

STREET CAR MANNERS

WANTS TO BE POLITE, AND MEN WILL NOT LET HER

Women Are Stupid in Cars, While Men Show More Intelligence—Some Remarks About the Woman Who Will Not Move Up.

Dear Marie—Please seize that facile pen of yours and write an article on street car etiquette. Now I know that you suppose that you are going to write for the man who sits while a woman stands, but I am not kindly disposed to do not say anything, neither am I going to exhort the human hog who takes up space enough for two, but I want you to sit on the back seat. I don't know what kind of treatment he ought to have, the man who, when he gives a woman his seat, turns his back on her and thus prevents her from giving expression to the thanks which she really feels. Now lady cannot exclaim, "Dear man, what and yell out, 'I thank you,' and the man won't look at her, so there you are. Really, at the risk of making myself disagreeably conspicuous, I shall try the cost-effective expedient of my next time I feel myself 'buried' in a multitude when I'm tired and a dear, good man, mayhap equally tired, gives me his seat. Yours,—A Homely Old Woman (and perhaps that is why I'm so grateful).

Now this letter of a grateful soul is very interesting and may make up to a few polite men for omissions of some impolite women who take their seats with a taken-for-granted sort of manner and do not thank them at all. Perhaps the reason given above by the writer may have something to do with it. When a woman wants to thank a man for his courtesy, he should, by all means, let her do so. Now without the slightest wish to be unfair to women on their particular page where fair play for all is intended, in the interest of veracity we are obliged to say that we believe the women who are obstructing with grateful and courteous women among women in cars than among men. And this remark is not merely by way of being pleasant to the lords of creation (an old, exploded idea), but because a desire to do them justice. It is true that some women thank men for rising in cars for them (the writer of the above letter is one of the polite ones), but we are equally sure that nine-tenths of the women who take the proffered seats in the car drop into them without one word of thanks or any other acknowledgment. The writer has witnessed this too many times to count. We will go farther and say that in crowds of cars or in crowds of other places, women evince a singular stupidity, while most men show an intelligence which solves many small and embarrassing problems. Take for instance one of the old-fashioned cars with seats running along the sides; a man will get in and be given about two inches to sit upon between two women, and there he remains, held on more by the attraction of gravity than any other force, when somebody farther up will get out, leaving plenty of room for one of the women to move up, so the man can get a decent seat. Do you suppose that woman will move up? Certainly not. The writer has seen women who will ride all the way up the hill, with plenty of room next to them, and they will not budge. They must be wedged at the bottom of the line, with plenty of room at the other end, but not one woman will move. Now the masculine intellect seldom achieves such a stupidity as that. (We're always agreeable to men on this page on New Year's day.) It is really pleasant to strike a subject about which we should like to write to the masculine intellect. It doesn't often happen in these days.

Now, another thing about men in cars. Often and often a woman gets into a full car, and she is crowded with three men, and they rise like one man. This does not show any deterioration in manners. Again, many women have seen the sheepish look on the faces of men who keep their seats. Some argumentative masculines have reasoned the matter out and decided—in theory—that there is no more room for a woman. In practice, he rarely carries this out for long. Surely there is much chivalry left when a man can't even force himself to make a woman stand. On the whole, the writer is with men and against women in this street car business. And, moreover, she lets cars with women and men go. They are more restful in cars. Now, not to leave the dear women wholly out of it, we will say that there is many a woman who is polite and intelligent in street cars; who thanks the man that rises and does not care to take his seat, and will move up and otherwise act as if she had a head. The writer of the letter, who gave us the text, is one of them. But, alas, they are in the minority and shine like a good deed in a naughty world.

Townsend, Mrs. Robert Burns, Mrs. Oscar Kalmán and Mrs. Sherman Finch. Miss Dadds was the guest of honor at a musical given Wednesday evening at the Misses Donohue, of Marshall avenue. Prof. R. Watson Cooper will begin a second series of lectures under the auspices of the Eleanor Miller School of Oratory on Monday at 2:30 p. m. at Odeon hall. The lectures will be given on eight successive Monday afternoons at the same hour and the subject will be Shakespeare's tragedies, beginning with "Julius Caesar."

