

ARE NOTED BEAUTIES.

A QUARTETTE OF WOMEN FAMOUS FOR THEIR CHARMS.

New York, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis rivals in the contest for First Place—Miss Churchill and Mrs. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.

(Special Letter.)



O product of any city in the country has such enthusiastic praise as its beautiful women, and for the very good reason that every one of the American cities has a galaxy of fair ones of whom to be proud.

As the stars differ from each other in glory, so do the examples of feminine loveliness with which this broad country is sprinkled like a firmament. Each section has its faces, like no others, distinctive of its climate, life and activities; all have their beauties, who are held up to the admiration of the world as representative of their native states. In a collection they would make a congress of grace, beauty and sprightliness that no other land can equal.

Herewith is presented distinctive types of the handsome women from four quarters of the country. Each is a representative beauty of the city from which she hails and, what is also to the point, there are characteristics of each, besides her facial charm, that may give pride to the place of her birth.

New York concedes the palm for womanly graciousness and beauty to no other American city. A glance at the ideal type herewith presented will tell you why.

Miss Marie Churchill, who is now being talked of as the "new beauty" of that city, made her debut last winter, but was first prominently noticed at Narragansett Pier last summer. At the Tuxedo ball, a short time since, and at the Horse Show she attracted a great deal of attention. She is an unusually tall girl, but so well proportioned that her height does not make her conspicuous nor ungraceful. Her coloring is dark, although not perfect brunette, and her eyes seem to change in color as do eyes when the pupil is large, for sometimes they look blue and again black. Miss Churchill's type of beauty is not an uncommon one in America, but her complexion is more like that of an English woman—an inheritance, probably, for Miss Churchill's grandfather was Scotch. She has a fine figure, and dresses well, but looks best in evening dress, her neck and arms being so beautifully molded. As yet Miss Churchill has not had her portrait painted, but it is said she will shortly sit to one of the most fashionable artists.

Chicago is boastful of many things, but of her charming women she has a right to be. This will be admitted even by those who deny every other claim the city puts forth. No city makes a more gracious contribution to the gallery of womanly beauty, and its type will be recognized as of a distinctive American character.

Mrs. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor is accounted by many as the most beautiful woman in Chicago, and she certainly is one of the most accomplished. She is the daughter of former United States Senator Charles B. Farwell, one of the merchant princes of the city, and has been prominent in the best society for many years. Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor has traveled extensively, and is now in the Orient with her husband and her sister, Mrs. Reginald De Koven, of New York. She has the advantage of a superior education, and is an entertaining conversationalist.

Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor is a brunette, with abundant black hair, soft brown eyes, a beautiful complexion, and a face that shows an artistic temperament. She is devoted to music, literature, and the arts, and her husband, who is one of the best known of western authors, has received great aid and encouragement from her. Altogether she is one of the brightest of western women, and a leader not only in a social way, but in those things pertaining to literature and art as well.

In no city of America is there more



MARIE CHURCHILL.
local pride concerning its beautiful women than in St. Louis. The southwestern metropolis has reason to feel entitled to a distinguished place in any gallery of womanly grace, for its types of loveliness need no expression of commendation. They are distinctive and speak for themselves. St. Louis lost one of her unmarried belles recently in the person of Miss Marie Ewing, who was married two weeks ago to Mr. Edward Rice. Mrs. Rice

has been considered for more than a year one of the most celebrated of all the beauties of St. Louis. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Ewing, whose home is one of the fashionable centers of the city. Miss Ewing was educated at Sacred Heart convent, in St. Louis, and went afterward to Massachusetts to complete her course of study. Subsequently she made a tour of Europe for a year with her parents, and returned to make her debut last season.

Her entrance into society was made the occasion of a ball, given by her parents, at which Miss Ewing commanded immediate admiration, not only for her beauty, but for her bright and attractive manner. She is a blonde, short of stature, and with a beautiful figure. Her complexion is pure pink and white and she has a mass of wavy blond hair.

Miss Julia Smith, of Cincinnati, is one of the prettiest girls on Walnut



MRS. H. C. TAYLOR.
Hill, and has a host of admiring friends. She is the daughter of Daniel T. Smith, and resides in one of the many elegant residences on Grand street. Miss Smith is a graduate of St. Bar-

tholomew's school, where so many of the society girls of Cincinnati have had their young minds drilled in theologies and isms of a collegiate course. She is a handsome blond of medium height and graceful, rounded figure. Her eyes are of that beautiful, mild blue that has inspired many a pen to poetry, and her sweet face is framed with a wealth of golden hair.

