

FAIR WOMAN'S WORLD

LITERARY FRENCH WOMEN.

The Ladies Have Always Been a Power in France But Never More Than at Present—Characteristics of Four Well-Known Writers.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

PARIS, February 22.

It is true that one cannot point to-day to a Marchioness de Rambouillet, to a Mme. Roland, to a Mme. de Staël, to a Mme. de Pompadour, to a Mme. de Girardin, or to a George Sand, but I think your readers will agree with me that, if the leaders be not so great to-day as were the leaders of the past, the rank and file of French womanhood is now immeasurably superior in almost every respect to the general body of women in years gone by.

Probably the most widely known literary and political lady of the France of to-day is Mme. Juliette Adam. She may be called the most intellectual and solid, and she is surely the most original, the most surprising, she was born with a taste for letters and began writing in her teens.

Mme. Adam's salon was the center of the Third Republic that dates the fame of Mme. Juliette Adam. Her second husband, M. Adam, was rich and a Republican politician. She was handsome, a fine conversationalist and ambitious to shine in state affairs.

Mme. Charles Bigot, whose nom de plume is Jeanne Mairet, is interesting to Americans as the daughter of Healy, the well-known American politician. She has lived in the same house with her father and many of her clever little theatrical pieces are acted by amateurs at the delightful soirées given by the Healy during the winter.

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large flat in one of the big old houses on the river opposite the Louvre. The hall, the dining room, the double drawing room, and two studies on either side of it, gave her the space she needed to display the rich pieces of tapestry, quaint furniture, pictures and knick-knacks which she and her husband—Mme. Greville has a husband—collected for her.

Mme. Greville's lecture tour in America was not a brilliant financial success and the large apartment was expensive. So she has now moved to a smaller but scarcely less artistic home in the quarter of Paris where artists, musicians and men and women of letters abound.

One of the most curious women of letters in this city is Mme. Blaise de Bury. Though English by birth, she is French by manhood and residence, and she writes brilliantly in both languages.

Mme. Blaise de Bury is a woman of letters and art alike. She has written the "Revue des Deux Mondes," so that Mme. Blaise de Bury is the aunt of M. Charles Bury, the present editor of that famous periodical.

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CLARA BELLE'S CHAT.

A Young Beauty's Impressive Exhibition of Lenten Spirit.

HOW GENTLEMEN SHOULD DRESS. A Kiss Imprinted on Love's Missives the Latest Sentimental Thing.

DIGNITY OF LADIES IN THE STREET.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) NEW YORK, March 1.

LENTY in Lent is palpable here in New York, and a goodly proportion of the population are unquestionably sincere. Not only do our fashionable women forego some of their social pleasures, but even in church their manners are more devout than usual. I am not writing carelessly.

That women go more worshipfully to religious services during Lent than at other times. You may know that our Rev. Dr. Heber Newton has just taken his congregation into a Fifth avenue church, and has thereby become worshipped.

REVEREND OLD WOMAN, shabbily dressed and leaning on a staff. It was hard for the poor creature to stand even for the length of time that she had to keep her footing in the jam.

THE OLD WOMAN looked into the beautiful face of a young girl, and she trembled, unglad hand in the dainty white skirt, vandyked at the edge, and falling over a fringe of narrow green ribbon, the skirt is pleated to imitate long petals.

White skirt, vandyked at the edge, and falling over a fringe of narrow green ribbon, the skirt is pleated to imitate long petals. Fellow pedestrians, with white petals falling over it, fastened on the shoulders with marguerites. Tuft of daisies in the hair. White shoes with white sandals, and a marginerite for an interlacement. Similar lacings on the gloves.

AN EVENING HEAD-DRESS. Mrs. Henry Greville. This gives her a certain prominence in literary circles here. But her eccentricity in dress and speech and her real mental ability would make Mme. Blaise de Bury a prominent character in any country.

PHOENIX COZZENS is special agent for St. Louis. LAURA JEAN LIBBY, who is a very young novelist, is paid \$10 a week by a New York publisher for the rights to her serial stories.

THE women of Milford, Me., have built a town hall, and are now getting the money, together with other entertainments. Mrs. E. F. Anderson says that now when ladies have so many ways of earning their own living, marriage is not the only resort, and a woman will naturally decline to give up a \$100 salary for a \$80 monthly one.

WASHINGTON has 300 feminine bicycle riders and Chicago over 1,000. Miss Emma Sumner, Captain of the Women's Wheel and Athletic Club, of Buffalo, trained over 2,000 on her wheel in 1888.

BOSTON, which is capable of giving us something new every time, has just had the headquarters of a new political party which may at length hold the balance of power in the city. The new party is called the "Independent Women Voters' Party."

"I SHALL be happy with my husband, for I shall not neglect myself," wrote Marie Bashkirtseff in her journal. "I will adore myself to please him as I adored myself when I wished to please him for the first time." But Marie was not a woman of the future.

NYE TALKS DELSARTE.

Thoughts Expressed by Various Movements of the Human Body.

