that. You are better. You will soon be about again."
"No, I shall go, and before the lilacs have finished blooming. And I am glad

have finished blooming. And I am glad to die with my flowers."
"Darling, don't; I cannot bear it." "Yes, dear, you will. I know we have loved each other better than many sisters, but you will bear it. You will sisters, but you will bear it. You will even forget me and remember me only when by some chance you recall white lilacs. See, dear, I have been looking over these boxes and here is my fan, which I want you to have. Keep it always. I've a fancy I should like you to carry it on your wedding day, dear."

My lady drew a long sigh.

"What is the matter with you tonight?" cried a merry voice. "I never saw you so subdued."

But she murmured some pleasantry.

But she murmured some pleasantry, and, while her fingers tightened round her faded fan, she saw her sister lying white and cold with white lilacs on her girlish by broast.

afternoon sun was streaming through the chancel on a wedding party. The church was trimmed with white lilacs, and she, the bride, held her dead sister's

My lady's eyes were dimmed, but a cynical little smile touched her lips as the years since then rolled before her. Love deserted rose and looked at her across a grave filled with memories. Sorrow touched her shoulder and whispered in her ear. A train of remembrances swept before her. Some kissed their hands and smiled, others veiled their faces and went

their hands and smiled, others veiled their faces and wept.

She pressed her fan to her cheek, and, as again the odor of the dead years stole to her, she came back to the present. The music down there was sending its waves of melody through the great building. One by one the party had left the box to enjoy its tempting measures. She was alone with her thoughts.

Suddenly, down among the vast throng she suddenly caught sight of a face, a face which she had thought

face, a face which she had thought would never influence her again in any way, but the very sight of which sent the blood to her white face.

The dark eyes sent up one appealing glance. She sat as if carved from stone. When she looked again the face had disappeared.

Then a strange revulsion took possession of her. The old feeling was not quite dead after all. She forgot the estrangement, the neglect—yes, worse. She remembered a hundred little kindnesses, a hundred endearing words.

"I wish he had not gone," she thought, and tears slowly dropped upon the

and tears slowly dropped upon the shabby little fan. There was a sound behind her. She turned quickly. Her husband stood at the back of the box. He was very pale and his eyes were full of suppressed emotion. In his hands he held a huge cluster of white flowers, whose breath floating towards her brought back anew the old yarden where he had weard her. the old garden where he had wooed her.
"I have brought you some 'llacs," he said, siowly. Then his voice sank almost to a whisper as he added: "For-

For one moment she hesitated, then, holding the poor little fan over her heart, she went to him and took the

THE SCIENCE OF DUSTING.

Of the Greatest Sanitary Importance to Be Careful and Thorough in the Work.



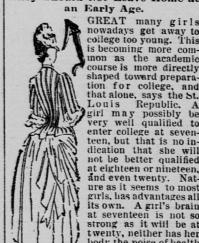
It is not going too far to say that there is just as much need of classes in the hygienes of cleaning and dusting as there is of cooking classes.

The simple displacement of dust isn't dusting, and the whisking of the feather duster is no more evidence of cleanliness than the possession of many books nowadays is an evidence of learning. A room is dusted only when the dust is taken out of the room, and that is done only when it has been carried out of the room. This is done by using a soft, slightly dampened cloth to dust with, and by wiping the surface of each article slowly and with care not to throw the particles of dust up in the air, whence they will settle again instantly some where else. some where else.

somewhere else.

The utility of the feather-duster except for walls is to be doubted, and even for walls a soft cloth is better. A thin silk cloth or a piece of cheese-cloth makes a good duster. So does a soft, firm woolen cloth, but linen and cotton flannel leave lint behind them. One woman uses all her wornout silk stockings for dusting, and still another makes loose mittens out of old another makes loose mittens out of old woolen, which she puts on as dusters. A turkey's wing is admirable to get the ist out of chinks and between rails and chamois gives a last polish better than anything else. The best polish in all the world to keep furniture from looking dingy is the following: Two tablespoonsful cottonseed oil; one tablespoonful turpentine. Instead of cottonseed oil ground road word word verstable. tonseed oil, grout oil and good vegetable oil may be used. This should be well rubbed into the wood, and then a last polishing given with chamois. This is the recipe of a famous furniture dealer

YOUNG GIRLS AT COLLEGE. They Should Not Leave Home at an Early Age.



nowadays get away to college too young. This is becoming more com-mon as the academic course is more directly shaped toward prepara-tion for college, and that alone, says the St. Louis Republic, A girl may possibly be very well qualified to enter college at seven-teen but that is no inteen, but that is no in-dication that she will not be better qualified at eighteen or nineteen, and even twenty. Nature as it seems to most girls, has advantages all its own. A girl's brain at seventeen is not so strong as it will be at

twenty, neither has her body the poise of health that it will have later if she is careful. More over, her course of preparation has necessarily been continuous up to the time of her entrance to college, if she goes at seventeen to eighteen, and there is no doubting that a rest of a year or two before the strain of the new life begins is highly beneficial, both to body

two before the strain of the new life begins is highly beneficial, both to body and brain. It gives the eager young intellect a chance to digest what it has already taken in, a process that nothing but leisure and time will bring it; it gives her a chance to apply the knowledge she aiready has to the problems she finds about her, and to get new knowledge from the results.

