

Of Interest to Women.

Jennie June's First Success, Lillian Russell's Photographic Biography and the Princess of Wales's Wheel.

TO A REJECTED MS.

O Thou that comest like a battered barge
To harbor eyes returning, swift or slow,
With naught, for all thy voyages, to show,
Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses
dark,
Thou, of my manuscripts the patriarch,
What doom is this that forsooth thee to go
Like some dead leaf, blown aimless to and
fro,
Attempting every magazine of mark?
Hence! I am weary of thee, and the note
Thou bringest with thee, lithographed, to tell
Th' inevitable doom I know so well.
Hope winged my pen as first those lines I
wrote;
A thousand times I've sent thee thro' the post,
Once more—and if that fails, give up the
ghost!

Full Moll Gwennie.

THE ORDER OF GRAY LADIES.

The new order of the Gray Ladies begins with the costume. This is obligatory in working hours and has evidently been planned by some wise-acre in feminine lore. It is becoming to all styles and is expected to act as an incentive in securing recruits. The color is soft silver gray, cashmere for winter and mohair for summer, and the general style suggests the Quaker at once. Turn-over collars and cuffs of white linen contribute to the demure effect and give the finishing dainty touch. In smoky London it is doubtful how long the purity will remain, but in the cleanest American cities there is an opportunity offered such as has not been known since Quaker maidens cast aside their garb.

A full plain skirt with a cottage waist and belt is the style for indoor wear, and an additional cape with a cottage bonnet finished inside with a ruche and outside with a veil of gray tissue, together with gray gloves and bag, make up the costume for the street. Whether one becomes a permanent member or joins the band of helpers, only these changes make up the whole for working hours. The difference between the lay ladies and the regular residents lies in the fact that the former go back to frills and furbles when their allotted task is done, while the latter wear always the fetching garb of gray.

Aside from the costume, the only two obligations are the regular payment of dues and strict obedience. The object is to help the poor better their lives, and ultimately a band of women not unlike the Salvation Army is expected to form into rank. Whether one join for a few hours a week or for as many days, or give her entire time, for so long as she dons her raiment of gray she must do as she is bid and take orders in the spirit with which the soldier receives the command that comes from his superior in rank. The Order of the Gray Ladies is actively at work in London and will shortly be organized here on the same lines as that of the King's Daughters.

MRS. LEE, BARBER.

Here in New York we will regard the woman barber as a subject for humor and the stage, but in Chicago she is a stern reality. A few days ago Mrs. Lee, who has an established business, attended a mass meeting of barbers in behalf of her sex and scored one or two points, if no more. The council proposed to pass a measure prohibiting women from engaging in the business, but Mrs. Lee's sturdy statement that women do not chew nor carve, and that they can consequently keep their nerves steady and touch light provoked such an uproar that the danger was averted for the time at least.

FASHIONS IN FANS.

In the language of commerce fans are a staple. Harsh as this may sound to feminine ears, to which fans are an accessory of costume, a toy, a weapon, a language, it is, in fact, a promotion. The fan has now as permanent a place in the markets as alpaca or cotton cloth. The result has been that the artistic quality of fans of lower price has been raised to the level of fans of a higher price furnished a few years ago.

As a consequence women must now have fans to match the toilet. With the beauty of the modern fan go fragility and delicacy. It is a sturdy fan that can outlast the season. Women are careful of their fans. But the handling of a fan is not infrequently entrusted to a man, and the thread of conversation is apt to suddenly change as the work of destruction goes on. The young man inevitably replaces the fan with a costlier one; hence the briskness of the trade.

Fans of this season, as last, are small. This year they vary from 10 to 12 inches. An observation of the plays of the period accounts somewhat for this. Such plays as "Mme. Sans-Gene," "The



Queen's Necklace," "Sowing the Wind" and "Countess Gucki" have a perceptible influence on fans of the day. It is these that are responsible for the gauze and spangles, the aerial wreaths and cupids, the slender sticks. Spangles were rather than wane. In Empire and French fans of a distinct character these are used with fine effect. There is a moonlight splendor about the black silk gauze fans and silver spangles. Lace applications are conspicuous. The beauty of machine-made laces causes them to be extensively used. The most expensive fans are still of ostrich feathers. These are larger than the fans of gauze and silk and are superbly mounted on slides of pearl, ivory and shell.

