the lot of men:

To Shirley Dare:

a Strange Letter.

IS MATRIMONY THE ONLY REMEDY?

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

nature. That hour I mean to have,

all your counsels and exhortations or

you not laid open the secrets of the lonely

lives women are compelled to lead for want of a little affection? I write advisedly in

both words, for a little regard, only a little, would change life for us often. You must hear more history to comprehend the case. I

was the breadwinner of the family for all

my youth, and too busy to think of loving or marrying, and now I find myself with a

strong feeling for my art and none at all

or marriage. I suppose I must say, to

are utterly out of my world of thought as

avoid misunderstanding, that coarser ties

much as theft or murder. I should as soon

THE GOOD MEN ARE ALL MARRIED.

In the first place, I never see a man who comes near my ideal of a lover or husband. The honest, shrewd, intelligent men of good tastes and warm feelings, who would attract most women, are all mortgaged, i. e., mar-

ied, and the idea of "marrying and settling

down" creates in me an invincible repug-

nance. To have life, so full of rich possi-bilities, resolve itself, as it does for most

married couples, into mere questions of ways and means, giving teas and lunches,

and engaging nursery maids and cooks, is to discrewn it entirely. I could go to the wild-

est ranch with a husband who suited me, and work for him; but it would be intelli-

gent working, fitting my strength to it, and making the best and brightest of all condi-

tions, putting the necessary vulgarities of life underneath, out of sight as far as pos-

sible. My house should never carry the odor of cooking dinners, let

me assure you. Dinners there should be, and savory ones; but I would contrive

to keep them civil to fine senses, and I could do it, too. Still it would cost the sacrifice

of all that I have given my life to learn, to marry now; and at 35 with weakened

If anything, years have brought a serener outlook, a perception of motives which,

often petty and mean, are not always as

blamable as we think, or as treacherous as

generosities one comes across like the moss

in the desert. I fail to see how we could en-

dure life. It does not look brighter or easier

after a two hours spent in a woman's circle. where the undisguised spite is more tolerable than the cordiality half put on, with crit-

FRIENDSHIP OF WOMEN.

but they go about picking up needles and

pins off the carpets when they are not busy sticking them into people. The good ones

are so taken up with conventions and the Pundita Ramabai of the Indian schools, they

with loneliness in want of a human smile or a word of affection. Have you ever

geniality, grate ul when the grocer gave a cheery good morning, or when the cozy

boy put on some unconscious touch of courtesy as he took your messages?

I've lived on these crumbs for weeks and

nonths, when it seemed as if my heart was

dving within me for want of some gentle

goodwill, but I never found one of my own

sex who could understand this. They all

thought it was love sickness, for want of a

lover. Good heavens! isn't there any kind-

ness on earth outside of the love that ends

in matrimony? I call that the most selfish

thing in the world. The tepid thing people know as friendship is too Laodicean to en-

dure, too weak a cambric tea for sipping. A

gown more becoming than your friends is enough to disturb good feeling, and if hard

work for a dozen years has brought you where you gain a few dollars more than oth-

ers, you are made to suffer for it. How

often I have been told after a day's work which exhausted soul and body, "you earn your money a great deal too easily;" because

set my brains to work to gain as much re-ward for my labor as I have now.

WHEN A MAN COMES IN.

If a man comes into the atmosphere, woman's friendship flies like the crystals

other. I have tried giving up all the gen-tlemen to them, but that didn't seem to work

have to do with each other, except in the way of marrying, the better, which puts in-

tercourse on a very low footing. At least the experiment was not insipid, for I had

trouble enough to keep a frogpond healthy.

My a friends, half of them held my
indifference to matrimony immoral,
cloaking some vicious bent of mind, or gave

cloaking some victous pent of miles, treatme credit for pretense. The frankest treatment could not keep any man whose present could not keep any man whose present of the could not keep any man whose presents of the could not be compared to the coul

counting me as one of his conquests, and he

was surest to feel so when his delects of

opinion or manners were hardest to tolerate Lads of 20, whom I liked because for sooth

no appearance of lovemaking would hold in their case, f ncied that "the old maid was

alter them," a way of putting the matter which laid the ghost of preference or pleas-

which laid the ghost of preference or pleasure in their bright, wild spirits. Did I admire the music of one, the sketches of another, the poems of a third or the conversation of a fourth, frankly enough in all conscience, I was sure to hear some reference to Miss Blank's devotion, her suscepti-

bility, which would drive any modest wom-an out of her senses with disparagement.

Or if a nice man did not think so of him

self, other women put him up to it.

euce gave half an evening's pleasure

chambermaid chatted in a kindly way

I have tried to make friends with women,

icism lurking behind it.

est ranch with a husband who

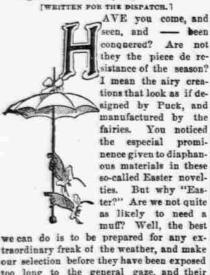
hink of cutting my throat.

I have received the following strange



HIDING FROM OLD SOL.

