

NELLIE BLY AND TWO WOMAN CONTRASTS.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Advocate of Woman's Rights, Talks of Her New Bible.

MRS. FLEMING, ACCUSED OF MURDER, CHATS, IN THE TOMBS, ABOUT HER NEW BABY.

Emancipation of Her Sex the Dream of the Life of One--"Woman's Duty Is to Be a Mother," Says the Other.

At 12 she lunched, and if the afternoon is fine she drives in the Park. If not, she works until the light begins to fade and then she stops writing to practise her music.

THE CONTRAST.

"Nellie Bly" Talks with Mrs. Fleming, Accused of Killing Her Mother.

I do not know of any greater extreme than to go from Elizabeth Cady Stanton to Mary Alice Fleming, who is in the Tombs awaiting trial for the alleged murder of her mother.

Mrs. Fleming was walking about in the jail when I was introduced to her. The other women prisoners, except the few "regulars" who do the jail work were packed together in a long pen. So far as I know, none of them is charged with murder, but whether lesser crimes gain lesser privileges, I cannot say.

I have a violent antipathy for poor handshakers. There is nothing that hurts my nerves so or shocks me more than to be given a hand that has no more life in it than the hand of a week-old corpse.

There are lots of people who can't shake hands. David B. Hill is one of the worst examples. The touch of his hand makes me shiver.

"Will you come in and sit down, Miss Bly?" Mrs. Fleming said politely, as she opened the door of her cell.

It is the same cell that Barbara Aub occupied, and doubtless the best cell in the Tombs. It has a window opening into the court and a skylight. There are two iron cots, a small kitchen table, a bookcase, a rocking-chair, another bookcase, the rockers, and a straight wood chair.

Within the cell was a woman clad in the "bed-tickings" garb of a prisoner. She held a small baby in her arms.

"Will you please hold the baby, Mrs. Fleming, while I get my tea?" inquired the woman, as if begging a great favor.

"Certainly, Marie; give him to me," Mrs. Fleming replied quickly, and seating herself in the low rocker, she took the baby in her arms.

"Shall I bring you some tea?" asked Marie at the door.

"Certainly not," was the emphatic but smiling reply. "You know I can't drink it in it. I'll send out for some, after a while."

"Is Marie your nurse?" I asked as the woman disappeared.

"Yes; she has been given to me to take charge of the baby," Mrs. Fleming replied. "She is French."

"What is she in for?" I asked.

"Drink, I guess. She has 150 days," was the answer.

MOTHER AND BABY. Mary Alice Fleming is a very little woman. She is not more than 5 feet 3 or 4 at the very most. She says that she has weighed as much as 130 pounds, but she does not look to weigh more than 115. She has small feet and small cold hands. She wears a pink striped flannel wrapper that hung loosely around.

Her face is unusual and peculiar. It is long, slender and colorless. Her chin comes down to a very decided point, and her mouth is small, with very thin lips.

While there is nothing especially ugly about her mouth, it is not one that would look tempting to the most ardent kisser.

Mrs. Fleming's nose is not pretty. It is long and large, with a decided elevation at the bridge. It is a coarse nose.

Her eyes are brown, of good size and shape, but worse than faulty in expression. They are what I call shifty eyes. They cannot look out fairly and squarely and steadily. They glance up and down, as one and away. They look timid or rather frightened, and they are circled by very wide and brown brows.

The forehead is a little wider than the rest of the face and the brown hair is quite thick and silky. It is banged and curled in front and worn in a high knot at the back of the head.

Possibly it is the thought of the crime that is charged to Mrs. Fleming that causes a feeling of dislike at first, but she is so pleasant, with a knack of sensitive refinement that makes her far above even the majority of women, that that one speedily forgets prejudices and turns to pity.

WITH HER YOUNG BABY IN THE TOMBS PRISON.



MRS. FLEMING CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF HER MOTHER TALKS TO NELLIE BLY ABOUT BABIES AND SUCH THINGS.

out on the back of her own small hand and gazed proudly at them.

"Is he cross?" I inquired anxiously.

"No, he is a pretty good baby," she replied. "In the early part of the evening he always frets a little, but he sleeps well all night. Not having the sunshin makes him a little peevish. That and the bad air. Lately I have been given the privilege of taking him into the yard. He should have this right, for you know he is not a prisoner. He is virtually, but his name is not enrolled. I'm not a prisoner, either. I am not charged with a crime, as I understand it, but am merely held on suspicion."

"What do you call your baby?"

"I named him after my father, Robert Felix Livingstone," she answered, and the baby beginning to fret she rocked him.

"Hush! Mummy's Bob mus; be good," she chided him softly, as she rocked him to and fro. "And Bob hopes his name will bring some good fortune," she added. "My father was a fine old gentleman."

"Tell me about your other children?"

"I have three besides this one," she answered, glancing up as she lightly touched the baby cheek that rested against her heart. "I have two boys and a girl; three boys with my Bob. Don't you think I'm fortunate to have boys? Girls have such a hard time in life."

Mrs. Fleming sighed as if the thought was a heavy one.

"My girl is a blonde," she continued after a moment. My two boys have dark eyes and hair. Bob's eyes are blue and his hair is real light. Come and see."