Miss Ella Lee Fardon, of Itasca, N. Y., who has been visiting Mrs. C. D. Bentley, of Laurel avenue, has gone to Milwaukee. Mr. and Mrs. James Morrow, of Nelson avenue, gave a large dinner party Monday night.

FASHIONS FROM VOGUE

Prepared Specially for THE GLOBE.



Party dresses for little girls are shown this winter in a great variety of styles. Besides those of sheer white materials trimmed with fine lace insertions and edging, which are always pretty and appropriate, there are many made of thin silks, crepe de chine, fine woven fabrics and even velvets. The latter material seems hardly suitable for a small maiden's dress, though it has always been used for long coats for children from the baby carriage age up. It is, however, very becoming to children and when of a delicate tone, particularly pink, harmonizes perfectly with the soft fair bloom of the young wearer's skin. The dresses are, of course, made on the simplest of models, being either plaited or gathered so that the velvet may hang in graceful folds and thus bring out all the beauty of its rich tones. A favorite and very dainty model for dresses of this material is shown by the illustration. This frock is made of light blue china silk and is entirely accordion plaited.

The short full waist is cut separate from the skirt, but is joined to it by a narrow band which is hidden by the sash of wide soft finished French taffeta ribbon. This passes through the little straps of cream colored dot Venice lace in front and ties in a bow at the back. The bottom of the skirt is edged with lace as are also the ruffles outlining the neck and finishing the sleeves. The dress is cut a little low at the neck and may be worn with or without high collars. The collar is trimmed with velvet foliage and flowers, or a single splendid plume, held by an artistic buckle. Oriental fancies are on the increase, both in the semi-barbaric jewels and all manner of rich and multi-colored embroideries and silken textures that are "dreams" of the fashions and beauty. Embroidered scarfs for the head and shoulders in silk gauze and satins that are as lovely as possible, are much in vogue. A more conservative and demure, with plain centers of ground and many-hued borders, in palm, pattern, are revived. They afford protection against draughts and their being worn, and are becoming with their dash of color and soft drapings, as well as rather exclusive, as one must know "how to wear them."