The Shades That Will Protect Beauty This Senson Are Handsome, Elegant, but Costly-Meg Describes Some of the Designs Offered This Spring.



freshness destroyed by too much handling. You know the worth of exclusiveness in novelties. These dainty innovations so suggestive of the days when blistering heat will prevail, made of crepe lisse, mousseline de soie, point d'esprit, lace, net set and run with ribbons, shirred into puffs or tacked to the ribs in loose draperies, finished at the bottom with lace, frill or fringe, and at the top with elaborate bow of ribbon or bunch of flowers-are French, and the name is Marie. Handles of natural wood are the most elegant. Twisted oak is the popular preference of the hour, but acacia or cherry wood. partridge, carved box wood, bamboo, ebony and ebonized wood, buffalo horn, each have their admirers; while white and gilt sticks

are found supporting some of the most fairy-SOME OF THE BEAUTIES.

One in this line of reseda green mousselin de soie over a cream foundation has large but-terflies in cream lace apparently hovering over the gauzy green cox This twisted dle. Anpointd' esprit. introduction of tin sel over white lindle or Or stick, of white and gilttied with ribbon bows. Cresm lace finishes the edge. But prettier than any otheris the one representa c companying illustra

tion, of smoke-gray crene lisse with two rows of em broidery in old pink, lining of same color edge finished with gray lace, stick of carved boxwood. This, when carried with a gown of India silk, with decoration in old pink and the same color for trimmings, would constitute a triumphant costume.

But the greatest novelty is the flower par-

asol. These have flowers strung in the fringe finishment and a bunch of the same placed on the top. A pretty Marie in black mousseline de soie has violets in natural color embroidered in the silk in artistic irregularity, and flower strings of silk violets carrying their own select odor with them, are introduced in the fringe. An ebony stick tied with violet ribbon completes the beautiful idea. Another in this line and more showy is in black and yellow, with butteroups embroidered in the corner and buttercups dangling with the fringe.

LOOK OUT FOR THE PRICE. Just inquire the price before you have one sent home, if you would avoid a tempest in the teapot when the bill comes; for while these materialized fancies are a delight to the feminine heart-they are a delusion and a snare to the pocketbook. In this line of gauzy fabrics used in the manufacture of these parasols, those in all black or all white, whether the standard laces or the newer idea of point d'esprit, will be much carried and are a safe purchase since they can be put in harmony with any toilet by the introduction of ribbon or flowers of the desired

The furore for matching every article of the toilet continues and the parasol is no exception to the rule, All the new shades are to be found, and not only can you match your suit in color, but the trimming on your parasol can match that in your gown. Very elegant are those with satin borders in graduated stripes of darker or lighter shade represented in the cover, but more often of Checked borders are displayed also, and very novel are the shirred borders of gay plaids. These come on black or colored covers. Those in black and white, either embroidered or lace trimmed, will be carried by persons of more quiet taste than is suggested by some of the very gay stripes. The red and white variety should be called the "Americus," in honor of the club from whom the idea must have been borrowed.

EVEN THE PLAIDS DUPLICATED.

All the Scotch plaids are duplicated in parasol covers, many of them so "loud" that seaside love must this season be made above a whisper if heard, under such canopy. This line is a trifle larger than any other style, and are recommended for summer resort service, and, unless the above mentioned hindrance to the annual flirtation blocks the sale, they are likely to rival the

mosquito in numbers. While dealing with novelties those of plaited or braided ribbon should have been They are an entirely new feature, and very dressy. Among the varieties those of white or of black are likely to be most popular; though black and white, or

will find patrons in plenty. These all com with handles of natural wood. Other designs there are, and in such numbers that the most active imagination cannot conceive of an idea these skillful designers may have had left over for a nest-egg for next Easter's hatching. Thanks are due Messra, Boggs

& Buhl for fashions herein required

A HUSBAND'S APPRECIATION. He Must Not Only Feel it, But Express it to

Make the Wife Happy. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] The following syllogism will bear the test of logical analysis: Appreciation is conducive to the happines

The majority of women are not appreciatedor are not made to feel the genial effects of appreciation. Therefore the majority of women are no

happy. This syllogism will be equally logical if we substitute men for women, though the statement would not be so correct, as men on account of a more robust training are not as a rule so dependent upon the words of endearment and praise as their wives and sisters.

The girl who has been tenderly trained by a loving mother, who never failed to give her full credit for every duty well per-formed, suddenly finds herself in another home with totally different surroundings. To this new abode she brings her trained talents, her conscientiousness and her desire for instant and constant appreciation. Did Mary make a lemon meringue in her father's house, every member of the family was called to admire it before it was cut, and not one ever failed to say while eating i that it was the best pie ever put into mortal But Mary's meringue fares differ-

ently in her new home. It is not enough that her husband absolutely gobbles the first piece and passes his plate for another almost before the last mouthful is swallowed. He doesn't say anything. The fact that he liked the pie well enough to eat half of it makes no favorable impression upon the little wife who had thought lovingly of all that John would say and do as she squeezed her lemons and whipped her eggs to frothiness. Then how many times she opened and shut that oven door to be sure that the most delicate shade of brown should be attained, and how rosy were her cheeks, how bright her eves as she set the perfect pie away to cool and danced off to array herself in her prettiest dress and wait for her husband's coming.

Now, John's tailure to do more than eat the pie dampens Mary's enthusiasm, and the pre-ber feelings are wounded. The question which his wife is hoping and praying that he will ask does not leave his lips, and she, ne will ask does not leave his lips, and she, ashamed of her hurt and yet not strong enough to rally and be her own sweet self, broods over this apparent indifference until time and a more intimate acquaintance with time and a more inclinate acquaintance with her husband's peculiarities changes the sore spot into a scar. If these conditions con-tinue, though Mary may afterward make numberless pies, she will never make another beautiful enthusiasm.