DO WOMEN PROPOSE?

February of this leap year is half gone, but there are ten months still left in which women may exercise their undoubted privilege. Practically women propose to men more frequently than is believed, and, curiously, the recorded instances show that this privilege is exercised without reference to age.

The ideal relation between man and woman is symbolized by the Greeks. Atlanta is so encumbered by garments that she can no longer run. Her costume illustrates the network of restraining customs with which civilization has entangled her movements. The dear girl can only linger about and use the signals left her by coquetry and her tears. If now and then she solves the situation more summarily it is not surprising.

Elaine's wooing of Launcelot the most determined advocate of woman's rights would agree goes too far. Elaine, indeed, is as forward a young woman as is produced either in literature or life. The advantages of a delicate constitution are seen in the immunity accorded her conduct. Lady Geraldine in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" wooed Bertram with engaging frankness and chivalrous devotion. She, moreover, endows him with all her worldly goods—not in phrase, but in fact.

It is not alone the poets who record the

proposals made by women to men. Lady Castlewood proposed to Henry Esmond, falling on her knees in right manly fashion, but alas with feminine tears. In "Middlemarch" Dorothea proposes to Will Ladislaw, not without encouragement. Will, however, only spoke of love. "But we can marry some time," suggested Dorothea. Then she, too, broke into tears. Evidently when women do propose to men the most successful manner is always the mostlachrymose.

Thus Jo proposes in "Little Women" to her German doctor, and in "Jack the Giant Killer," Mrs. Thackeray's story, the curate's daughter engages poor Jack in a lady-like flood of tears.

On the contrary, in "Julia," Miss Wilken's story, her heroine proposes frankly to the young man with whom she was keeping company, as they went home from singing school. In "Castle Richmond" Anthony Trolope makes his elderly Countess propose, which she does without crying, and she, too, as Julia, is rejected.

The proposal of Queen Victoria to Prince Albert has been recorded herself. Without evidence, it has always been supposed that Baroness Burdett-Coutts took the initiative in her marriage. That Mrs. Hopkins-Searles proposed to Mr. Searles he has testified on oath. She proposed, indeed, a number of times, and was at first rejected.

knows who talks constantly of her own children, their prowess, beauty, cleverness; of her husband's success; who thrusts her own household constantly to the front, elbowing other women's sons and daughters out of the way.

"Indeed, I have made up my mind," said the critic, "that the purely domestic woman, taking her all around, is the most selfish woman I know—outside of her own home."

This is the selfish woman every one

HOW SHE KEPT THE PEACE.

She was tall and muscular, with eyes severe and gown of formal cut—likewise an umbrella meant for use rather than ornament. She came upon two lads engaged in a friendly fistie argument. It was noon, and twenty men from a near building had made a ring about the embryo prize-fighters and stood watching the mill with bated breath. Two bigger lads acted as seconds, bringing their "men" scientifically to the scratch and locking their lips fondly as they shouted "Break away!"

Upon this lily of the sidewalk the big woman descended like a cyclone. "Stop that! I say, stop!" she shouted, stamping her foot. "Will nobody stop this disgraceful exhibition? Oh, where are the police? Call them, some of you great gawks of men! You ought to be ashamed—yes, you ought! Call the police, I say!"

The little gamecocks had caught second wind, and were at it hammer-and-tongue. Up street and down the apostle of peace sent her eagle eye. Not a policeman was in sight. She set her teeth, gathered up her skirts and waded in with a vigor that condoned her lack of science. She caught the fighters and tried to tear them apart; they only clinched the harder, and made desperate efforts to get each other's heads in chancery. The peace person was almost crying and red with angry rage. She raised her umbrella high over her head and laid about her so stoutly that both the fighters ran away with welts upon the forehead. Then did their rescuer (?) go about her business, saying to her companion, with an air of the intensest satisfaction: "I was bound to stop that, if I had to break their heads!"

