

REALLY IN POLITICS. The Women's Club Convention Had a Pretty Little Fight for Offices.

A SLATE FROM THE EAST That Was Smashed Into Smithereens by Wrathful Westerners.

WOULDN'T ALLOW ANY SET-UP JOBS A Variety of Topics, Including Reporters, Aply Discussed.

CHICAGO A FAILURE IN ENTERTAINING

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) One of the most entertaining, exciting and instructive sessions at the recent convention of the National Federation of Women's Clubs in Chicago, was that devoted to the adoption of the proposed constitution, particularly as to section 5, which reads as follows:

The six general officers of the Federation and nine other members of the Board of Directors shall be elected at biennial meetings by ballot on report of a nominating committee, or after nomination from the floor. A majority vote of those present entitled to vote, and voting, shall constitute an election.

During the discussion upon this section it became plainly evident that some thought, that the Eastern delegates—especially those from New England—were bent upon having a "nominating committee" to set up the names of the candidates for election. So persistent was their advocacy of this measure that it presently dawned upon the Western delegates that there might be a slate in the background, or a set-up job, whose members were, but ready to be materialized when occasion offered.

The West Knocks Out the East. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, whose name and opinions carry great weight, came to the front in zealous support of the nominating committee. Her daughter, Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, ardently supported her distinguished mother, and was followed by numerous others from the New England section. These contended that a more careful selection of competent candidates could be made under the deliberate and dispassionate consideration of a nominating committee than by the method of nominations from the floor. Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indiana, and many delegates from the Western States opposed a nominating committee as too much of the star-chamber method, as it would give the vote of the majority and as a measure subversive of true democracy. Miss Frances Willard spoke eloquently against the committee, and Mrs. J. C. Croly (Jennie June) of New York, the Pennsylvania delegation, from what they called "bossism," were strongly on the same side.

After what was the warmest discussion of the whole convention, and which brought bright women to their feet, the measure was put to vote, and those favoring the "nominating committee" were defeated. The vote stood 190 to 87.

New England Forces a Compromise. This backed off did not dismay the advocates of the nominating committee, but they were sharp enough to do an immense deal of talking, and to set up a powerful row of names in favor of this measure privately during the evening. The result was a compromise consisting of a member from each State, should be appointed, and that each State delegation should choose its own representative.

The meeting of this committee, when it was finally appointed, was like unto a small-sized Minnesota or Chicago convention. Each State desired a representative in the office. New England clamored for recognition. The Pacific slope was eager for a show. The Northwest thought it nothing but a right that should be recognized. The South would, of course, feel slighted if their section was not honored by a place. Missouri wanted a member. The claims of the Ohio delegation were persuasive words. New York desired recognition, as did Pennsylvania likewise. These two "top tier" states were the ones who were to be recognized. The Ohio delegation was the most persuasive. The Ohio delegation was the most persuasive.

The "chronic objector" was there, who rose to her feet continually to get in her hubbub about the most trivial matters. The "narrow-gauge leader" was there, who were afraid to take one step beyond the boundaries of the strictest conservatism. The woman who always wanted to have her own way, and who imagined the organization would do to pieces if she was not gratified, did not, however, largely obtrude herself. She no doubt realized that her pretensions, however large, would receive little or no consideration in that crowd of brilliant, brainy women.

THE FLOWING STYLE. It's Very Commendable, but Getting Some Unfair Criticism. VEILS ARE WIDER AND LONGER. What a French Milliner is Able to Do With a Piece of Ribbon.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Bow knots are the favored ornament of the hour. House decorators first revived them with the Louis XVI furniture, and they have spread over everything from parlor walls to underwear. They form the new lace scarves, enameled like two-toned, changeable ribbons; in metal they are on card cases, they are stamped on paper, woven in the pattern of gowns, embroidered in lingerie, and put in every conceivable place that will take a decoration, and the demand for ribbons surpasses that of any season within the memory of salesmen.

But a bow knot is a decoration only when its lines mark curves that are beautiful and graceful, without reference to the fact that they form part of a bow, and it is necessary to remember this if one is to apply to them a French Trimmed Hat.

The news comes from Paris that trained skirts threaten the final extinction of an old habit. The occasions when a gentleman might offer his arm to a lady have been long growing less till now, according to my French authority, it is bad form even for lovers to link arms for an evening's promenade. This is cruel, but blower wars have been waged for a less cause than a woman's petticoat. What with the preoccupation of her hands in holding up her train the lady finds herself only embarrassed by the officious and elaborate embroidery on her dress.