She gathered him close up in her arms and carried him to the window, through which a dim light came from the court.

"See, his hair is real light now," she added, touching the short hair on the top of his head. "But the doctor says this is the best for him."

"I don't know anything about babies. Is he pretty?"

"Praise my own baby!" Mrs. Fleming laughed. "Of course I think he is pretty, and other women say so. He is a handsome child, perfectly formed. See his little hands! They are perfect in shape."

She spread the little dimpled fingers

intellectual. He was only two months old on the 31st of the month, but I consider him a very bright baby."

At this moment a man I knew, and who happened to be visiting the jail, stopped at the door. Finding that Mrs. Fleming did not object to meeting him, I introduced them, and he enthused over the baby like a girl.

"Pleased Mrs. Fleming very much. "Do hold him for a moment in your arms," she said, and he gathered the baby close to himself.

The baby stretched back and stared steadily and solemnly upward.

"He must catch the reflected light on your silk hat," I suggested.

"He is looking at the skylight," Mrs. Fleming explained. "He seems to love the light that creeps in there and will lie still for hours watching it."

"Now, you hold the baby for a moment," Mrs. Fleming said, offering him to me. "They say it brings good luck."

"How is it that you never touched a baby born while you are a prisoner and being kept here will have any effect upon his life?"

"I hope not," she said, quickly. "I never heard of a child being born in prison, so I can't judge. I certainly don't think it right to keep them here. Babies are like birds and flowers. They need the fresh air and bright sunlight."

"Will you tell me how old you are?"

I asked, for though her face is clear of wrinkles or any sign of age, it is a face that is hard to judge years by. It is not old and neither is it young.

"Ladies never do tell their ages, Miss Bly," Mrs. Fleming laughed joyously. "My sister said to me yesterday: 'Oh, I do so dread going on the stand when your trial comes on, because I shall have to tell my age.' I don't mind, though, for I'll have to tell my own age then. I shall be thirty-one my next birthday."

"Aren't you sorry you have so many children?"

"I think children are a dreadful responsibility," she confessed. "But this is very cheerless when people grow old if they have no children about them. At first I thought it was hard to give up my pleasures for my children, but now I never think of it."

"I have not a selfish disposition, anyway," she added. "I never had. I am

the iron cot where Barbara Aub sat for hours one day, working bright colors with a white silk scarf and talking to me.

Bob's eyes were already closed, and two dimpled hands were crumpled softly on his breast. Mrs. Fleming picked up the silver coin and stuck it into his right hand.

As she did so Bob smiled in his sleep. "Wasn't that lovely?" Mrs. Fleming whispered, and with one finger she gently touched the dimpled chin.

Bob smiled again, such a strange little knowing smile that contrasted oddly with his closed eyes. And for some reason I had tears in my eyes.

"They say babies always die in here," Mrs. Fleming said to me as she sat down. "They seem to drift away. Mrs. Meyers's baby died in here. They say it faded daily before her eyes. That must have been very hard to have to sit in here and watch it slowly dying."

"Do you think that your child being born while you are a prisoner and being kept here will have any effect upon his life?"

"I hope not," she said, quickly. "I never heard of a child being born in prison, so I can't judge. I certainly don't think it right to keep them here. Babies are like birds and flowers. They need the fresh air and bright sunlight."

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"I have not a selfish disposition, anyway," she added. "I never had. I am

always doing for others. If I had thought of myself a little more I wouldn't be here now."

"She stopped and sighed as if the thought was a sad one.

"Do you get blue and melancholy?" I asked, curious to know how one feels when accused of murdering one's own mother.

"No; I am never blue," she said, smiling. "I am considered of a very jolly disposition, I never get disheartened, and I am always merry. Even during my imprisonment I have not felt morbid and blue. But if I knew I had to pass my life in prison I wouldn't live long. It would break my heart."

"Supposing your case goes against you and you are convicted and sentenced to be electrocuted, what will you do?"

"But I won't be," she insisted stoutly. "They have no evidence to convict me on."

"Still, supposing they do?" I urged. "Will you commit suicide?"

"No, indeed. I wouldn't lose my soul by committing suicide," she vowed earnestly. "You know I am a Catholic, and don't believe in suicide."

"Do you ever think about being put to death?" I questioned.

"Oh, yes," indifferently. "When we walk in the yard they point out to us the places where people were hanged. A man said to me in the yard the other day that he would rather be hanged than electrocuted. But I can't see that it makes much difference. I think it's nicer to walk out and sit in a chair than to walk out and be jerked by the neck."

Then, suddenly, before I had time to make a reply, Mrs. Fleming gave a soft, amused laugh and pointed to the bed. "Bob" was making a little snoring sound.

"Bob's trying to learn to snore," she whispered merrily. "He is already making some efforts to be a man?"

"Do you believe in a future life?" I asked, trying to take her back to the subject she had dismissed so suddenly.

"I certainly believe in Heaven and hell," she replied. "We have a good deal of purgatory on this earth, but we have to bear the cross so we can win the crown. The majority of us are born wicked, and we live this life to learn to be good. Born sinners don't last long, especially in New York City."

