WOMAN'S WORLD.

A WOMAN COURT STENOGRAPHER WHO WILL BECOME A LAWYER.

A Young Woman's Odd Calling—She Found a Way—Maria Garrison, Sexton—Her Quick Wit—Woman and the Wheel—The Watteau Coiffure's Rival.

Brooklyn claims the only woman stenographer officially employed in a federal court. Mrs. Jennie B. Marion, who has only recently attained her twenty-second year, fills the position in the United States district court of that city, and is said by the district attorney to be not only capable in her own profession, but to have so complete a knowledge of law as to be a promising candidate for legal honors. As yet she is content to rest upon the laurels already earned, but when the question of applying for a degree is raised, her eyes sparkle in a way to indicate that her ambition lies along that line. By her personal friends it is expected that she may become a lawyer at almost any time. She herself is somewhat more reserved, and feels that further study and preparation are required. Of her life and work she says:

"I am a Dane by birth, Copenhagen being my native city. Twelve years ago my mother and myself came to this country, and at that time I could speak no English. We traveled extensively, both here and in Europe, and I was always kept at my books.

"I studied different languages and have found my knowledge of Danish, German and Norwegian of great service in the court. My services are often

MRS. JENNIE MARION.

called for as interpreter, as well as for my own work. I am fond of language, and it is not difficult for me to learn. To succeed in legal work one must know some Latin.

"Yes, I see many strange and pathetic sights. Sometimes the tears will not be kept back, but one gets accustomed to many things. I am proud to say that, while I am often the only woman in the courtroom, I have always been shown every consideration. Indeed, I think my presence often has a refining and restraining effect. One jury that we had last summer was especially attentive, and every morning the foreman placed a bunch of flowers on my desk.

"We hold court only for two weeks at a sitting, and while I have duties pertaining to the district attorney's office I am still free a sufficient amount of time to do other work. Literature and journalism are my ambition. I have already done translations from the Danish and Norwegian, and a little original work. Some children's stories from Hans Christian Andersen have been well received. In my position here I see strange sides of life, and I hope some day to work them up for print."

Although Mrs. Marion is a girl in appearance, she boasts proudly of her fine 4-year-old boy, and displays his picture as her dearest treasure. Her English is singularly pure and distinct. Were it not for her own statement that she is a foreigner by birth, the impression would be that of a native, except for the peculiar formation of the face, which is distinctly un-American.—New York Journal.

Here's an Odd Calling.

One of the most curious professions followed by a woman is that of Miss Fannie Elkins, who prepares anatomical charts and specimens for the work of students and professors in medical colleges. She also illustrates medical books for the publishers.

Miss Elkins' studio—for the work requires more than ordinary artistic [illegible]—is situated on [illegible] has been situated [illegible] years making her physiological drawings and charts. She was formerly a teacher of science in Packard Institute, in Brooklyn. She was always particularly interested in physiology, and so remarkable was her skill in making the somewhat gruesome sketches for physiological classes that she was finally commissioned by certain physicians to make a large chart to illustrate a lecture. From this beginning her work grew.

Now she visits hospitals with camera and notebook whenever an important operation is to be performed. She received a medal and diploma from the World's fair authorities for her work. She colors and models pathological specimens, work which has hitherto been done mainly in France.

In spite of her peculiar and gruesome calling Miss Elkins is herself a very womanly woman. She is about 38 years old, with brown hair touched with gray, gray blue eyes and a nervous but pleasant manner. Her studio, which she prefers to call her workshop, is free from the artistic embellishments of the ordinary studio.—New York Correspondent.

She Found a Way.

A southern woman, who until recently had never been obliged to "toil or spin," discovered on the death of her father that she would have to find some way of partially supporting herself. There seemed to be nothing that she was [illegible] of doing, and her friends pitied and sympathized and wondered what was going to become of her. At last she decided to come to New York, and several months after her arrival a lady whom she had known at the south, and who was passing through the city, called upon her.

"Have you found something to do?" asked the friend, with interest.

"Oh, yes," was the smiling answer. "I am giving lessons in [illegible] mourning. You know, there are a good many people who are not up in the ways of polite society, but who are always anxious to do the correct thing [illegible] to all the outward observances. When they come to me, I teach them [illegible] how long they should wear [illegible] this or that relative, when they [illegible] propriety lighten their mourning [illegible] wide the borders should be [illegible] and stationery, and which [illegible] they may accept and which [illegible] to decline. Oh, I assure you I am doing very well and number among my [illegible] not only a great many [illegible] a goodly percentage of men as well."—New York Journal.

