

WOMAN'S WORLD.

THOUGH STILL IN HER TEENS, SHE RUNS A MONTANA BANK.

English Hairdressing—A Remarkable Japanese Woman—New England Women's Society—To Be a Museum of Fashion.

Though this town is unknown to fame, it boasts one legitimate claim to classification among the progressive. It has a woman bank cashier. She is not only the cashier, but does the work of the president, board of directors, teller and bookkeeper.

The Merchants' bank of Forsythe is a private concern, with capital stock of \$50,000, and its cashier is Miss Mabel Kennedy, an attractive young woman still in her teens. She is not a relative of the owner of the bank; either, but won her position by demonstrating her ability to do the work satisfactorily and safely.

Forsythe is a town of 400 people, being in the center of a vast stock raising country. The bank which Miss Kennedy conducts for an owner who is out of the state most of the time is the only institution of its kind in the city and is the place where all the railroad



men and neighboring stock growers frequent their banking business. Deposits often run well up into the thousands, and loans are at times large. Miss Kennedy passes upon all securities offered, makes the loans, receives deposits, draws exchanges, keeps the books and in fact does all the work of the bank.

The bank is in a building of its own, and, though neighbors are within easy call, the busy little cashier never has occasion to invoke the assistance of any of them. She is an expert, rapid accountant, handles money carefully and expeditiously, and knows good money from bad. She refuses loans on insufficient security so severely and with such tact that would-be borrowers have been known to persist time and again, knowing they wouldn't get the money, but counting the chance to talk to the pretty cashier worth the refusal. But the cashier is strictly business during banking hours.

Though there are cattle to the south of them and sheep to the north of them, and cowboys and shepherders on all sides of them, and a stretch of wild territory in every direction, there never has been any attempt at robbery in Forsythe, and the cashier pursues the even tenor of her way, fearing no harm, knowing that, to a man, the town would rally to her defense should a raid be attempted.

Miss Kennedy is a native of Marshalltown, Ia., where she was born about 18 years ago. Her parents are engaged in business at Forsythe, whither they came several years ago. The bank is owned by a man with large interests in Oregon, and he makes his home there most of the time, and during his absence his trusted cashier is sole manager of the bank in this city. She is a bright little woman, with many social graces, and a great favorite with all the good people of the town.—Forsythe (Mon.) Cor. Chicago Tribune.

English Hairdressing.

Lady Helen Stewart, a fashion leader of England, has decreed that society—that is, the feminine element—must part its hair on the side or expose the forehead with curls of coquettish curls. And fashion—that is, in England—is beginning to sway a bit in her direction.

While the American girl would look with horror on this unfeminine coiffure for her adoption, yet it gives a sigh of relief when she thinks that maybe Lady Helen's example will take effect among the world of Britain's elite.

That frightful curled, frizzed bang that the Princess of Wales insists upon retaining has spoiled the faces of many women who might otherwise have been called pretty.

I shall never forget once seeing Mrs. Boehmer Tree make her toilet for a reception. She had invited me up to her room. She was combing her mass of yellow hair down over her eyes, and I thought it was only a trick of getting her hair out of tangles. Judge of my surprise when she frizzed up this mass with the comb as one does feathers with a knife and let it hang in front.

On went the ever present English toque over this heroic bang, and I did not wonder that the bellboys stared.

But Mrs. Tree was only arranging her hair as all of her set do. Therefore let every lover of beauty hope that even the formality of Lady Helen's plain forehead may make headway against the untidy, unbecoming coiffures of the women of the English nobility.

What a change the sleek, well-groomed head of the American girl must be to them.—Philadelphia Press.

A Remarkable Japanese Woman.

All college women of America must feel an especial pride in the career of the charming Steimatz Rama Kana, one of the three young Japanese women educated at Vassar college 30 years ago by the Japanese government.

