

Of Interest to Women.

A Girl Painter from the West—Romance of the Foothills—The Story of Kate Chase—Spring Millinery.

FIRST SUCCESS OF SUCCESSFUL WOMEN.

In Mendocino County, one of the most northern as well as most picturesque counties of California, is to be found the quaint little studio of the well-known Indian painter, "Grace Hudson."

Miss Hudson is a fine type of the Western girl, who, feeling in herself the desire to paint, and having no means to reach those art centres where people may be taught to paint, determined to paint just the same. With the exception of one year spent in the San Francisco Art School, she is self-taught and, as is

ingly says, "stolen," the task seems a difficult one indeed.

The Indian superstition that to have his image reproduced either by the camera or on canvas means certain death is one of the hardest to combat. Under great pressure and for the sake of money he may be tempted to jeopardize his own life, but not the life of his child, for these savages love their little ones with a savage love. One baby was named in her honor—that is, it was to have been called "Mrs. Hudson," but, being a boy, they were forced to alter the name slightly, and he was proudly called "Mr. Hudson." After presents of green beads, etc., she tried to induce the father to allow her to paint

DISTINGUISHED CONSIDERATION.

Very recently the Board of Health called upon the management of the electrical roads to remove the cocoa matting from the floors and substitute wooden mats in the interest of the public health. The management desired to be heard in the matter, and presented itself before the Board of Health in the persons of Mr. George Gould and Colonel Hain. Cocoa matting, they pleaded, might be a colonizing spot for bacteria. That was for the bacteriologists to demonstrate. But there was no doubt that its rough yet pliable surface tended to stay the "indies' feet," while the wooden substitute would endanger their lives in swinging around the curves.

GRACE HUDSON, PAINTER OF INDIAN BABIES.



tempted to say, "a self-made woman." And to-day in all the leading art journals she is known as "one of the greatest American Indian painters."

She has surmounted what to a woman of less persistent perseverance would have seemed crushing and overpowering obstacles.

Her lot having been cast in one of the most picturesque but widest and most isolated parts of California, she turned her attention to the subjects nearest at hand. Her greatest interest has always been to catch the varying expression of the human face. She was not long in deciding to make the faithful portrayal of the Indian her life study.

Potter Valley, her home, is also the original home of the Pomo Tribe of Indians, and she had ample opportunity to watch their habits and customs. The child life interested her most, and through these she has reached her greatest success, although her pictures of Captain Jack and other old patriots of the tribe are considered especially valuable as characteristically Indian types of a race that is fast dying out. Her "Crying Baby," at the World's Fair, held crowds of interested and pitying people around it.

Her pictures are exhibited in London, Chicago, San Francisco and other cities. As most of her models are, as she laugh-

her namesake's picture. But he shook his head regretfully and said: "I know it will kill American baby, but it will kill Indian baby—all same evil-eyes."

When she heard, some time later, of the death of "Mr. Hudson," she said: "The poor father would be confirmed in his belief if he knew his baby's picture had been taken."

The greatest tact and strategy has to be used in getting these children as models.

First she visits the "ranchmans" and makes friends with them; then she hires the mother who has the desired child to do her washing and other work; then, with the promise of a gay new baby frock, she takes the child off to her studio, and, while she rapidly piles her pencil and brush, her mother sits at the machine, stitching the promised dress. Some of the children must be fed to keep them contented; some babies must be put to sleep; some will insist on crying; but whatever humor they are in, Grace Hudson faithfully and cleverly portrays it.

THE "BAL BLANC" IN PARIS.

"Bal Blanc" is the delicate and daintily suggestive title given to a recent Parisian dance for debutantes, and it is claimed that the array of youth and beauty more than justified the inference. A remarkable feature was the dainty freshness of the toilettes, which were far more remarkable for their perfection than for richness. The true Parisian values unsullied purity before all else, and would infinitely prefer a fresh gown of muslin to one of the costliest silk that showed signs of previous usage. At this special function, the guests of honor all being young girls, there was a notable simplicity of costume, but so exquisite was every detail that the room looked a very garden of fresh young buds.

"They say she has made a fortune on the stage."
"Well—her face is her fortune."
"Exactly, dear—and she made it." Gruffenhazzen.

WORTH KNOWING.

To make white lace as fresh as when new, lay out smoothly the piece to be cleaned on wrapping paper and cover with magnesia. Put another paper over this and place them between the leaves of a heavy book for several days. Brush out the powder and the lace will be found almost as good as new.

Meat and poultry, to be served cold, may be very much improved in appearance by being glazed.

Among the new accessories for the writing desk are silver pen extractors. They are small, but strong enough to extract the most stubborn pen from its holder.