Maria Garrison, Sexton.

There is a woman in New York who holds the position of church sexton. Her name is Mrs. Maria [illegible], and she has been sexton of the Ebenezer Baptist church, on West Thirty-fourth street, for 17 years. She firmly believes that the Lord led her to seek the position and [illegible] to make possible to her [illegible] of worship most pleasing to him—that is the close communion Baptist, or as Mrs. Garrison smilingly said, "the good, old fashioned, hard shelled Baptist." The present church building, a plain, brick, high stooped edifice, bearing the inscription, "Meeting House of the Ebenezer Baptist Church, Erected A. D. 1850," is for sale, the church membership scarcely warranting so large and expensive a "meeting house." When the sale is effected, a new church building will at once be erected, and Mrs. Garrison will assume its sextonship. She will be obliged to leave her present home, for she and her husband, a Grand Army veteran, live in pleasant rooms, to which is adjoined that city rarity, a large, sunny back yard, under the "meeting house." Mrs. Garrison is a slight, delicate looking woman and delegates some of her duties, but it is impossible to see her and her little home without a conviction that these are well performed under her supervision.

Her Quick Wit.

According to one who does not hesitate to express himself in the lowest form of wit, "repartee" as well as Japan tea is an inspiriting feature of cozy, informal days at home. The airy persiflage that may be heard "over the teacups" in cultured Boston may be imagined from the following from the pen of a clever observer, who thus describes a scene from a day at home: "The fair young hostess has dispensed her fragrant cups to all, and is leaning back in a quaint antique chair, which forms a charming setting for the old time dress which modern girls are wearing, the Marie Antoinette fichus and brocades and high combs. One of the newcomers, leaning an elbow on the mantelpiece, says abruptly, 'Do you know, I've wanted that fine old chair of yours ever since I first saw it.'

"The chair's occupant drops her lashes over her eyes and says demurely:

"'The furniture and I go together.'

"'Ah! In that case I'll call tomorrow with a carriage and an express wagon.'

"'Oh, but I didn't say we went to the first bidder!' laughs back the little aristocrat, who knows equally well the value of her heirlooms and herself and does not appraise them at any low estimate."—New York Telegram.

Woman and the Wheel.

If you are a woman, it is your bounden duty to call down blessings upon the head of him who first made a wheel which a woman could ride. It was a grand [illegible] the [illegible] graceful art of riding far by the wheel she has reached many things most desirable.

From the makers and sellers of wheels comes the good news that the output of wheels for women this year will be not only greatly in excess of any past year, but more wheels for women will be made than for men. The news is good news because of its clearing significance. It means that many women will be more in the open air and sunshine than ever before in their lives. It means that their flabby muscles will grow firm and strong, their eyes bright and quick, that their cheeks will lose their sickly cast and will glow with life—in short, that the thousands of women who ride will become healthy creatures in mind and body. And every improvement thus made in physical health means a corresponding gain in public health, so that we are all better for every wheel sold to a woman.—Womankind.

The Watteau Coiffure's Rival.

The watteau coiffure, with its pompadour roll and soft puffs, is rivaled by the clytie coiffure, that shows the hair waved and parted slightly toward the left side of the head, the waves carried back over the ears just above them, as proves [illegible]. The hair is then coiled at [illegible] a handful of short, thickly clustered curls, held by a jeweled saber or other glittering hair ornament. These curls will be quite a feature of various styles of hairdressing this summer under gypsy hats or in full evening dress. If the features are classic, the whole idea of the clytie coiffure can be carried out—i. e., the banding of the tresses with beaded jewels or velvet ribbon fillets—but this severe method is rarely a success. On some heads the curls look best caught together low in the nape of the neck. On others the exact center of the head at the back is the objective point of decoration. French hairdressers are making great use both of the picturesque Spanish comb and of small oblong ornaments set with extremely brilliant rhinestones. Five or six of these effective accessories are used in completing an evening coiffure a la pompadour.—New York Post.

A Fashionable Cape.

An easy way to make a pretty and highly fashionable cape is to cut, fit and [illegible] a rounded yoke [illegible] satin or velvet. The yoke to just cover the neck and reach the top of the shoulders. Then [illegible] straight [illegible] best [illegible] of silk about three yards long or more and three eighths of a yard, or [illegible] deep. Have this frill pinked on [illegible] and add a [illegible] just as long as [illegible] the [illegible] frill, and [illegible] which is [illegible] green over [illegible] velvet. The yoke and the frill can be greatly varied in [illegible] to suit various tastes and figures, thus making the cape longer or shorter. Dresden and pompadour silks, matching the gown or not, are much used for the frill portion of these little capes. The [illegible] is finished with a huge ruche, either of lace and silk or of black chiffon, cut bias, folded and plaited up exceedingly full, the plaitings dotted with tiny satin ribbon rosettes in pink, green, mauve or violet, or held by jetted ornaments.—New York Letter.