True, John may not find fault with her ooking, but he never praises it, and so that subtle something, that most necessary and most vital spiritual spring and impulse which causes an affectionate nature to do its best in anticipation of more love, is killed and buried on the very threshold of life. Such a funeral as this turns a woman into an automaton or a machine, and there are many such machines in the world.

It seems to the writer that the proper course for Mary to have taken concerning that meringue pie would have been after the meal was over to have seated herself on her husband's knee—provided he was willing, and all good fellows are—and, with her arms about his neck, to have asked him why he did not say that her pie was good, and used this first opportunity of assuring him that words of praise were exceedingly dear and absolutely necessary to her hanni ness, and that partaking heartily of a deli-cacy made by her hands could never quite satisfy her craving for appreciation. Such a proceeding, so frank a confession, in the start would be sufficient to insure the preservation and proper fostering of wifely enthusiasm in the future.

The dying words of a woman who had

sinned and repented brings the tears to my eyes every time I think of them. why did you forsake your hus-the broken-hearted mother inquired

"God forgive me," was the tragic answer: "that man praised me and Tom never did. ELEANOR KIRK.

SHE KNOWS THEIR SECRETS. The Young Lady Who Presides Over the Typewriter for President and Mrs. Harrison-Looking After the First Lady's

Mail. (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) WASHINGTON, April 5. HE mail received by the first lady of the land is enormous. For some time after General Harrison's election to the Presidency Mrs. Harrison tried the task of being her own secretary.

As the mail increased to 40 and 60 letters per day she called in the President's stenographer, Miss Alice B. Sanger, to write her letters, and she herself signed them. Ever since her return to the White House in Ootober she has been obliged to delegate the whole duty to Miss Sanger, and only personal friends receive letters in the handwriting of the mistress of the White House.

When the morning mail comes to the Executive Mansion the letters are quickly separated by a clerk, who puts all directed to Mrs. Harrison on Miss Sanger's desk. She runs over them quickly, throwing aside those that bear the unmistakable script of the crank. The others she carries to Mrs. Harrison's room. The two sit down at the Harrison's room. The two sit down at the Wales and the Midland counties, as well as desk. Miss Sanger selects those that hear the in Central Prussia and Northeast Spain, writing of any of Mrs. Harrison's intimate friends, opens them with her silver paperknife, throws away the envelope and passes the letter to Mrs. Harrison. If it is anythe letter to Mrs. Harrison. If it is any-thing she wishes to answer herself, she places it to one side. Otherwise she returns made, of which seven were found correct, thing she wishes to answer herself, she he letter to Miss Sanger, who takes stenographic notes of the desired reply always on he letter, so that there can be no mixing of

answers. Then the grand bulk of letters-the begging variety are taken up. The secretary reads them at a glance, and tells the gist to Mrs. Harrison. According to the reply she puts "yes" or "no" at the head of the letter, and in a tew days Mrs. —, of —, is de-lighted with a letter on White House paper bearing the words: "Mrs. Harrison begs me to state that she is very sorry for your affliction, but there are so many calls on her charity, etc." alice B. Sanger.

This signature is probably known to-day better than any other woman's in the United States. It is said that Miss Sanger knows more about the President's affairs than any one except Private Secretary Halford, and for a matter of ten days before the opening of Congress she was the only one beside Mr. Halford who knew the President's message. She is a jewel of secrecy, and both the President and Mrs. Harrison trust her with every confidence. She was born in Connecticut 24 years ago. Her parents moved to Indianapolis when she was a child. Her father, who was traffic meaners of an Indianaple. who was traffic manager of an Indiana rail-road, met with reverses, lost his health, and the young daughter was forced to study typewriting and stenography. She was taking court reports one day when Mr. Miller, of the law firm of Earrison, Miller & Elam, rushed in and asked for a stenogthere two years when General Harrison was



ominated to the Presidency. She knew him but slightly, as the other stenographer in the office did his work; but the day after the nomination Mr. Miller sent her to the Harrison homestead, and she remained there until January, when the President gave her a two months' leave. She traveled abroad during that time; and in addition to being the best stenographers at the capital, she is also a cultured and noble looking CAROLINE SIFTON PEPPER.

AMERICAN GIRLS AT PARIS.

They Carry Off the Honors for Handsom Dressing-Mme. Carnot's Inexplicable Antipathy to Beauties of the Western Hemisphere-Hints on Fashions.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] PARIS, March 23 .- What a pity it is for fashion in beautiful Paris that France is republican! No more of those magnificent etes at which were worn costumes that cost weeks of study and set the fashions of the universe. Mme. Carnot dresses well, but nobody copies her. It is sad to say it, but it is your countrywomen who carry off the palm for handsome dressing. They have the money and taste, but they have not the proper means of displaying their beautiful gowns here, for Mme. Carnot, for some unexplainable reason, does not welcome American ladies. Perhaps they are too pretty and too bright.

On some of the old and noble families, therefore, falls the pleasant duty of receiving the pretty young American ladies. I solute friendlessness and loneliness of my lot weighs like a sentence of Siberian exile.