Moreover, a girl at twenty knows what she can do better than a younger girl. And she usually knows pretty definitely what she means to do. In this way she is not likely to misdirect her energies at the outset. Any one who has had any experience in teaching girls varying in age from sixteen to twenty-one and over must have noticed the greater strength and solidity of the more mature mind. The older girl may not get her lesson so rapidly or recite it so fluently as the younger one, but in nine cases out of ten, she gets more out of it. Let a teacher ask a few questions just beyond the range of the lesson, but suggested by it, and she instantly sees that the older mind is the one that can follow her. This is not a matter of superiority or inferiority in brain, but simply a matter of maturity. The principal of Somerville Hall, Oxford, lays great stress on this subject in receiving English girls into the university. Girls are admitted here at seventeen, but far better results are gained in the opinnon are admitted here at seventeen, but far better results are gained in the opinion of this thoughtful woman where the

students are considerably older. Two Anxious Women.

It was in the crowd about the door of an overflowing meeting of the W. C. T. U., and the women were struggling

struggling by her side to breast the get in. I want to hear Lady Somerset speak."
"And I want to get in," the other re-plied, "for I am Lady Somerset, and I have to speak."

FLORENCE NIGTINGALE. Unpublished Reminiscences of



ly, conversa on the recent conflict, and toward the onclusion of the entertainment the hos conclusion of the entertainment the host suggested that each guest should write on a slip of paper the name connected with the war which he believed would be most illustrious through future ages. All wrote as requested, the ballots were collected by the proposer of the movement, were opened and read amid en-

contained the name of Fiorence Night-ingale.

The result has proved the truth of that evening's prophecy; a whole gen-eration has passed since them, and who thinks of the dead and gone generals who fell at the storming of the Mala-koff? The elocutionist gives the "Charge of the Light Brigade" without knowing who obeyed the hitter himder.

thusiastic cheers, for every one of then contained the name of Florence Night-

"Charge of the Light Brigade" without knowing who obeyed the bitter blunder; the military student may recall the hero of Kinglake's history—the beloved Raglan—and possibly some veteran dimly remembers the great commander of the gray hosts of the Vladimir, but the sweet name of Fiorence Nightingale is dear in almost every home where the English language is spoken.

Ancient Scutari, the largest city on the Asian shore of the Bosphorus, is overlaid with history, far-reaching and full of association which stirs the deep waters of memory. It was the haunt of hordes in the mythic period; they are forgotten. Persian satrap and the Western Crusader encamped on the heights; they are not mentioned now; nor is pious Godfrey or imperial Constantine; but every tourist is pointed to the yellow building used as Turkish barracks, where the world has learned how divine low building used as Turkish barracks, where the world has learned how divine a woman may be in ministry to men.

In Constantinople it was my good fortune to know an English woman well acquainted with the subject of my sketch, who left England when she was about thirty-six years old. Said my informant: "I have often seen her in the midst of suffering, and where misery and despair were deepest she was sure to be found. Her figure was slight and graceful, her manner dignified, her face beaming with tenderness for the soldiers, who biest her as she went by. Her fortitude at surgical operations Her fortitude at surgical operations passes belief. Once when the agonies of a patient in the hands of surgeons or a patient in the hands of surgeons put to flight his attendants, Miss Nightingale turned around and with grave rebuke called to the trembling fugitives: 'Come back! Shame on you as Christians, shame on you as worsh." Christians, shame on you as women!' And her courage, joined with what the French call the gift of command, brought

the timid nurses again to their duty.
"She was always on her feet. 1 never saw her seated but once in a council of surgeons, who hated her because she broke through their routine and refused ission to regulations.

submission to regulations."