When Is a Woman Old?

"When is a woman old?" is the latest question which an inquiring spirit [illegible] to all the leading actresses in Germany. Some of the answers are worth bearing in mind. Frau Nuscha Butze is of the opinion, "A woman is only old when she tries by force to become young again." Rosa Bertens says, "A woman is old when she begins to ask herself, 'When is a woman old?'" Jenny Gross keeps to the safe saying, "A woman is as old as she looks." Marie Pospischil considers that "As long as a woman believes in youth and clings to her youth she appears young, even when she is not really so." Marie Reisenhofer declares enigmatically, "Woman is old when she begins to love [illegible] and finds no love in return." Clara Ziegler, the celebrated tragedienne, [illegible] "The [illegible] woman is never old, the [illegible] happy too soon and the wise at the right time."

Women Barred In Virginia.

From Richmond comes the announcement that no woman can hold public office in Virginia, no matter how unimportant the position. Superintendent of Public Instruction John E. Massey has just decided in the case of Mrs. Fanny Bagby, recently appointed a school trustee of West Point, that she cannot hold that office. Governor O'Ferrall and Attorney General Scott, members of the state board of education, fully concur. Their opinion is based entirely upon articles of the constitution which provide that any person shall be eligible to any state, municipal or county office who is entitled to vote. As women have not suffrage in Virginia, Superintendent Massey rules that no member of that sex is eligible to a place of school trustee, and consequently to any other public office.—Woman's Journal.

Women as Political Factors.

Mrs. Felton, wife of Hon. W. H. Felton of Georgia, is 49 years old, fine looking, with white hair, and full of state and vigor. For 20 years she has been campaigning for her husband, one of the most distinguished statesmen in Georgia. Mrs. Felton is well known as a White Ribbon woman and was prominent among the lady managers of the World's fair.

Mrs. General John A. Logan is another American woman who has taken an almost equally pronounced position as her husband's political champion. In England this attitude of a wife toward her husband's public career is very common and is considered most helpful and honorable.

Three Real Estate Brokers.

Mrs. Caroline Wheeler, Mrs. William [illegible] and Miss [illegible] have formed a business partnership under the name of the Town and Country Real Estate and Rental company. They intend to deal in the best class of furnished apartments and [illegible] in New York city and [illegible] country property. [illegible] at [illegible] N. Y., and of all the property at Catskill, N. Y.

If You Are Fat, Avoid White.

The rage for white satin stocks increases. [illegible] But the [illegible] avoid white satin as the plague, for [illegible] of a face already lacking in color.

In Psalm lxviii the passage, "The Lord gave the word; great was the company of those that published it," reads thus in the New Version: "The Lord giveth the word, and the women that bring glad tidings are a great host."

Gradually all the little annoyances of the toilet are being relieved. The last felt want supplied is a belt grip which, attached to the inside of the belt and gripped to the waist, prevents the untidy sliding up of the former.

The popularity of billiards among French society women is of comparatively recent date. It is now very pronounced, and almost as much of an indoor craze as wheeling is an open air pleasure.

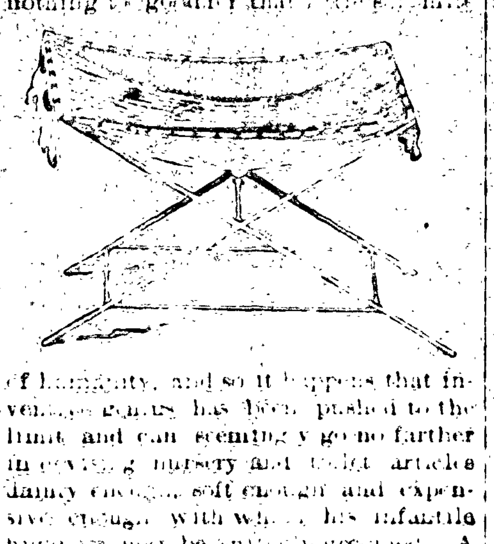
Paris' fantastic fashion has now developed itself in the direction of lamp shades. They are made like ball dresses, of lace and ribbons, with trails of flowers.

