

WOMAN'S WORLD.

MISS CORNELIA G. CROSBY, THE QUEEN OF ANGLERS.

Latest in Ribbon Trimmings—English Women in Politics—Mrs. Cleveland's Memory—About Gloves—Walls of Summer Houses—Mrs. Carson Loves the Ocean.

Miss Cornelia G. Crosby, or, as she is better known in the sporting world, "Fly Rod," with her cabin and guides, her live fish and mounted game, was unquestionably one of the greatest attractions at the sportsmen's exposition recently held at Madison Square Garden, New York.

The cabin which held Miss Crosby's hunting and fishing treasures and trophies was brought piecemeal from the Maine woods and erected by stalwart, bronzed fellows, who spent their odd moments exploring the novel mysteries of Broadway and the Bowery, for Miss Crosby's guides were new to the metropolis.

The live fish, numbering 100 trout and salmon that departed themselves in the five tanks close to the cabin, were brought down from the Rangeley lake region in a special fish car sent from Washington for that purpose, a compliment from the United States to "Fly Rod" perfectly unique of its kind.

Miss Crosby is very proud of the fact that she has been self supporting and independent from girlhood. Her education has been largely of that interesting, desultory character gleaned from daily "loving" intercourse with nature. The only conventional item in it seems to have been a year spent at St. Catherine's school at Augusta, Me., where she numbered among her school friends James G. Blaine's daughter Alice. She does not appear to envy girls whose training



MISS "FLY ROD."

has been of the more fashionable order, for she has found nature and people, her guides and the woods satisfactory substitutes for both teachers and libraries. In talking over her fishing exploits recently to a friend, Miss Crosby said: "I fail to see how women can be happy who live so far from nature as do most dwellers in cities. There is no reason in the world why women should not do their fair share of hunting, fishing and tramping, and be all the better and stronger for it. I feel nearer heaven in the woods than in a house, some way."

"The pine woods and nervous prostration never go well together," she continued, "and a woman hasn't time to fret when she is taking a trout on the fly. I really doubt whether there is any sport in the world half so delightful as angling or half so graceful and healthful for our sex. What gems sparkle as the gleam of a speckled beauty darting through limpid water, or where is the collection of china or lace as interesting as a well filled fly book?"

"And, another thing, while fishing you are out of doors in the sunshine, coloring your cheeks and strengthening your muscles. "I first went out in the Maine woods to live because the doctors told me that I was dying with consumption and my only chance for life was to be in the sunshine. You see it was a very good chance." The stalwart Maine girl said laughing as she straightened up her splendidly proportioned body, 5 feet tall and supple as a young forest tree.

Miss Crosby's voice is deep and vibrating, and gives the impression that it would send a ringing shout over hills and meadows, and her hand grasp is almost painful in its intense cordiality, a clasp that would convert a skeptical guide into a devoted friend.

Miss "Fly Rod," as she is sometimes quaintly called by the guides, who are her staunch friends and admirers, spends most of her time hunting and fishing in and about the Rangeley lakes in the upper hunting region of Maine. When she grows tired of rifle and rod, or perhaps on stormy days, she lounges in her hammock or in the cozy corner of her cabin and writes delightful stories of the forests and rivers for outing magazines and papers, signing her favorite name, Miss A. Fulton in Chicago Record.

Latest in Ribbon Trimmings.

Figured braid or chine ribbons are used for belts, crush collars and bows. Bretteles of ribbon, also called suspenders, end on the shoulders in a simple bowknot or an upright bow of three loops and four notched ends. Brazelet cuffs on elbow sleeves are merely a plain or twisted band of ribbon ending in a bow at the back. A new decoration of two inch ribbon starts from the shoulder under a bowknot, follows the arm size to the bust, is caught there with a large fancy button, turned and brought straight across the bust to tie in a bow of four loops and two ends, all short. Another idea is not long from Paris and is carried out in a six inch ribbon for bretteles, back and front, crush collar, ditty belt, bow at back of each and on the shoulders. In front one brettele fin-

