IN THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN.

POST-HOLIDAY SHOPPING.

How Money Which Came in Your Stocking May Be Spent Profitably.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.—Happy the young girl who, armed with a Christmas check from some loving relative, sallies forth these days to join the throngs of shoppers. If bewildered bachelor uncles only knew the possibilities of checks after the great holiday they would never worry their heads about selecting other Christmas gifts, for with the first of the year comes a general slashing of prices in the big shops, and strictly up-to-date goods can be purchased for one-third less than was asked for them a week or so earlier. Moreover, who can measure the joy of the woman who folds in her purse a snug little sum which, with a free conscience and no thought of that great damper, economy, she may spend just to please herself?

The larger the check the greater the care should be exercised in spending it, for with feminine trinkets of all sorts overflowing show cases and counters one is apt to dissipate one's cash and have nothing really good to show for it in the end. On the other hand, there is an indefinite pleasure in owning one or two really handsome accessories of the toilet which will lend distinction to a costume.

VELVETEEN AND LAMB WALKING COSTUME FOR YOUNG GIRL.

Bags should come first under this classification. There is no one thing which indicates the up-to-dateness of a woman like this small but eloquent trinket. Small, because no well bred woman allows an accessory of this sort to stand out too strikingly in her general scheme of dressing; eloquent because to the initiated it speaks clearly of dollars and cents.

Opera Bag is the Thing.

"By her bag shall you know her," is a tip not to be despised. We have had the run on chatelaines and wrist bags, and now the opera bag is the thing. In it you may carry your handkerchief, your change purse—anything, in fact, save your opera glasses. Still you must call it an opera bag. Naturally it follows that silk is the prevailing fabric for these receptacles, and the richer and heavier it is the better. Flimsy silk is worse than useless for this purpose. Both oblong and square bags are shown, and the most popular patterns are the Pompadour and Persian silks and the gleaming brocades that our great-grandmothers delighted in.

A woman who is handy with her needle can have several of these bags for the amount of money she would spend for one secured in a shop, for one pays dearly for the cunning workmanship displayed on the bags in windows and show cases. They are beautifully tailored, so to speak, and cording and lining give the real finishing touches.

Among the beautiful patterns which can be reproduced is a pale blue satin, embroidered in silver thread and tiny jeweled spangles. This is made up with silver mountings. A brocade of yellow roses on a white ground is finished with a heavily chased mounting of gold and yellow ribbon.

The bags which combine perfectly with the frock are very correct, and the woman who has a really handsome velvet suit should have a bag made of exactly the same material. The mountings can be purchased at prices varying from $1 to $10, with prices much higher if one desires gold or jeweled effects. One of the newest mountings is a curtain pole effect, tiny rings being attached to the bag and then run on rods to match. These come in exquisite woods and metals.

If one still yearns for a chatelaine bag for street wear, either steel beading or the chain mesh in dull silver with Oriental jeweled finishings is the best. Here the pendent effect gives a real Oriental scheme, and draws the line between the bargain counter bag and the real article.

In purses, snake-skin, which holds its own, goes well with almost any frock.

New Theater Hat.

Another trifle which will add greatly to any woman's wardrobe just now is a new theater hat. If, in a moment of enthusiasm at the opening of the season, she invested in a white evening hat, a new hat is probably a necessity by this time. Here the Christmas check works like a charm, for a distinctive theater hat is regarded by the average woman as a luxury.

While the picturesque hat still holds its own for evening wear and pale plumes are masters of the situation, a woman will look about for something more simple in headwear unless she has delicate evening frocks and cloaks. This may also be said of elaborate decorations in fruit, which flashed upon our vision at the beginning of the season. It takes a stunning girl to carry off this style of trimming and for frequent wear it actually becomes tiresome. Much wiser is the selection of a hat in which good lines and dainty flowers join to give an air of smartness and dressiness. Here, too, one may throw a sop to Cerberus—in other words, coquette with the question of tails or no tails. If its wearer is afraid of the long, very pronounced drapery at the back in velvet or lace she may cut the Gordian knot by selecting a hat with a bow almost Alsatian in its simplicity, yet drooping enough to cover the hair.

Two toques on such lines were displayed by a Fifth avenue importer and one now graces the head of a popular actress. The first is in light blue of the forget-me-not shade and is built on rather broad lines, fitting snugly to the back of the hair. The foundation is folds of satin taffeta, which also forms the bow in the back, held in place by a long, narrow steel buckle. The rest of the hat is encircled by forget-me-nots.

The other hat was of rich cardinal velvet in the same shape, the flat crown being overlaid with autumn leaves in richest tints and the bow being of liberty taffeta, held with a large rhinestone buckle. Its beauty consisted of the perfect blending of the crimson tones in velvet, ribbon and foliage.