After the juice has been squeezed from lemons the peel may be utilized for cleaning brass. Dip it in common salt and scour with powdered brick dust.

A RUBBER BATHTUB.

The Latest Addition to the Luxuries of Up to Date Baby's Quarters.

The modern baby—that is, the one with the [illegible] spoon in the mouth [illegible]—is the best groomed [illegible] little [illegible] come high, and the [illegible] up to date nursery would [illegible] us were we to count the cost of the several articles, but we don't [illegible] nothing too good for that [illegible]



of humanity, and so it happens that inventive genius has been pushed to the limit and can seemingly go no farther in devising nursery and toilet articles dainty enough, soft enough and expensive enough with which his infantile highness may be suitably greeted. A late [illegible] which has found its way [illegible] bathtub [illegible] pillows and [illegible] blue—baby's own color—[illegible] of bathtub, and when [illegible] ideal perfection and [illegible] only wonder that it has not been thought of years ago, for it promises to [illegible] to insure luxurious comfort and [illegible] the probability of a [illegible] perfumed waters of baby's bath [illegible] anything yet invented.

The accompanying cut will give an idea of its construction. It is simplicity itself, being in fact nothing more nor less than a hammock of [illegible] white [illegible] rubberized [illegible] swung between two racks of light [illegible] and having a faucet in the bottom to let out the water when baby has been taken out. It is attached to the racks by means of fancy large headed tacks, the heads being the color of the ribbon with which it is decorated—[illegible] pink or pale yellow being the most suitable colors. At either end falls a valance of the rubber cloth, with pinked out edges, on which are stitched [illegible] pockets for holding the toilet articles and baby's shoes, stockings, etc. [illegible] heretofore necessitated the basket [illegible] with this new tub [illegible]

This one [illegible]

Borax For Preserving.

Borax, which has long been invaluable to the housewife in whitening her clothes, in softening water for cleaning purposes, and for washing the scalp to remove dandruff, is now being much used as a preservative of fresh meat and fish and of garden fruits. The latter when ripe are packed in layers of borax and sent thousands of miles to arrive in perfect condition. The housewife may herself test this method of preserving fresh fruits for winter use. The method is not an expensive one, as the borax can be used a number of times without losing its [illegible]. The fruit itself should be [illegible] and then washed before using, as this powerful substance taken in any quantity internally has a most disastrous effect upon the kidneys. As an antiseptic and bleacher of the skin it is unrivaled, but is so drying that it should only be applied to the face occasionally, and even then its application should be followed by a thorough massage with cold cream containing lanoline, cocoanut or almond oil. Pure olive oil may also be safely and profitably used for the facial massage given to one who has a dry, fine skin.—New York Post.

Steamer Wrappers.

Any woman who contemplates going to Europe this summer will be glad to know that the prettiest and best stuff for a steamer night wrap is French flannel. It is soft and fine as satin, warm and washable and very beautiful in both colors and designs. The colors are as delicate as are silken colors, and this spring the shops show a number of very lovely Parisian patterns besides the usual stock of stripes and spots. Some even have Dresden bouquets and pompadour effects. A saut de lit just finished and ready for a steamer trunk is built of rose pink flannel and a Persian design in which rose predominates. The plain forms the princess foundation, with a watteau in the back and full shirt sleeves gathered into the wrists with a deep frill of coarse cotton cream lace. Over the [illegible] front of the wrapper, there is a straight broad length of the [illegible]. A square cut neck reveals the throat, and the two sides are trimmed with a pink ribbon quilling and a cascade of lace. This band continues over the shoulders, parts behind and forms two plaits on each side of the pink watteau.—Chicago Herald.

A Queen's Hobby.

Queen Amelie of Portugal, to the great delight of the king and her court, has decided to experiment in [illegible] medicine in order to thoroughly study the Roentgen light, and now her majesty spends [illegible] King Carlos [illegible] the [illegible] well known, [illegible] and has shown herself a very apt pupil, but [illegible] her majesty is too enthusiastic [illegible] of medical science, and by her experiments has [illegible] Now that the [illegible] has a new hobby the Portuguese court rejoices, especially the king, as the queen was always insisting upon his trying new methods discovered by herself for reducing his growing corpulency. It is even said—perhaps maliciously—that in consequence of the king's gratitude to Roentgen, the professor is to be invited to the court at Lisbon, and will receive a high order for his discovery.—London Letter.

It Has a Potent Charm.