ishes under a knot of ribbon, from which fall two long ends. The other brettele is finished with a fan of seven inch lace held by a rhinestone button. Espanté ruffles of lace are fastened under the bretteles just at the top of the shoulders, and a folded band of the ribbon across the upper part of the front has a fall, called a bib of the lace, with two buttons at each side confining the band. The quantities necessary are three yards of lace, five buttons and ten yards of ribbon. Even ribbon as narrow as three inches may be used if preferred. The plain and printed gold ribbons are used for belts in widths of 1 1/2 to 2 inches with a gilt or enameled buckle tied in a tiny bowknot in front. These last will without tarnishing if not allowed to become damp. They should also be kept wrapped in tissue paper when not in use, as should steel buckles and clasps. A fancy button centering a bow of ribbon, lace, rosette, etc., is much more than a cover of the same grade. Ribbons are never missed a summer, revealing gowns.—Ladies' Home Journal.

English Women in Politics.

The position of English women in politics finds no parallel here outside of the states of Wyoming, Colorado and Kansas. English women vote on every question but the selection of members of parliament. That right is within sight. Each of the three great parties has a woman's league actively working with it. Its place is recognized, and certain parts of the canvas, such as house to house visiting, are largely in its hands.

This work the political secretary organizes. She has her district, her sub-committees, her political methods. In her books she has enrolled the name of every voter in her district, his occupation, his residence, his political affiliations. Of this individual she keeps constant trace. She chases him from lodging house to lodging house. In the record of two years one restless person has moved his trunk 18 times, yet her finger was upon him. She visits his wife, pets the children, offers a recipe for a stew, captures the family confidence and all to gain or keep a vote.

"She holds public meetings once a month in connection with the masculine organization and helps to provide entertainment, speakers or perhaps speaks herself.

Here is a woman in the thick of machine politics, a new woman, a woman bachelor. She is little, demure, cherry cheeked, low voiced, conventional in manner to the point of preciseness, and with those pretensions to fashionable costuming that Americans recognize as English. She could not sufficiently express her surprise that her position and her work should appear so novel to an American.—Mary Gay Humphreys in Scribner's.

Mrs. Cleveland's Memory.

A trait that has added greatly to Mrs. Cleveland's popularity is her wonderful memory for faces and names. A woman visiting Washington during the past winter was most anxious to see Mrs. Cleveland. Upon inquiry she found that the only way in which this could be accomplished was to attend the public reception. This she accordingly did, but when she found herself in the procession composed of the queer medley of people who usually attend these functions she was greatly embarrassed. Beside her in the line was an old woman fresh from her stand in the market, who had left a basket of produce outside. In front was a cowboy from the prairies in slouch hat and top boots. Near by she saw an old woman flower seller with her basket of half faded carnations in her hand.

When at length she reached Mrs. Cleveland, she said a few words of her distress at being one of such a company. Mrs. Cleveland was all graciousness. "If you will tell me your name and address," she said, with one of her bewitching smiles, "I will send you a card to my private reception. You will find that pleasanter, I think."

The visitor told her where she was staying, and was much pleased at her pleasant reception; but it did not occur to her, as possible that the president's wife would remember the card. What then was her astonishment to receive the invitation the next morning! When she attended the private reception, her cup of bliss was quite full when Mrs. Cleveland recognized her and called her by name.

About Gloves.

According to the good women who set the standards of manners in the early Victorian era, a lady might be known by her gloves. If they were flawless and flawless, she was presumably so. If their two buffons were neatly sewed on and their fingers free from rents, she was a neat and commendable person.

Nowadays, when thinkers put startling reds, blinding violets and noisy shades of green on the market to tempt the unwary, it is harder to live up to the glove standard of good breeding. Mere neatness does not suffice. One must escape the color pitfalls.

Tans, unless they are of the blood orange hue that sometimes masquerade under that name, are generally safe. The wise woman, however, is careful how she buys bright shades of tan, as they are apt to become positively glaring in contrast with gowns. Mode color is safer for general wear. Gray, of course, is always charming when worn with frocks of harmonizing colors. Black gloves are "distinguished" looking with all colors except black. Lemon color, with inconspicuous stitching, is a favorite for afternoon "dress" affairs. It may be added that heavy stitching, except upon heavy dogskin gloves, is inappropriate and inelegant.

Walls of Summer Houses.

During recent years the fashion of using narrow boards, tongued and grooved, in preference to plaster for the walls and ceiling of summer cottages has become very general. For one thing it is cheaper, and for another it puts a limit on the damage that can be done

SHES A CRACK SHOT.