Miss Smith has traveled much in the East and has made an especial study of the art of painting. She is very clever with the brush, and she speaks French fluently. Rumors of her engagement to a prominent young business man of Cincinnati are abroad, but the lovers have not yet made the interesting announcement.

A Knocker of Gold.

At Ottford, in Kent, there was formerly a palace of the archbishops of Canterbury. Wolsey is said to have held his court there. It was but a small place, and is now a farm house, picturesque enough, and olden, but exhibiting no special signs of prosperity. The other day, however, this little incident happened: The farmer sent for a carpenter to do some odd jobs about the house, and, among other things, to mend the knocker. The man took it off and said, after a close examination of it: "Do you know what this knocker is made of?" "Why, brass, I suppose." "No, it is pure gold." And it was. Think of the years that that rich prize has hung at the mercy of every tramp! A parallel case is that of the great globes on the pillars of the summer palace gates at Peking, which "the barbarians," both French and English, concluded to be of some base metal and left them untouched. And they, too, were solid gold.

Vanity speaks for itself.

SOME RICH WIDOWS.

NEW YORK THE MECCA FOR MANY OF THEM.

Most of Them Sustain Numerous Charities—A Few of Them Are Young and Lovely with Dollars on All Sides of Them.

(New York Letter.)

HIS city must be a good place for widows if we are to judge by the numbers who come from all points of the compass to this great cosmopolitan city. The widows are almost an unknown quantity. Old men are scarce as hen's teeth and this leads one to believe that good old husbands and fathers, in their effort to provide choice food, goodly raiment and an occasional duke or prince for their womankind, wear themselves out, body and soul, early in the fray and when they reach middle age calmly betake themselves to a land where there is no more work. Extremes meet in New York and the richest widow in the land lives just five blocks from the poorest widow I ever heard of. There may be poorer in the world but if there are I should hate to know about it.

To Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt is accredited the glory of owning more money than any other widow in town. She has eight sons and daughters and their wealth combined exceeds \$300,000,000. In her own right she has an immense fortune, which is to go some day to her youngest and favorite child, George Vanderbilt.

Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, Mrs. Vanderbilt's eldest daughter, has been a widow for three years. She lives in one corner of the great Vanderbilt mansion on 5th avenue, extending from 51st to 52d street.

Mrs. Shepard has more than \$20,000,000 and the best portion of her income is spent in the splendid charities originated and operated by the Vanderbilt family. Her especial pride is the Mar-

est happiness in the royal good time her daughter, Mrs. Gould, manages to have. Mrs. Gould is entirely devoted to her two sons, Brockie and Winkie. Mrs. Drexel is a superb musician, with three daughters who are adepts on the harp and piano. The musicals Mrs. Drexel gives in her splendid home on

She has long been an invalid and never accompanied Mr. McAllister into the social life which was so much a part of his very existence. Miss Louise McAllister took her mother's place and entertained for her father and was always his companion and chum.

Mrs. William Astor is one of the richest widows in America. She has just moved into the magnificent palace her son built on upper 5th avenue. Mrs. Astor is rich in houses. She owns one in Paris, where she spends the spring months; a palace at Newport for July and August and "Feraciffie," the country home at Rhinebeck, on the Hudson, which she visits in the early autumn, returning to her New York home when the horse show sets the social ball rolling in November of every year.

Mrs. Kingdon, the mother of Mrs. George J. Gould; Mrs. Brockholst Cutting, Mrs. Joseph W. Drexel and Mrs. Fred Wilson, Freddie Gebhardt's sister, are a group of women with dollars to right of them, dollars to left of them and dollars just all around them. They have a good time in their own peculiar way. Mrs. Kingdon seems to find her great-



MRS. SAMUEL COLGATE.
est happiness in the royal good time her daughter, Mrs. Gould, manages to have. Mrs. Gould is entirely devoted to her two sons, Brockie and Winkie. Mrs. Drexel is a superb musician, with three daughters who are adepts on the harp and piano. The musicals Mrs. Drexel gives in her splendid home on

CHICAGO THEATERS.

