

which stands on the mantle, recalls the pensive loveliness of her earlier days, with golden brown hair waving from her white brow and the handsomest shoulders in town gleaming above a velvet bodice.

Another precious bit of mantle decoration is a genuine Watteau, painted for a maid of honor of the court of Louis XIV. It drifted through the years with their pageantry and shades of light and gloom down to the time of Louis Philippe, whose queen, Amelie, became its possessor. If the tiny panel had voice what tales it could tell of court intrigue begun in beauty's boudoir and of festivities through which la Pompadour blazed and Marie Antoinette tripped to her doom.

A scarf of old rose silk with gold embroidery drapes one end of the carved wood mantle. Its folds are held in place by a small crown of pearls and brilliants set in gold. A little Japanese ornament which has place among these treasures was a gift of young Seeborn, whom by the way, Mrs. Leslie chanced to meet in a shop the day before his tragic ending. Magnificent centre and side pieces of ormolu add sumptuousness to the mantle decoration.

The hangings of the large bay window match the mantle scarf in color, their thick satin surface being heavily embroidered in art colors and gold in Turkish design. Beneath them are curtains of real lace. This touch of old rose gives requisite brightness to the apartment, the other hangings being darker in tone.

Superb draperies on the terra cotta tint, rich with arabesques and designs of embroidery and lined with plain satin give the foreign air to the entrance to the smaller salon or "homey room," as the hostess likes to call it. A Venetian mirror faces the drawing-room, reflecting its brilliancy of luxurious chairs in French blue brocade, gems of art and plants in shell-like jardinières.

A writing desk of buhl, inlaid with brass and tortoise shell and mounted with ormolu, a birthday gift from Frank Leslie, is the place at which his widow indites the pretty social notes that find their way all over the world. Upon this desk and on the piano are two fine water colors by the Marquis de Leuville, who for a while formed a part of Mrs. Leslie's life romance until she broke the fetters of the contract.

A large rug, nearly covering the floor, has in its border a design of hearts. "They are even beneath your feet," a guest laughingly said to the popular hostess. "Quite their proper place," she replied.

Yet, with all this assumed cynicism, she treasures fragments of romance. "They brighten and soften the hardness of my life routine," she sometimes confesses to her friends. A ribbon tied here has a story for her ears alone, a flower placed there brings back the tender grace of a day that is dead, a medallion revives an old memory, which now and then sounds like a minor note of sweetest tone through her heart.

An antique jewel stand holds a mirror painted with forget-me-nots, while within are the gems of my lady's grand toilet, the necklace of large stones, bracelets, pins, rings, a crescent, floral designs, the immense solitaire ear-rings which distinguish their wearer from other women.

Rows of shimmering pearls, gems of antique art in enamel, intaglio and mosaic. Hidden away in a compartment is her collection of medals and orders, among them a Maltese cross in gold, with the shamrock engraved upon it, a trophy for work done at the Irish fair.

Above this jewel stand, exquisitely framed in silver, is "The Twin Stars," and each niche has its example of old or modern art. A perfume stand of gold and crystal has a little patent-spring, which at touch locks in the dainty French perfume.

A corner fireplace and mantle of hammered bronze gives uniqueness to this inviting bed-chamber, and and an Empire dressing table

furnishes a touch of the antique. It is one of the fair occupant's gems of furniture in mahogany and chased brass, with oval swing mirror. Its furnishings are of the sort which court dame might have displayed. The silver-mounted toilet set is interspersed with perfume caskets. Some massive silver toilet articles are there which once belonged in the dressing case of Mr. Leslie and his genial face looks out from a silver frame. A miniature French clock in malachite keeps the fair owner up to time. Her love of punctuality is indicated by a number of fine clocks about the apartment, in gilt and in silver.

If Mrs. Leslie's path has not always been over a bed of flowers, she treads on roses now, for the soft carpet of this bijou room is strewn with them upon a cream color ground, with a dash of individuality, obtained by a superb tiger skin between the archway leading to the grand salon. This is hung with velvet portieres embroidered in fleur de lis.

