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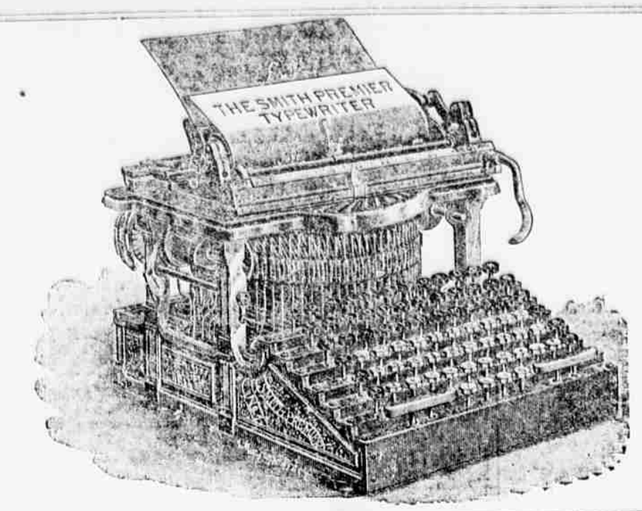

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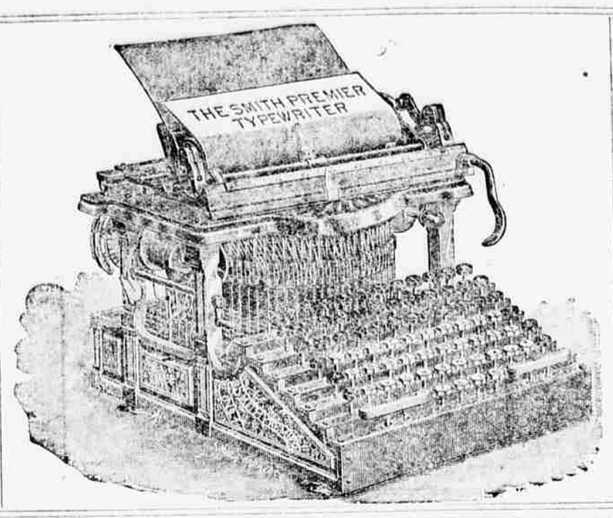

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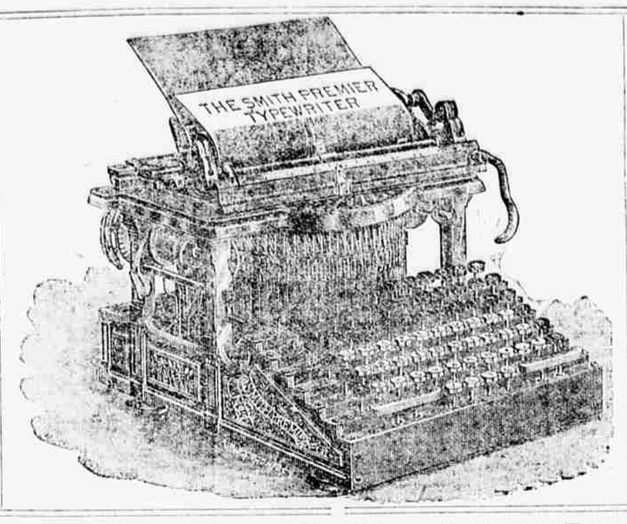

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HELEN'S ROLL IS DAZZLING

The Lady of Lyndhurst with an Income of $100,000 a Year.

A GREAT FORTUNE AND A HOME

Gossip About Women in General and Some in Particular—Fashion Notes and Happenings in Woman's World.

The most talked of young lady at the present time is Miss Helen Gould, daughter of the deceased financier. She is 19 years old, has an income of $100,000 a year, and is the owner of Lyndhurst, one of the most magnificent homes in the country.

Miss Gould's inheritance makes her, probably with one exception, the richest young and unmarried woman in America. The fortune of Miss Garrett, daughter of the late president of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, is larger than Miss Gould's, but a part of Miss Garrett's fortune has been made by her own business sagacity. Miss Gould is abundantly competent to take care of her interests, for she inherits some of her father's business quality, although in disposition she suggests her mother. She is now richer than any of the daughters of William H. Vanderbilt, and very much richer than any of the Astor girls.

