

# Of Interest to Women.

## The Vassar College Girls at Play—The Story of Miss Marbury's First Success—Miss Eugenie Cook, Populist.

### A POPULIST GIRL.

She is 17 Years Old, and Gorman Was Afraid to Debate with Her. Baltimore, Md., Feb. 23.—Miss Eugenie Cook, the bright little Eastern Shore girl who is the idol of the Populist party of Maryland, such as it is, points with great pride to the challenge she issued Senator Gorman to meet him in joint debate, to which that ungalant statesman was afraid to make a response. Here is the way the Maryland Joan of Arc modestly spoke of her work:

"For the past month I have been lecturing in Western Maryland, Pennsylvania

### THEY HAD TO HAVE HER.

Here are a few piquant facts about Victoria, Queen and Empress, etc., etc. She was born, as it were, to order. When Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV., and heiress apparent, died in childhood, there was a mighty scurrying to get married among the "romantic royal dukes" of Clarence, Kent and Cambridge. Though all had sons and daughters not a few, they were the result of left-handed alliances or had wholly impossible mothers—hence not to be considered in "providing for the succession." So the dukes went a-wooing.

### NO. 13 EAST THIRTY-EIGHTH ST.

The sad death of Mr. Adolf Ladenburg by drowning furnishes a curious commentary on the fact that the old superstition about the number thirteen still has its adherents, even among the educated and presumably cultured members of society. In the Winter of 1892 and 1893 Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg went abroad by advice of her physician to seek health by means of rest and changes. Her beautiful home at No. 13 East Thirty-eighth street was left in the hands of the agents to be rented furnished for the season. Perfect in all its details, and with a wealth of beautiful objects gathered from all parts of the globe, it soon attracted several would-be tenants. Anxiously enough, however, each and all of them quickly slipped out of their engagements on some pretext or other, ashamed to admit the ominous number thirteen was the beginning and end of their objections. The last, a well-known Wall Street man of undoubted shrewdness and sagacity, and notably successful in his many and varied enterprises, had practically taken the house, without, however, inspecting the premises or giving the number a thought; but when the feminine portion of the family came to look things over, as women will, that fatal thirteen stared them in the face, and they refused point-blank to live there. The voice of the scotchman weighed not a hair with his womanhood. But they quickly noted the fact that the husband and father did not urge them to reconsider their determination. To-day at number thirteen a fair young widow lies grief-stricken, mourning the untimely end of a husband who found his grave among the cruel crooks of Hatters. And who shall say?

### SHE NEVER ARGUES.

She had a merry eye, a lineless forehead and a wicked red mouth, though her hair was touched with silver. Asked her secret of youth, she thought a minute, then said smilingly: "If I have one, it is that I never argue. Never, under any provocation. You see, I don't hold any belief myself in a way that needs confirmation, and I found out a long time ago that in argument success was the only person you could ever succeed in convincing of the rightness of your view. Then there is the further fact that the points most usually argued are those the arguers know nothing whatever about. That, you can't deny, is wearing—bearing people dogmatize over things whereof their ignorance could be cut with a knife. Nor do I ever exert myself to set them right. Like Rachel of old, I 'sit upon the secret' and say nothing. I have my reward, too—the people whose pet delusions I respect, go about telling everybody that I am one of the brightest and best-informed women they know."

### OUR TELL-TALE HAIR.

Physiologists read the hair as follows: Smooth, softly waving, the hair indicates gentleness, quietness and neatness. We can each recall the woman with the wavy hair parted in the middle, the gentle Christian woman and immaculate housekeeper. Curly hair denotes vivacity, a yielding nature, immense love of approbation and frequently it is the possession of men and women of great literary and musical gifts.

Close, thick, rather coarse straight black hair is said to be found on persons with more order and industry than mental ability.

Flat and sleek-looking hair is held to indicate mental weakness. Alas for the men of fashion!

Straight, fair hair, according to the type of the head it is found upon, is accepted, if upon an intellectual head, as indicating a gentle, amiable and refined disposition. The same hair upon an ill-formed, stupid head indicates a dull, phlegmatic temperament.

Take, for examples, the high-bred, fair-haired Englishwoman and the flaxen-haired stolid German or Swedish peasant. A marked difference in color between the hair and eyebrows denotes untrustworthiness.

Red hair of the real brick red is held to mean energy and pelf; on the other hand, the brownish red hair, particularly if curly, accompanies a gentle, loving and very trusting nature.

That the condition of the hair is affected by the emotions has long been conceded. Insane people give evidence of the approach of an attack of acute mania by the rough and bristling condition of the hair. Where the hair of a maniac is continuously rough and bristling to an extreme it is said he rarely recovers; on the other hand, when the hair of a patient grows soft and smooth it is regarded as a sure indication of mental improvement.

An abundance of strong, crisp black or brown hair is accepted as denoting strong vitality and passion; if light, fine and abundant, self-control.

That the character of the face may be changed by wigs of various styles is understood by professional Reddresses will allude to silky, fine hair; beauty and loveliness for waveness or curls; stupidity for a shock of coarse, rough brown or black, and savage ferocity for straight, wiry, black head covering. Hence the classification of stage wigs as legal, virtuous, peasant, lover, villain, doctor, etc.