A Hootchy Woman Who Has Won Fame as a Surtur Shooter.

Young women who close their eyes and shriek at rifle shooting matches and who refuse to stay in the same neighborhood with a revolver will probably regard Mrs. Joseph Vincent of Kentucky as a most un feminine being. Mrs. Vincent has won renown in her state by her prowess with firearms. Her target on two occasions have been burglars and her shots most effective.

One time, two years ago, Mrs. Vincent was alone in her home when the house was broken into by a burglar. She discovered his presence, armed herself with a 44 caliber pistol and aimed

Mrs. Carson Loves the Ocean.

What do you think of using an ocean steamer as a regular boarding place? It strikes me as rather odd, for most persons who cross the ocean are glad enough to get on shore again at the end of a week or ten days. Yet one of New York city's papers told recently of a woman who has crossed on the big Cunarder Lucania almost every trip since the first time she sailed away from her home port. Before that the lady had crossed on other ships that pleased her, but the Lucania has been her home for two years. In it she has made 46 voyages over the Atlantic. She has the same cabin always, and it is fitted up with the familiar things one keeps about in one's room, so that it seems very much like her. She rarely leaves the ship when it is in port, though she has occasionally done so. The officers on the Lucania and the stewards and servants are so used to their regular passenger that on the three occasions on which she has failed to cross they have much missed her and felt as if all was not right aboard the ship. The lady, whose name is Mrs. Carson, likes the salt air and the ocean breeze, and as she has neither husband nor children there is no reason to prevent her from making her home afloat.

Miss F. C. Baylor.

Miss Frances Courtenay Baylor of Winchester, Va., is to supervise the work in Virginia which has been started by the trustees of the John F. Slater fund for the education of the freedmen. The plan is to supply, at various centers, in every southern state, thorough courses of industrial education for colored women and girls of 14 years and upward, and to aid them with such material training and help in home improvement as can be given by the best teachers. The work is to begin in Virginia and Alabama. Miss Baylor is well fitted for the work in her own state by 21 years' experience in parochial missions. She is a member of the council of the G. M. F. Society for Virginia and of the Christ church chapter of the Daughters of the King in Winchester. She is a woman of culture, with a mind broadened by several years' residence abroad. Next to be the first residential station of the work.—Africanistic Interchange.

Perfumes Are Healthful.

A writer of note says that "science has come forward and declared perfumes healthy. A learned Italian has discovered that cherry, laurel, cloves, geranium, lavender, mint, juniper, lemon, lemon verbena, fennel, sage and bergamot exercise a healthy influence upon humanity by converting the oxygen into ozone, and thus increasing its oxidizing influence. In the perfumes just mentioned there is a large quantity of ozone. Among those which he also favors as of all in this manner, but in a lesser degree, are anise, nutmeg and thyme. Aromatic flowers that are medicinally qualified are the hyacinth, all geraniums, lily of the valley, all of which have some inclosed vessels."—Exchange.

Picture Gowns.

Since exaggeration is not a part of fashion's plan this season, and large "picture hats" are going out of fashion, "picture gowns" have come to perpetuate the name. Just how they differ from a tea gown is not exactly clear, but they are said to suggest both mental and physical repose in the most subtle and luxurious manner. The gown is made of flounced silk with a trained skirt gathered full in the old fashioned way around the waist. A deep corslet of velvet and a fish trimming of Flemish lace complete the full waist.—New York Sun.

Shrinking Cotton Goods.

She who has learned wisdom from the experience of former summer storms and laundries sends cotton—as well as woolen—goods to be shrunk before making them up. Gingham and linens have been known to lose as many fractions of an inch after a wetting as serge.

Ordering boxes make the last device for the comfort of traveling woman-kind. They are of silver, attractive in themselves, and they keep all the paraphernalia of waved and curled hair conveniently at hand.

Mrs. C. J. Young was chosen to the school board of Yellow Springs, O., at the recent election. Three of the six members are now women, two women having been chosen last year.

Miss Kaku Sudo and Miss Hana Abe, two young Japanese women, have just graduated from the Laura Memorial Medical college in Cincinnati after taking the four years' course.

The latest thing in photography is to have one's back taken. This is particularly popular with women who have pretty arms and shoulders.