Extra letters from the island empire continue to bring interesting word of this remarkable woman, the wife now

of the Marquis Oyama, one of the heroes of the late war and beloved of his nation. The marquis seems to be fulfilling the prophecies of her classmates of two decades ago, who felt that her personality must make an imprint on her time. Intensely loyal to her country, she yet left here thoroughly imbued with American principles and determined to aid in the uplifting of her sex in Japan. Her last words to her friends here were to the effect that her ambition in life henceforth was to enlighten and raise her native sisters to the American standard of education and dignity of noble blood, her position, with her education, has afforded her unusual opportunity to promote this desire. Her home is the very essence of refinement, with a decidedly foreign style as to arrangement, though the gardens about are usually Japanese. With three charming children, Steimatz, for so her classmates affectionately speak of her—disposing a beautiful and uplifting influence to all who come in contact with her. While the war lasted her practical work was constant. She sent out from her own hands, aided by women of all grades of society, enormous quantities of carbolized gauze, with great packages of other sanitary supplies, to the seat of battle. She is promoting many philanthropic schemes, but none of them has she so much at heart as the education of her sisters. She is using the influence of her own and her husband's position to bring about a change of native opinion concerning Japanese women. Believing firmly in education as the chief factor in the elevation of women, in this direction she bends all her energies and arguments.—New York Times.

New England Women's Society.

The first year of existence of the National Society of New England Women recently closed in a manner auguring well for its future. Organized a year ago last March, its membership has steadily increased, reaching now considerably over 300, with a large waiting list. Since its organization its endeavors socially and financially, and its prospects indicate even greater usefulness and prosperity another year. A most interesting feature of its method of work is its historic day, held every month. At these it utters a program made up of special colonial periods is presented. The ground has been carefully covered to the close of the seventeenth century, and many delightful papers have been included in the outline.

The last historic day of the season, held a short time ago, was one of the most brilliant. It included a luncheon and reception at the Windsor hotel, besides the literary program. The occasion was called Mayflower day, and the papers treated of that historic ship. It was hoped to decorate the tables at luncheon with arbutus, the typical New England flower, but the late spring veiled this plan, none of the blossoms being found. Mrs. E. A. Greeley presided as chairman of the literary portion of the day. Delightful papers and addresses were presented by Mrs. Theodore F. Seward, Mrs. J. P. Scudder and the Rev. Phebe Hafford.

To Be a Museum of Fashion.

Paris, long reputed to be the center of fashion in feminine attire, is now about to have an institution called the Salon National de la Mode. This will be a sort of museum, exhibiting within its precincts all the styles of dress worn by the ever changing followers of the fashions during the close of the present century. Everything used for the adornment of the female form is to be visible in the new institution, and it is intended to make the collection of lace, embroidery, linen, dresses, parasols, gloves, hats, jewels and perfumery comprehensive and unique. All exhibits will be accurately classified and dated, so that the visitors to the fashion show may be able to wander from the hat which went out in 1895 to the ornamental head covering by which it was replaced in 1890, and so on with regard to the other articles of attire.

There is also to be an exhibition of the divers advances of masculine dress, and the ties, hats, canes and coats favored by the male equisites of the end of the century will find a prominent place in the new salon. The institution is to be a very serious affair, for the Salon National de la Mode is to exist, according to the determined design of its organizers and patrons, for art's sake alone, and no vulgar requirements are to be gratified inside its hallowed portals.—Paris Letter.

Mrs. Boehmer on Fashions.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher thinks that many of the prevailing fashions are absurd. "What can be more disgusting over a small, delicate face than the most absurd and troublesome headgear worn?" she said in a recent article. "We turn from this ridiculous structure to the dress, which surely should be of simplicity modify the absurdity of the other."

"But, alas, the deformity of the headgear sinks into insignificance when one sees a dress flounced, puffed and sweeping the streets with a long train. But what ejaculations are strong enough to express the surprise and disgust when one looks at the sleeves! Surely absurdity can go no farther. But fashion is a tyrant, and volumes written about the harm she does will be of little use until women defy her and make her subordinate."

"The efforts and admonitions of age and long experience have but little if any influence toward checking the long established control. That fashion for years has held over her followers. The old look sadly on the vagaries of the young, but if they should look back to their own early days they might recall absurdities. Perhaps even the dress and style to which for a long time they have pertinaciously adhered will be thought by the young liable to the same criticism."

Clara Barton's Victory.