### HAIRDRESSING EXTRAORDINARY.

Hair dressed by auction has a most extraordinary sound, yet it is a method in vogue among Parisian society women whose own maid is not expert in the art. In the gay city there is actually one hairdresser. If not more, who has the wit to trade on the vanity and haste of her fair clients. The rush is apt to be a quarter of an hour before dinner or opera time. Then the carriages roll up and the bidding begins. There are more customers than artists and the highest bidder has the first turn. In the excitement it is not uncommon for forty-five francs to change hands in order that a single woman may be at her best in time for the ball.

## Miss Elisabeth Marbury's First Success.

Day by day the press gives evidence that public attention is greatly attracted by the unique positions so ably filled by women since so many professional avenues have been opened to them.

Standing comparatively alone in one of the most original and also necessary positions in Miss Elisabeth Marbury. This enterprising young woman represents American and foreign dramatists. She is the sole representative in the United States and Canada of the general agents of the "Societe des Auteurs et Compositeurs Dramatiques" of France. Her business is to place plays for authors and defend their interests by looking after their royalties and all business transactions.

When asked about her first success she replied: "Little Lord Fauntleroy, I guess."

"Did you know Mrs. Burnett?" "No. I got a letter of introduction to her. How did I think of it? I don't know. It was an inspiration, I suppose. Then she gave me her complete confidence, which encouraged me greatly. I saw the possibility and immediately organized my business. I have been successful and am happy in the knowledge that I have never lost a client. I represent more foreign authors than American. I suppose the reason is due to the fact that they are not where they can look after their interests, and the Americans are generally on the spot and need no other supervision. I am by no means adverse to American authors."

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Elisabeth Marbury



and Ohio. Wherever I went the receptions I received far exceeded my expectations. In nearly every place I drew crowded houses, the audiences being of the most enthusiastic kind. In many cities the people throng to the depot to meet me, and some send delegations to welcome me to the town.

"The people are thoroughly disgusted with ring rule, and my lecture on 'Death to Bosses and Bossism' attracts people from far and near. Wherever I lecture I produce my drama of 'King Grover the Third,' which explains to the people the misdeeds of their rulers.

"I started lecturing last Summer. While hundreds flocked to hear me, many scoffed and my ideas, because I was a girl and but sixteen years of age. But those who ridiculed me are now my strongest supporters.

"I challenged Senator Gorman to a joint debate, and also made several strong accusations against him, but he declined. Whether he was afraid or not, I cannot tell. Quite a number of people think I was instrumental in defeating Gorman."

"I was seventeen years old three months ago, although I look much younger. I do not know how long I will keep up lecturing, but I am determined to lecture until a Populist is elected President of the United States. I know that I am right and that the Lord is on my side. I went into this with religious enthusiasm. My mother moved to Baltimore a few months ago, and I go to visit her occasionally. My father travels with me. I will lecture constantly until after the election of 1896. I am ever so much pleased with the way I am received, and am royally treated. My audiences are thoroughly enthusiastic, and all through my lectures I am interrupted by outbursts of applause.

### MRS. STEVENSON'S VIEWS.

Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, the Vice-President's wife, who was elected almost unanimously president of the Daughters of the Revolution at the congress in Washington last Thursday, does not believe in the "New Woman." In her opinion a woman's greatest charm is her femininity, and when she assumes masculine airs, occupations and shirt fronts she becomes a thing of horror. Thus, although her daughters have been educated at Wellesley College, they neither row nor ride. Mrs. Stevenson would not have allowed them to don bloomers and ride bicycles, even had they been inclined to do so, and although they spend a good deal of time in the carriage, they do not drive themselves. The elder daughter, Miss Julia Stevenson, has dark hair and eyes and looks very much like her mother, while the younger daughter, who has taken her first peep at society gait this winter, is an extremely pretty little blonde.

### A MISSOURI GIANTESS.

Probably the tallest woman in the world comes from Scotland County, Mo. Miss Ella Ewing is the daughter of people of medium size, and cannot account for her size through any ancestral line. She is charming in manner and a favorite with hosts of friends and has a mind of more than common depth. Her height is 8 feet and 2 inches, two inches more than that of Chang, the Chinese giant, yet when seated she would not be noticed as more than a large woman. Her extraordinary development is in the lower limbs. When she rises from a chair it seems as if she would never stop getting up. Only at the earnest solicitation of friends did she finally consent to exhibit herself, but for the past five years she has been a familiar sight at the various social gatherings in the West. She has been besieged by letters from circus and the like, but prefers to make her own choice of towns.

choosing widows—Princesses, of course who had children, to give earnest of what might be expected of them. Thus it happens that England's Queen has upon the spindle side a half-sister very much older than herself.

She cannot be an imposing figure—this Empress-Queen. She is exactly four feet eight inches high, and pudgy world without end.

She is an ardent Spiritualist, with John Brown—or his wrath—for her prophet. And for all her grief for and devotion to "Albert the Good," it is matter of gossip that her first and warmest love was given to an American, "Prince John" Van Buren, whose father was Minister at the Court of St. James during the last years of King William, when the present Queen was a slip of a girl.