The international women's conference will meet in Berlin on Sept. 16 and 17.

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Mrs. JOSEPH VINCENT.

at him as he was escaping through the yard. He was hit, but not sufficiently disabled to check his flight. However, when he was found later, the wounds proved admirable identification marks.

The other night a bold robber entered the house of one of Mrs. Vincent's neighbors, and, though discovered, was not dislodged until the valiant lady, armed with her trusty weapon, next door, appeared at a window. She shot at him, and he decided to leave the premises. He is being pursued by the police, who hope to recognize him partly by Mrs. Vincent's bullet mark.—New York Journal.

Women Kidnaped the Mayor.

Forty women, leading members of local clubs and church societies, recently made a captive of Mayor John V. Sterr. They caught him on the street, and, dragging him into a private residence, demanded that he cooperate with them in a movement of reform.

The women cried that the laws were not being enforced, that the sale of cigarettes was carried on with impunity, that young girls were being introduced away, and that the saloon regulations were loose and boys of all ages were given liquor upon asking.

For two hours the mayor was kept a prisoner, and not until he promised to submit the matter to the executive department of the city was he permitted to escape.

The women demanded the adoption of a curfew law upon the ringing of which children of certain ages must retire from the streets.

The city is considerably torn up over the determined stand taken by the women, and the effect of their interview with the mayor is freely discussed.—St. Joseph (Mich.) City Chicago Tribune.

A Pretty Conceit.

If you wish to be quite up to date as a noble housewife, you must have a gold pencil swinging from a slender gold chain at the belt.

A foreign woman of high degree all ways carries one in the morning as she goes about her household business, as she studies the models and fashions of counts and peers her white hair was over the morning's work.

While American women frequently admired this habit, when on the part of her great majesty, she did not think of all of it and not more.

But the best dressed actress on the American stage has added one to her toilet in the role of matron, and every well organized household will shortly see its mistress have one.

They are a pretty conceit.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Possibilities of Women.

Miss Lula M. Lloyd of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, chose as the subject of her graduating essay, "The Possibilities of Woman." It was a thoughtful and logical paper, showing that woman's capabilities are positive proof of her possibilities and duties. The voice of this is the voice of her Creator. In literature in the higher education, in science and in reform women have settled the question by their successful achievements. Having done so much, what may not women accomplish? Miss Lloyd remarked in closing that the Emerson college is a living example of the possibilities of women.

Young Women Sculptors.

There is quite a little colony of women sculptors in Paris. Miss Zoome Taft and Miss Janet Scudder of Terre Haute, Ind., are their modeling busts.

Miss Bessie Potter of Missouri, whose life size bust of Professor Swing has been much commended, is another, and Miss Julia Bracken, whose World's fair statue, "Illinois Welcoming the Nations," won fame for her, is a fourth. They are all young women.

A Girl Mail Carrier.

Rosella Babcock, a strong girl of 15, is an important factor in the mail service at Palmasola, Fla. Twice every week day, wind or calm, rain or shine, she rows a mile to deliver the mail to the river boat Tarpon. On the \$20 per month that she earns by this work she supports a mother and younger sister.

To Drive Away Moths.

Moths form one of the veritable plagues of the housewife. A simple remedy and preventive is given in the shape of whole cloves, which are to be plentifully placed wherever the insects abound. Oil of cloves dropped on lint or wool has a like effect.

A Woman's Club story.

A rather good story is going the rounds, according to the Boston Transcript, in a certain club within ten miles of the Hub. It is to the effect that a well known learned professor was written to by the president and asked if he would lecture before her club on a certain date, the price not being named, whereupon he replied, not without good reason, it is to be feared, that he was sick and tired of being asked to lecture before women's clubs for \$10 per afternoon, and that if she could manage to pay him \$25 he would try to go to her club as desired. Now it happens that this is a very large club, with a high fee, and there is considerable money in the treasury. Consequently this president, with a wicked gleam in her handsome eyes, sat down and wrote the learned professor that, as they had not yet paid a lecturer any less than \$50 a lecture, they considered themselves especially fortunate in being able to secure his services for \$25 and would consider him engaged for the specified date. And then he wished he hadn't!

The Throat and Shoulders.