The family trait is a marked characteristic of Miss Gould. She is not a society girl. She cares not for its display, preferring the calm of home amid congenial associations and surroundings to the jostle and crush of fashionable life. She is serious minded and kind to the unfortunate. Regularly and quietly she goes to an asylum in New York, bringing many comforts to the afflicted and spending hours reading to the bedridden.

In manner and person she is as charming as her fortune is lavish.

* * *

There are all sorts and kinds of girls, but of the lot the matinee girl stands out as a type all by herself—a pretty, purely feminine bit of winsomeness that sometimes, however, acts just a bit silly, but on the whole is a very charming little creature, enjoying thoroughly the mild dissipation that will absorb her Saturdays in person and her every other day in the week in anticipation and imagination. The matinee girl is usually quite young, and the style of play that appeals most to her is of an entirely romantic character, for nine times out of ten she looks upon the actor who assumes the principal role as the hero off the stage that he represents on it.

She weeps over his woes and revels in his joys. She sniffles and eats candy at the same time, and when the curtain falls she goes away to dream over the situation and imagine herself the heroine. The matinee girl usually has a double, one who dresses like her, acts like her and enjoys the same sort of entertainment. They hunt in couples and know every handsome leading man by reputation at least, and a sight of one of their heroes on the street is something to be talked of for months to come.

They generally giggle when shown to their seats, and if any contretemps occurs are convulsed with not always secret, but usually uncontrollable, laughter. One thing, however is in their favor; they do not care a rap for a single man in the audience. Their affections are centered on the stage lover, and, true to their allegiance, they go Saturday after Saturday to see some one of these adorable creatures whom they in their girlish hearts believe to be all that they repre- companion. She is too sharp to be agreeable. Her cutting speeches, rife with scathing personalities, cause her to be shunned rather than selected as one of those charming sort of girls men and women both admire. If she writes a letter her pen seems to have been dipped in vinegar, and though her composition may be the very acme of elegance, still such an epistle is not received with the warmth that one of those gushing, girlyfied but altogether friendly ones always obtains. The sarcastic girl may possess talent far above the breezy creature who candidly admits that she would rather read one of "The Duchess," novels than an essay of Emerson's. She may be able to converse in seven different languages. She may be as beautiful as an houri, but men will be afraid of that sharp tongue, and the purely feminine creature who weeps and laughs by turns with Phyllis and Molly Bawn will win the admiration and preside over the home of the greatest catch of the season, while her more brilliant sister, with her dangerous sharpness, will be left to her sarcasms and solitude. Sarcasm is not wit, though wit may be sarcastic. One can be bright and say all manner of clever things without hurting the feelings of others by keen knife-edged opinions that are subtle with bitterness and teeming with gall. Sarcasm is not a quality to be cultivated. It is a rank weed that once started grows and grows, choking out the little plants of kindliness, forethought and consideration until it overruns the garden of the mind, dominating and controlling each thought with a disagreeable, pungent odor that cannot be eradicated.

* * *

The Vassar Students Aid society is such a recent innovation that few people outside of the college element know anything about it or its aims. It does not give pecuniary aid, but lends it to girls who promise to return whatever they have received as soon as convenient after graduation. This prevents them from feeling that they are the recipients of charity and also keeps replenishing the treasury of the society. The society is composed largely of nongraduates—the wealthiest class of Vassar students—and it aims to keep them in touch with the college, and to renew and sustain old friendships that time or separation may have interfered with. The general society holds an annual meeting every fall in one of the large cities, at which delegates and members from all the branches are present. A general reunion is also held every commencement at the college. The society numbers among its members residents of Mexico, Germany, South America and India. Associate members, both men and women, are cordially welcomed, and need no qualifications but those of refinement and intelligence. They are not admitted to the business meetings or allowed to have any voice in the workings of the society, but they may enjoy all its other privileges.

* * *

When manual training, with its domestic economy department of cooking and sewing, was being urged as a necessary part of public school training, teachers and wise men brought forward the argument "that it is not needful, for mothers teach these things," writes Miss Grace Dodge in a carefully prepared article on this most important subject in the November Ladies' Home Journal. From every city came the answer, "Mothers do not teach these branches, and our girls are being brought up without practical household training." One summer a lady had 200 girls from offices, stores and factories to board during two weeks' vacation. At the end of the summer she found that but nine of the number knew how to make a bed, and many of them made it a boast that they "never had made a bed in their lives." Some did not even know whether sheet or blanket should be put on first. And these were not destitute girls, but such as represent our self-respecting wage-earners—girls who were boarders, paying a fair price, and yet who were expected to make their own beds. Mothers had not trained them. There are hundreds of bright, intelligent girls of 15, 16, 18 and even older who have never sewed and do not know whether a thimble should go on their thumb or forefinger. What kind of wives and mothers are they to make!

