

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

HERE is a story of love and courtship, told by Walter Besant in the *London Queen*. There was a young lover who was a compound—very rare—of high rank and great abilities, with sweetness, great modesty and shyness. Most noble lords know their own value, and behave accordingly. This noble lord, however, was modest. He thought himself so far—so very far—below the worth of the young lady whom he loved that he was afraid to speak. Some women do not understand this modesty. Believe me, ladies, 'tis a sure and certain sign of a noble character, because only a lofty soul can conceive the existence of a goddess; we measure others, you see, by ourselves. It is also a sure sign of love, because such a man can only love a woman whom he deeply respects. Encourage this modesty, my daughters; above all, do not laugh at it. This young man, therefore, was afraid to speak, and the delay, which is at first, I am told, pleasing and exciting, began to grow monotonous.

One day, they were playing cards for money, after the fashion of their generation. The lady won; the loser paid.

"It is," he said, "half a crown. I wish, indeed, it were a crown."

"At least," replied the lady, "your lordship can give me a coronet."

And behold a miracle! For his tongue was loosened, and his eyes glowed and his lips spake. They lived happy, one may add, though it is an unusual ending to a story, ever afterward.

The division of Princess Margaret's garter among her bridesmaids after the marriage ceremony in Berlin, recently, is a modern variant of a very old custom. The original notion was that the bride wore quite a number of pretty ribbons as well as the ordinary garter, and these were in due course distributed among the masculine friends of the bridegroom, while in Scotland the piper invariably had one to tie around his bagpipe. The conferring of the gift was supposed to constitute the recipients champions of the bride.

"Catherine Cole" (Mrs. Field), the spicy Chicago correspondent, makes some revelations as to the gossip about the Princess Eulalie during her

brief sojourn in that city. She is regarded as among the most reliable of writers. Here is her story:

The old adage, "Welcome the coming and speed the parting guest," has had its amplest illustration in Chicago. If ever a guest made her hosts glad twice it was Eulalie in Chicago, for the people were glad when she came and very glad when she went away. And now that she is gone—she went yesterday—the town fairly buzzes with gossip about her.

Said one of the most influential and well-known women in Chicago to me to day: "That Infanta was just a regular little beast." I was talking a little while since with a very charming Boston woman of the bright human variety, and she told me how she was stopping at the Palmer House, where the Princess lodged, and how incensed the guests were at being kept out of the public parlor, all because the people were in it. "'You can't go in there, madam,' the attendants said, even to the most high-priced boarders," she said, "and finally the truckling and seclusion and bowing down became so flagrant that I asked the attendants every time I went into the corridors, if my humble foot might be permitted to press the marble in the same floor that had been trodden upon by the great Infanta."

This high-spirited American is Mrs. Whiting Stone, a poetess, who writes beautiful verses and recites them charmingly, and who, like nine-tenths of the women I meet here, has a young face and silver-white hair.

At first the women were Infanta mad. They all ended by being mad at the Infanta.

Why, one day when she was going down in the elevator, women in the hotel carpeted its floor with Parma violets, and after her Castilian heel had crushed them—in fact when she stepped out—they swarmed in and picked up the pretty, pale, purple victims to save as souvenirs!

I told in another letter how the Spanish lady blondined her hair, and we all know that in itself is not a very good sign. She smoked like a furnace and it now transpires that she could hold more mixed drinks than any man in her suite, and that she was not always as steady on her pretty little feet

as a real Princess ought to be. In fact, it is said, one day on her way to the Fair, after a voluminous *dejeuner a la fourchette*, she was ill to the degree that the royal toadies had to hold her head. The climax came, however, at the reception given by Mrs. Potter Palmer. This was not official, but was a natural courtesy for the World's Fair's chief guest to expect and accept from the chief women officer at the Fair. The reception was small, only 150 persons, and when the royal lady arrived her horrified hostess and all the receiving party had unmistakable evidence that, to put it kindly, the lady had a large headache. When people were presented she deliberately turned her back on them and talked to her husband. A lady, telling me of it, said: "Why, when I was led up the little jade deliberately turned away." "Why did you not turn your back on her?" I asked. "She would never have known it, my dear, if I had. She was too far gone for that." A set supper had been prepared and at the royal table covers had been laid for eighteen. Just as supper was announced the lady called for her wrap and flounced out of the room before anybody could say "Jack Robinson." She never even looked at her beautiful high-bred, serene hostess, who stood a real princess before this strange exhibition of caprice. Afterwards, when officials, so to speak, "sat up" with the haughty Spaniard she excused her conduct by saying she left because she had been "taken to the house of an innkeeper, when all along she had supposed she was going to the home of Minister and ex-Senator Palmer."

Of course this tore Chicago wide open, and so people who had been covering up the little faults of her royal virtues are now telling all they know. It is told of her that her trips through the Midway were a series of schooners of beer—that she had to be carried home—but liked the Midway so much she went back three times.

Mrs. Palmer has survived the royal indignity put upon her, and shows such a serene front that it is impossible to believe she cares at all, having done her duty in the matter. She is a conservative, amiable woman, and I believe the chief secret of her success lies in the fact that she is not, in any sense, an extremist, a crank or a rabid reformer.