The Amer ican Girl at the Theater, noticed day before yesterday a young Amer-can girl with the dowager Duchesse d'Oporto in the Bois. I thought the young lady's dress was a model of simplicity, and

it was worn with quite French chic. The gown was of drab poult de soie, with six rows of brown velvet ribbon around the bottom. It was entirely undraped and had a multiple flot of brown velvet ribbon. The jacket was of shaded tricot, cut very plainly and trimmed only by braid and buttons. With this she wore a large hat to match in

Sara Bernhardt drove by like a flash, but left a vision of princesse toilet in gold colored plush and cinnamon bear skin. Bernhardt wore a lovely toilet the other day at the races—a gray argentee Irish poplin cut princesse. It had a border all around of black fur, above which was a deep embroidery of silver.

Our bonnets this season, alas, are going to resemble cockle shells as to form, and they are not at all chic nor becoming. Only the exquisite beauty of the flowers and ribbons on them could reconcile us. Now that bon-nets are growing smaller, parasols are becoming smaller also, not much larger than dinner plates, and all in the brightest of colors, though some are covered with lace. I noticed at the opera last night that nearly three-fourths of the ladies, and gen-tlemen, too, of the old families, wore bouquets of violets, so that the very was filled with their perfume, It is significant, but may lead to nothing.

MARQUISE D'A. FAITH IN WEATHER-PLANTS.

Claims That They Predict Firedamp, Earth-

quakes and the Like. stle, Eng., Chronicle.] Belief in the virtues of the weather-plant still survives. Certainly very wonderful are some of the feats attributed to it. It is stated that during observations made at Kew Gardens, beginning on the 26th of September last, the horticultural product indicated a sudden fall of the barometer in giving warning of danger from firedamp for the period from the 14th to the 18th of October-a state of things, it is added, which actually took place is the period and localiand of ten predictions of earthquakes, tour

were correct—two nearly correct.

With a view of utilizing this new agent in the prevention of the disastrous results which so often accompany these calamities, Mr. J. F. Nowack, of Forest Villas, Kew, Surrey, has issued a circular soliciting cooperation in the founding of an institution from which his forecasts might be sent forth. Sheuld the extraordinary things claimed for it be realized by further experience, the weather-plant would assuredly prove a precious boon to humanity.

for a brain worker. I envy men who can leave their easels for a pipe and lounge in other studios, or the easy camaraderie of a club or cafe, who can stop by the wayside and chat with a stonebreaker if it suits them, to whom the world is free to make acquaintance where they will, to speak their opinions frankly, to admire, to make friendships without blame. I care nothing whatever for political equality or rights that NOTENOUGH FREEDOM For the Many Professional and Working Women of the Age. A GREAT BLANK IN THEIR LIVES. One of Shirley Dare's Readers Writes Her

ever for political equality or rights that women clamor after. But many women feel as I do that their solitary lives might have ore free air and sunshine without discredit to their sex or loss to the world. I, for one, have been a thousand times grateful to that arbiter of manners and customs, Mrs. Sher-wood, for saying that professional and work-ing women must be allowed privilege and freedom from the code of society as regards their coming and going, journeying without escort or alone, or being out evenings later than the carefully kept darlings of prosper-

ous homes, because to earn her livelihood and do her work a woman must have liberty. That opinion of a leader in society has letter from a woman who evidently envies en a charter to many well-bred women Since you wrote that article months since who earn their living, and society generally on the Apotheosis of Friendship, I have recognizes the necessity of such concession It might go farther and give those women leave to taste some amusements, and not condemn its faithful workers to the lot of wished often to write you with a freedom which might be displeasing. Six months 1 have carried that article, read and re-read galley slaves practically, for want of con-genial companionship. (I have a room mate, with whom I get on in perfect amity, because we have thorough indifference to each other and thorough independence. She it, and composed a hundred letters to you, never written. To-night a freedom comes over me, and I write as I feel for once in my life. Why not? You are an utter stranger gives no trouble, or companionship either.)
It would be a boon I should prefer to any
suffrage or office, it to-night I might take
my seat in a theater alone, without comto me; I shall never see you, especially if I send this letter. Who has not sometimes felt it would be the utmost luxury to lay bare one's thoughts, to make confession to ment, and then ride quietly straight to my own door. Or if I could go to the historical one's Maker, and for one hour to stand free, society's meeting or the polytechnic, and stop alterward in a cafe and have an ice, unconcerned of self and absolutely true to and chat with the waiter girl precisely with the same freedom from thought of criticism as my neighbor artist, who wears a mus-I write in a room at once a studio and dwelling, and have a roommate. Could you drop in I am sure you would enjoy our sur-roundings. So much for who I am. Now, in tache. Or even if I might walk this gusty rainy night "to see the boulevards break in beauty, why do you ignore the great agent flame," it would be a new world to me, in-stead of sitting here, feeling my heart beat as if every throb it fretted against a thread.

NOT LICENSE TO ERR. I do not want license to err, I want leave to live. Either the kindness or the freedom we women must have—would it be any great harm if we had both? I once thought I had a friend to my mind for six weeks, one of these mobile, impressionable, brilliant creatures, with eyes that shed exquisite kindliness on everything with their ray. In that time I revived in imagination, in body and mind; I painted as never bef I worked without weakness and slept with thanksgiving. People said how well you look, and some women told me I had grown pretty. In that equable state of bloo nerves in that stimulus of every sweet and happy feeling, why should not expression grow eloquent, the eye clear and full of light, the walk easy and graceful? Could that friendship have continued I should have done such work as makes the world pleased. But such inspirations come like the wind and go like it.