Those who believed that Miss Clara Barton was departing on a fool's errand

when she started for Turkey with relief for the Armenians, in face of the sultan's order that she would not be permitted to distribute aid are now called upon to witness the success of this noble woman's efforts. With indomitable pluck she refused to take no for an answer from the sultan and went along calmly with her preparations, proceeded to Constantinople on her humane mission and there made a personal plea to be allowed to administer succor to the miserable Armenians. At first she was only partially successful, but then came the gratifying news that Tewfik Pasha, the Turkish foreign minister, gave his assent to the demand that all relief be sent to the Armenians by the agents of the American Red Cross society, except that one member of the Turkish relief commission should be present. Accordingly the work of relief under these conditions is going forward, and the world will have additional reason to be grateful to Miss Barton for her untiring unselfish and altogether noble efforts in behalf of suffering humanity.—Philadelphia North American.

A Vigorous Old Lady.

One of these aged Maine people, Mrs. Sally Pratt of Norway, who is 93 years old, is getting newspaper attention as an investor, managing her property without assistance, and, it is said, so as to make money by every venture. Mrs. Pratt, whose maiden name was Sally Gardner, a neberman and small farmer at Poland, and when 23 years old she married Jacob Brown, the young couple settling on a small farm in Poland. By industry and frugality they acquired considerable property, including real estate and two country stores. Mr. Brown died in 1850, and his widow managed the business for ten years, at the end of which time she married Zebead Pratt, a penniless man of the war of 1812. Soon after she sold her stores and part of her real estate, investing the proceeds in bank stock, etc. As an instance of Mrs. Pratt's industry in her younger days, it is told that one winter, during her husband's absence in Aroostook, she took care of 30 cattle and horses, did the housework for six boarders and ran a country store that did business enough to employ two clerks.—Lewiston Journal.

Packing Away Furs.

This is the time when furs are being relegated to a summer seclusion. It is well known that the hot sun is more disastrous to a seal sack or cape than a whole winter's wear, and it is the wise woman who does not expose her handsome fur garment to its ardent beams. An excellent plan to keep furs and wools from the invasion of those destroying pests, moths, is to look them over in a strong light and beat them thoroughly till not an egg can remain. Then pack away in a clean, tight barrel, whose interior has been carefully pasted over with newspaper. When the barrel is full, paste over the top a double thickness of newspaper, taking care that no single aperture is left anywhere for the entrance of the insect. A board or stiff paste board may be laid over the top, and to protect the paper cover if the barrel can stand where nothing will be likely to fall upon it, the extra cover is unnecessary.—New York Times.

Athletic Girls' Attire.

For athletic purposes, such as golfing, tennis and cycling, the jersey is quite the proper thing. They are of any conceivable color and combination, plaid, striped and woven in lozenge and other fancy patterns. These useful wares are worn with substantial leather belts and are becoming comfortable and economical. Cyclists' suits are made in more fanciful manner than formerly, and in London are frequently seen of white serge or mohair. The shapes are various, one of the latest being the empire, which is so constructed that either a man's or lady's wheel can be used. It consists of divided skirt, which is provided with a flap front, concealing the division and falling gracefully over the wheel.—Exchange.

Miss Lena Saunders.

Miss Lena Saunders, who recently died in New Orleans, went to that city 17 years ago from Connecticut and devoted herself to the work of Christianizing and civilizing the Chinamen of New Orleans. Her first intention was to work among the negroes, under the auspices of the Congregational Mission board of Norwich, Conn., but the needs of the Chinese appealed to her more strongly, and her self denying labors among them earned for her the admiration and respect of everybody in the city.

Dinner Table Lights.

The summer dinner table is to be lighted with a number of tiny lamps. The novelty last seen is a shade composed of seashells that show marvelously beautiful tints. The effect obtained is that of a glow and is supposed to be more desirable than a bright light.

The last excuse for curling papers has passed away. Some aesthetic mind has devised ribbon wavers that are so contrived as to present a fascinating array of tiny bows about the brow.

Moreen skirts, white and colored, are popular this season. They are inexpensive and seem to retain their valuable stiffening power longer than the lighter but more costly haircloth.

Through the efforts of the Chicago Woman's club notices against spitting bearing the endorsement of the board of health have been posted in the street cars of that city.

Some floors which are to be bare during the summer are painted a dull shade of green called "forest green." It is cool looking and dark enough to be easily kept clean.

Mrs. Emma Walker Herr, who was recently elected enrolling clerk of the Kentucky state senate, is a brilliant journalist.

SHOULD WOMAN PROPOSE?

Mrs. Gilman's Witty and Timely Answer to the Question in the New York Herald.

The New York Herald has been having a long article on the subject, "How Far May a Woman Go to Encourage a Man to Propose?"