That the life of the girl bachelor has a subtle charm of its own, even for those who are not urged to it by expediency, is shown by the fact that Miss Emilie Yznaga, the youngest sister of the Duchess of Manchester, has, after several years spent in the highest and most interesting society of England and the continent, settled down to an independent life in a charming apartment in the Avenue Marceau, one of the wide, beautiful streets radiating from the Arc de Triomphe like the spokes of a wheel. Miss Yznaga [illegible]

Some Poster Women.

Miss Ethel Reed of Boston, Miss Geraldine Evans of Philadelphia and Miss Blanche McManus, Miss Abby Underwood, Miss Myra Burr Edson and Miss Margaret Huntington, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Huntington, all of New York, have gained a small degree of distinction by their remarkably clever posters. Both for design and drawing and for color schemes their work commends itself. In San Francisco Miss Florence Lundborg's posters are eagerly sought by collectors.

With these young women to the fore and plenty to follow after, there is every reason to hope for, although men are using their brushes and pencils to make posters, few have really attained great distinction—one or two in America and a half dozen, if that many at a [illegible] in England. Of course Frenchmen claim a dozen at least, because the poster is a more important feature in Paris than anywhere else.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Fashionable Elbow Sleeve.

"Elbow sleeves are popular in Paris and will be here among dressy people for evening and afternoon wear, with 16 button gloves," writes Emma M. Hooper in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Such sleeves are finished with a twist of ribbon, band of [illegible] small cuff or ruffle of lace [illegible] and vandyke [illegible] sleeve puffs of [illegible] with several rows [illegible] A lace [illegible] puff, with one [illegible] cord, is another [illegible] Sleeves and vests in contrast with the remainder of the costume, [illegible] sleeves and skirt to match, with one waist in contrast, are two well received fashions."

For Women Journalists.

London has its Society of Women Journalists, as New York has a Woman's Press club. Both organizations, as well as the outside world of feminine newspaperdom, have cause for congratulation. Recently the head master of Harrow, Mr. Welldon, addressed the English body and discussed the field at length. The sentiment expressed in one sentence, however, is the milk in the cocoanut. "No press can rise to greatness that does not use the services of women, and use them freely as those of men," might well serve as a device for banner or pin.—Exchange.

The Effect of the Sun.

Everybody does not know that constant exposure to the summer sun will fade one's hair. A woman who noticed last summer that her hair on the left side of her head was gradually assuming an appearance of having been washed in some chemical bleach, could not account for it until a friend suggested that it was owing to the fact that two of her hats were turned up on the left side, thus exposing that particular spot to the sun's rays.

A Character Party.

Miss Mary Anderson [illegible] presided [illegible] given by the Political Equality Club of [illegible] members in costume [illegible] Lucretia Mott in Quaker dress, Clara Barton in nurse's garb of blue and white, with the emblem of the Red Cross, "Samantha Allen" in country attire, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, personated by a Rochester lady in modern attire and handsome white curls, and many others.

Women as Lay Delegates.

[illegible] in favor of the [illegible] of women as lay delegates to the general conference. Bishop Vincent and Dr. Buckley are fighting the inevitable. The battle royal will take place at the general conference in May, and all the prospects are that it will be decided in favor of the women.—Boston Woman's Journal.

The Reign of Color.

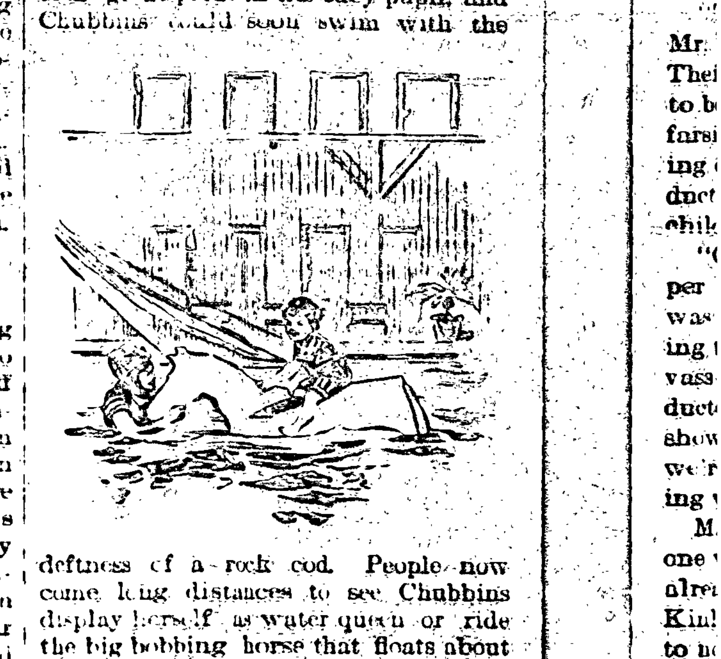
Wedding ceremonials as well as the "sinister pageant of death" have taken on much of color. Bridal white applies now only to the bride herself, and occasionally not even to her. The decorations of the rooms and church and the gowning of the bride's attendants are sure to show a riot of color, the one tone scheme having been declared monotonous.—New York Times.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A YOUNG SWIMMER.

