

HOW TO LIVE BY ART.

BUT ART FOR ART'S SAKE IS QUITE ANOTHER THING.

The Ways Open to Women—Practical Designing—Work For Wall Paper Makers and Lithographers—Illustrating For the Press—The Salon Picture.

(Copyright, 1897, by the Author.)



THE art student is here in New York by the thousands.

What does she intend to do with her art after she has spent time and money in training herself for it?

This practical question perhaps does not only forcibly present itself to the young woman who has parents to support her, or who has a regular income of her own. To her art for art's sake is the altogether delightful prospect which stretches out indefinitely in the future.

But, alas, only to a happy few is it given to live in peace and tranquillity toward their truest ideals.

This is a money grubbing, money grabbing age. Everything you do is measured by the price it will bring, and art, divine art, is no exception to the rule. If the art student is dependent on her pictures for a living, then must she set about making marketable ones for that end.

Hard as it may seem, she must not expect to earn her salt by the sale of her oils or water colors in the ordinary way through the medium of the exhibitions or the dealers.

The sales of late years at the semi-annual exhibitions of the National Academy of Design and the Society of American Artists have been a surprisingly small percentage of the pictures hung. The largest number sold are those of the men with reputations. An unknown woman who makes a bid for recognition stands a chance of about 1 in 500 of selling her canvases. Of course the artist with a "pull" or rich friends who buy her pictures to help her along are out of this reckoning.

When a woman has the exceptional talent or genius that enables her to capture one of the exhibition prizes, an order or two may be the result, but even this is far from a meaning wealth.

What, then, are the ways open to women who can wield the pencil or brush by which they can make a living?

Practical designing is a wide and roundly well paid field. The large carpet manufacturers are always ready to buy a good design. This is a special branch in itself. The pattern must be exact to the number of threads in the loom. A practical bedding design is much more likely to catch the eye of the manufacturer than one which shows no resemblance with textile needs and limitations. It does not take long to acquire the technical side of this art, and if the artist submits designs which please she may find a regular and paying market with one factory alone. A colored design brings from \$5 to \$25.

Wall paper is another good field for new and artistic ideas. Here again some technical knowledge is required for the "repeat" of the pattern and its accommodation to the width of the paper. Then there are the manufacturers of printed silks and cottons and the makers of draperies and upholstery fabrics. A large percentage of the latter goods are now imported. Why? Because the dealers tell you the foreign artists give us the most beautiful patterns both in form and color, but there is no reason why this should continue to be so. Most women are especially sensitive to color combinations. Designing for these sumptuous textiles would seem to be a province particularly their own.

Put on your thinking caps, girls. These manufacturers are looking hard for ideas, and they are willing to pay for them.

Another good field for the clever draftsman of the figure is to be found among the lithographers. These firms furnish pictures for advertising purposes, and they look upon a quaint conceit or original fancy as a positive gold nugget.

Many will remember how several years ago there appeared in various advertising spaces a dainty little golden haired child's face peering out from under the pointed hood of a monk. I remember how gleefully the lithographer showed me the sketch, and how he bewailed the fact that there were not more designs brought to him with the same element of catchy originality and charm.

The young woman who painted the pretty child in the hood got a good price for her sketch and a ready sale for her succeeding pictures.

"Trade work," perhaps you say, with a snarl. Well, if we must have advertising pictures, let them be good ones if possible. Are you not doing something worth while if you are educating the masses in artistic form and color?

There is no use of going to any of these people unless you bring them a sample of your work. Their only motto is, "By their works ye shall know them."

Illustrating is another large field. The thousands of magazines and news-

papers now catering to the jaded tastes of the public are this very minute ripe to catch at some new fall. Far be it from me to encourage a "fad" at the expense of good, honest work, but there might still be a new idea that would be honest and legitimate, and it might attract even the popularity of Aubrey Beardsley's efforts without being bad drawing, gawsome or horrible.

For the newspaper the drawing should have as few lines as possible, and these should be bold and telling.

Suppose you go to the theater and make a spirited sketch of a scene on the stage, or you catch a well known man in a characteristic attitude at some public meeting. Take your sketch to the editor of a paper that uses these things, and tell him you would like to do this work for him. If it shows originality or has a graphic way of telling its story, you will stand a good chance of getting assignments from the paper.