The universal disappointment that the Princess of Wales prefers the tricycle to the bicycle is tempered by the fact that she rides at all, and thus counts as the newest sport. The machine chosen for her is a "Coventry rotary," with a low gearing. It is of black enamel, with ivory handles, and sparkling here and there with silver plate. The new machine was tried on Christmas morning, and furnished an occasion at Sandringham. The Prince and his daughters were anxiously expectant. The Princess mounted under the guidance of Princess Victoria, who is the cycle expert of the family. The Princess wore a neat tailor-made costume just clearing her ankles. With the skill of all members of a royal family, her first essay was a success. She mastered the steering at once, and, with the proper body swing, came flying down the corridor. Her Royal Highness now rides daily over the grounds, and is as enthusiastic a wheelwoman as her daughters.

Food for Unwinged Angels.



Angels' food has been criticised as being too ethereal for mortal use, but, amplified into a pudding, it defies criticism and becomes delectable in very truth.

Purchase a cake of medium size and quite fresh. Whip one pint of cream to a stiff froth. Into it stir a half dozen marshmallows cut in bits; a few chopped raisins, a bit of citron shredded, some almonds and walnuts, also chopped, enough brandy to flavor the whole, and a rather generous share of glace cherries.

Enlarge the open centre of cavity with the mixture. Pour around the cake, and garnish extra cherries. The combination makes a fascinating whole, set can be trusted to prove tasty as it is novel.



THE COURTING SYNDICATE.

At No. 260 Delancey street is a sausage store. In the back room are several tables at which young men congregate nearly every evening to drink coffee and concoct schemes. The place is run by a Mrs. Rosa Froberger, and is popularly known as the headquarters of the "Engagement League." The league has been known for some time to East Siders, but the public was informed of it yesterday for the first time through the publication of an action for damages instituted by one of the victims against an alleged member of the league.

Pauline Leichter, the plaintiff, lives with the family of her stepbrother, Frank Selden, at No. 121 Attorney street. She is a prepossessing brunette of about nineteen, and is of a cheerful disposition. She became acquainted about six weeks ago with Adolph Hochberger, an artist, who had come recommended to her as a most desirable match. An engagement was, it is alleged, soon formed, and the event was publicly celebrated on January 29 last at No. 248 Second street. The festivities were, however, marred by the sudden entrance of a Mr. Schweitel, who exclaimed loudly that he had been insulted in that the bridegroom-elect had neglected to invite him.

"And I certainly should not have been slighted in such a manner," added Schweitel, "for I am the brother of Hochberger's wife, whom he abandoned with his two children in Philadelphia."

This announcement, of course, terminated the engagement, and Miss Leichter retained Lawyer Hyman Rosenfeld, of No. 60 Essex street, who procured an order of arrest from Justice Beach. On the strength of this Hochberger was locked up last Saturday in Ludlow Street Jail, and was still there yesterday in default of \$1,000 bail.

"Hochberger," said Mr. Rosenfeld yesterday, "is the leader of the gang who preys upon young women who are supposed to have some money. The gang is organized as thoroughly and has as systematic a mode of procedure as the green goods fraternity."

"One man, named Katz, ingratiates himself into the good will of a family so that

MRS. EUGENE KELLY'S CONCERT

A large audience gathered at the home of Mrs. Eugene Kelly, No. 19 Washington square, yesterday, to listen to an excellent programme by Mme. Calve and Victor Herbert, assisted by several other artists. The concert was given in behalf of St. Joseph's Home for Consumptives, which is located on One Hundred and Forty-third street and conducted by the Sisters of the Poor. Among those present were Mrs. Brockholst Cutting, Mrs. Adrian Iselin, Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer, Mrs. Delancy Kane, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Miss Fair, Mrs. Wilbur Bloodgood, Mrs. J. P. Morgan, Mrs. E. Gerry, Mrs. Joseph Pultzer, Mrs. Louis Livingston and Mrs. Henry Claws.