The brass beadstead looks English, the more from its Prince Albert canopy of primrose brocade, draped with cords over lace. But the white satin bed spread, embroidered in violets, the dainty lace-trimmed pillows and the silken cords of eider down give a suggestion of the French.

A golden crucifix mounted in crimson plush beneath the canopy at the head of the bed hints of the devotee, and a monogrammed Catholic prayer book lies on a stand beside the bed. Near by it is a small silver revolver which belonged to Mr. Leslie and is kept more in remembrance than in fear. "I have here protection for body and soul," is Mrs. Leslie's caustic speech.

In religion she inclines to the Roman Catholic faith, a result, perhaps, superinduced by foreign associations and endeavors of many friends, including Monseigneur Capel, to convert her brilliant mind to Romanism. It is her hope to at least die, if she has not strictly lived, in the Catholic faith.

A portrait hanging beside the bed is of the beautiful Lady Dudley, in ebony and silver, and is a souvenir of friendship.

The subdued evening light falls from French candelabra, through rose color shades upon rich yellow satin window hangings, and the soft coloring of a screen embroidery on sift gauze, a rare example of Japanese art, also one of Mr. Leslie's valued presents. A colored lantern in old silver swings between the arch and an artistic spider's web of dull gold seems to have been spun upon the wall.

A bust in terra cotta, by Echter of Munich, is one of the chief objects of art, and a glance shows it to be a perfect likeness of Mrs. Leslie. The initiated recall a bit of romance connected with it. Looking over some photographs at a friend's the charming German sculptor selected that of Mrs. Leslie as a representative American beauty. It so pleased his fancy that from it he began the bust, and later when, through the medium of friends, he met the original and induced her to give him a few sittings, she won his heart.

Beyond the sweep of these gorgeous salons a doorway half draped in art silk reveals another immense Venetian mirror, which seems to suggest the possibility of luxury beyond. This really is one of the bath-rooms of the apartment and is ideal in its appointments.

If the daintiness of a woman's life be indicated by the surroundings of her bath, Mrs. Leslie's is bright and clean as the porcelain tub in which she plunges.

With true hospitality this woman of varied accomplishments and brilliant success holds her Thursday evening salon, where brightest wits and most cultured representatives of the world of art, literature and journalism assemble. Many young singers of the operatic stage and musicians received their first notice and encouragement in her drawing-room, and to-day

they bless the kindly heart and sound advice which helped them on their way. E. A.

SOME FEMALE WRITERS OF THE NEGRO RACE.

The Negro woman's history is marvelously strange and pathetic. Unlike that of other races, her mental, moral and physical status has not found a place in the archives of public libraries. From the womb of the future must come that poet or author to glorify her womanhood by idealizing the various phases of her character, by digging from the past, examples of faithfulness and sympathy, endurance and self-sacrifice and displaying the achievements which were brightened by friction. Born and bred under both the hindrances of slavery and the limitations of her sex, the mothers of the race have kept pace with the fathers. They stand at the head of cultured, educated families whose daughters clash arms with the sons. The educated Negro woman occupies vantage ground over the Caucasian woman of America, in that the former has had to contest with her brother every inch of the ground for recognition; the Negro man, having had his sister by his side on plantations and in rice swamps, keeps her there, now that he moves in other spheres. As she wins laurels he accords her the royal crown. This is especially true in journalism. Doors are opened before we knock, and as well equipped young women emerge from the class-room the brotherhood of the race, men whose own energies have been repressed and distorted by the interposition of circumstances, give them opportunities to prove themselves; and right well are they doing this by voice and pen. On matters pertaining to women and the race, there is no better author among our female writers than



MRS. N. F. MOSSELL.—Her style is clear, compact and convincing. Seven years teaching in Camden, N. J. and Philadelphia, her present home, and the solid reading matter, viz.: The Bible, "Paradise Lost," The Atlantic Monthly and The Public Ledger, which was her daily food while under her father's roof, gave her a deep insight into human nature, and the clear mode of expression which makes her articles so valuable to the press. Her career as a writer began many years ago, when Bishop Tanner—then editor of The Christian Recorder—was attracted by an essay on "Influence" which he requested for publication. Short stories followed, and from then to the present, she has been engaged constantly on race journals. "The Woman's Department" of the New York Freeman was edited by her with much tact and The Philadelphia Echo is always more readable when containing something from her pen. For three years she has been employed on the Philadelphia Times, The Independent and Philadelphia Press Republican, following the particular lines of race literature and the "Woman's Question." Mrs.