Another startling evening cloak is worn by Mrs. Edward J. Berwind. This is a pale blue brocade shot with gold threads. The rich broad bands of trimming. The indistinct sleeves are filled with blue chiffon and the lining is blue satin. Mrs. A. Lanfer Norrie, who is nothing if not original, wears a brilliant crimson cloak with a sable collar and cuffs and a lining of black satin. Miss Pauline Whitaker usually appears in a dainty, girlish frock, when she was silly, but only Americans have parlor now. Johnnie—And spiders? Go on, Johnnie. Johnnie—Was that spider's parlor as pretty as this room? Mrs. Lane—Much prettier. It was all made of poetry, you know, what a spider's web is like. Johnnie—Isn't it a sitting room? Mrs. Lane—Well, never mind; go on with your learning. Johnnie—Yes, but it isn't. Poetry is always so stupid. Mrs. Lane—Never mind; you must never discuss and think. If you stop at the it is impossible to get on. Just learn the words and then you will see how pretty they are. (And she begins again, "Will you walk into my parlor?") Mrs. Lane—Mechanically as his eyes wander round the room and finally fix themselves on a bowl of chrysanthemums on the table. Johnnie—Mum, Johnnie. Johnnie—"The way into my parlor is via a winding stair." Oh, mummy, it must have been exactly like this, "cause our stairs are very windy." Mrs. Lane—You do seem to be learning and tells him it was not a bit like theirs. "Besides," she says, "if this parlor and stairs are like those of the spider's, you or I must be like the spider himself." Johnnie looks at his mother for a moment or two and then starts her considerably by saying, "You are rather like a spider." Mrs. Lane—Yes, sometimes you never move for hours and hours, just like a spider. Mrs. Lane (turning uneasily in her chair)—What nonsense you do talk, Johnnie. Go on. Johnnie (with a sigh)—I do hate that, mummy? Mrs. Lane—Because it is prettier. Go on. Johnnie (gawking)—"And I have many pretty things to show you when you are there." I wonder if that spider had rings on and pretty necklaces—and— Mrs. Lane (interrupting him)—You are a very silly, lazy little boy, and very rude, too, calling your mother a spider. It is a very cruel insect. Johnnie—"Is it?" Mrs. Lane—Well, isn't it, to invite a poor fly into its meshes and then to gobble it up? Johnnie (reflectively)—If the fly was so silly as to come into the spider's meshes I don't think I should gobble it. [Enter at this moment a neat young parlormaid, who announces "Colonel Henderson" and ushers in a tall man of about forty, clean and well-made. He has all the military bearing of his rank, slight and young in figure, but with a face strangely wrinkled. One of his subterfuges compared it once to an old man, and certainly if the countenance is the chart of the soul his indicative of many inward conflicts, and great misfortunes, some of which he had had with the devil and come off victorious. Mrs. Lane starts up and flushes to the roots of her pretty hair as she lays her hand in his. He seems to have caught some of the glow from her face, for his is lighted up with a mixture of pleasure and shyness that makes him look for a moment like a little schoolboy. The neat well-trained parlormaid closes the door behind her noiselessly, but once on the landing she raises her eyebrows, gives a little low whistle and then goes down below into the kitchen among the drains and the rats and the cooking utensils to confide her new discovery to the cook. Col. Henderson, towering above the figure of Mrs. Lane, feels as if the room were whirling round them at a terrific rate, and he presses her hand to steady his nerves. "It was kind of you," says he at last, "to allow me to call on you so soon after my arrival in England." Her head droops still lower as she murmurs something about its being kind of him to come so soon, and then he and she realize that they are still holding hands, and that seems to confuse them still more; so she turns to the tea, but she is sitting there and busies herself with making the tea. There is a strange rattling of cups and saucers—strange in her case because she is always so silent in her movements, but today she seems to drop everything she touches. Col. Henderson sits down and draws Johnnie toward him and holds him at arm's length. Johnnie has been watching him narrowly from the moment he entered, and though Johnnie is hard to impress either one way or another, he has already made up his mind that this man is a man to like, so he does not resent the scrutiny he is being subjected to in his turn. Col. Henderson—And this is your boy, Mildred? Mrs. Lane (lighting the spirit lamp)—Yes. Col. Henderson—He is like you. Mrs. Lane—Is he? Col. Henderson—Very, especially. (Then he draws the boy quite close to him, kisses his eyes, and puts him on his knee.) Johnnie—I was saying just as you said that that mother was like a spider. Col. Henderson (in astonishment)—Like a spider? Mrs. Lane is blushing very much and feels uncomfortable, for she knows from experience that Johnnie is an enfant terrible. "That will do,