Mme. Emma Calve sang "You Are Sweeter Than the New Mown Hay," an English song, composed by Mme. D'Hardelet, her companion. Victor Herbert rendered three numbers, as also did Mrs. Julie Wyman and Mr. Perry Averill. Over \$1,200 was received from the sale of tickets. This money will go toward building a sanatorium.

MRS. PARKHURST ON COLLEGE EDUCATION FOR GIRLS.

From the interview with Mrs. Parkhurst given below it appears that she shares Dr. Parkhurst's opinion on the proper education of girls and the desirability of private life for women. It is an interesting colloquy on Mrs. Parkhurst's views that in the active political campaign made over a year ago Mrs. Parkhurst showed in her own case that when duty calls a woman into public life she is none the less fitted to take her part by reason of her preference for home life and her educational equipment toward its aims.

Mrs. Parkhurst has been quoted as saying that she does not approve of the higher education for women. What Mrs. Parkhurst does believe about this vexed question is this: "Before a woman's college was conceived of, the old-fashioned girl received a good education in the common branches. After that she very likely went to a boarding school and was taught some of the accomplishments. When she came home her wise mother inducted her into the mysteries of home-making. She must know how to cook and mend; she must learn to govern and instruct ignorant servants. A girl with such a training no domestic cyclone can disturb."

"The girl of the period is not content with the education her mother received," Mrs. Parkhurst might well have added that since the girl of the period has been pushed into bread-winning her mother's education would prove altogether inadequate. Go to college she must. With a three-years preparatory course and four

First Success of Successful Women



Really yours,
Jennie June Crosby

Mrs. Jennie Cunningham Croly, "Jennie June."

"Jennie June," as she is better known than as Mrs. Jennie Cunningham Croly, is the dean of the newspaper women. As the president of the Women's Press Club she is but fulfilling the natural order of her career in this city. As the originator of the manifesto, now dignified by the name of the "Syndicate Letter," she created an epoch in the history of newspaper correspondence. As the writer of the Jennie June talks to women and girls she carried sensible, practical messages into all the far-away towns and hamlets of the country. It would scarcely be right to account to Mrs. Croly the "moral message" now applied so liberally to American girls, to which her work in the past only seems to have inaugurated.

"I suppose my first success was really when I secured an entree and succeeded in establishing a woman's department in the newspapers," said Mrs. Jennie June Croly, when asked what she considered her first success.

"You know when I first applied for a position on a daily paper, the very idea was laughed at. One of my earliest efforts was a series of articles on art studies. That was my bent. I drifted into writing fashions, for then it was entirely a new field. Within a year from the time I began my work I obtained an editorial position, and until within the last month I have filled an editorial position unbroken for over forty years."

It was with modest pride that Mrs. Croly made the last remark.

drunk. I guess—and had slipped up on it. The magazine had to go to press, and he ordered me to have the article in by 10 o'clock the next morning. Well, 'Benton's Thirty Years in Congress' was a sealed volume to me. The whole thing was as foreign to me as the inside history of the remotest tribe. But I had it all done at 10 o'clock the next morning."

"Ah! you who want to realize what it means, just skim through Blaine's 'Twenty Years in Congress,' and write up a good review by to-morrow morning, and then you can gauge better the ability of this woman—the pioneer of women journalists."

"My work," went on Mrs. Croly, "was incessant and very hard. We did not have sensational journalism then as you have it now. The first thing I ever had printed was in a little town in Massachusetts. I was editor of an evening paper for a debating society, which was read every two weeks in the Congregational church, was called the Evening Star, and much. It was copied in other papers."

"My first work appeared in the New York Dispatch, and in Noah's Sunday Times and Weekly Messenger in 1855."