The occasions when a gentleman may still offer his arm to a lady are limited to passing through a theater foyer, at soirées, to promenade the salon or go to the buffet, and to pass to the dining room when one is a model dress.

At the conclusion of her remarks, up jumped "Sarah Ann," as irreverently dubbed— "who warmly defended the 'link fingers.' She said in all the years she had been married, she had never seen a woman wear a long black veil in the country, when driving, winding it about her throat. White veils are almost too pronounced even for the most refined and aristocratic circles. They do not wear them in the street. A long strip of wash blue to wind about the face and throat at the seashore would be a pretty protection, and in harmony with the environment.

The size of the conservative veil now worn is one yard in length and three-eighths of a yard in width. The new ideal of form which has come in is a favorite and good combination. Gray is much worn, but it needs another color in combination to give it character. Bluish gray is desirable and makes a sallow person sallow. Greenish gray is best. It should be trimmed with either dark gray, brown or black. Pink mingled with cold gray is a mistake, very commonly made; nothing could be more crude. Pink and black are liked together this year, and pale yellow is popular.

A Japanese silk evening gown for the occasion of a party is shown in our illustration. It is pale yellow, figured with deep orange. The trimming is lace and orange ribbon. A lute-strung ribbon of black, laid all the length of the orange ribbon, and tied in the bows, carries a thread of black through the borders, and adds greatly to the character. The fan of yellow and orange should have a blotch of red and a few lines or a ribbon of black.

Shoes are growing broader for people who walk a great deal, but women who do not walk but drive continue to wear them very pointed, which is equivalent to saying that pointed toes are still fashionable. Low ties have almost driven high shoes out, over-garters furnishing ample protection when wanted, even in winter. Tan colored ties will be much worn this summer by refined women.

A census of the trees of the city of Paris reveals the fact that within the limits of the French capital there are growing upward of 120,000 trees, and about 300,000 shrubs. Of the trees, about 20,000 are in the parks, and the others are planted along the streets. If these trees were planted all together, in a field, in which they were grown in a forest, and at an average of 20 feet apart, they would make a wood more than 1,000 acres in extent.

Shirley Dare's Talks About Complexions and About Etiquette. Among the numerous queries sent Shirley Dare by readers of THE DISPATCH she has found time to consider the following: Mrs. B. R.—Is there any way I can get rid of hair growing on the side of the face without using patent medicines? The hot air baths weekly, with massage and the electric bath immediately following, together with a thoroughly wholesome diet, will in most cases completely clear the complexion from a blemish. That is, of a dowry sort, not, strictly speaking, or true toilet care faithfully applied in many cases does wonders in this way, if the morning warm baths are kept up, and a free opening diet adopted. Hair on the face and arms is a sort of excretion, never found where all functions are in working order.

What a French Milliner is Able to Do With a Piece of Ribbon. The flowing style, together with the present way of making the waist by a belt instead of by biases. If the vogue lasts long enough it may give us a lasting impetus toward those qualities that make classic dress beautiful, and which it is to some degree emulative, namely, "a sublime simplicity and reserve of treatment; a dignity of truth and line; the fashion in which the dress grows in a place effect." We do not want the classic, but we should express ourselves in dress with equal beauty.

PEEPS INTO A PALACE. An Evening at the Wanamaker Home With the Vassar Aid Society. FORTUNES IN THE FURNISHINGS. Richest of Everything Blended Into a Tasteeful Power. ITS VERY PRONOUNCED INDIVIDUALITY

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) WASHINGTON, May 21.—There is a flourishing society of young ladies in Washington called "The Vassar Aid Society," whose aim is to provide scholarships for deserving though impecunious girls, and thus help them to a college education. Of course Pittsburg knows all about this kind of work, and I need not comment it. In Washington the prime movers in this society are themselves Vassar graduates and influential girls in society life. One of their methods of "ways and means" is to give a literary evening in some beautiful home. Tickets to these are sold personally by the members, and are most select entertainments and quite "the thing" to attend.

One such evening was given recently at the home of Mrs. General Wanamaker, 1731 I street, N. W. The house is a square brown-stone, the same the Whitneys occupied during the Cleveland administration. As one enters the front door, opened by a white butler in liver, with two others opposite him, you find yourself in a wide hall, in the center of the house, opening onto one-third of the way back. On the right of the hallway is a double doorway leading into the library. The sides of this are finished in a high, dark hard wood wainscoting. Above this on a background of tinted paper hang quantities of beautiful photographs of celebrated things and places. These are framed in narrow dark wood moldings.