used for other ornaments which were eagerly bought on account of their association. Gossip from Gotham. By the recent death of Joseph Stickney, one of the most popular of the older matrons is placed in mourning and society loses one of the most generous hostesses. Mrs. Stickney will probably pass her year of retirement in Europe, of which she has always been fond. She has long been before the public. She is on intimate terms with Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. George Crocker and Mrs. O. H. F. Belmont, and also with a more conservative Mrs. J. McG. Woodbury, Mrs. Casimir de Rham and Mrs. Prescott Hall Butler. It is now almost fifteen years since the Stickneys moved to New York. Their fortune had been made in tar paper and coal tar, and in those days the wealth of the Stickneys made them conspicuous. Mrs. Stickney wears a dress of the inner circle on account of her musical tendencies. Mrs. Stickney shares the Thomas Hitchcock box at the Metropolitan opera house, and this lodge will be donated to friends for the rest of the season. Wherever Mrs. Benjamin Guinness makes her appearance she creates a furore, but this beautiful English woman cares more for the outdoor life than for the bustle of a city. The Guinnesses have settled permanently in America, and in addition to their Douglaston, L. I. estate, they have leased an apartment in the Knickerbocker, at Fifth avenue and Twenty-seventh. But usually the Guinnesses are at Douglaston. Mrs. Guinness found no difficulty in knowing the right set in this country. She was armed with convincing letters, and soon her circle included all the fashionable Long Islanders. Mrs. Guinness was formerly Mrs. Bridget Bulkeley, and it is difficult to imagine a woman so spiritual and lovely with that unromantic name. Her hair is red gold and her face is quite pale. Her features are delightful and include a tilted nose. She has a style all her own, although some like her in her studied carelessness to Mrs. Patrick Campbell. This great beauty is an avowed devotee of the collarless gown, and one can understand these tendencies when one sees Mrs. Guinness' throat. Her portraits on display at the recent show proved what a shapely throat she has. Mrs. Guinness even in the dead of winter wears collarless frocks. There is often a dainty fold of tulle about the neck. One of Mrs. Guinness' most striking gowns is a princess in black velvet. The bodice has a yoke of black silk lace that ends at the throat. The wide flowing sleeves are composed of the same lace, and in the back there is a bow of lace set high between the shoulders. The ends of this bow add to the general oddity of this gown. At a reception Mrs. Guinness wears a rich pelisse of black lynx and a black Galshorovitch. Her dazzling coloring is highly effective with all this black attire. Although limiting herself to black, whites and grays, Mrs. P. Cooper Hewitt is laying aside mourning for her father-in-law, Abram S. Hewitt. Mrs. Hewitt observed the mourning period strictly for about a year. Mrs. Hewitt is not fond of society in its most rigid sense. She does not belong to the ultra set of her sister, Mrs. Burke Roche. Probably the family, which she married, wears her from the more frivolous element. The Coopers and Bryces are famously conservative. Mrs. Hewitt and Mrs. Roche look alike. Mrs. Hewitt is usually distinguished by a lack of jewels. She seldom indulges in more than a diamond brooch.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

BY ROSINA FILIPPI.

The curtain rises on a cozily furnished sitting room in a house situated in one of those mysterious side streets off Slope avenue. It is a very poky and stuffy little house, but it holds prestige over similarly small houses elsewhere by being in this particular district. Indeed, its rent is out of all proportion to its narrow little staircase, its low ceilings, its thin little walls, its badly fitting little windows and its obviously bad drainage; and though one can see at a glance that this room belongs to a woman of taste and some means, it is the be-all and end-all of her possibilities. It is as much as she can do to keep this rickety little house fresh and clean and to clothe herself in those clinging garments for which she is noted and in which she has been made immortal in one of his most famous lectures by the great Sargent himself. There is a bright fire burning on the hearth, for it is late November and there is a horrid fog outside, and she, Mrs. John Lane, a young widow, somewhat about the thirties, is teaching her little boy to recite "The Spider and the Fly." He is very like her, and she is pale and slight, with a pair of luminous eyes which have never flashed in anger, gaze and makes up at last a little color and a little vitality. Johnnie—I don't want to go to school, I learn with mummy. I was just learning a bit of poetry when you came in. Col. Henderson—Were you? Oh! Do say it to me, I love poetry. Johnnie—So does mummy. Mrs. Lane—Am I sure I don't? Col. Henderson (rather horrified)—You said you did. Mrs. Lane—I said it was prettier than the other kind of writing, but I did not say that I liked it. It is considered prettier (Col. Henderson a cup. He puts Johnnie off his knee as he takes it from her.) Johnnie—And what was the particular bit you were learning? "How doth the little busy bee?" Johnnie—No—it was—(Mrs. Lane almost screams to Johnnie.) Hand the tea to Col. Henderson, Johnnie. (Johnnie does so and Col. Henderson helps himself.) Col. Henderson (noticing Mrs. Lane's evident desire that Johnnie should hold his tongue and stammer at Johnnie and tells him it was not a bit like theirs. "Besides," she says, "if this parlor and stairs are like those of the spider's, you or I must be like the spider himself." Johnnie looks at his mother for a moment or two and then starts her considerably by saying, "You are rather like a spider." Mrs. Lane—Yes, sometimes you never move for hours and hours, just like a spider. Mrs. Lane (turning uneasily in her chair)—What nonsense you do talk, Johnnie. Go on. Johnnie (with a sigh)—I do hate that, mummy? Mrs. Lane—Because it is prettier. Go on. Johnnie (gawking)—"And I have many pretty things to show you when you are there." 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And he's as big a donkey As he ever was before.