Among the very newest things for children are bedroom accessories that reek of comfort for cold mornings. The bath robes are particularly enticing, being shown in elderdown flannel in solid colors and various combinations. Cunningest of all are those in warm crimson with pointed hoods and belts with "really buttons and straps," as the owner will describe them.

Care should be taken to select large garments for such use, as they not only shrink in washing, but are worn by children at a time when freedom of action is a sacred privilege. For the nursery pillow fights and other morning and evening frolics they are, above all things, enticing to childish eyes.

MARY DEAN.

"IN THE NAME OF JOSEPHINE."

Story of a Remarkable Philanthropist in New Orleans.

There died the other day in New Orleans a man who was in some respects the most notable character in that city, Alexander C. Hutchinson, president of Morgan's Louisiana & Texas Railroad and Steamship company. He was one of the most successful captains of industry in the south.

He was generally regarded as a cold, austere and even parsimonious man, and yet it turns out that there was no man in New Orleans whose heart was fuller of sympathy for his fellows, of sentiment, of love of the beautiful, and whose hand was more generous in charity. Indeed, in the extent of his giving he seems to have been the first of the city's philanthropists. What most distinguished his philanthropy was his systematic effort to keep it secret. It was his habit gruffly to repel those who applied to him for charity and immediately to cause a quiet investigation of their cases. If they were found to be deserving of aid it was promptly and generously given them, but secretly, and in no other name than that of "Josephine."

He was passionately fond of flowers and embowered his home in them. He was devoted to art, his residence being filled with the rarest pictures, statues and books, while his taste for music made him the leading spirit in maintaining French opera in New Orleans.

The death of his beloved wife, who had shared his tastes, left him desolate, except for the comfort he found in alleviating want in her name.

So live, dear friend, all through your life,
That be it short or long,
Though others may not know your name,
They'll not forget your song.

It was thus he lived.

The Picayune says that "he would send a message of cheer and help into some darkened home, and the recipient knew not whence it came. No one ever suspected him. How could they? He was so gruff, so stolid, so determined to keep up the appearance of snow and sleet lying above his heart of gold. If you would have barely hinted that it was A. C. Hutchinson who was finding out the hidden sorrow of tear-laden hearts and seeking to alleviate them, no one would have believed you."

For many years no one knew who "Josephine" was, in whose name so much good was being done. According to the Picayune:

"In the name of Josephine I send these gifts;" that was the way the legend ran for many and many a day, coming like a flash of sunlight into an alley and garret, into an asylum and orphanage, into the homes for the sorrowful outcast, and everywhere bringing new life, new purpose. With the simple, rough scrap of paper came offerings of coal, of groceries, of wood, of clothing, of money—substantial gifts that lifted the clouds at the darkest moment. "In the name of Josephine;" that was all, and nothing more. And so after a while people began to ask: "Who is Josephine, whose the memory that is so dear that such royal deeds are done in her name, such unexpected blessings fall across the pathways of the miserable and forsaken?"

A little over a year ago the city was taken by surprise that a generous friend had donated the sum of $50,000 to the Charity hospital of this city for the erection of a home for the Training School for Nurses. One day last November the Marine Journal of New York published an article saying that it had leaked out that A. C. Hutchinson was the giver of the beautiful home. Then the Picayune published the story of "Josephine," and it was the first real glimpse that the world had into the real character of Mr. Hutchinson. It was a story that was copied far and wide, and seemed in its entirety more like an echo from the ages of faith and charity than a living, breathing product of this prosaic age.

"In the name of Josephine" this rich and powerful man left a nobler monument among his people than the great transportation system which he had builded up and he made a better disposition of his fortune than if he had hoarded it, to be fought over by relatives, devisees and lawyers.

HUSBAND'S FINANCIAL RIGHTS.

Some Domestic Questions Illuminated by the Courts.

Has the husband an exclusive right to his own money? Apparently not, if the decisions of courts are of binding force. It was not long ago, reports the Chicago Tribune, that a St. Louis judge decided a wife could go through her husband's pockets, of course "unbeknownst" to him, and take therefrom whatever sum she could find to apply to household expenses. Another judge in New York recently decided that a wife could purchase what wearing apparel she pleased without consulting the husband and have it charged to him, and that he must pay the bill.