If you are good at manufacturing jokes and illustrating them, you are quite sure to find a sale for such work. Strike out in a new path, and success is yours.

Meanwhile, if you are determined to paint the salon picture, set up your little studio with your canvas on the easel and paint on it between the bread and butter orders. It may come about by and by that you will do the thing only that you love best to do, but you surely will have found much sweetness, independence and strength in working your way to your goal. ALICE E. IVES.

FIRST LOVE.

The Woman's and the Man's Idea of It. Their Reflections.

I wonder whether there ever was an engaged girl who, as soon as she began to realize the fact that she was engaged, did not torment herself by wondering whether he ever loved before and finally ask him to tell her the solemn truth about it.

"It is dreadful not to know for certain," she says, and he, of course, declares that she is his first and only love; that he never thought any other girl worth glancing at before he met her; that, in fact, he used to wonder what other fellows meant by "falling in love, and all that. There seemed to be no sense in it until one day—you remember, don't you, O Angelina—we were introduced."

She remembers, and she is so happy, so glad he is not like those others, for all the young men she knows not one but has admired half a dozen girls before they became engaged. She would not tell her sister-in-law for worlds, but her brother was always admiring some one and so attentive that every one thought he was engaged. It would spoil all if he (Edwin) had been like that.

Then she gives her "good, true Edwin" the kiss he begs for, and he asks himself if he has been telling lies or not. He does not quite know. He really believes at present that he never loved like this before, but then he remembers that he thought that before—several times before.

The little school friend of his sister, how beautiful he thought her! She wore a blue dress and had curls like a row of tallow candles hung to dry all around her head.

Then there was the summer girl, all hat and big eyes, who took his heart with her when she went away in the train and left the farmhouse desolate.

There was the lady who shooed the mill and the haunted house. How he carried her card and portfolio about and stood for hymnals and botanica and all sorts of picturesque characters! What did he say to her to cause her to tell him that she would always be his friend, but intended to devote herself to art, which she shortly did—to art in the shape of a famous academician who had made a snug fortune.

Then, after he went clerking in the city, did he ever meet a pretty girl at an evening party without feeling sure that at last she had come, the one fair, she beyond all others? And the typewriter with the golden hair! How dare they hint that she dyed it? Why, he was sure at the time that his heart broke when she married the cashier. Still that was not the worst. He could never forget how his energetic grandmother came in from the country to save him "by the skin of his teeth" from marrying an elderly widow who rouged and dressed principally in bugles and whom he believed the finest woman he ever saw. He was just of age then. He is older now by three years, and he understands himself, and his arm is about his Angelina's waist. "Oh, no," he repeats, "never before! You are the only one I ever loved!" And, after all, it is quite true, only she could not believe it if he made candid confession of his experiences. A woman's idea of first love is so very different from a man's.

A WOMAN'S VIEW.

"Our sex are not any too magnanimous to one another," writes a lady. I wonder if this is true. It certainly has not been so in my own experience. The best friends of my life, those with whom I have taken solid comfort, have been women loyal, sympathetic and helpful. So it must be. Women must stand by one another with united hands and hearts if they ever better down the cruel iron walls of prejudice, superstition and greed that are between them and light and liberty. Let it be women together against the world. Look down through all the seeming faults and inconsistencies of women and see only goodness, the power and truth there. Say no unkind word of a woman; permit no one else to say such word in your presence. In the days of the oriental harem women were rivals for the favor of their masters. Now they are no longer. Stand by a sister woman as you would stand by yourself. Women are women's best friends.

"You lose your independence when you go to the theater with a man," declares a matinee girl. E. A. C.

THE COMING STYLES.

SOME OF THE NEW VELVET OUT-DOOR GARMENTS.

Startling Colors and Magnificent Trimmings—New Goods For Winter Wear. The Later Tendency of Millinery—The Use of Plush—New Silks.

(Copyright, 1897, by the Author.)