* * *

The greatest novelties of the season are [illegible] among the leather goods, which, [illegible]sing in the regular forms, have [illegible]t frivolous and abandoned garishness in color. Scarlet seems to be the favorite tint just now for purses and card cases—scarlet ornamented with gold and silver edges and corners. More daintily beautiful are the white leather goods. Some of the more costly card cases have sprays of violets or single pansies in enamel on silver set in the outside by way of ornament. Others have the finest and most beautiful of gold and silver filigree work, almost like lace, and not infrequently sparkling with tiny diamonds. Very genteel and attractive are the purses of dull green lizard skin and of a peculiar greenish-blue tint in smoother leather.

* * *

The fashion of bringing out a girl by means of an evening reception instead of an afternoon tea seems to be gaining ground. It has the merit of being more distinctive at all events, says the New York Tribune. Where a tea is given for the purpose of introducing a debutante to society, it is becoming an unwritten law that those of her friends who have been invited to receive with her should remain afterwards either to dinner, or (as was done very successfully in the case of one young lady lately) for a sit-down supper; a number of young men being asked to stay after the reception in informal fashion.

The dress of those who "assist" should not be too elaborate, as it is the debutante that should be the cynosure of all eyes; it is in better taste, therefore, for her friends to consider this, and to wear less conspicuous gowns themselves.

* * *

One of the late fads in New York is a "dove" whist class. Sixteen young women meet once a week from 11 to 2, and a simple luncheon breaks the absorbing games promptly at 1 o'clock. By 2 o'clock they have separated, leaving time for any afternoon engagement. "We are tired," said one of the members, "of being politely snubbed by men when a game of whist is suggested. You know how they will refer to 'ladies' whist,' and we propose to become thoroughly posted in the game. A little box stands on every one of the four tables, into which a penny is dropped for every word uttered during the playing of a hand, and the offense of asking what is trumps can only be condoned by the payment of a dime.

"These are our only regulations. After Easter we expect to give a whist party, each member inviting one man, who must be a good whist player to be eligible, to test the skill we expect to have acquired by that time.

* * *

The education of a Viennese girl includes the regular school work until her fifteenth year, after which she goes through a course of teaching in the kitchen, under instruction of some member of the family or a trained cook, lasting from one to two years. As a result of this training Austrian women are said to make most efficient wives and mothers. They are as accomplished and capable as English women, as witty in society as Parisians, and are noted for their beauty among European women.

Late Fashion Notes.

Black velvet cloaks and very long circulars are again in fashion.

Brocades will form the basis for evening gowns for the winter.

Hats have brims faced with velvet and are trimmed with a profusion of soft ostrich tips.

Almost all bonnets are placed slightly back on the head, framing the face in becoming fashion.

Throatlets and neck scarves of various kinds of fur showing head, eyes, tail and paws of the animal, are in high vogue.

Black bengaline, Ottoman faille, and other shining lusterless corded silks are greatly used for church, reception and visiting dresses.

Hairpins are now in sets of seven and the two large and five small ones match in design. The tops are in gold fleur-de-lis, clover leaf or dagger designs, and the pins in tortoise shell.

The fashionable mink tail trimming that was so popular at the beginning of the season is already practically out of the market, the supply of this little animal's tails being entirely exhausted.

One of the prettiest evening bonnets is a tiny square made of gold spangles. It is so arranged that the point of the square comes just in front. Here is placed a white satin ribbon rosette, out of which spring two tiny white wings.

Bourrenoix, or butternut-brown of a decidedly reddish shade, appears among some of the rich fabrics of the season. It is often used by ladies' tailors for elegant visiting dinner dresses of corded silk and plain velvet, camel's hair, velours, bengaline and ladies' cloth.

Rough Irish friezes and homespuns, with a toast brown, dark green or blue ground, sprinkled over with dashes of shaggy curled threads of scarlet, yellow or gray, receive a distinct impress of style by means of accessories of cloth matching the dashes of color in the material.