AMUSEMENT ATTRACTIONS FOR COMING WEEK.

What the Managers of the Various City Play-Houses Offer Their Patrons—Drama, Vaudeville and Operatic Engagements.

McVICKER'S THEATER—"Pudd'n-head Wilson." Mr. Frank Mayo's successful play, remains at this house for one more week. The second week commences Sunday, Jan. 26, and there is every reason to believe the last week will be more successful than the first, if that is possible.

For one week, beginning Sunday evening, Jan. 26, Mr. Frederick Bancroft will make his first appearance in Chicago in a decided novelty.

The novelty is in the form of a spectacular production of magic. He has concluded that an evening devoted entirely to magic is apt to become tiresome alike to audience and performer, so in addition to the introduction of elaborate scenic effects, he has secured the services of a number of clever specialty artists, whose work is in keeping with his scenery and costumes.

While Mr. Bancroft is a comparatively young man, he has devoted nineteen years to the study and practice of the art of magic, and he certainly possesses an advantage in that he has the benefit of the experience of all who have preceded him. He says that he first set himself to the task of duplicating all of the feats performed by the magicians of today and then to invent new ones.

Creton Clarke, grandson of the elder Booth and nephew to Edwin Booth, will on February 3 begin a limited engagement at this theater in a series of a Shakespearean and classic plays.

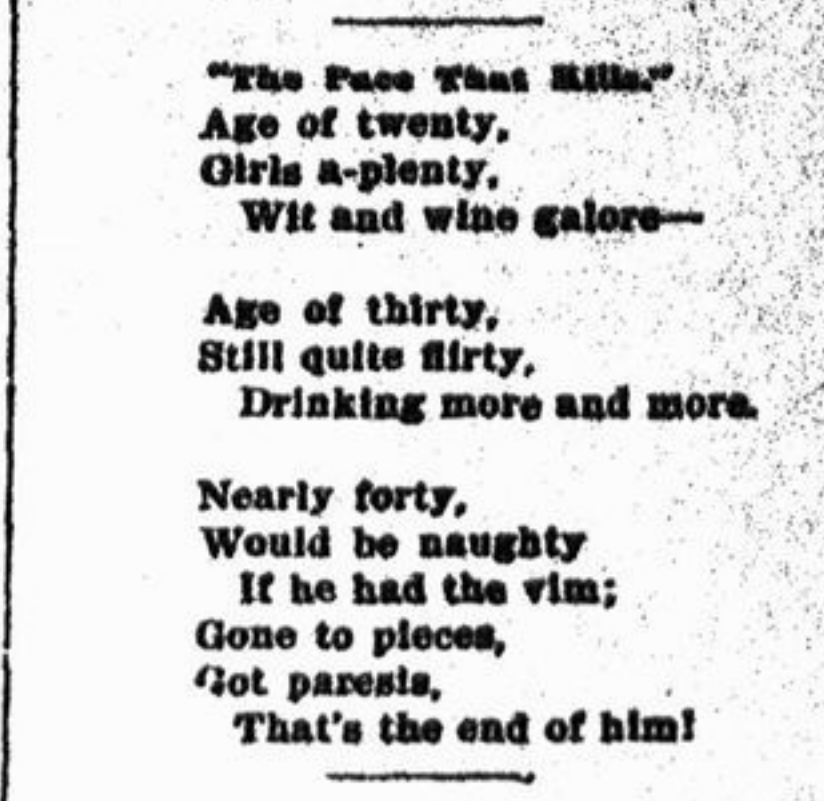
HOOLEY'S THEATER—Nat C. Goodwin began his annual engagement at Hooley's theater last Monday evening, presenting for the first time here his latest success, "Ambition." Mr. Goodwin's appearance is an event always looked upon as one of the most interesting of the amusement season. His popularity can be easily understood, and is to some extent due to his thoroughly patriotic ideas. He is an American in all things. His plays are American, they come from the pens of American writers, deal with American situations and are presented by American players. His latest and by far most brilliant success has been "Ambition," from the pen of Henry Guy Carlton, which was first presented at the Fifth Avenue theater, New York, last September. "Ambition" is a story of love and politics, with its scenes located in Washington, the character essayed by Mr. Goodwin being that of Obadiah Beck, a United States senator and chairman of the committee on foreign relations.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Roland Reed, in "The Politician," is offering at the Grand Opera House for this and next week. And what a refreshing, hearty, good-natured evening it is that one spends with Roland Reed. His performances possess the invigorating element to a remarkable degree; under the spell of Gen. Josiah Limber's breezy personality the dull cares of the world of everyday life seem to take flight, and one feels that it is good to have lived long enough to enjoy the three hours of hearty laughter so easily provoked by Mr. Reed and his associates in "The Politician."