Surely no queen could ask a more regal wrap than one now put on view as a model for grand winter functions. This is made in a deep cape form of royal purple velvet and is lined with ermine and has a little jabot arrangement of point lace from the throat down



A STYLISH BRAIDED SUIT. to the waist line. The velvet is of the richest possible quality. On the high collar and in the corners are very fine traceries of black silk embroidery with the finest cut steel beads sewed like veins in the leaves and stems and pistils where flowers are wrought. Where the design is in arabesques it is outlined with these fine cut steel beads. There is something incomparably rich about the steel beads. Jet ones are handsome, and small gilt ones, too, but the first are not so showy, and the second are not refined in some way, while the steel ones are as beautiful as stars in a frosty sky. They sparkle on the velvet, these steel beads, but it is with a chastened sheen that makes the garment elegant as well as beautiful. Some of the new velvet capes have ribbons to match twisted into ruffled rolls with bows in the back and front, and these bows are fastened in the center with cut steel, silver and imitation diamond buckles so finely made that they are almost works of art. Some of the garments have fancy buttons to match the buckles, and these are set on peculiarly made ornaments than for their usefulness from a practical point of view.

Some of these velvet capes are made of startling colors, such as cardinal, cerise, harat orange blue and black. Sometimes combinations are made of two distinct colors, like gray and salmon, magenta and gray, red and tan, beige and light blue, and so on. Black velvet as a material for rich wraps is not limited to wraps and mantles, for some of the prettiest and most stylish jackets, street blouses, elegant "three quarters" are made of it. As a general rule, all these garments are trimmed with rich silk passementerie, though some are embroidered with heavy silk in the raised designs so popular a few seasons ago. The designs are picked out with fine cut jet beads or jet and steel mixed. A very few have narrow gold braid in elaborate oriental work, but few persons look well in such striking garments, and it is better to be too conservative in such matters than err on the wrong side. These garments are generally of black, though there are a few in dark colors. They will be very popular, especially for young ladies. A few of them have open bell sleeves edged with some sort of fur, while others have the usual sleeve of the season for coats, and that is a medium sized gigot.

I have noticed this week some very good effects in tailor made costumes. These are no longer restricted to broadcloth alone, but covers in the new merveilles weaves. These have a smoother surface than heretofore, and the threads are finer and closer, so that one

some ingenious woman has hit upon still another novelty in that direction. This time it is a long, narrow affair, much embroidered and bedecked with laces and frills—indeed a great addition to any bureau. To make this cushion, first cut a strip of very strong muslin 22 inches in length and 11 in width. Of this make a bag and stuff very full and tight with bran. The beauty of a cushion depends largely on how well and skillfully it is filled. It should be very hard and firm and the corners well filled out. For the cover select a piece of electric blue satin. On this embroider in gold floss a design of butterflies in solid Kensington stitch. Let the leaves be of a dull, pale shade of olive green. Of this satin make a cover to exactly fit the cushion, cut in same proportions given for the muslin bag, leaving it open at one end. Stitch firmly on machine, then turn and so that the corners are sharp and clear. Slip the cushion in and overhaul the end very neatly with fine silk the shade of the satin cover. Make a full box plaited frill of satin ribbon of the same shade and five inches in width. Sew this firmly all around the cushion. Over this put an ample ruffle of some dainty lace, and the article will be complete. This cushion is intended to be placed on the bureau close up against the glass, thus forming a decorative bit and at the same time giving plenty of room for the many fancy pins used in an up to date toilet.

Mrs. N. Honsinger and her daughter, Miss Maud, are the official draftsmen for the state land department of Montana.

Read THE SUNDAY SUN.

Subscribe for THE SUN.

Read THE SUNDAY SUN.

Subscribe for THE SUN.



NEW MILLINERY. has to look well to see that there is more than one color represented. The newest of these shades and tints are grays, castors, browns, olives and a delicate shade of frosty cadet blue. Arnette is another stuff for outdoor winter wear. It is between armure and wicot in weave. It is pretty and quite firm enough for tailor costumes. Of broadcloths it is not necessary to speak. A new stuff called Russian frizette is

handsome and is well adapted for the purpose, though all of the rough woollens look better in the street than in the house. This is very rough curled goods and makes stylish skirts and short coats. A new importation is a line of fine thick wool completely covered with horizontal or perpendicular braiding. This is often put on in the Greek key pattern and still often half an inch or less or more apart, according to the width of the braid. The same distance as the width of the braid is generally left uncovered, but in case of wide braids they are sewed close together. This braided cloth is cut and made up into skirts, coats and blouses, also capes, as if the braiding upon it made one part with the cloth.