Among the beautiful textiles that leading dressmakers are fashioning into elegant evening toilets are lustrous satins in rose color, silver gray, magenta and Persian mauve, brocaded with silver thistles, carnation and hawthorn sprays in gold and silver embossed work, chrysanthemum clusters, etc.

Jeweled pins for the hair take on many fanciful forms. A most fashionable pin for the hair is a jeweled dagger, the hilt encrusted with diamonds or some other precious stones. Sometimes the hairpin is surmounted by a gorgeous bug with opal wings, ruby thorax and emerald body, or a miniature swallow of diamonds, or a tiny warrior's crest, or an outspread fan, covered with brilliant jewels.

The utmost care is necessary in fitting the lining of each gore of the "sugar-loaf," or umbrella skirt, otherwise it will surely either drag or "bag." If practicable, the lining should be silk, which does not stretch, is soft, and therefore falls well; and further, says an experienced modiste, it renders the seams less bulky, in which case it is easier to overlay them with trimming according to present fashion.

There is nothing especially new in ladies' rings. The favorite shape of the season has either a long marquise setting or is a straight band of gold set around with gems. The smallest band rings, which are the merest edges of gold, set half way round with diamonds, rubies or emeralds, are still worn in groups of three, including one ring of each kind of jewel. Sometimes a single ring of this kind is worn as a guard to a more valuable one.

White velvet dresses are much worn this winter, made without ornament of any kind save the the thick rouleau of white satin all around the bottom of the skirt. The material is cut away from the shoulders and throat and rests on the skin without any intervening lace or embroidery. This is, of course, trying to any but perfect complexions, but a pretty woman looks to uncommon advantage in such a gown. The sleeves are very much puffed and are finished off at the elbow with a rouleau of white satin. Black velvet frocks are made up in the same fashion, the rouleau in this case being replaced by a very thick black silk cord.

One of the natty winter coats worn by stylish young women is fitted exactly like a very long close princesse bodice in the back, the skirt portion divided into long, slender tabs, silk lined, and edged with a tiny roll of fur. These are made of old rose, dark blue, garnet, moss green or mahogany-brown cloth. The fronts open over breasts of fur, or of cloth of a contrasting color elaborately braided. Other coats of Russian style are very long and have ample colonial waistcoats of rich Persian brocade, and the coat trimmings are of fur and Persian passementerie.

There is no prettier street dress for a half-grown girl than a long red beaver cloth coat made with two deep capes edged with black astrakhan fur. The revers of the double-breasted garments is also covered with fur, and a fur collar and muff to match complete the costume. The hat to go with this becoming cloak is a red felt, trimmed with a large, flat bow of black ribbon, and the hair is brushed simply back and tied also with black ribbon. Quiet simplicity marks the dress of a well-bred young girl, and fashion has wisely decided that she should not imitate her elders in elaborate effects of frills and frizzes.

What Women Are Doing.

Girls, consider the crow. It never speaks without caws.

Mrs. Cleveland has accepted membership in the National Press league.

Miss Coralie Quay, daughter of the senator, is one of the bright young women of Washington society.

The duchess of Portland is the only woman who ever had a dress made and sewed on her person while she stood upright.

The daughter of John J. Ingalls may be the coming opponent of Mrs. Lease. They are active members of the tariff debating society.

Mrs. Hancock, widow of the general, is reported seriously ill in New York, where she recently arrived after a long visit to Dresden.

On the authority of Miss Romans, a professor of gymnastics, the muscular young women of Boston discard corsets and high-heeled boots.

Probably the only woman customs broker in this or any other country is Hulda Graser of Cincinnati. She is only 21 years old, but already she controls a large and profitable business.

Mrs. Martha D. Strickland of Detroit has been admitted to practice law at Memphis, Tenn., having fallen in love with that town during the recent convention of the women in Memphis.

Miss Ada Rehan can afford to remain quiet and enjoy the display of silver-mounted jealousy now being made by the actresses who were not invited to pose for the Montana statue.

Mrs. Depew is, in some respects, the opposite of her witty husband. She has a serious face, big black eyes, long straight features and a low, sweet voice. Her favorite colors are garnet and mauve.