DRAMATIC NOTES.
Nat C. Goodwin and company will not play on Sunday night. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday and six evenings will constitute the week's work.
"For Fair Virginia," a play of vigorous dramatic qualities, imbued with subtle element of southern romance, will be the attraction following "Sinbad" at the Schiller theater.
Daniel Froham writes Harry J. Powers that the Lyceum company's production of Pinero's play, "The Benefit of the Doubt," is a positive success and sure to be a valuable acquisition to their repertory.
The Poland Comedy company will give a performance at the Auditorium, Kansas City, next Friday evening under the auspices of the Traveling Men's association. Over 1,000 tickets have already been sold.
The farewell performance of "Sinbad" at the Schiller theater will occur Saturday, the 18th, when Managers La Motte and Henderson will tender a benefit to Chicago lodge, No. 4, B. P. O. E. The entire house has been sold for the occasion.
The fourth complimentary semi-monthly recital of the Lyman School of Elocution and Dramatic Art took place last Thursday, and entertained a large audience. These recitals, which have become a regular feature of the institution, are held at Rehearsal hall, Kimball building.
Miss Marie Leddy, of "The Wife" company, which opened Thursday evening at the Lincoln theater, is a native of Chicago and a product of home instructors. This was not her first appearance before a local audience, however, as she was favorably seen last season with two of Gustave Frohman's productions.
"The Merry World" will follow Emily Bancroft at the Chicago Opera House.
A magician of note, but slightly known in Chicago, will play his first engagement here at McVicker's theater following "Pudd'n-head Wilson." Frederick Bancroft is his name, and the feats he performs are said to be marvelous. The performance will be on a spectacular order and will include specialty features of prominence, besides Mr. Bancroft's exhibition of the magic art.

Away over the rolling hills the Southern Cross gleamed gloriously in the opalescent sky.
Inside his palatial palace the King of Winkynooloo tossed restlessly about in his sleep.
"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."
His guttural tones fell harshly on the ear of night.
"The head that wears a crown."
And yet he should have known such a contingency would arise when, after partaking freely from the royal punch bowl, he went to rest carelessly with his sharp-pointed insignia of office still upon his imperial brow.

"The Face That Smiles"
Age of twenty,
Girls a-plenty,
Wit and wine galore—
Age of thirty,
Still quite flirty,
Drinking more and more.
Nearly forty,
Would be naughty
If he had the vim;
Gone to pieces,
Got parents,
That's the end of him!



Sure Death.
Mr. Clinchy—What's 't matter wit Billy, I dunno?
Mrs. Clinchy—Sure it's a bad stumckle he has, for I seen him stain' that newspaper this afternoon wid dat picture of Johnny Bull.
Mr. Clinchy—Och, this, if he swallered that he's a dead goat sure.

More Brilliance Than He Knows.
The ambitious Young Sultor was standing, hat in hand, in the hallway.
"Tell Mr. Swaggers that a gentleman wishes to see him," he said to the butler, placing his hand on the doorknob in case of extreme emergency. The butler did as he was told.
"Hub! It's you, is it?" said the blunt old gentleman, advancing from the library, glancing sourly over his glasses, "Well, sir!"
The Young Sultor plucked up all his courage. "I wish to say, sir," he began, timidly, "that I love your daughter, and desire to marry her. I have talent in my profession, some money, am a man of good family, a college graduate and a member of four swaggar clubs. I work hard, and it is no exaggeration to say that—er—" He clutched the doorknob.
"That—er—well, sir!" The old man advanced a step threateningly.
"That—er—" he stammered as he opened the door a little wider, "that—er—I have before me a brilliant future!"
"Yes," broke in the frate papa, as he glanced at the brilliantly lighted street, "you have!" and then the cyclone struck the ambitious Young Sultor amidships, so that when he landed at the bottom of the marble steps he saw twenty million stars before his dazzled vision.
"Yes," pondered the poor fellow, as he picked himself up and began to put the pieces together again, "I was sure that I had a brilliant future; but, by Jove! I didn't know it was going to be such a lightning display of fireworks as all that!"
And he went down the avenue whistling the sad, sweet strains of "Good-by, Sweetheart, Good-by!"