From the bloody heights of Inkerman 900 wounded were sent to Scutari. She demanded mattresses, stores for the sick, locked in the custom house or lying in the ships in the harbor, and was told three days was the shortest time in which they could be unloaded and distributed, and the rules of the service could not be transgressed to save even 1,000 men. She hastened to the magazine, told the sergeaut of the guard who zine, told the sergeant of the guard who order from her. He replied he would. door, for the men would arrive in a few hours and no beds were ready. That incomparable woman stood all day, ordering, arranging, distributing, in the midst of unspeakable misery, her ap-pearance everywhere a sign of good comfort, and so touched with heavenly

comfort, and so touched with heavenly charm that virtue seemed to go out from her garments in the press of the crowd. The brief space allowed me will not hold half I have to teil. Night was her accepted time. When the attendant and medical officers slept, and silence and darkness settled on the long lines of cots, holding the broken wrecks of the bloom and flower of English soldiery, she walked the dreary corridors alone. the bloom and flower of English soldiery, she walked the dreary corridors alone. A little lamp in her hand scarcely illuminated the gloom a few teet around her, but it was cheering as sunlight, an omen of hope to the hopeless. Now she whispered holy words to a youth moaning half-sleep of home and mother, now smoothed the pillow of some wasted skeleton from the trenches, or lightly touched the limbs straightening for the grave. What wonder that hundreds kissed her shadow as it fell, and, soothed by her benign presence, turned on their narrow beds and closed their eyes to pleasant dreams.

when her work was ended and closed-their eyes to pleasant dreams.

When her work was ended and peace declared, honors were showered on her.
The Cross of St. George was presented by Queen Victoria, engraved: "Blessed Are the Mercitul." An exquisite brace-let came from the sultan, but she stead-ily refused all moneys. A maneform. ily refused all moneys. A man-of-war was placed at her disposal on the re-turn voyage to England; she declined turn voyage to England; she declined the distinction, and traveled through France by night in order to save publicity. Sore need had she of rest and quiet; though prostrate bodily by the long strain, her spirit was undaunted. From her darkened chamber and invalid chair she spoke cheerfully to the infirm of heart and purpose who sought her counsel, wrote letters to unknown correspondents, and patiently listened to intrusive appeals which must have appeared trivial to her comprehensive mind. Her heart beat for all humanity, and before her noble nature nothing was too petty or mean for interest. To the last she was a comforter, brave and busy, refined and delicate, forgetful of no thing but self. to intrusive appeals which must have

Brief Mention. Miss Searing, of New Orleans, who is described as a young and charming woman, is conductor of a large orches-

The prize for the design of a seal for the board of women managers of the Columbian exposition has been awarded to Miss Sara Bodtker.

Mrs. Frederick Neilson, the sister of Frederick Gebhard, is an expert in judg-ing a diamond, detecting readily the least flaw or falling off in color. Lady Salisbury, wife of the British premier, has become a member of the women's committee formed to look after the exhibits of English women at the world's fair to be held at Chicago.

Miss Mary A. Livermore is the first and only woman student in the Crozer Theological seminary, where she ex-pects to take the full three years' course in order to fit herself for missionary

work.

Mrs. Halle T. Dillon, M. D. (colored), daughter of Bishop B. T. Tanner, is not only the first colored woman physician, but the first woman of any race to pass the Alabama state medical examination. Dr. Dillon, after passing with a high average, now occupies the place of resident physician at the Tuskegee (Alabama) institute.

The Duchess Eugenie Litta Bolognine

my lady drew a long sigh.
"What is the matter with you tonight?" cried a merry voice. "I never
saw you so subdued."
But she murmured some pleasantry,
and, while her fingers tightened round
her faded fan, she saw her sister lying
white and cold with white lilacs on her
girlish breast.

Then she saw herself standing before

Tu. and the women were struggling
with the vigor born of devotion to a
sacred cause and an eager determination not to be beaten by each or any
other.

One little woman who was much
mauled about, and who at last came to
find the wigor born of devotion to a
sacred cause and an eager determination not to be beaten by each or any
other.

One little woman who was much
mauled about, and who at last came to
feel that her situation was pretty nearly
hopeless, turned her face toward a
pleasant looking stranger who was

of the hospital.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

which apparently means a great deal. In fact, no sleeves are perfectly plain from shoulder to wrist except in the unalterable tailor-made gown. If not

puffed, looped, trimmed or cut—they are shaped in some peculiar form, leg-of-mutton being a favorite.

The blouse, that much grumbled at much worn garment which seems to have "come to stay" and means to go on forever, is to be made this year with a deep corselet and braces. They say these last additions are to be made of wash letter and Russia leather. But they are seventhing of the tear white

wash retter and tussia leather. But they can say anything of that sort while we are only anticipating warm weather. When it comes the thought of leather will be too heating—the wearing of it im-possible—but for spring wear the idea is

HE BARELY NOTICED HER,

And So She Sent Him a Cutting

and Sarcastic Note.

Hadn't they been sweethearts a few years before? Why should the fact that they had not met for three years so

Some Good Advice That Young

Ladies Should Heed. Diamonds should not be worn in the

morning ever, says the Ladies' Home

They should not be worn when a sim-

They should not be worn when one is

doing charitable work.