Rivalry is running rife up at Vassar College. Feminine seniors and juniors are as anxious to make "records," and all that sort of thing, as their big, burly brothers are. Ambition stalks strong and vigorous through the hearts and brains of the five

hundred students. To the untutored and uninitiated a Vassar College girl is an anomaly, to be stared at and thoughtfully considered.

During the past eight months a new and exciting game has been the pet hobby of these modern Hyppatias and Amazons. The hobby is "basket ball," a decided improvement on football, or polo. The great advantage of the game is that it exercises every muscle of the body, can be played as comfortably in a gymnasium as in an open field, and does not endanger life or limb. Late last Autumn they had a roaring, ripping game, the excitement and enthusiasm of which would have done justice to a howling band of Yale and Prince-

ton boys, and would have equalled the whooping of a tribe of Comanche Indians. No one was permitted to witness the game outside of the invited students and the ladies of the faculty. The lady principal, Mrs. J. Ryland Kendrick, is enthusiastic

over the new engrossing game of "basket ball." To use her own words—"It is really a game of remarkable interest! The girls are so eager in their desire to win. The main idea is to keep the ball moving until some one is fortunate enough to fling it into the

basket goal, which is hung on a pole, ten feet from the ground. To accomplish that means a point. The game only lasts forty minutes, and it is sufficiently long enough, too, because the work is constant and demands every instant of the player's

time. It is against the rules for a player to retain the ball longer than the time necessary in which to count five. You can imagine what a skirmish there is between the opposing combatants. Oh! it is unusually exciting to see the up-reaching arms



and hands to capture that pigskin sphere. When at length, one more lucky than her fellows grabs the ball, and with her two arms uplifted flings it into the basket, the wild shouts and clapping of hands is deafening. It is a game which we shall certainly encourage the young ladies to continue. It is a safe game, and yet one full of healthy exercise. Tripping, crowding, butting or wrestling for place is not allowed. The girls play it with a vim and understanding which is indeed remarkable.

At present, while the snow is on the ground, the big gymnasium is the scene of all the physical training and sporting games. Basket ball is played every Wednesday and Saturday. The gymnasium is very large and modern in every detail. Underneath the main hall are built about twenty-five little bath rooms, with dressing closets attached to each—as a giddy young rasher exclaimed: "Two cute and cunning to be true." Back of the bath rooms is a great swimming pool, or tank, fully forty feet long by twenty-five feet wide.

When the glowing, laughing lassies flush their active sports in the gymnasium above they troop down and take a quick plunge in the fresh, clean waters of the swimming tank. Next, wife-approved and lace-capped maids hurry about with ample bath towels and necessary toilet articles. After a vigorous and thorough drying the young ladies scurry across to their separate cozy bedrooms over in the main hall, or the handsome new Strong Hall, and take a half-hour of reposeful rest. Dinner at 6 o'clock invariably discovers a regiment of hungry stomachs.

There was a pretty tale told once about a Southern girl, who was actually "hazed" in the most approved and up-to-date fashion. She was game, however, though the "powers that were" heard of the affair and took quick measures of stopping it. The college yells is really more boisterous than musical, but when sounded by several hundred feminine voices it is wonderfully inspiring.

THE FIRST WOMAN EDITOR. The new woman is continually being proved to be old. Apropos of the death of Mrs. Nicholson, of the New Orleans Picayune, the Hartford Courant asserts that it has the honor to claim the first woman editor and proprietor the country can boast. Widow Watson had never heard of woman's rights. She lived 120 years ago. Yet she edited and controlled the Courant, and that with hand type, hand press and hand power. Her success was great, and among her subscribers she counted George Washington himself. In 1778 she married a prominent citizen of Hartford, and like an old-time, dutiful wife, surrendered to him the management of affairs. Nevertheless for a considerable period of time the Widow Watson was the Courant, and the paper is here to-day, a proof of her success.

A PHENOMENAL FAMILY. The State of Maine boasts a family showing five living generations. Mrs. Hannah A. Stearns, ninety-one; Mrs. Francis F. Noyes, sixty-six; Mrs. Ada May Burnett, forty-three; Mrs. Cora May Noyes, twenty-five; and Della May Noyes, five. Oddly enough, the long line is entirely feminine and the race appears to be a sturdy one. Mrs. Stearns puts all modern appliances for the keeping of perpetual youth to shame. She has never thought much about herself. She has eaten what was set before her with a thankful heart. She has known no tomes and only such simple remedies as home-brewed herb tea. Yet she has never used eyeglasses or spectacles; she reads fine print with ease. She can do a day's housework that would simply make the modern woman a wreck. Her hearing is the only faculty impaired.

SHE STOPS ITS CRYING. A woman doctor, who is the wife of a well-known scientific man and explorer, has an original way of treating her babies when they cry. Her theory is that when screaming a child needs much more air for its lungs than on ordinary occasions. Her method of supplying it would not be apt to find favor in the eyes of less scientific mothers. She has a good sized basket, so the story goes, and when the baby cries it is placed in it and hung out of the window until its screams cease.