Now comes a third judge, down in Maine, with a decision equally momentous as well as far-reaching. It seems that one Mrs. Harrison of Portland, being hard up for money, in the dead of night reached under Mr. Harrison's pillow while that careless individual was lustily snoring, abstracted $1,000 for her own uses, but considerately left $50 for his uses. This showed that she retained about one-twentieth of her old sympathy and affection for him or that she thought he could get along on much less than she could. When Mr. Harrison found what Mrs. Harrison had done, and that she wouldn't give up the plunder, he was twenty times angrier than he ever was before, and had his spouse brought into court upon the charge of larceny. The judge at once decided that a wife cannot steal from her husband and Mrs. Harrison went scot free, and Mr. Harrison was out $1,000 in cash, besides acquiring the humiliating knowledge that his pocketbook was liable to domestic invasion at any time.

Of course all these decisions are based upon the theory that man and wife are one, hence the wife cannot steal from the husband. Once this deduction becomes firmly settled in the female mind it will be "hard lines" for husbands. Not all women are as considerate as Mrs. Harrison. There are those sufficiently grasping to take the entire $1,050. But what can be done about it if the courts go on this way? Who will be safe? If women were only content to be the half, or even the better half, and divide equally, the outlook would not appear so depressing, but in those cases which thus far have been made public the woman has taken the whole of the money, except in the case of Mrs. Harrison, who considered herself entitled to twenty times as much of the contents of his pocketbook as he who thought he owned it all. If this goes on much longer the man who is bold enough to enter upon the "holy estate" of wedlock might as well understand that he surrenders his financial rights, and that when he and the charming creature become one they do not share the money jointly. Either she takes the whole or they share in the proportion of fifty for him and 1,000 for her. It is a discouraging outlook for man, who but a brief time ago was "the tyrant."

SKATING DRESS OF BLACK VELVET WITH YOKE AND MUFF OF SIBERIAN SQUIRREL.

AMERICAN WORKING WOMEN.

A French Woman's Observations and Conclusions.

A companion piece in a way to "The Workers" of Walter Wykoff appears in the December number of the Revue des Deux Mondes, under the title "L'Ouvriere aux Etas Unis"—"The Working Woman in the United States." In order to study the life of the American working girl for herself Mme. Van Vorst, the author, decided to go into the factory and earn her living as best she could. Her first experience was in a pickle factory in Pittsburg where the work was hard, conditions far from ideal and the female employes daughters of foreign-born parents, mostly Germans, Hungarians and Irish. After a brief apprenticeship Mme. Van Vorst found that she could earn from 90 cents to $1.05 a day at piece work. After a few weeks in Pittsburk she left the pickle factory and went to Perry, N. Y., a town near Buffalo, with a mixed population. Here the author found what she considered the true type of the American working girl, the granddaughter of a line of immigrants who had been fashioned through many generations by the influences of environment. The chief industry of Perry is a shirt factory which gives employment to several hundred young men and young women. Mme. Van Vorst, after studying the Perry type of ouvriere became convinced that the difference between these working girls and their more fortunate sisters in the larger cities is largely superficial. The working girl in Perry, she insists, is separated from the woman of fashion in New York only by a few years of culture and cultivation. These girls have none of the aspects of the "wage slave." They were gay and laughing and full of vitality. They chattered continually about their love affairs, their work, their wages and the superiority of existence in the city as compared with existence in the country. They never spoke, however, of domestic duty, of the kitchen or of housekeeping. Man and dress were the favorite themes. Saturday night after they had received their pay they swarmed the stores and spent what remained of their wages for finery. "I don't want to economize," seemed to be their motto.

From Perry the writer went to Chicago, where she established herself in a tenement, worked first in a sweatshop, then in a printing office and studied another phase of industrial life. As a result of it all she concludes that while the working women of America are divided into the two common types, the women of the household and the women of the factory, the latter class has produced a variety of workers that exist only in the United States. The woman who is forced to earn her living has always existed, but in the United States machinery has brought into existence the woman who works not to earn her own living, but for her own pleasure. These are two classes—those who live at home, but contribute something toward their own support, and those who live at home and spend their wages wholly for personal luxuries. The industrial complications which they have produced are apparent even to a foreigner who devoted only a few weeks to the American factory. The girls who are not compelled by necessity to work for a living lower the wages and the standard of living of the women who are forced to depend on their own efforts, while both lower the scale of wages within certain limits for men.

The remedy proposed by Mme. Van Vorst is somewhat utopian, to express the case mildly. She herself confesses that it would be chimerical anywhere but in the United States. It is neither more nor less than a plan to turn from machine work all these girls who are supported either in whole or in part by their families by offering them free instruction in industrial arts, apprenticeship in useful trades and the possibility of attaining through education a superior place in the wage-earning class. The end of all this is the formation of a class of hand workers who would add quality of production to quantity of production. Hand industries that had been destroyed by the machine might be resuscitated under these conditions and give a true industrial art. This is not impossible, of course, but it is temporarily improbable, unless the public can pay enough for petroleum to warrant Mr. Rockefeller in turning his attention to this particular form of scientific benevolence.