Weak, cold tea, used in washing grained woodwork, is excellent.

Gilded baskets are exceedingly pretty for holding palms or large plants.

It is said that seashore sand will remove the dust from old velvet and improve its appearance. Sprinkle the velvet well with fine sand, brush it out, being careful always to brush the pile the wrong way.

Among the novelties in menu cards are fruits, flowers and vegetables. They come in colors akin to nature, and on the under side is written the menu.

A cup of cold tea, added to the stewed apples for a pie, improves the filling.

A cup of coffee added to the gelatine improves its appearance and flavor, or will give additional richness to the mince pie. Cape Cod cranberries are substituted for cherries in making conserves, and are equally delicious.

She was a tiny thing, and her mamma objected to the use of "aint," She assured her it was in extremely bad taste. The child pondered and considered, and finally announced: "I'm aren't going to say aint again." And from that day to this—the mite has now grown to the dignity of four and a half years—"I'm aren't" is part of her vocabulary.

REMEDY FOR INSOMNIA.

A man inconsiderately failed to look after his health and died, leaving his widow with a large sum of money. The woman was as helpless with this sum as if it had been pebbles. Business friends of her husband came forward kindly to advise her how to invest it. Each scheme seemed more luring and promised larger returns than the other. Just when she had decided to follow the counsel of some old and valued friend, another old and sagacious friend showed her some quicker, safer way to insure the luxury of a large income. In time the mental bewilderment of the widow over these considerate offices became so pronounced that the family physician was called in. He in turn discovered that her insomnia and loss of appetite arose from the load of a quarter of a million dollars she was carrying on her mind. Calling a carriage, he put his patient in it and drove her down town. There he purchased \$250,000 United States 4 per cent bonds and had them registered in her name. "Now I have given you a prescription that will make you sleep nights," said this wise doctor.

NEWARK LADIES POSED.

Living Pictures by Society Leaders to Illustrate a Lecture. Miss Cecilia Gaines, president of the Jersey City Woman's Club, gave the third of her series of lectures on "Famous Women" before the Hay Plumer Club, in the parlors of the Peddie Memorial Church, in Newark, yesterday afternoon.

Previously Miss Gaines had delivered talks on Semiramis and Hatasu as women rulers; On Prehistoric Mothers and Angelica Kaufman, as women in industry and the Arts. Yesterday was devoted to Women of the Renaissance.

The especially charming feature of these society lectures consists in the living pictures which are shown at the close of the lecture as an illustration.

The women who pose are well-known Newark club women. At the first lecture Mrs. Conover posed as Semiramis in the white bloomers and draperies affected by that queen. Mrs. Conover is a handsome brunette. Miss Van Steenburg posed as an Indian maiden to illustrate Prehistoric Mothers. She is a slim, willowy girl, with pensile dark eyes. Esther Smith, the ten-year-old daughter of Mrs. Laura C. G. Smith, who is a prominent officer in the New Jersey State Federation of Women, appeared the same day as a vestal virgin.

Miss Gaines, a fair-haired woman of winning countenance, spoke of Caterina Sforza and drifted into a detailed account of Veronica Gamba, touching upon her political ideas, her six sonnets to her lover, and read a translation of that beautiful "Poem to the Virgin."

The most interesting character of the afternoon was Vittoria Colonna. She is recorded as being of pure Roman type with Titian hair. Miss Gaines dwelt upon the gorgeous wedding festivities and the two happy years of uninterrupted joy that followed. In 1537, while at the zenith of her fame as a poetess, her husband having previously died, she met Michael Angelo, who was also at the acme of his success. The entire theme was centered then in the pure and beautiful friendship which they formed.

The curtains were parted to disclose an exquisite living picture of Vittoria, the "Beloved of Michael Angelo."

The young woman who posed was Miss M. H. B. Horgan, of Jersey City, and a member of the Art Students' League. Clad in a faded pink velvet renaissance gown, with Florentine sleeves, her hair fashioned like the famous bust of the Unknown Woman in the Louvre, Miss Horgan made a beautiful living reality of the famous beauty who had crept into the hearts of the fair listeners.

An informal reception followed. Among those present were Mrs. Emma P. Denison, president of the club; Mrs. Emma Bourne, president of the W. C. T. U. of New Jersey; Miss Amanda Douglass, Mrs. M. G. Baldwin, Mrs. A. H. Conover, Mrs. H. M. Sayre, Mrs. W. H. Brown and Miss Steenburgh.

Agitated Stranger—Excuse me, but your little girl will swallow that watch.
Careful Father—Oh! the watch is all right. I've got it in the end of this string. F. H. Townsend.