Mossell's experience in journalism is that editors are among the most patient of men; that the rejection of an article by no means proves that it is a failure; that sex is no bar to any line of literary work; that by speaking for themselves women can give the truth about themselves and thereby inspire the confidence of the people. Besides newspaper work her home life is a busy one, assisting her husband, a prominent physician of Philadelphia, whose own literary life has been an incentive to her. Spare moments are given to the completion of a book, on a race question, which will soon be launched on the current of thought and society.



MRS. LUCRETIA NEWMAN-COLEMAN is a writer of rare ability. Discriminating and scholarly, she possesses to a high degree the poetic temperament and has acquired great facility in verse. Her last poem, "Lucile of Montana," ran through several numbers of the magazine *Our Women and Children*, and is full of ardor, eloquence and noble thought. Mrs. Coleman has contributed special scientific articles to the *A. M. E. Review* and other journals, which were rich in minute comparisons, philosophic terms and scientific principles. She is a writer more for scholars than for the people. A novel entitled "Poor Ben," which is the epitome of the life of a prominent *A. M. E.* Bishop, is pronounced an excellent production. Mrs. Coleman is an accomplished woman and well prepared for a literary life. She was born in Dresden, Ontario, went with her missionary father to the West Indies where he labored a number of years, thence to Cincinnati, O., where he was pastor of a church, and after his death she went with her mother to Appleton, Wisconsin, to take advantage of the educational facilities. After graduating from the scientific course of Lawrence University, she devoted her time to literary pursuits, and now ranks with the most painstaking writers.

MISS IDA B. WELLS, (IOLA), has been called the "Princess of the Press," and she has earned the title. No writer, the male fraternity not excepted, has been more extensively quoted; none have struck harder blows at the wrongs and weakness of the race. *T. T. Fortune* (probably the "Prince" of the *Negro press*) wrote after meeting her at the Democratic Conference in Indianapolis: "She has become famous as one of the few of our women who handle a goose-quill with diamond point as easily as any man in the newspaper work. If Iola was a man, she would be a humming independent in politics. She has plenty of nerve and is as sharp as a steel trap."

Miss Wells' readers are equally divided between the sexes. She reaches the men by dealing with the political aspect of the race question, and the women, she meets around the fireside. She is an inspiration to the young writers and her success has lent an impetus to their ambition. When the National Press Convention, of which she was Assistant Secre-



tary, met in Louisville she read a splendidly written paper on "Women in Journalism; or How I Would Edit." By the way, it is her ambition to edit a paper. She believes that there is no agency so potent as the press in reaching and elevating a people. Her contributions are distributed among the leading race journals. She made her *debut* with the *Living Way*, Memphis, Tenn., and has since written for *The New York Age*, *Detroit Plaindealer*, *Indianapolis World*, *Gate City Press*, Mo., *Little Rock Sun*, *American Baptist*, Ky., *Memphis Watchman*, *Chattanooga Justice*, *Christian Index* and *Fisk University Herald*, Tenn, *Our Women and Children Magazine*, Ky., and the *Memphis papers*, weeklies and dailies. Miss Wells has attained much success as teacher in the public schools of the last named place.