THE IDEAS INVOLVED IN A KICK. Experience in Punting on the River Thames Before a Great Crowd.

REMINISCENCES OF MR. OSCAR WILDE (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

Art should be beautiful. Art should be true to the good. Art should be the true to plunk the truth. Move by the beautiful to regenerate the life, Persuade by the good to perfect the heart.

One beautiful day in July last I floated along down the bosom of the Thames in a small boat, also in a canoe that had tried the salutary waters of a nearly every American river before it came to visit this quiet but rather noted English stream.

"My dear sir," said the shopkeeper, "I was compelled to retire from the window. It was spilling my business and irritating all my employees."

"Why, what do you mean, sir?" spluttered the little fellow. "You see, your son is making a nuisance of himself, and he is that for the last number of weeks this store has been from morning till night by young women who wanted to ask about the rule of the window."

"I believe," said she, "that this city has a quantity of girls who are called 'window women.' I also know that there are thousands of women who influence badly the habits of the street."

"And that is why you see men side up along the river bank, and crowd themselves close to her in a street car. She may despise their advances, but she is compelled to receive them, and she is not a woman to any man that at all attracts their fancies."

"I found considerable truth in these words when, next day, my attention was attracted to a truly lovely girl who was sitting on a bench on the river bank. She was a young, tall, golden-haired girl, a PERFECT BEAUTY, and her features were as delicate and high-toned as those of a queen."

"I met him in the Territories 12 or 13 years ago. I think he was in the same class at that time. Since then he has studied a soft pillow with it. His hair at that time clustered around a horse's face apparently, and he wore a genuine wig that was cut very close to his head."

"We have had many queer suits like this one on hand at times," said Clerk Gilchrist of the United States District Court. "I remember that I saw one of these suits in the 'United States against a diamond brooch.'"

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A VISIT TO MANILA.

The Land Famous for Fine Tobaccos, Ropes and Earthquakes.

MAKING CIGARS AND CIGARETTES. Cockfighting the Chief Amusement and Source of Much Revenue.

A PROMISCUOUS STYLE OF RELIGION (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

The passage from Hong Kong to the Philippine Islands is usually considered the worst in the China sea. It is a sort of sailing sideways, through cross-currents and into the favorite haunt and very hatching place of the dread typhoon. Moreover, Manila is not the easiest place in the world to find, because no one knows its exact longitude and latitude.

For myself, however, Manila will always be remembered as the place where for the first time I had my pockets publicly and officially searched. As soon as we anchored, a guard of soldiers with bayoneted rifles assisted the custom house officials in minutely examining everything in one's baggage.

ITS PECULIAR ATTRACTIONS. Commerce now passes by without stopping, yet Manila is a place of peculiar attraction. The streets are dazzling with their "flowers of fire"—large trees ablaze with scarlet blossoms. The olive-skinned, half-caste descendants of emigrants from the East and West, with a distinctively along on bare feet ceased in chinias, embroidered heeled slippers, with gay fluttering garments of just, a woman mixture of black and pink, and a hat of jet black hair reaching sometimes almost to the ground—no one woman was pointed out to me whose hair was said to be 80 inches long, and her eyes were said to be 40 inches over her eyes in length and width.

The native men are a community which has forgotten to tuck its shirt into its trousers. Their costumes are a mixture of white trousers and an elaborately pleated and starched shirt, with the tails left flying about. Every one is smoking a cheroot, and every other one has a game cock under his arm, a constant companion and chief treasure, and sometimes chief source of income to him.

Of the six characteristics of Manila—tobacco, hemp, earthquakes, cock-fighting, priestcraft and orchids—the first two are known to all the world. Manila cigars and Manila orchids are famous. The native hunters come here year after year, travel far into the virgin forests of the interior, and emerge again after months of absence, if they are not exhausted, with a pair of deer, a few baskets full of strange flowers which they carry home with infinite precaution and sell for a king's ransom. A pair of deer is sold for \$1,000 and a pair of antlers for \$200.

Tobacco is of course the staple industry and a morning spent in a tobacco factory is extremely interesting. Manila tobacco is considered to be the best in the world, and the world except the famous "Vieite Abajo" of Cuba, and millions of Manila cigars are sold as Havana. In fact, the two styles, Manila and Havana, are so alike that the hunters come here year after year, travel far into the virgin forests of the interior, and emerge again after months of absence, if they are not exhausted, with a pair of deer, a few baskets full of strange flowers which they carry home with infinite precaution and sell for a king's ransom.

I Gave Him My Card. Your active and self-reliant liver. I bow my gastric works also, knowing how poor they are and how surprising the way you keep me awake at night. I therefore bow my entire system of assimilation, mastication, digestion, excretion, purification, excretion, deglutition, denitification, ossification and perspiration to you.

WHY SUPERSTITION IS SHOWS. All physical actions have their significance if we know how to analyze them properly. I met him in the Territories 12 or 13 years ago. I think he was in the same class at that time. Since then he has studied a soft pillow with it.

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