These lavishly braided costumes are very fashionable and the horse show has set the stamp of high style upon them. With braided skirts one finds, besides the braided blouses, blouses made of fine furs, such as seal, astrakhan and sable. These naturally are beyond the reach of most of us.

Some of the newest hats are quite modest and very different from those first offered. Flat felt brims seem to have the preference, though these are often tilted up or down a little according to the face beneath. Nearly all have soft made crowns. Draperies of velvet, plush, fur and ribbon are all seen, and instead of jeweled or cut steel buckles, some have no feathers, while others are covered. The three plumes, each falling in a different direction, seem to please nearly everybody. Flower-de-luce and large pansies, also violets, made of velvet are among the decorations. A few roses are worn, a few velvet carnations and sometimes a close bunch of velvet forget-me-nots, but the most of the trimming for hats and bonnets are made feathers and jet and jeweled ornaments. Satin draperies show well. Grotto is seen as trimming, and on some felt hats are draperies made of heavy honiton point. Shirred velvet, plush and satin hats are among the most expensive and most striking. The majority of them are of large dimensions, with monstrous plumes tipping this way and that as if blown about by the wind. The coloring is very vivid in the most of the bonnets, toques and trimmings to the hats. Coral red is a new color, and when a twisted roll of that is put about the brim and a crown made of the same and a high black paradise plume waves in the air it makes a toque of which any black eyed lady might be proud. The soft Tam O'Shanter puffed crowns are decidedly fashionable. Some felt hats with flat brims have the place for crown cut out, so that a velvet one may be inserted, and a plaiting of felt is made to stand up all around. In such a case a folding of velvet or plush reaches around the front, upholding the thick velvet leys that stand up high and stiff at the back. The caps to the sleeves and basque and stiff feathering to make them look almost rigid.

A new idea in skirts is a spring boujee reaching up about to the knee. In some cases the boujee reaches around the back breadth, only leaving the front one smooth. It is not pretty, but has found some favor. Plush in rich bright colors has been made into attire for grand occasions where it is necessary to wear high necked gowns. One of my plush had the shirt plain but the front fuller than is the usual size at present. There was an open jacket, bound with chenille fur on the sleeves, cap, high collar and around the whole boujee. Under this was a shot blue and white tulle vest gathered very full and with a draped belt.

Among the new silks are thick and heavy white and cream armure, peau de soie, satin duchesse and corded silk, all of one shade or other of white. These are all intended for wedding gowns. The latest are draped with chiffon flounces, with orange blossoms at the apex of each festoon. Pale mauve and lilac striped taffetas are produced for bridesmaids. These are also in faint blue and pink and are simply fashioned so as not to overshadow the bride.

HENRIETTE KOTSCHEAU.

A Novelty in Cushions.

It would seem as if every variety of pin cushion that could be desired had been made over and over again, but

some ingenious woman has hit upon still another novelty in that direction. This time it is a long, narrow affair, much embroidered and bedecked with laces and frills—indeed a great addition to any bureau. To make this cushion, first cut a strip of very strong muslin 22 inches in length and 11 in width. Of this make a bag and stuff very full and tight with bran. The beauty of a cushion depends largely on how well and skillfully it is filled. It should be very hard and firm and the corners well filled out. For the cover select a piece of electric blue satin. On this embroider in gold floss a design of butterflies in solid Kensington stitch. Let the leaves be of a dull, pale shade of olive green. Of this satin make a cover to exactly fit the cushion, cut in same proportions given for the muslin bag, leaving it open at one end. Stitch firmly on machine, then turn and so that the corners are sharp and clear. Slip the cushion in and overhaul the end very neatly with fine silk the shade of the satin cover. Make a full box plaited frill of satin ribbon of the same shade and five inches in width. Sew this firmly all around the cushion. Over this put an ample ruffle of some dainty lace, and the article will be complete. This cushion is intended to be placed on the bureau close up against the glass, thus forming a decorative bit and at the same time giving plenty of room for the many fancy pins used in an up to date toilet.

Mrs. N. Honsinger and her daughter, Miss Maud, are the official draftsmen for the state land department of Montana.

Read THE SUNDAY SUN.