Fashion is in extremes as regards throat and shoulder decorations. For evening wear the medici collar is often of very pronounced type and elegantly elaborated with neck jewels and sequins, rich lace, points and hand wrought embroideries. Capes, berthas and fichus are all made with an excessive amount of trimming around the neck and shoulders, and huge lace and chiffon boas supply in many cases the something and nothing that is needed to distinguish outdoor from indoor dress. The latest display of shoulder capes shows models challenging the powers of the best descriptive writers. Every possible elaboration is bestowed upon them, and frequently as many as six different materials and half as many colors go to the completion of a single small cape, the new models being very much abbreviated, very frilly from throat to lower edge and formed of velvet, lace, chiffon, silk passementerie, embroidered gauze, insertion and ribbon.—New York Post.

College Bred Waitresses.

The independence of the American college girl is a constant source of surprise to foreigners. The fact that a girl who is cultivating her mind is not above exercising her body in the performance of menial duties is something incomprehensible to the aristocrat on the other side. It is possible that these very aristocrats have been served to ham and eggs or some less vulgar food by some ambitious American girl who puts her pride in her pocket until she gets an education that she thinks is worth being proud of. Every summer the hotels along the St. Lawrence number several young women among their waitresses, who are freshmen or sophomores in some neighboring college. The girls look upon the venture as a sort of outing, and though the work is often very arduous and at times humiliating, most of them manage to get a pretty good time out of it and enough money to pay the expenses for the coming term.—Boston Journal.

The White Veiled Woman.

The white veiled woman will have to pay for her caprice this summer. It has been discovered that whereas it is possible to wear cheap colored veils with more or less impunity, the white veil needs to be good to be even tolerable. White of course is a generic term, the species including cream, ivory, butter color, and even a very light tan. The veils range in price from \$1 to \$15, which is freely asked for some special confection with hand wrought lace edges and figures. A curious effect of the white veil is that it heightens the fairness of a blond face, and adds a becoming tinge of dusky to a tan complexion. It seems to have the curious quality of bringing out the typical characteristics of a good complexion.

The woman who is sallow or whose skin has that lifeless tint possessed by some blonds whose beauty has passed need not hope for a magic effect from this veil.—New York Correspondent.

An Odd Cottage Hanging.

A lovely and appropriate hanging for a seaside cottage is made from a fish net of fine quality in an ecrú color. To this are fastened the small transparent gold colored shells found on many of our northern beaches. A hole is made in each shell with a small awl or heated bawpin. The shell is pierced near the top and sewed to the net with linen thread the color of the net. The shells are not used in a pattern, but scattered evenly over the surface. The top of the hanging may be finished with a fringe of macramé cord mixed with strands of shells. Such a curtain shows to the best advantage when it is hung where the light shines through it.

A Caution to Lady Cyclists.

A London exchange says: "The latest form of confidence trick—when, oh, when is the confidence trick going to become extinct?—is for a faultlessly dressed young man to proffer assistance to lady cyclists to remedy some fancied defect in their machines. The 'repairs' accomplished, the scamp modestly offers to try the machine, 'just to see if it's all right now.' He does try it, or has done so in at least three cases recently, and it is found 'all right' to such good purpose that machine and young man vanish from the lady's ken forever more.

Women and Reform.

Mrs. Eveleen L. Mason, at a recent meeting of the Moral Education society, read a paper on "Purity," containing many original and interesting thoughts. In conclusion she said: "It is doubtful if people ever will, as a whole, learn life's true refinement until women are sustained in their work of making and carrying out laws which will enable such a jejeune love of decency and such reverence for life as shall secure health, wealth and vivacity to individuals and to the nation at large."—Boston Woman's Journal.

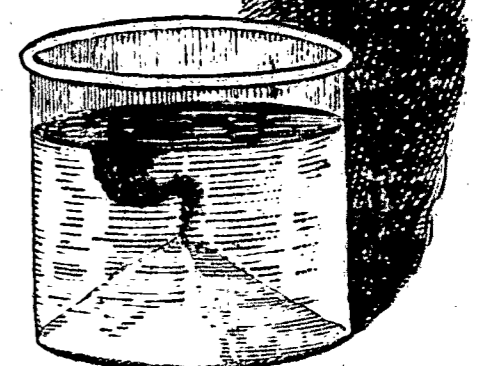
FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A HOMEMADE VESUVIUS.