(Even Mrs. Lane laughs.) Johnnie—It is pretty that you are making up. Col. Henderson—Yes. I can go on for hours. Johnnie—I am sure that parlor was just like this one, aren't you? Johnnie—Yes, you ever saw, through which the fly longed to poke his big, clumsy fingers just as he used to when he was quite a little boy. Mrs. Lane—Really you—you ought not to talk like that before the boy. (She is talking about Mrs. Lane, who is unconsciously smoothing her hair back a little.) Col. Henderson suddenly seems to have become a grave, middle-aged man again. "My only chance, Mildred," says he. "When a man has been in earnest as I have for so very many years and there has been no hope for him all that time, and when—when there is a chance of something better in store for him, he must either bluff it or—cry like a baby. Would you rather I did that? I could at a moment's notice," and he walks away to the window and looks out. Mrs. Lane stoops down to the fire and arranges it, though apparently it needed no attention. The colonel, having whistled a so little tune to the restoration of his equanimity, turns to Mrs. Lane again. "Mildred, my dear," says he, "it is ten times pleasanter to look into my face to see if I have ever forgotten you for ten consecutive minutes of my waking hours during all those years. However, the meaning of your letter, I need not tell you how grateful I was to receive it, for I know you well enough to be certain you would not have sent for me if—if you did not want to see me. I know, you know what I mean, but there is some one else to consult now. Ten years ago it was only between you and me; now—now—there's Johnnie."

Col. Henderson—Yes, he must decide for us. Johnnie—Yes, he must decide here; I want to ask you a question. Do you like me? Johnnie (looks at him steadily)—Yes, I do. Col. Henderson—How much? Johnnie—Oh, I don't know how much, but I like you a good bit. Col. Henderson—Isn't it rather too sudden to be loving, Johnnie? Johnnie—No; I always like a person just at once or never at all. Col. Henderson—Can I give you all sorts of nice things? Johnnie—Like the spider? Col. Henderson—Oh, the spider, I think. I think I could give you a jolly good time for the rest of your life—a Shetland pony and a little girl. Johnnie—A real live one? Col. Henderson—Yes, my very own? Col. Henderson—Yes, and we would scamper over the downs together till you got to be quite strong yellow, and you would have some boy friends, and there should be no nasty poetry to learn except what the trees and the wind or the chimney all day long. I think and believe that trying to make you a healthy, happy little child would be just what you need of my life. Will you come and live with me, Johnnie? There is a beautiful pause. Johnnie looks up at the colonel with big, hungry eyes, then goes to his mother and puts his arms around her neck. He is a very little boy for his age, but his face is wizened and old. His very white adds to the dual effect of his eyes, which are a great lump rising in his throat. "You are very kind, sir," he says at last, "but I don't want to leave my mother." "Great God!" shouts the colonel. "I don't want you to leave her; I want her to come to me. I want to see you, and then the colonel does a most unexpected thing. He buries his face in his hands and sobs as if his heart were breaking. Poor Johnnie stares for a moment very frightened, then looks at his mother, who has some boy friends, and there should be no nasty poetry to learn except what the trees and the wind or the chimney all day long. 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