MRS. W. E. MATHEWS (VICTORIA EARLE).—Ten years ago "Victoria Earle" began taking advantage of opportunities offered for acting as "sub" for reporters employed by many of the great dailies. She has reported for the *New York Times*, *Herald*, *Mail and Express*, *Sunday Mercury*, *The Earth*, *The Phonographic World*, and is now *New York* correspondent to the *National Leader*, D. C., *The Detroit Plaindealer*, and the *Southern Christian Recorder*. Under various *nom de plume* she has written for the *Boston Advocate*, *Washington Bee*, *Richmond Planet*, *Catholic Tribune*, *Cleveland Gazette*, *New York Age*, *New York Globe*, and the *New York Enterprise*, besides editing three special departments. Reportorial work is her forte, yet her success in story writing has been great. She contributes to the story department of *Waverley Magazine*, *The New York Weekly* and *Family Story Paper*. "Victoria Earle" has written much; her dialect tid-bits for the *Associated Press* are much in demand. She has ready several stories which will appear

in one volume, and is also preparing a series of historical text books which will aim to develop a race pride in our youth. She is a member of the *Women's National Press Association* and no writer of the race is kept busier.

MISS MARY V. COOK (Grace Ermine).—Whatever honors have come to Miss Cook are the results of persevering industry. She has edited the *Woman's Department* in *The Tribune*, S. C., the *Woman's Department* of the *American Baptist*, Ky., and the *Educational Department of Our Women and Children* in such a manner as to attract much attention to them. Her writings are lucid and logical and of such a character as will stand the test of time. Aside from journalistic work her life is a busy one. She has appeared on the platform of several national gatherings and her papers for research, elegance of diction and sound reasoning were superior. She holds the professorship of Latin the *State University*; her *Alma Mater*, yet, however great her mental ability, it is overmatched by her character. Her life is the crystallization of womanly qualities. She moves her associates by a mighty power of sympathy which permeates her writings. She is a good news gatherer and is much quoted, is a native of *Bowling Green, Ky.*, where her mother, a generous hearted woman who sympathizes with her aspirations, still lives. Miss Cook is interested in all questions which affect the race.



In the mild countenance of MRS. AMELIA E. JOHNSON can be read the love and tenderness for children which was demonstrated last year by the publication of *The Ivy*, an eight-page journal devoted especially to the interests of our youth. It was a good paper filled with original stories and poems and information concerning the doings of the race. Mrs. Johnson is keen, imaginative and critical, story writing is her forte. It is a part of her nature to weave her thoughts into pleasing imagery. Even when a child she would follow the scratches on her desk with a pencil and tell wonderful stories of them to her seatmate. She has written many of them at different times and is now engaged in writing a story book to be used in Sunday-school libraries. Many short poems from her pen find snug resting places in corners of weeklies. There is a vein of wit and humor in her sayings—a pith and transparency which makes her articles extremely readable. Of all the writers before the public none possesses in a higher degree the elements of a skillful critic. She has contributed to the *Baptist Messenger*, Md., *The American Baptist*, Ky., and *Our Women and Children* magazine. Mrs. Johnson was educated in Canada—taking a thorough French course—and has taught both French and

English branches in Baltimore, her present home.



LILLIAN ALBERTA LEWIS (BERT ISLEW).—Those who know much about the newspapers of the race, know something of Bert Islew's Budget of Gossip in the spicy "They Say Column" of The Boston Advocate. Bright, witty, sparkling, one would not think Bert Islew's career antedates only three years and that she was barely twenty when she caught the public ear. The early atmosphere she breathed may have developed a public spiritedness. Was born in the home of Hon. Lewis Hayden, that good man whose name is closely associated with the Crispus Attucks monument. When but thirteen years old and in the graduating class of the Bowdoin Grammar school she entered a prize essay contest and carried off the third prize, although the other contestants were older High School pupils and graduates. This fired her ambition, and soon after graduation she wrote a novel entitled, "Idalene Van Therese," which, for lack of means is unpublished. Then came her successful career with the Advocate. In addition to her newspaper work, she has for several years been the private stenographer and secretary to the widely known Max Eliot, of the Boston Herald. This position calls for proficiency; and Bert Islew's record for taking down copy verbatim is among the highest in New England. Then, too, her position in the Herald office calls for special articles and reportorial work which she does creditably. She is recognized in all circles for her ability, and works side by side with editors and reporters without an iota of distinction being made.