I do not regret the loss of regard. Tell me how love goeth?
That was not love which went.

But I do regret the inspiration. Artists and writers will know what I mean. Had it been a lover or husband changing so, it would not have been so hard. As it was only friendship, sweet and delicate as first love, it can never be replaced-in this

Of what use is it to tell women how to keep young, or for them to look ten years younger than they are, when that is only a reason for restriction and suspicion? People say to me in cold blood: "You are too young looking and pretty to go round alone," and I stay in decorously, and let life eat itself away. EUSTACIA. Farewell.

Do not take this for an imaginary letter. It bears every evidence of reality. SHIRLEY DARE,

VIRTUES OF APPLE SAUCE. Its Use With Ronst Pork Has the Sanction

of the Scientists. Probably not one in a thousand of the many persons who cat apple sauce with roast goose or roast pork have any idea why such a condiment should be used in these particular cases. Yet the custom is based, if not on exact science, certainly on a knowledge of the properties of the apple, as well as upon observation. The malic acid of the apple tends to neutralise any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much, and it also serves to eliminate from the body noxious matters which if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or lead to jaundice or skin erus

have no time or thought for the solitary wo-man in the next block eating her heart out Indeed, the apple is a fruit which at all times has a wholesome influence on the body, but which is especially useful on the dinner table, though pines, grapes, peaches and other fruits may be more fashionable. known this famine of human nature so that The chemical composition of the apple consists of vegetable fiber, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malie acid, gallie acid, lime and a large proportion of water. The you were glad of the veriest stray crumbs of German analysts also assert that the apple she filled the pitchers atnight, or the bellcontains a larger proportion of phosphorus phosphorus is of great use in renewing the essential nervous matter—lethicin—of the brain and spinal cord.

Apple sauce aids the digestion, which, in the case of the rich meats with which it is usually associated, would be sluggish. Though most people may be inclined to suppose that fresh fruits such as the apple, the pear, or the plum would have a tendency to promote acidity in the stomach, their effect is really to diminish it if eaten when ripe, and without sugar, for their vegetable salts and juices are converted into alkaline carconates, which counteract acidity. A good ripe apple is one of the easiest of vegetable phetances for the stomach to deal with, the whole process of its digestion being comolete in 85 minutes.

EXCRETIONS OF PLANT ROOTS. An Acid Juice That Must be Very Active in

I did not get it by sewing or working in a hot kitchen. The kitchen would not be hot or vulgar if I had to work there, and I would Changing the Soil. Newcastle, Eng., Chronicle, 1 Recent investigations go to show that the nfluence of plants on the soil is due almost as largery to excretions from the roots as to the accretions or absorption of nitrogen and other matters by the plant itself. It is known that plant roots excrete an acrid either. One was baited for superiority. Or juice capable of attacking minerals, and latterly it has been found that the liquid if I found a really brilliant, interesting woman, whom one could meet with pleasure, three times and the fourth one was not up to the mark, it was all over. Because you were not being the second of has more extensive powers. It has both reducing and ordinary properties; itlturns the tincture of guaiacum blue, it oxidizes tannins and humic substances, and consequentto the end of your resources, and were not worth cultivating. I tried then to make friends of men, spite of the sage dictum of lady writers, that the less men and women ly promotes the decomposition of humus; it transforms cane sugar into reducing sugar and acts feebly like diastase; it corrodes a plate of ivory, and modifies the organic matter of the soil.

The root membranes are not simply permeated with the juice, but it may sometimes be seen to exude in droplets, and there is no question that the excretions from certain plants leave a very powerful effect upon the soil.

TROUSERS AND SKIRTS TO GO.

Lady Plorence Dixie Wants to Dress Both

Men and Women in Kilts. Lady Florence Dixie in the London Daily Graphic speaks with great force of the evils arising from the custom of women to wear heavy clothing suspended from the waist, but unhesitatingly declares that the day is

but unhesitatingly declares that the day is fast approaching when "the hideous and senseless long skirt," as her ladyship terms it, will die a natural death.

But it is important to know that this clever and much-traveled lady would not have women wear trousers. She thinks they are hideous at any time, even on men, though she makes an exception in favor of the Zouave pattern for women. Lady Florence says a man looks better in kilts than in trousers, and suggests a somewhat similar trousers, and suggests a somewhat similar self, other women put him up to it.

OH, FOR MORE FREEDOM.

Meanwhile this is my life. I work 10 or 12 hours a day, changing the pen or pencil for reading, or a solitary walk, which you know is not a safe or healthy mode of living to the pencil for reading, or a solitary walk, which you know is not a safe or healthy mode of living to the pencil for reading, or a solitary walk, which you have in a safe or healthy mode of living to make chaperonage especially desirable."

The Sturtevant House, Broadway and Twenty-ninth streets, N. Y., has become one of the best known and most popular hotels in the called the Rosalind costume. Our illustrated control makes chaperonage especially desirable."

The Sturtevant House, Broadway and Twenty-ninth streets, N. Y., has become one of the best known and most popular hotels in the country. When you go to New York stop there and you will verify this statement.

GUARDING THE GIRLS Washington Society Ladies Are in

Favor of Chaperones. NOT A CONFESSION OF WEAKNESS.