A Simple but Interesting Experiment With Water and Wine.

The specific gravity of wine, as you know, is less than that of the water, and this knowledge will enable you to make a very pretty experiment, a sort of imitation Mount Vesuvius.

Fill a small flask with red wine and close the mouth with a cork through



which you have made a hole with a red-hot wire. Place the flask upright in a flat glass vessel, and around it build a mound of clay or of sand and earth to represent your volcano.

Now pour clear water into the glass vessel until the latter is nearly full, and you will see the red wine begin to come up from the flask in an ever widening thread, just like a column of vapor from a volcano. To start the wine from the flask, it may be necessary to give the water a circular motion with the hand, but this must be done very gently.

The principle is in the difference in the gravity of the two liquids; the wine, being lighter, ascends to the top of the vessel after coming out of the flask.

How Do You Pronounce Them?

You've all heard the fairy story about the pretty little girl whose beauty was spoiled when she spoke, for out of her mouth jumped with every word frogs, toads, lizards and all sorts of disagreeable things. Do you know there are pretty girls now, and fine, manly looking boys, who are almost as disagreeable when they begin to speak as that girl in the fairy story? It is because they talk carelessly and instead of clear, well spoken words, properly pronounced and grammatically phrased, they let all sorts of slovenly speech slip through their lips. Listen to what one household up town is doing to better the faulty English of its members. Each one who is detected by another in a slip of speech is fined on a sliding scale from 10 cents apiece for the parents to 1 cent for five blunders in the youngest child. The money goes into the fresh air bank. These are some of the poor tortured words that they have been paid for. They are spelled here as they were pronounced, and it will be a good exercise for you to go over them and see how many of them you would have pronounced in the same way: Suggest, litterateur, bezuz, pligh, nooze, srewd, murtle, muddle, height, tremenjous, tosh, wuz, yella, dooty, wite, huspittle, puple, afterwords, nananza, verzlon, Cincinnati, February, Mizoura, libry, accross, excursion, awfice, Wawashing-ton, a tall for at all, and 'n', that popular conjunction.—New York Times.

The Dog Rides a Wheel.

A small boy has been riding about town with a box attached to the front of his bicycle. The box is made in imitation of a bicycle "baby carrier." In the box sits a small black dog as proud as Lucifer. He looks around disdainfully and sniffs at ordinary dogs who cannot ride a bicycle and are compelled to walk.

A dog is the most luxurious creature in the world. He is worse than a cat when he is spoiled. A dog who never thought of other locomotion than his sturdy legs can be turned into a lazy beast who will not stir unless he is in a wheeled conveyance. If you want to spoil a dog, take him in a buggy just once. After that he will not run behind or under it if he can help himself. A dog will get the street car habit also and jump to the platform of a car whenever it stops and ride until he is kicked off. There are several such in town.

The small boy's little black dog barks loudly to be put in the box whenever the boy goes for a ride, and if the boy starts out without him he sulks and will not follow as he did before the boy put the box on his bicycle.—Exchange.

Two Pictures.

The sun was shining calm and bright, The meadow grass was deep, The daisies and the buttercups Were nodding half asleep; And overhead the sparrow sat And dozed upon the bough, For all the world was sleepy, then, When Johnny drove the cow.

The sun was like a flaming bead, The field was like the sea, The grass, the angry makes, did hiss And wriggle at his knee; The sparrows turned to goblinimps That yelled and flattered on, As through a world gone raving mad, The cow was driving John.

—Laura E. Richards in St. Nicholas.

Its Nose.

A teacher was hearing a class in the infant Sunday school room and was having her scholars finish each sentence to show that they understood her. "The idol had eyes," she said, "but it couldn't."—"See," cried the children. "It had ears, but it couldn't."—"Hear," was the answer. "It had lips," went on the teacher, "but it couldn't."—"Speak," once more replied the class. "It had a nose, but it couldn't."—"Wipe it," shouted the children. And the lesson had to stop a moment for the teacher to recover her composure.—New York Times.

What to Call It.

Every girl old enough to read a newspaper takes an interest in weddings, especially in the cake. "It may interest you to know that the soft icing which comes directly next to the fruit cake is called bliss.