

# The World of Woman.

## FANCIES OF FASHION.

Up-to-date widow's mourning for the house demands a tiny white cap and very deep bands of heavy crape upon the gown. The cap is an innovation from the English custom.

Novel holders for the candles which decorate every well appointed dinner-table on occasions of state are some of them shaped like lily cups, two to three cups in a group.

Coming winter's tailor made gowns are to have broad lapels, large buttons and deep stitching around the edges of the coats. The skirts are flounced or quite plain, braiding being little used.

The short round jackets open at the throat over a fine white tie are smart when worn with a tailor made skirt of faultless cut. These jackets are preferable of a color and material different from the gown and with contrasting lapels.

The pretty rattan baby carriages are adapted for use as infants' reclining chairs or as mail carts for older children.

An overdress of pink batiste trimmed with plaited frills of surah silk brightens a well worn school dress. The frills upon the shoulders add immensely to its attractiveness.

Very fetching is an evening hat composed of brown velvet, orange colored poppies, black and brown oats and bottle green ribbon.

A cloth sack coat with revers of chin-chin and trimmed with silk braid and military ornaments makes a pretty wrap for a child from 3 to 11 years of age. The coat is made of heavy broadcloth and lined to be worn on the coldest days.

An attractive tea gown has a foundation of ruby cashmere trimmed with tucked black chiffon, which is garnished with narrow beige ribbon. The waist is bound with a scarf of ruby silk, edged with a frill of plaited chiffon.

## BAB'S WARM TRIBUTE TO FANNY DAVENPORT.

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This last month seems to have brought nothing but death and death. Today it is the young soldier boy who started off so cheerily, believing that the safety of his country depended on him. Tomorrow it is the young wife whose little children cling to her, loved her so dearly and could not understand that she had left them never to come back. The next day—who is it the next day? Perhaps somebody close to you or to me or to the neighbor over the way. One who has gone to sleep forever belonged to that

deal prettier than you are." Nurse and baby made a sudden exit, for it is a well known fact that the great artist still loves to be considered beautiful. Fanny Davenport laughed and upbraided the saucy baby. Still, what woman would not be pleased at such an innocent compliment?

Another time when I was lunching with her, and we were having one of those delightful luncheons where no men are around and the conversation can range from frills and frivols to science and what is not known about it, a maid came and said, "Some one wishes to see Mrs. McDowell." There was a shrug of the shoulders and she thought that she wouldn't go. The maid laughed and said that the gentleman insisted upon seeing her, and after the second thought there was a pitying look, and in a voice that came from her heart she said, "Well, I would better go; perhaps it is some poor actor who wants help." In five minutes she was back, her cheeks as bright as a rose and her eyes sparkling like stars. As my face looked for an explanation, she said with a laugh, "It was only my Mr. Mac, who

make one say, "She is a gentlewoman." I wonder if you think as I do, that a gentleman is one who likes to make people glad to meet her and regret to leave her? She seems to me to be one who gives courage to those who are tired and to quiet that loud, unpleasant argument, changing it into interesting talk. It is a talent seldom possessed by men and an art belonging to women.

It was an old fashioned writer, one who in our girlhood's days we thought the best of all, Maria Edgeworth, who said, "Every one who makes goodness unpleasant commits a high treason against virtue." Not one of us is too poor to give the cup of cold water, and it is not always nectar for which one longs. Sometimes that is too sweet. Sometimes it seems to lack the purity that comes in the clear, colorless liquid that brings health and happiness. Oh, no! I am not a prohibitionist, by no manner of means but I am a temperate woman. I do not believe that good things were made to cast aside, but instead, as the grapes were crushed into wine at the wedding where the great

## The Love Tragedies Of Two Beautiful Women.

"Beauty is but skin deep," this is part of a popular locution, but inasmuch as people do not generally sit in their homes, beauty goes for a great deal. Renan, one of the plainest men, practically said that a beautiful woman might play the deuce with everything and everybody around her, and still none would say her nay. Two of the most beautiful women in Europe were the empress of Austria and the empress of the French. And heaven alone knows what a fatal gift it has been to them. But for her beauty, Napoleon III would not have married Eugenie de Montijo. It is not depreciating the ex-empress as a woman to say this. If Louis Napoleon had never seen the beautiful Spanish girl, he would have married some plain German princess, in spite of the rebuffs he received at first from the various courts of Europe when he asked them to provide him with a consort. But with his heart set upon the Countess de Theba's daughter, he was rather glad than otherwise of the rebuffs, and pursued his matrimonial requests no further. "After all, sire, you'll have a wife whom you'll kiss because you'll like kissing her, not because you are obliged," said one of his cleverest counselors to him, and the emperor, with that sphinxlike smile of his, nodded assent. "You are right, Lupin," he said.

But for her beauty, Marie de Montijo might have married a consort, but not good, bad or indifferent, but less excited in station, and the joys and sorrows that fall to the share of all of us would have been less poignant, for though she might have lost both her husband and her son, time that heals all wounds, would have healed here. But the highest branches shake the most, and the world's tragedies in their intensest developments are always enacted by those who stand above the crowds.