To the ready pen of Miss MARY E. BRITTON (M.E.B.) is due many of the reformatory measures which have given the race equal facilities on railroads in Kentucky. The energy and resolute vim of her character is traced in her writings, especially when advocating woman's suffrage and the same moral standard for both sexes. She has studied language from the standard English and American authors

and her diction is remarkably chaste. Miss Britton was editor of the "Woman's Column" of the Lexington Herald, contributes special articles to the Courant—the Kentucky educational journal—the Cleveland Gazette, The American Catholic Tribune, the Indianapolis World and Our Women and Children magazine. Her own ambition to excel prompts her to inspire others and nearly all her articles have this savor and was exhibited in those written for The Ivy, the children's paper. The local papers of Lexington, Ky., her home, and the Cincinnati Commercial have published and commented on her articles.



MISS IONE E. WOOD.—There is a dash of freshness, a breeziness in Miss Wood's writings, a clear, decided ring which will yet be heard in louder tones. She has very pronounced views on total abstinence and is an enthusiastic member of the Woman's National Suffrage Association. She contributed several stories to The Ivy and now edits the Temperance Department of Our Women and Children magazine. Miss Wood will make a clever reporter. She is now tutor in Greek in the Kentucky State University.



MISS KATIE D. CHAPMAN sends from her far away Dakota home, spritely poems and other contributions to racial journals. She is only eighteen, but the public is becoming familiar with her bright thoughts and unique expressions. She has read much and will write much. Her contributions have appeared principally in The Christian Recorder and Our Woman and Children. Her ambition was stirred when but five years old by receiving a book as reward for committing a poem. She will devote her talent to juvenile literature.

OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTORS.—Among those who do special work and contribute valuable

articles to weeklies and monthlies are Mesdames Francis E. W. Harper and L. F. Grimke, Philadelphia, Cora C. Calhoun, former editor of the Woman's Department in the Chattanooga Justice; Olive B. Clanton, New Orleans; Lavinia E. Sneed, Ky.; Josephine Turpin Washington, Selma; Misses Georgia M. DeBaptiste, Ill.; Julia K. Mason, D. C.; Alice Henderson, Ark.; and Meta Pelham, one of the essentials on the Plaindealer staff.

EDITORS.—The Western Herald was edited by Mrs. Amos Johnson, Keokuk, Ia.; The Lancet, by Miss Carrie Bragg, Petersburg, Va.; The Musical Messenger, by Miss Amelia L. Tighman, Montgomery, Ala.; The St. Matthew's Lyceum, by Mrs. M. E. Lambert, Detroit, Mich.; The Ivy, by Mrs. A. E. Johnson, Baltimore, Md., and Miss A. E. McEwen is Assistant Editor of the Herald, Montgomery, Ala.

This article includes only a few of our writers. When we remember the very difficult circumstances of the past, the trials and discomforts of the present, we are indeed cheered with the prospects. In the busy hum of life it is difficult to make one's way to the front, and this is true of all races, hence, we are not at all discouraged since our sisters have had such ready access to the great journals of the land. When the edge of prejudice shall have become rusted and worn out, the Negro woman shall be heard most potently in the realm of thought; till then we shall strive.

LUCY WILMOT SMITH.



MRS. LAURA C. HALLOWAY.

Mrs. Laura C. Halloway, whose bright and attractive portrait appears above is, though still young, one of the pioneer women in the field of journalism. Left a widow, with a baby boy to take care of, she naturally sought her means of livelihood by her pen. On the Brooklyn Union in its best days and on the Brooklyn Eagle under the expert guidance of that prince of journalists, the late Thomas Kinsella, she acquired a breadth of journalistic experience which falls to the lot of few women. She reported, wrote editorials and special articles and finally had entire charge of the literary features of the paper. During that time she wrote her book, "The Ladies of the White House," which has since enjoyed a phenomenal sale. We are indebted to the Ladies' Home Journal of Philadelphia for the excellent portrait of Mrs. Halloway which, as faithful as it is, does but scanty justice to her vivacious and intellectual features. While a newspaper woman in the truest acceptance of the term, she has not gained the slightest evidence of masculinity through her long contact with the men of the profession. She has been too strong-minded to allow herself to lose any of the delicate charm of her femininity.