Mrs. James Gilman of Brooklyn wrote the winning letter, and as the subject is one that will interest all women, and as her letter is especially witty, here are Mrs. Gilman's ideas as she gave them to The Herald:

Woman, the wisest man that ever lived, says of a good woman, "Her power is far above rubrics." Certainly, from his extraordinary and extensive experience with the sex, I should consider him competent to pass judgment.

Will you please that you are a good womanly woman, such as I describe, and that you are desirous of approaching a man on the subject of matrimony—that you are anxious to induce him to propose.

First—Select the man on whom you intend to bestow the privilege of your attention, note his behavior and general conduct, and then, if you deem him worth the winning, hold fast to him. We are strictly enjoined to "hold fast to that which is good."

Second—In your offer of companionship with him bear in mind the fact that you are a woman of great price, far above rubrics, and you will never compromise yourself by any indeliberate or ill-considered proposal.

Seek his society in such a manner that he is most cognizant of being sought after: be bright and cheerful in his presence, sympathize with him in his troubles, stimulate him to best efforts in his business affairs, cheer him when he is despondent and encourage him to confide in you.

Dress becomingly for him, but never gaudily. When he is absent from you write him a few interesting, chatty letters, wherein, if you are an adept in the art, you can weave a few insinuating expressions which may work wonders. "The pen is mightier than the sword."

Above all else, prove yourself a good listener. If he monopolizes three-fourths of the conversation, you will have the more chance to study his character, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." I guarantee that you will get in your third in the sweet by and by.

I should scarcely advise your treating him to specimens of your cookery. His mother might excel in the culinary art. Moreover, it was an uncooked apple with which Mother Eve beguiled Adam. Of the righteousness of that transaction I shall say nothing, of the success of everything, in that she misled Adam to her will. Time enough to "feed the brute" when you have to do, then feed him to your heart's content, and feed him well.

If you are making any progress with him, accord him trifling familiarities, which may be increased in proportion to his affability and his interest in you. Your womanly intuition should by this time enable you to judge whether or not you have found favor in his sight and to act accordingly. "Be ye wise as serpents, but harmless as doves."

Should there spring up between you a mutual regard, treat it as some of these dainty feminine natures which are indescribable, not because they are womanly or wrong, but because their language is more and more to the two persons most concerned.

Do not always agree with him. It is sometimes wise to quarrel to disagree.

If you have a spark of wit in your nature, you ought by this time to have made yourself in some way to his existence that he will miss you sadly when absent and will begin to realize that "it is not good for man to be alone."

Though all progress will, draw the line at pronounced osculation. Never permit him to kiss you. That is the privilege of the engaged. But since the apostle says, "Greet ye one another with an holy kiss," you might vouchsafe him just one—some might say, parting, perhaps. But if he attempts to return it do not permit it. Tell him, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Finally, you might inform him that you can put him in the way of finding a "good thing" and refer him to the nineteenth chapter of Proverbs, the twenty-second verse. If he be a manly sort of fellow, and cares anything for you, he will doubtless follow the exhortation of the prophet and thus find favor with you and the Lord.

Should your innate modesty rebel somewhat at this suggestion, you may console yourself by remembering that it is indeed your leap year privilege.

If you are the dear, womanly, nestling creature you ought to be, he must have proposed long ago. If he has not, discard him, for either he is not worthy of you or you are not "en rapport" with him.

In that case try again.

Her Cycle Book.

The bicycle book is the latest, a pretty conceit which will doubtless find favor with the fair devotees of the wheel. It is intended to be used as a sort of diary of one's trips and to record the speed and length of each ride. Like the address book and the calling list book, which have been found really useful, this little book is handmade. The best of paper should be used and the cover should be of canvas, parchment or leather. A tiny painting, or pen and ink drawing of a wheel, with a suitable motto or apt quotation, would be just right for decoration.

Curling the Hair.

When curled and waved hair must be had at any cost, wet your hair thoroughly with good cologne or alcohol and while it is wet curl over a smooth hot iron. When the hair is perfectly dry, comb out your curls and arrange as best pleases you. Then powder the hair slightly, and you need not worry over the result for some hours. This treatment is only for summer, and even then should not be tried every day, as it would in time dry and fade the hair.

Women Students at St. Andrews.