Mrs. Quay Opposed to Taxing Beaux for

Three Theater Tickets. HOW THE SYSTEM HELPS SOCIETY.

> CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] WASHINGTON, April 5. UGHT our girls have chaperones? Nellie Bly went around the world in 70 days with a handsatchel and no one harmed her. The Washington maiden dares not step across the street without a duenna, and the leading

ladies of Washington society believe that all girls should be chaperoned until they are married. I saw a curious thing at a big reception the other night. A "girl" on the sunny side of 40 came into the ballroom on the arm of a wrinkled Pan-American delegate who has four sons and seven daughters. The two paced up and down for a few

minutes, and the harmless lamb-like old man finally suggested a trip to the supper room. The ancient maiden started back as though she had been asked to elope. She shook her bony shoulders and fluttered like a scared dove as she coyly simpered out: "I -I must find my chaperone and ask her." With that she dragged her gaunt old beau half over the house seeking the guardian of her 35-year-old innocence. They found her in the conservatory surrounded by half a dozen beaming youths. She was not 19 years old, if she was a day, but she had been married two months, and therefore was accepted as a chaperone for this unmarried female. The whole party adjourned to the

supper room together, and the artless an-



"I Must Find Mt. Chaperone." cient damsel sipped apollinaris, while her companions quaffed the sparkling champagne. To show how this movement in favor of chaperonage has grown I have interviewed a number of the most noted ladies of the country upon it. I find them willing to talk, and they speak with no uncertain sound.

MRS. HARRISON APPROVES IT. The mistress of the White House, when asked her whether maidens should be chaperoned, sat down and talked in the cozy, half-humorous fashion that makes solitude a deux the most desirable thing in the world. She talks in a most irresistible fashion, inclines a little toward her listener, gestures a little now and then for emphasis and most perfect of all, seems to put aside every other thought save the one she is dis-

"I am only sorry that the custom of chaperoning girls is not universal in this country," was her ready response to the first question. "It is no implication that a girl is not of strong character, and it is not to protect girls from themselves that mothers wish them to have guardians. But it is to save them from meeting people they should not know any more than they should know worthless books." "Is not the custom especially advisable in

Washington for that reason?" "Hardly more than in other places," replied Mrs. Harrison. "There is no town or city where designing people are not found, and I think a girl should always have the companionship of her mother or a person xperienced in the world. It depends on the girl as to what extent this guardianship must go, and after a certain age it is unnecessary, except for the convenience and

Couldn't Buy Tickets for Three. comfort of the girl. Young slips of girls should never go any place where they will meet strangers without mothers or friends of their mothers.

IT IS THE WORLD'S DECISION. "Then, too, it disarms criticism." Mrs. Harrison went on. "As long as it is the custom of the world to criticise girls going alone to entertainments, they should accep the world's decision, and if at all possible, have protection.'

"Does there come a time when girls do not require chaperones?" I asked. "Yes," replied Mrs. Harrison, would vary somewhat for different ones. I contess that I have been amused at seeing maidens past 30 as dependent on their chap erones as debutantes. But every question has its amusing and extreme side, and on the whole I think the custom is an excellen one, and you will probably find no mother who disapproves of it."

Mrs. Secretary Windom said: "A mother should never place a daughter in a position where she will be criticised, as a girl alone at a ball or reception is sure to be. The fact that there are so many foreigners in Wesh.

that there are so many foreigners in Wash-

room and parlors, which—so gracious is the hospitality of host and hostess—are filled with merry, laughter-loving people all the and heavy duliness which marks so many wealthy homes, but there is always that cheer which Burns so lovingly described in

"The Cotter's Saturday Night." WANAMAKER AMONG THE GIRLS. I called at the luncheon hour and at the opening of the door there came intoxicating sounds, the sweet voices of young girls an-swering the raillery of the prince of jesters, the host himself. But in the little room where I awaited Mrs. Wanamaker, everything was as subdued and quiet as a twilight. The walls were covered with engravings; on one side was a law bookcase filled with Blackwood's Magazine, a writing table with silver tankard and candle bespoke industry; in the vases were tall, white lilies, and when the mistress entered, one could see that this room was a more charming setting to her re-fined, thoughtful face, than the brilliant parlors. She spoke so earnestly on the subject of chaperonage for girls, that I am sorry the voice, as well as the words, cannot be

"It is not because girls are not noble and strong," said she, "that they need protec-tion, but because they are kindly and thoughtless. Themselves pure, they do not think of being on guard for what is not good in the world. An older person can guard a girl so wisely that there will be much that is wrong going on about her and she never know it. When possible, a mother should go with her daughter, but she should always be accompanied by some older person. In Washington, of all cities in this country, chaperones are necessary, for the city is variable in its population and a girl cannot go any place where she will not meet many

A QUESTION OF LOCALITY.

I next saw the wife of our Attorney General. Mrs. Miller was surrounded by piles of cards which she and her daughter Florence were entering on their visiting books.