In the Morning.
I saw her at night when the ball-room was thronged,
A vision of beauty and grace;
Her form to a Venus might well have belonged,
An angel's her beautiful face!
She moved with an ease that was wondrously rare,
Her smile and her glance were divine,
And the fairest that night in that throng of the fair,
I longed, yes, I prayed to call mine.

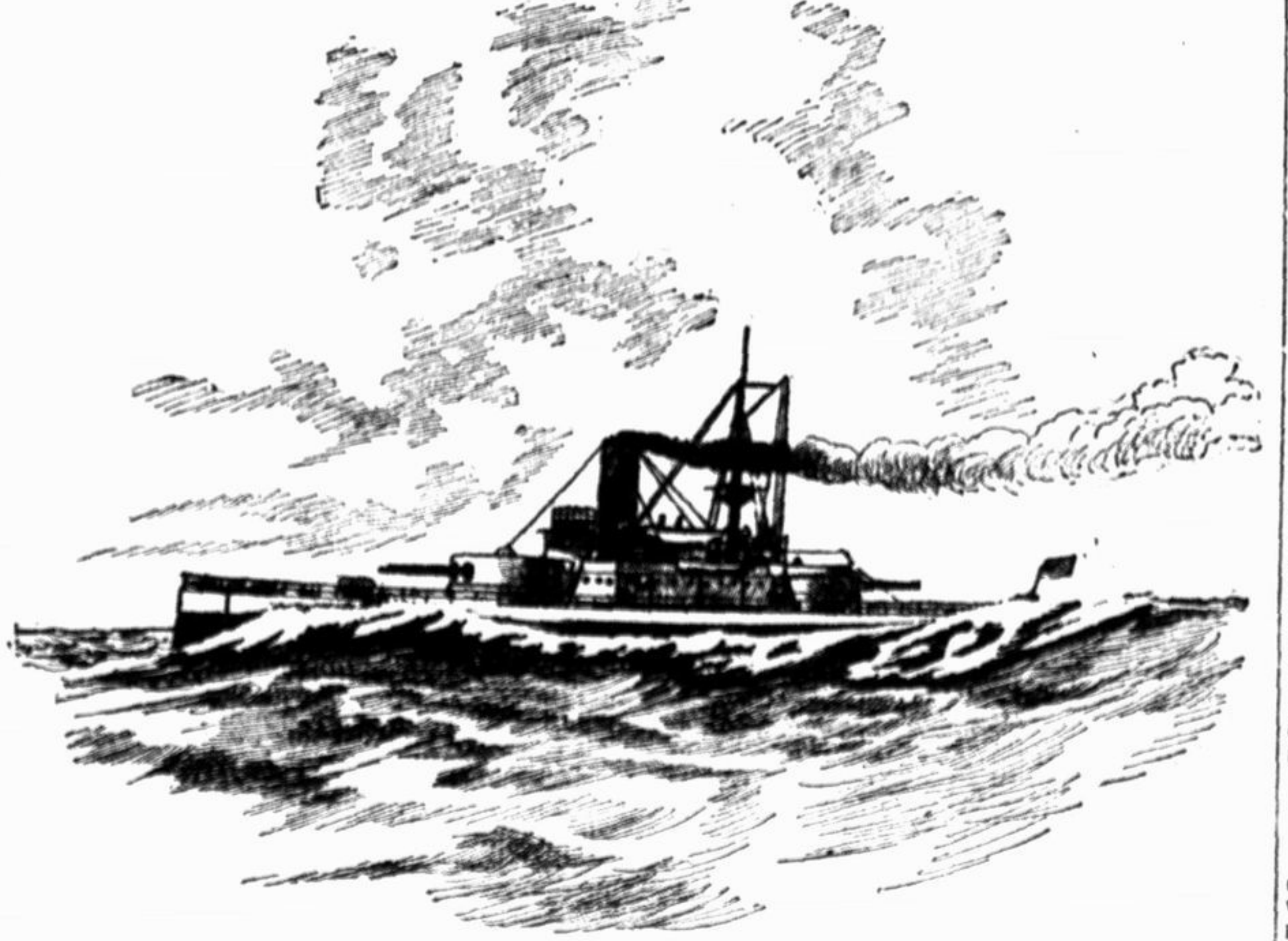
I saw her next day, while my blood was still warm,
In her home by the billow-washed shore;
But the beauty of Venus had gone from her form,
As well as the padding she wore;
And the picture she made as before her I came
Was that of a vixenish fright—
For I heard her with glee to her husband exclaim,
"By Jove, there's my mash of last night!"