SMART COATS FOR SMALL MAIDS.

WOMEN DEMAND CAR SEATS.

They Are Pursuing the Right Course in New York.

The expected has happened at last. Advanced womanhood, scorning longer to ask or to expect little gallantries from the despised male sex, has organized to demand as a right what seems to be generally denied as a courtesy.

Women of New York who have swung on the straps of overcrowded street cars and stepped on the foot of men sitting in front of them have formed the Car Passengers' Rights society. Instead of appealing to the innate gentlemanliness of the men passengers they will first make an attack on the street railway companies, and failing here, they will appeal to the legislature.

These women have adopted a wise course. They are keen enough to recognize that the man who pays a nickel to ride in a street car is as much entitled to a seat as is the woman who gives up a similar amount. Instead of asking the men to waive this right they will seek to persuade the railway companies to furnish seats for every nickel fare, or else to secure legislation compelling the companies to charge only half fare for passengers who are forced to stand.

As the average woman is a confirmed bargain hunter, this latter provision, if enforced, might keep every street car strap in Gotham decorated with its feminine burden while the men were permitted to enjoy the full measure of comfort to be secured by a 5-cent fare.

But even in the face of this possibility, the new society is to be wished every success. In Chicago its progress will be watched with lively interest, in the hope that the society may form branches and make the movement general.

For we have been known here to let an aged woman hang on to a strap until she died—which, by the way, is no less a reflection on our courtesy than on a system of transportation so funereal in its progress as to make death in transit seem not wholly anomalous.

For and About Women.

Mrs. Harriet Earl Hunt and her daughter, Mrs. Kathryn Hunt James, the first women to go into business in Sioux City, Ia., have published a paper called "The Stylus" for twelve years.

Mrs. Eliza Walford Keating, who has just died in Santa Ana, Cal., was the daughter of Captain Anthony Forbes of the British army and was born on the Rock of Gibraltar while her father was in command of the fortress.

Miss Florence Hayward, who has been appointed special commissioner of the St. Louis exhibition to Europe, is said to be the first woman who has been appointed to such an important post. She was born in New Mexico and has lived in St. Louis since her childhood, though she was for several years a resident in this country as correspondent of one or more American newspapers.

TOILETTE OF BLUE AND BLACK TARTAN WOOL, SQUIRREL PELERINE AND MUFF.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe has just passed her eightieth birthday and is spending the winter at Clifton, England. The occasion was celebrated by the presentation of an album and an address. The album contained the signatures of 300 men and women of note, including the duchess of Sutherland, Mark Twain, six bishops and the master of Balliol. For eighteen years Miss Cobbe was honorary secretary of the society she founded to oppose vivisection, and for the last four years she has been president of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection. Her articles dealing with the better treatment of women, children and animals have been numbered by the hundred.

Frills of Fashion.

Chinchilla is used for trimming smart costumes of velvet in dark violet, gray and brown.

A soft, leather covered golf score book has a four-leaf clover painted upon the outside.

Toilet sets of ivory and ebony are conspicuous, as well as the perennial silver productions.

The latest in umbrella stands is a brass affair in umbrella shape, the inflated gores serving to hold the umbrellas.

A handsome muff chain is decorated with irregular-shaped pearls, turquoise matrix, vari-colored sapphires and rubies.

Fur is used considerably on evening gowns, Siberian squirrel combining admirably with white, gray or yellow chiffon or crepe de chine.

White net and crape gowns for debutante wear are given a distinct charm this season by the introduction of tiny seed pearl galons and button roses.

An old-fashioned looking piece of fancy work is a small work basket of silk, which appears to be supported on the outside by a number of scallop shells.

While a multiplicity of colors is observable in the bead card cases and pocketbooks that greet the shopper at this time of the year, white and gold appears to be the favorite combination.

In white enamel and gems is a dainty necklet, showing an artistic blending of color. Sapphires in tints ranging from the familiar dark blue to pink, yellow and blue, rubies and green and yellow chrysobels being the stones linked in the necklace by a pretty design in enamel.

Chrysanthemums, with a fringe of unopened buds, bright red Virginia creeper, Parma violets with a fringe of stalks and roses flecked with brilliants and combined with tiny rosebud trails, are a few of the lovely effects in floral garniture for gowns of black net or crepe brought out this season.

As embroidery for evening shoes turquoise is blended with gold on black and white, and emeralds mingle with fine gold stitchery. Rhinestones, finely cut jet and steel spangles are utilized for the adornment of black satin and kid shoes, and an extreme fancy is butterfly embroidery decorating the toes of some beautiful shoes.

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