INDICATIONS OF COMING SPRING.

It is with some embarrassment that the very latest creations in Spring headgear are presented. To women these are serious matters, but the history of bonnets and hats is that as soon as an impressive new fashion appears, as these it will be immediately seen are, it at once becomes the target for caricature and comic verse.

It is admired, condemned, adored and reviled in turn; and, incidentally, just to work on public sympathy, is brought in the big bill the husband will have to pay. This, from long experience, is what woman has come to expect now with all her headgear. But especially in the season of young lamb and early vegetables is this what she is bound to get.

The new millinery runs chiefly to brim hats, and the poet will find in the three characteristic shapes pictured plenty of material for unalloyed verse. Size and heaviness of trimming, indeed, are the distinguishing features of all Spring headgear. Crowns are enormously large, allowing the top of the head, in some instances, to enter with ease. In certain square-looking walking hats with rolled brims, attributed to Virot, this is especially noticeable.

The crowns of these are puffed in, or are blocked with a projecting bell top. Then a ribbon velvet bow, drawn through a long buckle, widens the front, with a vast knot of closely massed roses at each side, or a dancing panache of black feathers at the left. Again, the hard brim of one of these hats will be softened by

THE LATEST IN HEADDRESSES.

Word comes from Paris that the day of the over-elaborated headdress has gone by. Gorgeous butterflies and birds' wings are no longer correct. Instead, the woman who studies artistic effect pins her tresses with a narrow crescent outlined with a shower of stars, a light spray of lilies of the corn, or a small dove holding an olive branch. Any one of the designs executed in diamonds makes a brilliant showing, yet without the objectionable feeling of overweight induced by the larger jeweled favorites of a year ago.

A GORGEOUS BAZAAR.

Lady Dufferin is wise in the way of bazaars and managed very closely to interest Parisian society in the sale held at the British Embassy last week. Stalls, interesting as they may be made, inevitably possess sameness, for there are only about so many varieties that can be evolved. The idea of putting Lord Dufferin's Oriental curiosities on view provided a most attractive novelty, and drew crowds of smart folk. The collection includes wonders of many sorts, among them presents from princes and cities, received during a long residence in India. Some of the most interesting are catalogued as "the gold umbrella of King Tbebaw of Burmah and his massive gold cup, the scarf of gold lace presented to the Viceroy at Lucknow, miniatures in frames enriched with jewels of India, Rajahs and the entire collection of caskets in various metals, carved woods, ivory, enamel and jeweled work designed to contain the various addresses received during Lord Dufferin's tenure of office in India."

CAMBRIDGE DEGREES FOR WOMEN

The question of woman's right to unqualified admission to the English colleges is still under discussion. A recent petition designed for the contemplation of the authorities shows out of 2,000 signatures 230 belong to the electoral roll, and of these twenty-three are professors. Whether or not the agitation will result favorably remains to be seen, but those most interested are much encouraged over the fact that so remarkable a consensus of opinion comes from the inside.

AN AMERICAN CONTRALTO.

Mrs. Katharine Flisk is winning all sorts of triumphs on the other side. She has already been heard at the St. James Hall ballad-concerts, and is engaged to sing at the Philharmonic to be given on March 19, when she will be heard in some new songs by Anton Dvorak. The composer is now engaged in orchestrating them, and it is expected will be present himself on the occasion. Some new orchestral pieces, also of his composition, are to be performed, and it is hoped that he will lead in person. Mrs. Flisk, who is in great favor,

FORTUNES OF KATE CHASE.

A certain historical glamour has always surrounded Mrs. Kate Chase, as she prefers to be called. A girl of sixteen when her father was Governor of Ohio, she was mistress of his house. Her distinguished appearance, sparkling wit, and turn for affairs made her a figure in the political world of which her father was so conspicuous a figure. When Mr. Lincoln called Mr. Chase to Washington as Secretary of the



KATHARINE CHASE SPRAGUE.

will also sing at the Norfolk and Norwich Triennial Festival to be held in St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, in October next.

Jones (engaging a cook in his wife's absence)—Yes, you will suit; come next Wednesday. By the way, what's your name?
Cook—Mary, sir.
Jones—H'm! That's unfortunate—my wife's name is Mary.
Cook—Oh, then, call me Daisy. Phil May.

Treasury Kate Chase, as all the country know her, easily led the official household of the President.