Mrs. Lease's senatorial aspirations are not now ignored by her own sex. She is the holder of the most remarkable collection of endorsements that any woman has ever had. They come from women of every degree and from every one of the states.

One cent apiece is what the Chicago sweaters pay women for finishing a vest. Two women, by working fourteen hours a day, are able to earn $1.50 a week between them. Men of the sweater stamp should not be obliged to wait until after death for their punishment.

A woman aged 50 at Holyoke, Mass., has a suit pending for $1,000 damages for a stolen kiss. If she should secure the price demanded and thus establish a precedent, the industry in that state would be crushed entirely, as the maiden variety of osculation would come too high even for the plutocrats.

All the world knows that American women are largely influencing London society in these days. The wife of Colonel Ralph Vivian, who was Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, a wealthy New York widow, is this winter devoting much time and money to charitable work in the great English metropolis.

The Women's Co-operative Guild of London is going to work for shorter hours and improved conditions for co-operative employes, and also proposes to help women's trades unions and to support progressive women candidates to local bodies. Among the minor items of work appear "classes on account and bookkeeping" and "addresses on co-operative balance sheets." This association numbers 5,000 members, mostly married women.

Hildegarde Hawthorne, the eldest daughter of the novelist and eldest grandchild of the great Hawthorne, is a remarkably pretty, fresh-faced girl who does not appear like the intellectual heir of "The Scarlet Letter," nor of "Garth." Yet, she probably deserves the distinction of being the youngest contributor to our first-class monthlies. A wonderfully clever and Hawthornesque sketch by her was published in Harper's when its author had scarcely reached her 18th birthday.

IMPIETIES.

The Christian Advocate says that at the dedication of a church recently in a capital city it was announced that among the subscribers were Mr. Sensenman, Mr. Poet, Mr. Sourbeer and Mr. Pancake. And a lady of the same church said that she was once connected with a Sunday school which contained at the same time three scholars, named respectively, Porter, Ale and Sourbeer. Once in Maryland a lady, during a religious gathering, entertained three guests, strangers to her and to each other, named Mrs. Sprinkle, Mrs. Shower and Mrs. Storm.

On a recent rainy Sunday two nice looking, well mannered men stationed themselves in the vestibule of an English church and relieved all who entered of their umbrellas, saying that the vicar disliked having wet umbrellas carried into the church. When the services ended the people looked for the two men, but they had quietly stolen away—and also the umbrellas—without waiting for the benediction.

* * *

"And now, my friends," shouted the frontier evangelist, "remember that he is no man at all who never has done anything to bring the sunshine into the hearts of his fellow men."

"I guess that don't hit me," continued Alkali Bill. "I've let daylight into more fellers 'n I can recollect."

* * *

A bishop in the Episcopal church is a peripatetic personage, forever on the wing, and overentertained with feasting of the cold lunch variety. The good gentleman who signs himself "William of Albany" was asked the other day by a friend with whom he was to dine if he had any choice as to food. He answered impressively: "Yes, an ox, and have it hot."

* * *

Will Professors Briggs and Smith know whether they are "heretics" when the inquisition gets through with them? No man of modern times in the Presbyterian church has his name more intimately connected with theological literature than Professor Briggs. What must be done with that? Every Presbyterian library will have to be scoured and furnish material for a bonfire.

* * *

"Fashionable" Hatter (leading the prayer meeting)—While Deacon Hebrides is passing the hat we will sing from page 201: "Is My Name Written There?"

* * *

"Do you think we will have ice this Christmas?"

"I don't know," said the young clergyman who has a closet full of ornamental footgear. "It's likely to be a slippery time for me."

* * *

Poor Minister—I had a very attractive note from Mrs. Coupon today, dear. His Wife—Yes; what did she say? "Nothing; it was a fifty."

* * *

The religious editor of the St. Paul Globe turned in a leader under the caption: "Is the Ministry a Sinecure?" Of course it isn't; it is only a sinfecure.

RELIGIOUS

Almost $1,000,000 has already been pledged toward the erection of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The corner stone will be laid on the 27th inst.

Dr. Pentecost, who goes over from this country to take charge of a Presbyterian church in London, is to have house rent free and a salary of $7,500 a year.

The late Mgr. Verius, coadjutor bishop of British New Guinea, received news of his appointment while he was in mid up to his knees, helping to draw logs from a swamp wherewith to build a mission station.