They should not be worn where they

are likely to attract so much attention that they will cause envy and heart-

burnings.

They should not be worn in profusion with any street toilet, although a small brooch, a pair of solitaire ear-rings and a ring, which is concealed by the glove,

are frequently noticed on refined

this sounds a little odd, but as they have

They should never be seen on chil-

They should not be worn by people

THE GREAT SUCCESS

ple visit is paid before 2 o'clock.

Journal.

LE BARON DE BREMONT.

F COURSE she was provoked when he passed her on the street without stopping

without stopping to speak to her. He lifted his hat, it

is true, but she re-called the time when he would

ness, says the Chi-cago Tribune.

when have turned and walked several blocks with her, no matter how pressing his business the Chi

pretty and feasible

WASHINGTONSOCIETY

In What Manner It Differs From the Giddy Whirl of Gay Gotham.

Cosmopolitan View of the Capital City's Pillars of Society.

New York Considered Altogether Too Mercenary for Good Form.

The Government Employe an **Exceedingly Fortunate** Person.

Special Letter to the Globe. NEW YORK, Feb. 4 .- On visiting Redfern's establishment in Washington the other day I was so charmed with the refined air of unaffected culture of the inhabitants of that city, the width of its streets and charm of the surroundings, that I felt quite loth to return to the bustle and dollar-grabbing which to us uninitiated foreigners seems at times to constitute New York life. Please don't bristle, and don't recount the advantages of New York life to me, because not being a practical person, with a good head for business, I probably shouldn't understand them and shouldn't appreciate them if I did. To a cosm stroller like myself New York is full of interest, but there are times-I say this with the greatest respect for this clever precocious citywhen one tires of that "mixture of the millionaire, the stock broker, and the effete old family," that Julian Hawnorne writes of as some of the features of New York. That cleverness, genius

and culture are encouraged, no observer, however superficial, can fail to see, but it often seems to be encouraged as a promising speculation, as an exhibition of cultivated talent in which the audience takes the merest outside interest, and in some cases with the dreadfully poor motive of adding to its list of wonders and celebrities which, to use a horribly coarse approach with back use a horribly coarse phrase, "it has Itawas noticed this season that the opera has not succeeded in drawing the 400 trom their own little round of social gayeties. This does not look as though music is valued as it should be by the people of the most progressive city in the world. Now Washington is not distressingly busy, and, therefore, has time to spend in studying and enjoying music, literature and art. Government employes with business hours which only take a small slice out of the day and leave a good proportion for recreation.

take a small slice out of the day and leave a good proportion for recreation, dabble delightfully in archaeology, water-color painting and conversational French. Who is not familiar with that charming figure, Arbuthmot, the government clerk in "Through One Administration?" Perhaps it would be hard to find quite such a complex, quietly witty, accomplished and faultlessly mannered young

In "Through One Administration?"
Perhaps it would be hard to find quite such a complex, quietly witty, accomplished and taulitessly mannered young man out of a book, but he has many of the points which mark the Washington society lounger. And then the street comparatively free from the rush and rattle of business traffic, fine carriages, the statues, the dome of the capitol, everything clean, gay and unoppressed apparently by business. The type of man who becomes a piece of furniture when out of his office—the Mr. Merdle of society life—is an unknown quantity in Washington.

Books are well discussed. Pictures are intelligently criticised. Music is enjoyed, not endured. But of money little is heard, although from appearances it is used—"seen, but not heard." The Washington ladies are certainly not quite as stylish as the New Yorks. The was made in the Russian style, which seems to hold its position will be seen lower down on this gown will be seen lower down on this gown will be adopted only by but it should be adopted only by thin or slight ladies. A sketch of this gown will be seen lower down on this gown will be seen lower down on this gown will be seen lower down on the space. The banded coat is another in which the bodice is fashioned seems extremely popular just now, but it should be adopted only by thin or slight ladies. A sketch of this gown will be seen lower down on the space. The banded coat is another in which the bodice is fashioned seems extremely popular just now, but it should be adopted only by aworn by visitors from Paris and New York. This coat, though perhaps a figure, is very stylyish and a great relief whatever, which has been the approved livery of the fashionable woman for some time past.

WHEN TO WEAR DIAMONDS.



out up"-to use a technical expre

of the genuine imported Jo-Here will be seen a fair type of the coming coat. Large lapels—I have Redfern's own word for this—will extend over the chest and break away over the sleeves, which, in their turn, will be

hann Hoff's Malt Extract as a tonic nutritive has caused a crowd of fraudulent imitators to come into the market. Be ware of them! The genuine has the signature of "Johann Hoff" on the neck of every bottle.

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