A Photograph of Mrs. Harrison. The fireplace occupies one end of the room. The most conspicuous object on the wall above the fireplace is a large, full-length photograph, tastefully framed, of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, attired in a magnificent dress of white satin and pearl, made decollete and full train. She equals in splendor and poise of body any queen or princess in the past. Substantial chairs and couches are placed around the room, and a large handsome writing table occupies the center. Opposite the library is a wide opening, hung with heavy, silk portieres, leading into the front parlor. This room is furnished with the most exquisite set of gilt furniture, upholstered with brocade silk of beautiful design and richness. At the window stands a clock, the round face of which is fastened against the strings of a gold harp. Around the room are placed the most beautiful pieces of Turkish silk embroideries are gracefully thrown over arms of chairs, onyx tables and soft couches.

The Wanamakers Have Good Taste. The elegance is so different, so much more rare than other elegant parlors, so much more dainty. Back of this room, connected by a wide opening draped handsomely, is another large room, furnished with a massive set of furniture, upholstered in genuine tapestry most rare and beautiful. On each side of the fireplace are bookcases filled with handsome volumes and covered with bronze and silver. The dining room is a masterpiece of elegance and refinement. The dining table is large and round, and is set with silver and gold. The room is filled with light and color, and is a masterpiece of elegance and refinement.

A Beautiful Art Effect. Passing on from the back parlor through silk hangings, you find yourself in a charming lounge, just broad enough to accommodate a few chairs, and a table. A costly piece of Persian embroidery, back of this divan on a pedestal is the beautiful life-sized group of Cupid and Psyche asleep on a mossy bank. A blaze of softened light falls on this, and to find where this light comes from, you emerge into a room of light and color. The walls are one blaze of light and color, for on them are hung beautiful works of art in the shape of oil paintings. One could spend a long time in looking at this collection.

All the rooms have fine paintings on their walls, but this is the climax. It is the finest private picture gallery in Washington. The extent of the collection is the further end of the room is an immense fireplace, with mantel and mirror in due proportion. On the mantel stands a pair of enormous Japanese vases, all of which give this part of the room an air of softness. On another side of the room, in a niche of the wall, is a raised platform with a window on each side, which is a sort of silk hangings, cushioned with seats and Persian cushions and tapestries. The railing around this and the steps leading to it are completely covered by these embroideries. The foot of the railing are palms in handsome vases. Here on this raised space are the orchestra players or the speakers, as it happens to be.

Autograph Letter from Bismarck. A Young Grocer Clerk, Who Got His Teeth Knocked Out in Defense of the Iron Chancellor, Rewarded. The illustration shows an autograph letter received by the Grocer Clerk on the occasion of Bismarck's birthday. The letter congratulates him and expresses his love and devotion. He told of the loss of his teeth in the defense of Bismarck's good name, and avowed his willingness to suffer untold loss for his idol. "I think," wrote he, "that since you have ceased to be a man, there is something wrong with you old Germany."

What Women Want to Know. Shirley Dare's Talks About Complexions and About Etiquette. Among the numerous queries sent Shirley Dare by readers of THE DISPATCH she has found time to consider the following: Mrs. B. R.—Is there any way I can get rid of hair growing on the side of the face without using patent medicines? The hot air baths weekly, with massage and the electric bath immediately following, together with a thoroughly wholesome diet, will in most cases completely clear the complexion from a blemish.

Prices Are Much Less. Since the "manufacturers' pool" was broken. You can easily afford tasteful and beautiful decorations. Wm. Trinkle & Co., Fine Wall Paper, Wood St. and Sixth Ave. Telephone 1324.

THE PROPER DINNER. To Give One Nowadays Requires No Little Executive Ability. FASHION'S DICTATES IN GOTHAM. How a Very Rich Baby Has Put on Mourning for a Near Relative. MARGARET H. WELCH'S FRESH GOSSIP

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) To give a dinner in New York after the manner of fashionable is a complex and intricate thing. Not more than a dozen families probably of even McAllister's 150 can manage a large dinner of 40 covers, for instance, without assistance from outside. An establishment of 20 and 25 servants with a chef at the head finds his routine seriously interfered with, and usually gets in a few days beforehand and there are two dinner weeks in the year that need six weeks' booking.

At the recent luncheon in New York to Mrs. Elizabeth Gady Stanton, a well-known woman suffragist, Mrs. Colby, of Wyoming, told a story of a Russian woman who encountered out there. She was urging him to give his influence, but the man was obstinate. "If the women vote," he said, "they all go to Chicago (the Mecca of that part of the country) and spend an hour before talking across the corner of a piazza.

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