But for her marvelous beauty, Elizabeth of Bavaria would not have probably escaped the notice of her cousin, the then young emperor of Austria, whose troth was practically, if not nominally, pledged to some one else. It was a love match, at any rate on one side. But no young princess declines the hand of an emperor such as Francis Joseph was then, and as distinct from what Louis Napoleon was 13 years before.

Never, not among the most romantic of the romantic middle classes—for it is a libel to say that middle class young people are not romantic—was a young fellow so much in love with his fiancée as was Francis Joseph with his 16-year-old bride. The staid, demure and sober courtiers of the then most backward court of Europe were positively "shocked" at the indifference to all etiquette the young sovereign displayed. At the first state dinner Princess Elizabeth, contrary to custom, took off her gloves.

An elderly court lady remarked quietly upon it to the young Emperor. "Why not?" he asked. "Because it is a deviation from all the rules," was the answer. "Then let the deviation henceforth be the rule," was the retort. And not that deviation only, but many more henceforth became the rule, because the new empress was not an ordinary princess. She was clever and accomplished in the highest sense of the word. And her will was law. Men, even emperors, will be men, and a man may be head over ears in love with his wife and still abate's character does not easily forgive an infidelity.

That was the beginning of the tragedy, which, though partly hidden from the world, dragged its terrible length along for more than 20 years, the husband repentant as no husband ever was, the wife unrelenting, though uniformly kind to the sinner, willing to forget, yet not to forgive, and roaming through Europe and elsewhere by herself. But for that voluntary roaming and deliberate seclusion the assassin would not have come near enough to execute his fell design. Peace be to Elizabeth of Austria's ashes! She has gone to rest, perhaps, the son and brother-in-law, both of whom she loved so well, and perhaps her death was a happy ray of light for life had nothing to do with it and had nothing to offer since the terrible tragedy of Mayerling. The one who suffers most is the lonely old sovereign at Hapsburg.

**A Duchess Who Visits Prisons.**  
Perhaps the woman who knows most about women convicts in English prisons is Adeline, duchess of Bedford. Her grace holds special permission from the home secretary to visit the convict prisons in which women are incarcerated for longer periods than two years, and very excellent use she has made of the great trust reposed in her. With her colleague, Lady Battersea, she does everything in her power to give the prisoners, upon their discharge, a fresh start under improved conditions. The duchess is a handsome woman in the prime of life, and when speaking from the platform her charming voice is cutiously like that of her sister, Lady Henry Somerset.

**He Knew the Sea.**  
Physician (to young woman patient)—You have a severe cold, Miss Smith, and you are threatened with rheumatism. You will have to remain very quiet for several days.  
Patient—Oh, Dr. Feltlet, I must go out! I have so much shopping to do!  
Physician—I see also that your nose has a tendency to inflame at the tip, and—  
Patient (thoroughly alarmed)—Oh, sir, I will do anything that you tell me to!



HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES.

Miss Hallie Erminie Rives, a talented young southern writer, who has already published two books, will bring out her third volume shortly. This clever woman's new work will be a novel, and its title will be "As the Hart Panteth." It promises to attract fully as much attention as did "Smoking Flax," her remarkable story of the south. Miss Rives was born in Kentucky and grew up in the Blue Grass country, but is now pursuing her literary labors in New York. She is a cousin of Amelle Rives, the author of "The Quick or the Dead." The picture is from a photograph by Davis & Sanford.

group of great artists who made life understand genius and taught all the world that acting, like painting and singing, was an art and a great one. This artist, whose name is carved in the great book of immortality, was **Fanny Davenport**. Handsome, full of movement, making gladness all around her, yet her art was first, and everything must give place to it. When you and I slept, she worked. She learned to become the woman she represented. She learned to know the Italian, the French, the Russian woman, as she really was. While I joyed in the artist I think, most of all, I loved the woman, and now, when my eyes are filled with tears, it is not that they belonged so much to the great actress, but to the loving wife and sister and the fond and devoted friend. Every one who was of the Davenport kin, no matter how far distant, was recognized and made much of.

I shall never forget a stormy winter day when I met her on the train, that fast train that flies from New York to Buffalo. During the time we were together she was as gleeful as a child, inasmuch as she was trying to make her husband guess what his Christmas gift was. He thought it must be a jewel of some rare kind. She volunteered to describe it, and she thought, with his quick wit, her husband would have no trouble in thinking it out. She said it was blue and that it was curly. It was oval, and it was round. It was thousands of years old, and yet it was cre-

wanted to kiss me goodby and so fooled me in that way."  
Then there was a time when I lay sick—sick almost unto death—and among the many beautiful flowers sent to me came a huge mass of purple, with wires through the roses and the violets mounted on straw, making a stiff effect and requiring four men to fetch it up stairs, and yet it was only the work of the florist. It lacked heart, or else the heart was strung on wire. An hour afterward my friend came in, and, looking around the room, she spied this enormous piece of made up flowers. With a sigh and a smile combined, she announced, "I told them to send you some flowers, and that horrid piece is their idea of what one sends to those one loves!" Quickly she took from her belt a bunch of violets and laid them on my pillow, where I could see them and inhale their fragrance, and then we looked at each other, understanding.