Chubbins Healy Has Jolly Times on the Bobbing Horse at Coronado.

Coronado Beach people all say that Chubbins Healy is the youngest swimmer in the world. If she isn't, she certainly comes pretty close to carrying off the banner as a baby swimmer. Chubbins is 4 years old, fat, rosy and jolly. She came to California with her [illegible] about a year ago for the health of another sister. When they first located at Coronado, Chubbins was entranced by the charms of the big swimming tank of the great hotel, and it wasn't long before she took an experimental dip. The swimming teacher took great pride in his baby pupil, and Chubbins could soon swim with the



deftness of a rock cod. People now come long distances to see Chubbins display herself as water queen or ride the big bobbing horse that floats about the tank.

Only a short time ago Chubbins distinguished herself by swimming twice across the tank, a distance of 40 feet or more altogether. She swims with the greatest ease and apparent delight, and only smiles with pleasure when the salt water spatters her or finds its way into her mouth. She swims frequently out to the bobbing horse and can climb up to its back without assistance, which is something of a feat.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Game For the Evening.

Games, though no longer fashionable at gatherings of young people, are still delighted in for homelike entertainments and for the pastime of rainy days at home or abroad. One which will tax the ingenuity of boys and girls is called "Telegrams." It can be played by any number, and a pencil and paper for each guest is the only preparation required.

Each one in turn gives a letter of the alphabet until the list includes ten. Then each player must write a possible telegram of ten words, using each of the letters in the order given as the initial of a word. When the results are read a vote is taken as to the best telegram, and the prizes are awarded accordingly. To illustrate this, suppose the list of letters is w, l, b, t, e, m, t, t, o, t. From these a telegram can be made: "Will leave Boston this evening. Meet the ten o'clock train." The oftener the same letter occurs the more difficult the task is made.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Two Mrs. Regis.

[illegible]

I know another maiden well,
[illegible]
[illegible] cheek [illegible] rose leaf soft
Like gold her hair.
But all her face is marred by frowns,
[illegible] years,
[illegible] I dread to think
Of coming years.

[illegible] beauty rare
[illegible]
Then learn the lesson these two teach
[illegible] who heed,
[illegible] as life begins,
[illegible]
[illegible] lovely thoughts can make
A lovely face.
—Gertrude Morton Cannon in St. Nicholas.

Shadow Buff.

To play shadow buff you should fasten a sheet up at one end of the room so that it will hang quite smooth. "Buff" (not blinded) seats himself on a low stool, with his face to the sheet, and a table, on which is a lighted candle, placed about five feet behind him. The rest of the lights in the room should be extinguished. Buff's playfellows next pass in succession between the candle and him, distorting their features in as grotesque a manner as possible—hopping, limping and doing everything to make their shadows as unlike their natural looks as possible. "Buff" must try to guess to whom the shadows belong, and if he is correct the player whose shadow he recognizes takes his place. "Buff" is allowed but one guess for each person.

The White House Kindergarten.

The little Wallace children, the grandchildren of Chief Justice Fuller, the little daughter of General and Mrs. Draper and the children of Private Secretary and Mrs. Thurber are among the pupils of the kindergarten that is situated in the nursery at the White House. The children are put behind the bars of the little cribs when there is laziness or disobedience, and a final humiliation for extreme cases is a stool and dunce cap in the corner. The little outsiders who are so favored get all these advantages for $6 or $8 a month. So the whole burden of expense does not fall upon the family in the White House.

A Mighty Hunter.

Our little Robbie, just three years old,
Went hunting for "lions' teeth." Wasn't he bold?
And though he is ever and ever so small
He really wasn't afraid at all.
He had no powder, he had no gun;
But, honest and true, when the hunt was done,
He brought home all that his hands could hold,
And every one was as bright as gold.
For in field and garden and all about
The dan-de-lions have blossomed out.
—Youth's Companion.