"I think it is a question of locality," said she, in answer to my query, "and I have lived so short a time in Washington that I hardly feel capable of answering it. My husband and myself have always tried to develop independence in our children, and I like to feel that no matter where they are they can take care of themselves. I should never wish them to go to any entertainment here alone for they constantly meet strangers and foreigners who will quickly pass judgment upon them it they are unpro-tected, for in their own countries it is the custom for girls always to be chaperoned. But where a girl has lived from her child-hood I can see no harm in her going to places alone, although we have always insisted that our children must not to houses where we are not equainted or have called. That is possible in Indianapolis, but of course it would not be here. I have often heard young people say they can have a much better time alone, and when I hear that I always think it would be well if they were always chaper-ored. As long as a girl wants her mother to go with her that mother need have no tear of allowing her daughter to go alone. I must acknowledge that it has always been a

must acknowledge that it has always been a pathetic sight to see a poor, tired mother planted up against a cold, unfeeling wall until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning while her daughter, flushed, radiant and unwearied, dances every set on the card.' FROM A SUPREME COURT STANDBOINT. Mrs. Chief Justice Fuller takes a view that will please every girl in the land. Said

'American girls need chaperones, but that does not mean that they are not capable of caring for themselves. They need them to protect them against themselves, not so much against the people they are apt to be thrown in with. Girls are kind; they do not wish to give offeness and often they are for wish to give offense, and often they suffer themselves to be bored when a word from an experienced chaperone would free them.

now 14 years old, and I am sure I shall always want to be with her. It is a mother's duty. There is a light interpretation of the term 'chaperone' of which I do not approve. It does not mean that a girl must be watched because she is not able to guard herself against the dangers of society. Rather it means that she is to have a counselor in an older person whom experience has taught. It is certainly advisable for a married lady to accompany a girl to a bail or an evening reception, although I have never been able to quite adjust in my mind how a woman who has been married two weeks can chaperone a party of her girl companions. Many a time I have seen this, and the

chaperone was always much gayer than her

charges." WHAT AN ANGLO-AMERICAN THINKS. "A girl who is chaperoned has a much better time than one who is not," was Mrs. Senator Hawley's debatable view. "If a girl is alone at a dance she is often sadly troubled to know how to get rid of her partner when the dance is over. Unless she has someone for the next set she will have to be bored until her last partner chooses to leave. It may become an annoyance to both of them. Now, if, as in England, a chaperone is present, the gentleman can take her at once to her and go to his next partner She never need have the bored feeling of being left alone. It is especially necessar if the girl is a comparative stranger, for her chaperone, presumably know-ing everyone, will introduce her to men who dance. Then, too, it satisfies the law of the greatest good to the greatest number. I can conceive of what one calls belles having a good time wherever they go, but if other girls are with the proper people they will have a good time, too, for men will select a chaperoned girl where he would pass an unprotected one by. It is the fair way. In some cities I believe a brother is accepted as a proper chaperone. I cannot see how that is advisable, for a brother wishes to dance and have a good time, too, and a girl would have a difficult time hunt-

themselves." MRS. SENATOR QUAY'S OPINION. "When I was young," said Mrs. Senator Quay, "there was no such word as 'cha-perone' used. But now, especially in Wash-ington, I think no girl should go out to an evening reception or ball unchaperoned. I would not say that a girl should be chaperoned if she went to the theater with a young man, for we must consider the matter of expense. A gentleman may wish to give a young lady a pleasant evening by taking her to see a play, but he may not be able to her to see a play, but he may not be able to her to see a play, but he may not be able to her to see a play, but he may not be able to her to see a play, but he may not be able to her to see a play, but he may not be able to her to see a play. evening reception or ball unchaperoned. I would not say that a girl should be chaperoned if she went to the theater with a young young lady a pleasant evening by taking her to see a play, but he may not be able to buy tickets for three. I am on the side of the boys there," laughed the little brown-eyed woman, who is acknowledged to be one f the best mothers in Washington, "but I daughter's companions.

ing him up between the dances. The system is not espionage and it is only devised for

the comfort and convenience of the girls

"In New England the first lesson a girl learns is independence, was the beginning of Mrs. Senator Frye's discussion of the subject; "consequently the institution of chaperonage is comparatively unknown. In Boston girls can go to the theater, concerts and lectures alone and nothing is thought of it, and in the small towns throughout New England they never think of such a thing as a chaperone. There a girl is among her own people. But here, every man who wishes to enter society has the chance of a criminal—he is innocent until he is proved guilty. Necessarily, the "In New England the first lesson a girl until he is proved guilty. Necessarily, the social laws of this cosmopolitan city are lax, and girls dance with men whose names they hardly know. That is the reason chaperones are needful. I cannot see that there is any harm in a girl walking to a theater with a man whom her father and mother know, but that is counted a much greater offense against propriety than danc-ing in a low-cut gown with a half-intox-icated young man, while a chaperone simpers approval from an opposite corner.

THE MEN OF AMERICA

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Defends Them Against Foreign Insult.

THREE GUESTS WHO ANGERED HER

She Would Greatly Enjoy Slapping One Callow English Youth.

HOSTESSES ARE GREATLY TO BLAME.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

During the recent social season I have met in the parlors of cultivated American gentlemen three foreigners who have aroused in me all the war-like spirit which my ancestors must have telt during the Revolution. I have, in meeting and talking with these three foreigners, felt a strong desire to see them borne away in the talons of the American Eagle, to make food for his young; or quietly folded away in the Stars and Stripes and left in the branches of some lone tree upon the plains for vultures to gnaw. In case either of these methods were not practicable or successful, I would have been willing to see the American pugilist, John Sullivan, dispose of the foreigners to the best of his professional ability, and incapacitate them from further insolence and exhibitions of bad breeding.