And she is gone.  
The woman who was strong of brain and yet the woman whose heart was so big, so loving, that she wore herself out in love giving and in joy giving. I sometimes think when I am all alone looking out on the great world with nothing between us but a sheet of glass, whether the roughest and most ordinary looking man, possessing even a bit of sense or feeling, does not know the difference between a big hearted, gracious, loving woman and one who is coarse in appearance, lacking in love and all the charming attributes that

**Pat**  
Some Costly Ruas.  
The costliest rug in the world are owned by the shah of Persia and the sultan of Turkey. It is said that each has a rug covered with pearls and diamonds valued at a fabulous sum.

**ALL SORTS OF WOMEN.**  
Progressive Chinese women have started a weekly publication called The Feminine Magazine. The staff consists of ladies only.  
It is announced that Lillian Lantry is going to live in California and that she will soon remove her effects from London to take up her permanent residence there. She will have house parties on a grand scale on her ranch in Lake county, and who knows but members of

the nobility of England will be crossing the pond to call upon her.  
A woman from abroad tells how the people in the vicinity of Northamptonshire recount thrilling tales of the bravery and daring of the late empress of Austria. In 1878 she and many chosen friends hunted for six weeks in the surrounding parks, and she won the admiration of English hunters by her graceful carriage when on horseback,

and also by her pluck. In 1879 she followed the Royal Meath hounds and won golden encumbers for her bold riding, and in 1881 she astonished some of the oldest huntmen in England at Cheshire when following her favorite sport for two months.  
The Duchess of Northumberland has purchased a unique shawl. Years and years ago it belonged to Charles X of France and was manufactured entirely from the fur of Persian cats. Many thousands of catskins were utilized, and the weaving occupied several years. The

shawl measures eight yards square, but is so fine that it can be compressed into the space of a large coffee cup.  
The queen of Siam has received a gift from her royal husband of a thimble made of gold in the form of a lotus bud, the lotus being the royal flower, and the thimble is thickly studded with diamonds, so arranged as to form her name and the date of her marriage. And now the ladies of Siam are using thimbles.  
American women are regretful that they did not see Queen Wilhelmina's

crowns when it was in this country some time ago. It was once stolen and brought to this country and was later recovered by detectives in Brooklyn.  
The queen of Holland recently received by parcel post a herring from one of her royal subjects. A note explained that it was the first herring of the season's catch and was the gift of some Dutch fisherman. Her majesty promptly had it cooked and ate it.  
Queen Margherita of Italy has made a gift of 4,000 lire annually for several

years past to the communal authorities at Gressoney, and the fund will now be used to build a new school for the district.  
The Princess of Wales has always been most devoted to her mother. During the late queen's illness the princess would scarcely leave her bedside, but ministered to her by night and by day, only taking needed rest.  
Although she is very progressive, the daughter-empress of China is very exclusive. No man has ever seen her except the emperor and the members of

## FANCIES OF FASHION.

Pearl or gray cloth edged with black velvet ribbons and cut steel buttons makes a pretty coat for a very small girl. A cap of gray trimmed with black velvet and a couple of quilts should be worn with the coat.

A very stunning blouse to wear with a silk blouse may be made of black glace, with buttons of cut steel and the front of the slightly puffed bodice embroidered in white kid and steel.

A lamp of colored glass covered with an openwork design in black iron makes an effective and useful ornament for a hall.

The new season's waterproofs differ from those long in vogue, except that the cape and skirt are fuller than before. The lapels that adorn the cape are wider, and the front is trimmed with large buttons.

During these days of fastidious attention to appearance no woman cares to be without a dressing table. The newest ones are long and wide.

A new blouse of striped silk, with fluted revers, lace and frills, makes a simple but pretty bodice to wear with a plain cloth skirt. Plain velvet forms the collar and velvet edges the flounces.

Hues and white checked surah silk, five pairs of black wings and a steel buckle may be combined into an admirable traveling toque. It sets well back on the head and is held in place by large jeweled pins.

A most elaborate bayadera arrangement of insertion and lace, with a high frilled collar, trims a specimen of the newest fashion in nightgowns. They have full flounced sleeves and shoulder pieces.

A new hat that ought to be as serviceable as the muck worn sailor is a boat shaped felt prettily trimmed with silk and quills.

her court. Even Li Hing Chang, her favorite minister, has never seen her face. When he visits her, she always sits behind a screen.  
The Duchess of York has ordered a fan to be made of hessian lace, especially to be shown at the Fierz exhibition. Under the patronage of the duchess a hessian lace school has just been opened in Ipswich.  
Miss Florence Lewis, who took high honors at the Cincinnati university, has received the appointment of professor of mathematics at the same institution.