"I was theatrical critic when Barnum's Museum was a chief attraction. It was the only thing the Prince of Wales knew anything about in New York when he came here, and was where he asked to be taken first. A great feature was his press curtain. It was blocked off in squares, each square contained the best features of each paper, and at the top of the patch square was 'Jennie June.'"

"I used to write little plays when, years old, which were acted in school success was gradual. My greatest when I was allowed to try."

FOR YOUR PALMS, MADAM!

The proper care of palms in the house is mainly a series of don'ts. Don't give them too much water, and never any on the surface of the pot is slightly dry. This is the first commandment. Second is like unto it: Don't let them the full sun rays at midday, though cannot give them too much of morning afternoon shining. Don't try, either, keep them in rooms where there is smell of gas. They have fine noses, those green things, and will yellow and shrivel over a leak that neither the plumber nor your own olfactory may have detected. Thus they may save your health—and what is of more importance, of course, your complexion—since escaping gas is among the worst of skin tarnishers. Don't let the fronds get dusty, either; don't expect them not to curl up in a room with dry furnace heat and whiffs of coal gas from the register. Lastly don't fall to give them all the cigar ashes they will devour—a teaspoonful a week is not too much for a small pot. Dig them into the earth, taking care not to break the roots, then water, and be sure no water stands in the saucer at the foot of the pot.

SHE WAS NOT ENGAGED.

Mrs. B. had changed girls, and was undergoing the usual catfish at the hands of her kitchen's future ruler. After a succession of damsels from "the old dart" her husband had strenuously insisted that she try "an intelligent and cleanly American girl." He had found such an one, and was sure she would prove a treasure. The lady of the house even thought he might not be mistaken, so this and that was the newcomer.

"Yes; I'm a splendid washer," that person said, "and I can iron shirts to beat a Chinaman—I always did up father's at home. I always had time, for, you see, I know how to manage. Flat things, sheets, table cloths, napkins, I fold and lay around in the chairs—they come out beautifully smooth when you lay out on them a day or two—and that binds me to ask—where had you rather I put them, here in your chair or your husband's?"

It took Mrs. B. some minutes to recover speech; but finally she managed to say this on the whole she feared she would not suit a domestic so progressive.

The Perspective.

[Dorothy Tidman.]

She waved her hand imperiously. "Be very careful," she commanded the maid, "of the perspective. You made me look dreadfully shallow last evening."

After that the making of her toilet proceeded without further interruption.



Lillian Russell, Prima Donna, as She Has Appeared at Different Periods of Her Career.

when it becomes necessary for him to vouch for the character of the main carrier, Hochberger, his word may carry weight. But, to make assurance doubly sure, he first introduces a Mr. Bergstein, whom he represents as an opulent Southern merchant. Incidentally Katz has already spoken favorably of Adolph Hochberger, whom he claims to have only heard of but does not know. Bergstein is more fortunate. He knows Hochberger, and says he regrets he has no daughter or he would try to win him as a son-in-law. Nothing more is wanting in order to make the family anxious to meet such an admirable young man. When Bergstein calls again he fetches Hochberger along. Then begins a brief courtship, and the engagement follows as a matter of course.

In Miss Leichter's instance the courtship netted Hochberger only \$75, which he obtained from the girl under various pretexts.

years in college, she comes out thoroughly educated so far as books go.

"Sometimes her knowledge makes her dissatisfied with the old surroundings. Various avenues are open to her, but she has to push and jostle her way to success, for it means competition with men as well as with women."

And Mrs. Parkhurst believes this develops an aggressive spirit in women that is not pretty to contemplate or practicable for use in domestic life.

Juries in the New State of Utah.

Utah will substitute eight men for twelve in all jury cases, except those involving capital punishment, and provision is made for the finding of a verdict on the agreement of six of the eight jurors. In view of the general discontent with the jury system in other States, it is just possible that Utah's action is the forerunner of a widespread change.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES ON HER TRICYCLE.