Ex-Secretary McCulloch once, speaking of the secret of her social success, remarked: "It is because when she is talking to you you feel that you are the very person she wanted to meet. That she has forgotten your existence the next moment is an afterthought." When her engagement to Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, was announced it had the importance of an alliance between high contracting parties. Senator Sprague had the prestige of a war Governor, a military man, the youngest member of the Senate, and one of the richest men in the country. The wedding was one of the events of a time bristling with events. When their first child was born it was regarded as a national event, and a description of the baby's layette was read by every woman in the country. When the baby began to talk, its clever speeches were passed from mouth to mouth. Three children were born—a boy and two girls.

When rumors of domestic trouble in the Sprague family were first heard they created a sensation. The country was then young to divorce and family troubles aired in court. Senator Sprague's fortune was swept away in the panic that succeeded the prosperity that followed the war. The difficulty of meeting bills did not tend to harmonize the family drifting toward separation.

After her divorce Mrs. Sprague retired to Edgewood, the country home of Chief Justice Chase. Edgewood is not far from the Soldiers' Home. It was an estate bought in 1869 from Mr. Thomas Magruder, who built the house. It is an old-fashioned place. On the right is the library of the Chief Justice, opening into the dining room, once a noble apartment, rich in memories of distinguished guests. On the other side are double parlors in the old style, and a long, vine-wreathed gallery running across the house.

Although Kate Chase retired from society, she was still at Edgewood the centre of a notable group. Rosewood Conkling was then a frequent visitor. Phil Sheridan, President Grant and Senator Sherman came to revive old memories and discuss the affairs of the day. It is said that at Edgewood the campaign against Mr. Blaine in 1884 was planned. But those days of great men are gone. Mrs. Sprague has been living in retirement, endeavoring by cultivating the land around Edgewood to combat the financial ruin that for years had been threatening her. Ethel Chase Sprague, her oldest daughter and second child, went on the stage, and for some time was a member of Richard Mansfield's company. The second daughter, who is said to resemble her mother in looks and temperament, has been her mother's companion.

The payment of the mortgage that was about to be foreclosed by the friends of Kate Chase and her father, now puts a woman much beset by misfortune on her feet. She now proposes to turn her attention to truck farming and raise vegetables, chickens and eggs for the capital, where good living is one of the principal recreations from the affairs of state.

Her present determination is in keeping with the high spirit and independence of character that has always distinguished Kate Chase. At least every one may hope that as market gardener the daughter of her father will restore the fortunes of her old home.

MME. BERNHARDT'S ORGANS.

Monsieur Paul, the famous organ-outrager which Mme. Bernhardt presented to the Paris Zoo before leaving for her triumphs here, is causing much anxiety on the score of his health. Whether it is the result of mere caprice or whether he is pining for his beloved mistress it is difficult to discover, but the fact is his appetite has woefully fallen off. He is growing thinner and yet thinner, and finds it necessary to have recourse to numerous blankets for warmth. The keepers exhibit considerable anxiety, as he has often refused the most toothsome nuts, and they have striven to tempt him with wine. The legacy left by the great artist is held in high esteem, but there are sceptics who dare to hint that the fact is due to the fame of his godmother rather than to any supremacy of his own.

She—Ah! Men don't know what women have to bear; they suffer in silence.
He—I know. That's their greatest suffering.

DECEMBER WEDS MAY IN THE FOOTHILLS.

The strangest and happiest couple in all Los Angeles county are James Rogers, aged seventy-three years, and his child wife, Ida Nelson Rogers, aged fourteen years and eight months, daughter of Robert Nelson, formerly of San Dimas.

"Youthful James," as he is called, is a Buffalo man, who enjoyed, as a young man, association with "Old Hutch," as the Chicago Board of Trade man is familiarly known. From Chicago Mr. Rogers became an Ohio banker and legislator.

At these various points he married and became the father of seven children and numerous grandchildren. It was after the death of the second Mrs. Rogers that her husband moved to the rejuvenating State of California. There, amid the vines and oranges of his daughter's plantation, on the foothills of San Dimas, he met his present bride, Ida Nelson. Ida used to carry her father his dinner on the San Dimas estate, and on her way was apt to meet old Mr. Rogers. Such is the fatality of life! The neighbors observed that Grandpa Rogers took a heap of notice of little Ida Nelson. That was grandfather's way, so they thought.

In July Mr. Rogers told his daughter that the air agreed with him better up where the Nelsons lived. So he went there to board. In October his family received the formal notice of his engagement to little Ida Nelson. The junior Rogers argued, implored, expostulated. Meanwhile little Ida Nelson was shopping in Los Angeles for her bridal trousseau. They were married in January. Mr. Rogers bought a little orange plantation among the foothills, and Mrs. Rogers has done her luck hair up and has let out all the tucks in her dresses in order to look older than her step-grandchildren.