Subscribe for THE SUN.

Read THE SUNDAY SUN.

Subscribe for THE SUN.

SHE WON HER WAY.

HOW A RUSSIAN JEWESS ACHIEVED SUCCESS.

She Probably Keeps the Largest Outdoor Newsstand in the Country—How She Has Built Up the Business—Elements of Her Success.

A woman—a foreigner, a Russian Jewess—keeps the largest outdoor newsstand in the great city of New York. Her business and her success did not all come in a day or a year. But she earned it honestly, and no one among her thousands of patrons begrudges it. The secret of her success is an unflinching courtesy and a naturally dowered ladyhood that command the highest respect.

Her name is Broné P. Nelson (or Chancelas, as she was called in Russia), and it is always entertaining to listen to the few reserved words she occasionally lets fall of her life in Moscow. Broné Nelson is a patriot. She used to live near Tolstoi and see him daily at his work. She loves him, and she understands what the count and the banished Prince Krepotkin are trying to teach the Russian people, that great reforms are not effected in a day and that "they also serve who only stand and wait."

In Moscow as a wife and mother Broné was kept in comparative ease through the exertions of her tradesman husband. But she was broad minded and had studied her country's literature as well as that of others. She was a Russian Jew, and she felt the oppression of her government.

So she, with her husband and two children, though loving Russia, left it and came to this country about eight or nine years ago. They possessed about 3,000 rubles or some \$2,200. But they shared the misfortunes that come to many strangers in a strange land. They had not the ways, they had not the tongue. Broné's husband died nine months after their arrival, and she was left in New York to care for herself and the two little boys. The money was dwindling. She hired herself to do sewing machine work. For two weeks she worked for nothing as a learner, and then she took full rank with the experi-

enced hands, earning from \$10 to \$12 per week. For 1 year and 8 months she pursued this work diligently, and then it stopped. She had six weeks work, her rent of \$12 a month was going on and her children must be kept.

She heard through a acquaintance of her husband who had known her in Russia of a newspaper stand that was for sale at One Hundred and Sixteenth street and Eighth avenue. The owner offered to sell the business for \$250. Broné had only \$85 left in the bank, but she collected her jewelry, remnants of former luxury, and took it to a pawnshop on the Bowery. There they gave her for some diamonds, her watch and chain and other ornaments \$100. She still lacked the money, but a cousin of her husband came forward and loaned her \$100, and the stand was purchased.

"For myself," she often says in recalling her start in life in this country, "I had no fear—indeed I did not care. Rain, cold and storm I stood out there. I thought only of the children."

Despite a rival who established himself and spent a good deal of money on the opposite corner Broné in eight months was able to pay back the loan of \$100, and by sheer Spartan courage and extreme courtesy to customers she soon established a paying business at her stand. Then she took her two brothers into partnership, and the concern now supports, besides herself and her two boys, her eldest brother, his wife and boy, a younger brother yet unmarried and her nephew, a sister's child.

"We don't know," she says in her quaint way, "to whom the business now belongs. There is a common purse, and we are confident that one will not take a penny more than he absolutely needs." This is the sixth year of the business. The entire family are engaged in it. There are three tables filled with newspapers and periodicals and a little house under the elevated stairs where the stock is kept. There is also a thriving newspaper route served by psnaches. Taking all into account, the firm counts their regular customers at something between 2,000 and 3,000 a day. Their amount to considerable a year, and a fresh permit is taken out each year. They employ one man's entire time at \$8 per week. Three boys deliver in the early morning hours each day for \$3 per week. They work from 5:30 to 7:30 a. m. A young lady stands at one of the tables from 5 to 11 a. m. each day for \$6 per week. The nephew delivers from 5:30 to 7 a. m. and then makes his way to his work and study at the Bellevue Medical college for the rest of the day. Even the little boys, aged 12 and 10 respectively, run a pnsnache on the mornings of their vacation from school. They attend the Felix Adler school, and it is Mrs. Nelson's wish that they be educated in a nonsectarian establishment. The only creed she will give them is that of

Read THE SUNDAY SUN.