One of these persons was an Englishwoman, one an Euglishman, and the third a Cuban. These three people, who are visiting New York, and who have been kindly treated, entertained, and feasted in the homes of American men of culture and refinement, have each one separately expressed themselves on several occasions within my bearing in a manner most insulting to their

"I like American ladies very much indeed, but I am disappointed in American men. They are not equal to the ladies—oh dear, no!" I heard the Englishwoman say in the presence of a dozen American wives of American

HOW THE LADIES BECEIVED IT. Several of the ladies smiled, bowed, and seemed to imagine that Madam John Bull had been complimenting them highly. One or two flushed with indignation, and realized that their husbands had been insulted, but one only dared express herself to that effect.

A young, exceedingly ill-favored and poor specimen of an Englishman, who had been 14 days in New York, was inteoduced to me 14 days in New York, was inteoduced to me by his host, one of the most cultivated and agreeable men in New York. Before the host had left us this callow youth hastened to tell me that "he thought New York ladies really quite charming—but aw, deah! your men, you know, are awfully behind ours—nowhere neah the equal of the ladies—don't like the American men at all." like the American men at all." "I fear you have been unfortunate in the

class of men you have met," I suggested.
"Oh, no—have met the best you have in
New York, but not one I liked." "You must suffer from poor taste, then," I replied, feeling a desire to slap his weazened ace and send him home to his governess for

"No, my taste is all right, I think," he continued, "and really they are awfully disappointing, the American men. Don't you think so?"

"As I married an American, it ought to indicate to you that I think them charming," I replied, "And to be frank with you, since you invite frankness, I have never seen a foreign man who, in my most romantic or susceptible days, could have

done more than amuse me. FOREIGNERS MAKE FAIR PETS.

This city is so cosmopolitan, so variable, that a girl is constantly meeting stranges of whom she knows nothing."

"I confess that I have always been in favor of the institution of chaperonage," was Mrs. Speaker Reed's decisive answer to my query. "I have one daughter, Katharine, now 14 years old and have the complements, but the thorough, true, sensible American girl gives her heart to an American love. Those who structure is a first to an American love. them to foreigners usually live to regret it.

A foreign husband is an expensive luxury,

you know, for an American lady."

I left the sapling without an apology, but ten minutes later I heard him repeating the identical remarks he had made to me to a

bevy of ladies, one of whom was the daughter of his host. The next week I heard of him in the hat and cloak room at a crush reception given in honor of a young society debutante is frequently the case in overcrowded receptions, there was more or less difficulty in regard to finding hats and great coats. The hundreds of American gentlemen present bore their discomfiture, inconvenience and occasional losses with good-natured composure, but high above the hum of the reception rose the shrill accents of the young Englishman. "I want my hat— I say I want my hat—I never saw such a beastly way of doing things—waiter, why

don't you find my hat?" Uncertain of his success in winning an American heiress, I suppose the poor fellow was concerned in regard to the purchase of another tile. He was the subject of general amused disgust among all the American gentlemen in the hat room. Yet a few even-ings later I heard him "saving his little piece" regarding the inferiority of American men to another hostess.

I am quite as indignant toward the who permit these remarks to pass unrebuked as I am to the perpetrator of them. How is it that an American wife or daughter can accept a compliment to herself which reflects upon her husband or father?

THIS WAS AN AMERICAN LADY. "I hear you are greatly your husband's superior," said a would-be admirer—an Englishman—one day to a lady upon whom he was calling for the first time.

"Indeed? well, you have been misin-formed. And will you kindly and quickly place yourself outside the door of my hus-band's house—before I call a servant to put you out?" was the lady's unexpected reply. "I cannot remain in the presence of anyone who speaks disrespectfully of my husband." The man went. The men whose names we bear-the men whose hands or brains toil for us, the men who would give their heart's blood to defend our honor, surely these are the men to whom we owe respect and allegiance, and we should defend them in return from the slurs of foreign invaders of

our social and domestic circles. American women quoting and accenting these remarks; one of these ladies has been twice married—once to an American who treated her with respect and undying affection, once to a foreigner who had abused, misused and irretrievably wronged

The roughest American boor would know better, it seems to me, than to make uncomplimentary comments in the host's parlor in hearing of his wife and daughter. is foreign politeness and culture, give me American boorishness!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. He Wants It Known.

Mr. J. H. Straub, a well-known German citizen of Fort Madison, Ia., was terribly afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism when Mr. J. F. Salmon, a prominent drug-gist there advised him to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. One bottle of it cured him. His case was a very severe one. He suffered a great deal, and now wants others similarly afflicted to know what cured him.

50-cent bottles are for sale by E. G. Stucky, 1701 and 2401 Penn ave.; E. G. Stucky & Co., cor. Wylie ave. and Fulton st.; Markell Bros., cor. Penn and Faulkston aves.; Theo. Bros., cor. Penn and Faulkston aves.; Theo. E. Ihrig, 3610 Fifth ave.; Carl Hartwig, 4016 Butler st.; John C. Smith, cor. Penn ave. and Main st.; Jas. L. McConnel & Co., 435 Fifth ave., Pittsburg, and in Alleghenv by E. E. Heck, 72 and 194 Federal st.; Thos. R. Morris, cor. Hanover and Preble aves.; F. H. Eggers, 172 Ohio st., and F. H. Eggers & Son, 299 Ohio st., and 11 Smithfield st.