The graduation ceremonial at St. Andrews this year was memorable for the bestowal of the M. A. degree upon four women students, to say nothing of the capping of "Ian MacIarlan" as D. D. In the course of his remarks at the conclusion of the ceremony Principal Donaldson drew attention to one remarkable feature which demanded special notice.

"Last year," he observed, "one woman student received the degree of master of arts, but her attendance and course of studies were exceptional. This year they had conferred the degree upon several who had regularly gone through all their classes, doing the ordinary work along with the other students. The attendance of women students at regular classes had been deemed by many a doubtful experiment. But the women students had justified the bestowal of the privilege upon them. They had exercised a healthy influence on all. They had worked with great diligence, and the list of distinctions which they had gained was proof that they could gain the highest eminence, not only in languages, but in mathematics, natural philosophy and logic, subjects for which some persons thought women had no great capacity."—London News.

The Feminine Searcher.

The feminine searcher is not an altogether lovely object. Unless she intends to be a professional she should leave this form of amusement to men. A woman with her back doubled into a bow-knot, her hair awry, her hair disheveled and her face scarlet with exertion is neither fascinating nor attractive. She takes on an anxious, worried look in her eyes, and has her muscles developed at the expense of her feminine grace and her complexion coarsened by the rude contact of wind and weather. Instead of exercise the searcher invites exhaustion, which is sure to follow in the wake of fast and fatiguing rides. The woman who has a passion for scorching loses half the pleasure of riding. She rushes along without taking time to contemplate the beauties of nature. The melting hues of summer sunsets, the charm of the smiling landscape, are all lost upon the inveterate searcher, whose sole ambition it is to do so many miles in a certain stipulated length of time. Besides, she does not take care as much of herself as the trainer does of a valuable race horse.

She finally breaks down from sheer exhaustion and decides that her mission as a searcher is finished.—Godley's Magazine.

A Charming Lawn Costume.

"A charming lawn costume, stamped at once with simplicity and smartness, is made of material that has a dark blue background with a hairline of white running through it," writes Isabel A. Mallon in Ladies Home Journal. "The skirt is quite plain, but on each side of the center of the front with a dark blue taffeta ribbon starts from the belt and extends to the edge of the skirt, being caught at a quarter of a yard from the edge with a full rosette of white satin ribbon. The bodice is draped to the figure and has a sailor collar at the back, the top of the lawn is covered with two flaring layers of the lawn overlaid with embroidery in the same way. These are cut down sharply at the waist line and terminate in a belt of blue taffeta ribbon that is drawn to the back, where it falls in long ends, while it is caught just at the joining at the center of the waist line at the back with a flaring bow of white satin ribbon. The stock is of white satin ribbon with a turned over collar of the embroidery, and at the back there is a blue taffeta bow that fastens so much it can be seen from the front. The full sleeves shape in at the wrists. The hat is dark blue."

Popular Corsage Decorations.

It has been the habit to laugh at the Johnny with his enormous corsage button. Now the women are taking to the big flower, although not necessarily a chrysanthemum. To be up to date the feminine corsage must be decorated with a flower of tremendous proportions—a poppy, a wild rose, a lily or a single dahlia. Any of these flowers will do, but the blossom must be as big as it can be got.

The idea is a great deal like the sunflower craze of 10 or 15 years ago, when the emblem of aestheticism was worn by everybody. It is true that the sunflower was not so handsome as some of the flowers that are popular now, so that the woman of today is better than she was when everything was "precious" and angularity was regarded as the outward significance of inward culture. The single blossom must be fastened in the middle of the corsage, and if the woman has some difficulty in seeing over the top of it, so much the more stylish she.—New York Press.

A Revived Fashion.

Paris designers are making a graceful princess gown resembling a director's redingote—a revived fashion handsomely improved upon. One model is of sage green etamine, of silky texture, with petticoat front of lustrous shot silk reflecting pink, green and pale gold shades. The large revers, stock collar and sleeve trimmings are of sage green velvet. Small buttons of brown and gold fasten the narrow shirred vest, and three very large ones to match are on either side of the waist portion beyond the points of the revers. Another model is cut out square in the neck, with gimpes, and full sleeves of Marie Antoinette brocade.

The Women Voted.