"Do you sleep well?"

"Yes, very. I sleep soundly. I can't say I'm very much troubled with dreams. Occasionally I have some pleasant ones, but they do not remain in my mind after I wake up."

"Are you superstitious?"

Mrs. Fleming laughed merrily. "I can't say that I am. Still I always put my shoes under my bed, for they say that means good luck and that I'll go out soon. You noticed what a pretty hand the little fellow has? (indicating the sleeping Bobbie.) He was born with long finger nails with each one tipped with white. People said that it meant he would be lucky. You know when you have white spots on your nails they say they mean gifts. I don't know whether Bob will be lucky or not. He had a paper served on him when he was thirteen days old. It was some legs form about the estate."

"DEAR MISS INNOCENT."

"I should think that being accused of the murder of your mother would drive you insane," I suggested.

"I feel as if I am unjustly held," she answered quietly. "At first I worried and fretted dreadfully over it. It was a foolish charge to bring. A mother is a mother, no matter --"

Mrs. Fleming says that she has an ability possessed by few women. She is able to make and keep woman friends. She says when she once gains a friend she never loses her, and that during her trouble all her friends have hung to her.

NO FEAR OF DEATH.

Mrs. Fleming is fond of books and outdoor sports. She can ride and drive and row. She is a good housekeeper. She both sings and plays and is a good French and Italian scholar and she reads German.

"I am naturally artistic in all my tastes," she said, "and, I hope, refined."

"Do you dread the thought of death?" I asked this strange little woman.

HARMONY IN HOSIERY. Brilliant Colors Will Rule in All Lines of Spring Fashions.

Many Oddities in Stockings. Silver Garter Buckles and Other Masterpieces of Feminine Attire and Decoration.

THE hues of the rainbow are repeated in the hosiery supplied by the shopkeepers for spring wear. Black, which for many seasons has held divided sway, yields precedence to color in variety. It is the custom among the fashionable to have the hosiery match in tint the gown with which it is to be worn. Some very striking combinations of colored boots and black tops are apt to appear offensive to the eye on warm days; but color this season is rampant. So she must lose her antipathy to vividness and consent to wear brilliant-hued hosiery.

Some very dainty examples are those with the old-fashioned clock inset. These are in cotton, silk and, and are among the latest novelties. They range in price from 50 cents to \$2.25. Black or colored stockings embroidered with tiny vines or single flowers scattered over the instep and sometimes reaching over the top of the shoe are very fetching. More elaborate stockings have a line of ornate work resembling a hemstitched pattern alternating with a delicate, embroidered vine. These are expressly designed to wear indoors with low shoes and with indoor evening dress. Another new style is ornamented with diamond-shaped eyes in cotton, silk and, extending from the ankle to halfway to the knee. These are a novelty.

Of the very bright stockings of the Scotch plaids are foremost. A black or brown ground, with hair-line stripes in blue, green, yellow and red, is a popular design. Plaid hose sometimes have a light-colored pattern, more delicate colors forming the broader checks. The plaid invariably reaches almost to the bend of the knee. It is finished with the plain color predominating in the stocking. The plain gait stocking with a plaid turn over at the top is now a favorite. The gait stocking in demand at present is a plaid or the neutral tints which have characterized all athletic hosiery to date.

An oddity in the way of hosiery is a stocking of cobwebby fineness and shaped like a net. Intended for women who cannot wear silk and do not like lisle. The texture of these stockings appears so fragile that one would deem it small economy to buy them at \$2.75 a pair. It is almost impossible to believe that these transparent stockings are extremely durable, but it is said that they will wear as long as any stocking woven from choice cotton. The yarn used in their manufacture is selected and flawless.

In silk for evening wear, there are some lovely new forms. One is a net composed of Chantilly lace seems a waste of good material. An elaborate design in lace medallions is outlined in seed pearls, and lisle hose with bands of insertion revealing the flesh beneath forces the belief that styles in stockings this season are extremely daring.

And to keep these gaudy coverings in place are shown a pretty array of garters with some quaint and cute buckles. Decorated elastic comes in new designs just now. Collecting garters to match an assortment of colored hosiery, in the swagger young woman's occupation for the moment.

French oxidized silver is being utilized extensively in fashioning the buckles. Monograms set in jewels in the buckles, mock or real, are still the style. The miniature craze is extending to garter buckles, and it is not unusual to see the face of Josephine or some other celebrity of the Empire reign on the garter buckle. An economic garter is one which has two slides and a groove through which ribbon may be inserted. These ends are brought together and tied in a bowknot. Its clasps are of silver, and on a gray elastic may be subjected to color fastness by fastening with ribbons which match the hosiery, equaling in effect the girl who has a pair of garters to match every pair of stockings. All garters are adorned with a huge bow as well as the elaborate buckle. Elastic webbing used for garters is not more than a quarter of an inch broad, but a fluted ruffle of the same width on either side gives the appearance of breadth. American women were slow to receive the colored lingerie of France, but now the hosiery of the season is infinitely more obtrusive than that of the Parisienne.

GARTERS, STOCKINGS AND SUCH--THE NEWEST.