Subscribe for THE SUN.

honesty. Mr. Adler accepts her two boys free of tuition fee, but the mother eye is on their work. One boy is backward in arithmetic. She is paying a tutor to coach him so that he may not be behind his class, and both boys are receiving a musical education. She is just now anxious about her nephew. She tells me he works too hard, and she wishes him to give up his newspaper route and spend those early morning hours in bed before he goes to his medical studies, but the young man is evidently endowed with quite the proper spirit, for he will not hear of it.

Broné is still young as well as refined and handsome. There is the essence of a proud and lasting sorrow about her, but such is the strength of her character that this only serves to grace her manner and her attitude. Not one of those who pour in and out the elevated entrance at One Hundred and Sixteenth street but miss her when she is off duty for a moment. Her anxiety to serve you is rather the hospitable anxiety of the hostess looking after your comfort than the servility of the pushing tradeswoman. I cannot describe just the way she gives you your paper and your change. You must go buy one for yourself if you are ever in New York, and then you will see. Her touch is not only deft and obliging—it is graceful, it is exquisite.

"Oh," she will say to me sometimes, "I have no time to learn the language, the literature of this great people. My life will be wasted, I know. But I am hoping some things for my children's future. Maybe you don't want this paper. Perhaps you are only purchasing to purchase from me?"

For this I give her a little lecture and after it we shake hands on the inescapable fact that neither of us can afford to miss business or doubt the motives of our customers.

It is no easy life to stand at this street corner through foul weather and through fair, day in and day out, sometimes from 6 o'clock in the morning until 8 o'clock at night; to meet all kinds of people, the coarse and the refined, the snob and snobless and the keen man and woman of business. And, above all, to know by the keenest attention and study just what paper they want, to have it ready with the least possible delay and always with unvarying and marked courtesy. And the result? An income from the newsstand of from \$4,000 to \$5,000 per year, I should judge. How many American women "to the manner born" are there who would do it or could do it?

LILLIAN A. NORTH.

THE NEW WOMAN.

Answer to the Question What Good Women's Clubs Have Done.

While it cannot be denied that some women's clubs seem to exist mainly to show off the bonnets and gowns of the members the list of really useful ones becomes wider with each returning autumn. This year in New York city there was intense activity among the ladies' political organizations, more than there has been at any time before. Each candidate for mayor had clubs of women working enthusiastically for him. In fact, several women have been regularly employed from some of the party headquarters to go out among the meetings of men and directly address voters themselves. These ladies are very popular and effective speakers too.

Revisiting the record of one club, a nonpolitical one, will show the magnificent possibilities for good that lie within the power of organizations of women. That is the Chicago Woman's club. Mrs. Ellen M. Houston has prepared the brief statement copied below, merely making mention of the club's achievements. When you are asked what good women's clubs do, just point your questioner to this record.

It supplied 50,000 persons with work during the depression that followed the closing of the World's fair. It introduced the kindergarten system into the Chicago public schools. It established the Children's Aid society, which distributes garments to poor school children.

It raised \$25,000 to aid the Kenwood industrial school for boys. It secured the appointment of a woman physician in the insane asylum at Danmum.

It supports the school for boys in the city jail. It inaugurated the movement for raising funds for the woman's dormitory at Chicago university.

It raised an endowment fund scholarship for the Art institute. It has organized the following associations: The Protective Agency For Women and Children, the Physiological institute, the Society For Physical Culture and Correct Dress, the Public School Art association and the Chicago Political league.

By the way, come to think of it, where is any club of men that has done as much as this?

"Who could fall in love with that!" exclaimed a man on looking at the picture of an American lady who has won a noble place in a profession. Who wants you to fall in love with her, you conceited idiot? Not the woman herself, certainly. The solid fame and money she has obtained for herself are worth more than the fleeting admiration of a thousand shallow brained jackanapes like you. You and your kind will find out that the Almighty made women for something else than merely to be fallen in love with by fools. First and foremost of all, he created her for herself, to develop as an individual her capabilities without reference to anybody else.

Dr. Bertha V. Thompson is city physician of Oshkosh, Wis.

A sign of the good new time coming is the beautiful apartment house for business women now nearly completed in New York city. It contains ten suits of rooms, finished and furnished in most approved style. Even the single bedrooms have bathtubs attached.

ELIZA ARCHARD CORNER.

THE SUNDAY SUN for one cent.

THE SUNDAY SUN for one cent.