Woman's suffrage was tried at the annual elections in the Episcopal churches in Oakland, Cal., recently and proved a great success. The women turned out in large numbers to exercise their new privilege and interested themselves greatly in the election. They did not in any case vote for the woman's party arrayed against the men, but voted for the regular candidates.

Hard on Papa.

Johnny Jameson had arrived at his eighth birthday and thought that it would be real nice to write a letter to his papa, and this is the way he began:

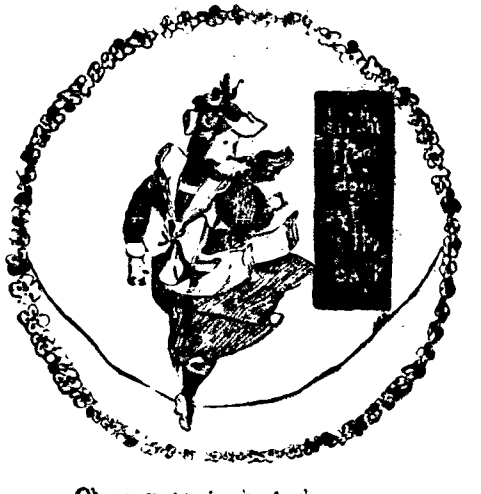
MY DEAR PAPA—Whenever I am tempted to go wrong, I think of you and say, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

—Our Girls and Boys.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Skiing the Rope.

Winter time has fasted away. Spring has come and with it the rope. Spring has come and with it the rope. When the sky is blue, the sun appears, With a skip, skip, skip. And a skip, skip, skip. As this we see, and fall, In just a moment. The little rope is here. Are coming to the call.



Oh, so many tricks to do. That out no other also knew. "Go to the Front Door," "Baking Bread," "Chase the Fox," and "Needle Thread." With a skip, skip, skip. And a skip, skip, skip. With a hop, jump, bump. And a trip, trip, trip. Untill you're out of breath.

Hear the counting, sure and slow: To a hundred they must go. With the hand or arm should swerve, With the ropeless rope its curve. With a skip, skip, skip. And a trip, trip, trip. Untill the task is done; With cheeks so red, And ruffled head—Bravo, my little one!



Boys may leap and vault so high. But none was ever known to try To master this soft, little spring That is so intricate a thing. With a skip, skip, skip. And a trip, trip, trip. Oh, may I always hear That pat pat pat That seems to fit This blossom time of year! —Anna R. Potter, in St. Nicholas.

Indian Children.

Although Indian children have their games and good times as well as their more civilized brothers and sisters, they also have much hard work to do and are taught to help their poor tired mothers almost as soon as they learn to walk. One of the principal duties of Indian children is that of supplying their camp or village with water. These camps are always near a river or stream, for of course wandering tribes of Indians cannot have wells or cisterns, and from the river the children must carry up to the ledge all the water used in cooking.

In this work they call to their aid their playmates, the dogs, always plentiful in Indian villages. To the collars of the dogs are fastened two long, light poles, one on each side, that drag on the ground some distance behind them. On these poles, about half way to the ground, is fixed the kettle or earthen jar that is to be filled with water, and then the dogs are driven down to the river.

Some of the larger boys have ponies, to which they attach heavier poles in the same way that the light ones are fastened to the dogs, and on which they can carry as much as a barrel of water at a time.

At the river side the children have great fun while filling their various jars and kettles. They duck and splash each other, run, scream, laugh and often forget entirely that the village is waiting for its daily supply of water, until the shrill voices of some squaw mother warns them that they are neglecting their duty, and if they do not attend to it at once they will have to suffer the consequences.—Detroit Free Press.

The Art of Studying.

A girl who entered the manual training school two months ago complains of the lessons she has to learn—so many pages of one study and so many of another. Just think of it! The actual number certainly appeared formidable, but an investigation would no doubt prove that what she really had to learn was a lesson of fair length. The secret of study in the higher branches is to read the pages assigned slowly and carefully, making mental note of—or marking if you dare not trust your memory—those parts which you feel need to be learned by heart. You will be astonished at the shortness of the list. One reading will fix the incidents of ten pages of history well in mind. The dates and names would not fill half a page. The same is true of spelling. Suppose your teacher gives you two or three pages from "Evangeline" or a history or geography. The way to learn the lesson is to select the words which have silent or double letters, those involving e or i or o. Learn that list and you will have accomplished what your teacher intended you to do.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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