

PICTORIAL

# LADIES WEEKLY

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WOMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.



"A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood: therein alone she is royal."—GEORGE ELIOT.

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### Mrs. Potter Palmer.

Since the election of Mrs. Potter Palmer as President of the Board of Lady Managers, a little more than a year ago, she has not only been prominently but potently connected with the forthcoming Columbian-Exposition. Thus it happens that at the present moment there is perhaps no woman who is more widely discussed, and concerning whom there is more general interest.

In writing of Mrs. Palmer one encounters the difficulty presented by a character so perfectly balanced that there are no idiosyncrasies affording quins of vantage. She laughingly says of herself: "There is positively nothing to be said about me. My life has been wholly uneventful. As other girls do, I went to school. First, for a time, in Chicago, and later I attended the Visitation Convent at Washington. Shortly after I left school I was married, and I have had two children." Such is Mrs. Palmer's brief and modest account of herself.

Although she has lived since she was a little child in Chicago, Bertha Honore Palmer was born in Louisville, Kentucky. Her family are of French extraction and are people of wealth and refinement. Of her four brothers, two are older and two are younger than herself, and her only sister is Mrs. Fred Grant, whose husband is Minister of Austria. Her immediate family are her husband and her two sons—Honore, who is seventeen years of age, and Potter, who is two years younger.

During the years that Mrs. Palmer has been a social leader much has been published in regard to her beauty, her grace, accomplishments, and perfect taste in dress. However, of her strong character, her fine executive ability, her wisdom, her practical and accurate knowledge of the deep questions of the age, and her exquisite discretion nothing was known. Her present position has made possible the demonstration of these rare characteristics. One of the Board of Lady Managers said of her that all the good fairies must have hovered over her christening. Truly she does possess most of the good gifts, and with generous enthusiasm she devotes them all to the effort she is making to benefit women in a large and permanent way. When she entered upon the duties of her office she declined the salary attached to it, and gives her constant and laborious effort as a free-will offering.

Strong, fine, and capable, and wholly admirable as Mrs. Palmer is as a woman of affairs, it is in her own beautiful home that she is at her best. She has an especially graceful gift of utterance, and her words are invariably fitly spoken. Together with this, she possesses the tactful insight which enables her to put people with whom she comes in contact at their ease, and her guests invariably find themselves at once at their best. Possessed of a sweet and winsome dignity, she still at times, with intimate friends in her home, yields to a gay abandon, which is one of the most fascinating aspects of her many-sided character.

Mrs. Palmer is both an accomplished and a cultured woman. She speaks several languages fluently, and plays the harp with grace and skill. She has travelled widely and frequently, and has been so close an observer and student that she is thoroughly conversant with the art, manners, customs, and conditions of the dif-

ferent countries of the civilized world. She is far-seeing, cool-headed and firm, but is also delicately, tenderly kind and considerate. Withal Mrs. Palmer is the staunchest of friends. Her loyalty is of the sort that knows no faltering nor shadow of turning once her regard is given. What is perhaps even rarer than her unswerving fealty is that she never speaks unkindly or slightly of any one. The Herculean tasks she has already performed demonstrate her eminent fitness for the position she occupies. Indeed, it is doubtful if any other woman could have been found who would have been able to do in connection with the Columbian Exposition what Mrs. Palmer has accomplished.

in order and speaking in an undertone awed still by the majesty of death, although the one it has claimed has been carried forth. There is still that indefinable something in the deserted rooms that tells of the dread visitor.

Suddenly, the door of an upper room opens and a childish voice says, pleadingly:

"I want my mamma; I'm going to find my mamma."

"No, no, dear," says the nurse, with a suggestion of tears in her voice, while she furtively wipes her eyes; "come with me like a good little girl."

"No, I want my mamma; I haven't seen my own mamma for two, free—oh, most four days. I'm going to find my mamma."

"But, baby, dear mamma isn't—she isn't—here."

"Where is my mamma, then? She is here, too. She's down in her own pitty room. I'm going to hunt for my mamma. Mamma! Oh, mamma! Baby wants you!"

In all the world of sadness and sorrow is there anything more sad, anything more pitiful than the pleading, wondering cry of a little child, too simple to understand the mystery of death and yet dimly comprehending that a change of some kind has taken place? Is there anything that touches the heart more deeply than to answer the pleading pitiful questions: "Where is mamma?" "Why don't she come?" "She has gone away where?" "Won't she kiss me good night any more?" "Can't I go up to heaven and see her?"

The eyes of the little questioner open wide, and there is a perplexed and dissatisfied look on her face saying plainly that she does not understand what you mean by saying that "mamma is gone," that "Good took her," that she is "up in heaven now."

You try tearfully to make it plain to the child and to have her understand that she will see her mamma again "sometime," but again the little voice says with pitiful petulance, "but I want my mamma now, and I'm going to hunt until I find her."

What a sorrowful, disappointing search it is! It ends in tears and heartache, and it is long before even children understand that mamma will come no more to the little ones calling vainly for her. Everything is full of touches and suggestions of the mother who is gone. There are things that make her seem so real, so near. And so the baby goes hunting for mamma. May all such sorrowful little ones find their best mammas in the heavenly land!

AN English writer has just written a book on "Kissing: Its Curious Bible Mentions." The subject is certainly an old one, but its application is still modern, says a contemporary.

WHY should a quill pen never be taken to write a secret?—Because it is apt to split.

MEN are said to sleep soundest the night before they are hanged. Those troubled with insomnia have now an efficacious though heroic remedy.

A NEW hansom cab has appeared in London; its chief merit is that the front door has been abolished in favor of a back door. It is certainly much easier to enter, and agreeable conversation with the driver will be practicable.



MRS. POTTER PALMER,  
PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF LADY MANAGERS OF THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

### Hunting for Mamma.

The sorrowful songs have been sung, the tender prayers have been said, the last sad words have been uttered, all that love and sympathy and tenderness could suggest has been done for the wife and mother calmly resting in her satin-lined coffin under masses of beautiful flowers.

The mourners have gone out with aching hearts and tear-dimmed eyes. The hearse moves slowly away, and the kindly neighbor women left in charge of the house go about softly, putting things