The recently elevated Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli is a younger brother of Cardinal Serafin Vannutelli, and this is said to be the first time in the history of the Sacred college that seats in it have been simultaneously held by brothers.

Mgr. Dumont, bishop of Tournai, Belgium, who has just died, was a man of great learning and much executive ability. He will be chiefly remembered by the world at large, however, for his fierce conflict with the pope. It was caused by a publication in a liberal newspaper, with the bishop's authority, of certain letters which had come into the bishop's possession. The publication caused a great scandal in the Roman Catholic world.

Bishop William Piercy Austin, bishop of Guiana and primate of the West Indies, died at his home, Kingston House, Georgetown, Demerara, November 9, having just completed his 85th year. He was known as "The Nestor of the Church," having received that designation at the pan-Anglican synod that met at Lambeth palace, London, in 1888, for at that time he had held the mitre for forty-six years. His consecration took place in Westminster abbey when he was not quite 35 years old, the youngest bishop of the day, and it is recorded that after he had "kissed hands" at court the queen declared him to be her "youngest and handsomest bishop." He was a man who stood six feet two inches in his stockings and had a splendid physique. He was deeply loved and respected in his colony by men of every creed, and the day of his funeral was made a general day of mourning, all the offices and stores being closed.

One of the greatest curiosities of the day was brought to light in Vancouver, B. C., recently, in the shape of a bible bearing the date of 1526, printed in latin and German text. The book contains 800 closely printed pages, is bound in the thick wood and sheepskin parchment in use in the days when the book was issued. Typographically the work is remarkably clear and distinct, the pages being divided by a vertical line through the middle, forming two separate columns, each about two inches wide. Another remarkable feature about the book is that in many places throughout the words are printed in red, presenting an unique appearance. The volume is about 4x6 inches, and is in a remarkably good state of preservation. The discovery of this book gives denial to the generally conceded opinion that the first bible was printed in 1533.

NIGHT SCHOOL FOR RUSSIANS.

Former Subjects of the Czar Trying to Master the English Language.

Thirty-five mature "primer rats," as the kindergarten alumni designate those benighted pupils who are still struggling with the letters of the alphabet and are yet unfamiliar with the grand revelations of the First reader, assembled at Dodge school Monday night for the purpose of being initiated in the beauties of the English language.

It was a solemn and attentive class. All were grown up people. There were but four smooth shaven young men, the others being heavily bearded. There were flaxen beards and black beards and beards well sprinkled with gray. In the class there were two old men apparently on the shady side of sixty years. They were all Russian Jews bent on acquiring a fluent Anglo-Saxon vocabulary. The instructor used the alphabet as a text on which he discoursed very fluently in the Slavic tongue.

Some of the learners possessed more or less faulty understanding of English. All knew the names and values of American coins, from a penny to ten dollars, and could reckon fabulous sums in dollars, though always using the Russian equivalent for figures above ten. Beyond this familiarity with the copper, silver and gold coins of the republic those whilom children of the czar showed painful ignorance of "American."

Everyone was eager and willing to learn, however. The entire class showed that the studies were undertaken for the benefit to be derived from a clearer understanding of the English language and not through any idle impulse. Many seemed guided simply by a desire to gain certain information to be put to practical application, while others appeared to desire to study the language systematically and well.

Pronunciation was one serious drawback to the class. Many pupils brought in already acquired information which the instructor failed to recognize at first and only with difficulty identified, owing to faulty enunciation. The twenty-six letters of the alphabet entered the ears of the thirty-five learners in pure, penetrating Anglo-Saxon tones, only to be belched forth from thirty-five mouths like abdominal thunder. The class is very promising. What is lacking in quick intelligence, imagination and ready comprehension is made up in determination to learn, close attention and untiring application.

There were some amusing incidents. Impatient pupils, anxious for information that would aid or guide them in their business affairs, would ask sudden and unexpected questions funnier by far than any of those asked by the inquiring infant culling information from the tree of knowledge.

Over all there was an all-pervading odor of Russia which, while not lending charm, gave character to the occasion.

* * *

The number of successful applicants for for admission to the Paris Conservatoir appears to be very small. At the last examination of 227 vocal and 226 piano candidates only thirty-five and sixteen respectively were accepted. Of 137 violinists all but twelve were rejected.