Misunderstood.
Mrs. Gossip—My husband won't eat any fruits with seeds in 'em. He even has his tomatoes strained.
Mrs. Newly Wed—Why's that?
Mrs. Gossip—He seems to have appendicitis on the brain.
Mrs. Newly Wed—That's very odd. I always thought it was a disease of the stomach.

A Distraction, at Least.
"He was under the influence when he did it."
"Of drink?"
"No, of his wife."

We write should make her husband feel that he is on an Arctic expedition every time he starts home.—Chicago News

STEEL UNITED STATES COAST DEFENSE VESSEL, MONITOR TYPE, MONTEREY.



Speed, 12.6 knots. Dimensions—Length on water line, 256 feet; beam, 59 feet; draft, 15 feet 4 inches; displacement, 4,984 tons. Two propellers, driven by vertical triple expansion engines. Horse power, 5,244. Coal capacity, 236 tons. Armor—Sides, 13 inches; turrets, forward, 8 inches; aft, 7 1/2 inches; barbettes, forward, 14 inches; aft, 11 1/2 inches. Armament—Main battery, two 12-inch rifles; secondary battery, six 6-pound rapid fire guns. Crew, 19 officers, 172 men. Built by Union Iron works, San Francisco, Cal. Keel laid in 1889; launched April 28, 1891. Went into commission Feb. 12, 1893. She is now doing duty with the North Atlantic squadron.

garet Louise home, which she has given to the self-sustaining women and girls of the country.

Mrs. Harry Le Grand Cannon is the youngest of all the society widows. She is only 28 and is as fair to look upon as when, five years ago, she came from the west and won the heart of the popular young cotton leader. Mrs. Cannon was Miss Elizabeth Thompson and she inherited a good many millions from the Brush estate of electric light fame. Just a few blocks up 5th avenue from Mrs. Cannon's artistic home lives the

Madison avenue are world famous.

Two of the most interesting widows in New York are Mrs. Ulysses Grant, wife of the great northern leader, and Mrs. Jefferson Davis, wife of the president of the confederate states. Mrs. Grant owns a magnificent home on the fashionable west side, near Riverside park. The halls, parlors and libraries are filled with reminders of the distinguished general. There are battle pictures hung with tattered old flags, busts in bronze and marble and wonderful gifts from all sorts and conditions of people.

Mrs. Davis lives with her daughter, Miss Winnie Davis, at one of the fashionable hotels on 5th avenue. Here she receives with old-fashioned southern hospitality the flower of northern and southern chivalry. It seems strange that these two women, whom the war left in such widely different spheres, one the wife of the conqueror, the other the wife of the conquered, should come after long years from the west and the south to live in New York. Strangest of all is the fact that they are warm personal friends and spend much of their time together.

GEORGIA W. GHENT.
Gold Aluminum Collar Buttons.
A collar button of gold aluminum is being placed on the market. It is made out of one piece of metal (no solder being used), and is warranted not to bend or break. It takes a metal expert to tell the difference between the button and a genuine gold one, and the gold aluminum button is guaranteed not to blacken linen. The button is made by a machine and passes through nine different actions before finished.

Mrs. Le Grand Cannon.

handsomest widow in New York society, Mrs. Samuel Colgate, who was Cora Smith of New Orleans. Mrs. Colgate is tall, slender and graceful, with an exquisitely modeled head and a face good to look upon.

She has not long passed 30 and has \$8,000,000 to add to the fortune of her beautiful face.

Mrs. Ward McAllister will continue to make her home in this busy city but few will benefit by her presence, for hers is one of the faces we never see.

