

WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE WOMAN ENGINEER AT THE BIG ELECTRICAL SHOW.

She Many Ways You May Wear Your Hair. Mrs. Stanford Pays the Bequest—Dangers of the Tight Collar—Dewey Talks to Women.

On the ground floor of the Electrical Exhibition building, where few of the visitors go, a young woman was at work among whirling dynamos and powerful engines. She was the controlling genius of them all, the chief engineer of the exhibition. Without her thousands of electric lights could not shine nor the many working models run. This young woman was Mrs. Helene Walton, a practical engineer and mechanic. Her practical duty was to re-



MRS. HELENE WALTON.

the great battery of boilers that furnished steam for all the engines in the building. "I don't exactly need the men," said Mrs. Walton, "but the management thought it would be better to have them around in case a steam pipe should break or something get out of order. I always did like to be around boilers and engines. I met my husband in an engine room, and that decided my future. He is an engineer, and I cling to the work for the love of machinery. "I wouldn't be a typewriter or a clerk in any store. Women can do any work that men can, and they're going to monopolize all occupations. In a few years there won't be anything for men to do but wash dishes." Mrs. Walton kept an eye on the gauges, and not a thing in the room escaped her attention. The men obeyed her orders with pleasure, and the throbbing engines and dynamos sent pulses of power through the great building. —New York World.

It has finally come to pass that in the matter of the coiffure few intelligent cultivated women follow any universal mode or iron rule in the arrangement of their hair to suit the features of their friends or neighbors, but in accordance with their own particular cast of countenance and their individual fancy. As a result one notices at any fashionable evening gathering a medley of graceful and becoming styles of coiffure that not infrequently are quite an artistic study. The compact lustrous braided coil at the back of the head is popular with many, especially women who elect for the trim princess or the open back poke bonnet.

There are high rolled coiffures in pompadour, Josephine and medley styles, with or without the full puffs above the roll, bowknot, effects on the sides or at the top of the head in the back, with glittering diamond or paste pins thrust in here and there. Low, broad Russian coiffures, with hair in deep waves over the brow and sides of the head; Greek knots with classic fillets of narrow gold or silver set with tiny gems to bind down the ripples of hair—a very special style seldom to be ventured upon; braids a la chateleine caught up with a large Arabian bow or hair ornament, the Clyde style, with a few short, airy curls bound with a soft braid of hair in the center of the head or in the shape of the neck, as precedes most becoming. There is likewise the Maori coiffure in which a length of abundant hair is lightly braided and coiled round and round the crown of the head like a fluffy aureole, and fixed with tiny gem set pins.

There are other arrangements, combining tresses knotted, braided and waved, giving the effect of a great wealth of women's crowning glory, or severe coiffures adjusted with plain rich tortoise shell pins, Spanish styles; also with the inevitable high back comb as a finishing touch, and coiffures in unique modes of the ultra-English order, the hair parted in the center, and minus puff, wave or ornament, and lastly, the short cut style, curling all over the head and parted on the left, with little side combs to hold the rings of hair in place above the temples. —New York Post.

Mrs. Stanford Pays the Bequest. Mrs. Jane L. Stanford lost no time after winning her suit with the United States government in providing for the payment of the \$2,500,000 bequest to the Leland Stanford, Jr., university left to the institution by her husband, the late senator. For three years the estate of Senator Stanford has been tied up with litigation, begun by the government to collect the enormous sum of \$16,287,000, which it was alleged was due on the Central Pacific Railroad company's bonds under the California constitution.

During these three years of dread that the estate would be wrecked if not totally annihilated, and with it the noble university founded in memory of her son, Mrs. Stanford sacrificed everything in the way of personal comfort and the means of life to maintain the college,

which was in dire need. She lived the life almost of a nun, began an economy of every dollar, and in the direction of the money left for her estate that made the work of her hands in the days of the senator's widowhood, then pity and grief to be plaud, she kept the only thing that had had the proud satisfaction of paying over the money left for her estate.

The decision of the supreme court handed down March 2, and the fact that in two months Mrs. Stanford was able to hand over to the university \$2,500,000 shows her wonderful executive ability and the hold she had on every detail of the property. This payment means an assured income for the great institution, to what may happen to any persons or persons, and this assured income implies an end to the financial distress that has been more serious than any one not admitted to the inner history of the Stanford estate knows. And this bequest has been paid with this unusual promptness because of the energy and the management of Mrs. Stanford herself. The bequest was transferred to the university draw interest at the rate of \$100,000 a month. —San Francisco Dispatch.

Dangers of the Tight Collar. "Headaches, eye-aches, don't wonder, you are undergoing a most form of strangulation. Look here." And the physician, who in a twinkling had signed the foundation of his patient's trouble, gave a vicious tweak at her board in throat environment. "This fashion," he continued, "has put more of your soul upon the neck than any other of your dress absurdities. There hasn't a woman come into my office for over a year whose neck wasn't confined by this constricting way I have traced more than one case of congested blood at the base of the brain to this collar fad. "It is responsible for red noses, bad skins and other forms of repressed circulation. "Now, I cannot insert my finger between your collar and your throat, and yet you wonder why you are having so much trouble with your head and eyes. "Rip up your high collars, my misguided young lady, and tell your dressmaker not to put another bit of binding about your throat. When you do this, I'll vouch for the headache's departure." The shirt-waist girl is a trim little body to look at from her neat belted waist to her spick and span laced choker. It is half an inch higher, if possible, she stiffly starched collar, than the one she wore last year. It has crept up just as close as it could to the lobes of her ears, and she wears it in sublime indifference to its discomfort. But the time of reckoning is coming. When the drop in throat stock arrives, and it is only a question of time before it is heralded in Evedom, oh, what a waiting there will be over departed throat beauty! The high collar will have left its traces in crisscross lines, discolored skin and ugly peck offices. Then there will be a grand hustle for massage, for cream, baths and like remedies. And the woman who has bravely gone about during the high collar period in waists with old fashioned, turned away throats will thank her lucky stars that she had the good sense to keep out of the movement. —New Orleans Picayune.

Dewey Talks to Women. Dr. Clarence M. Dewey, in a talk at Madison Square Garden to the graduates of the woman's law class of the New York University, said: "If a brother and sister, equally equipped, go out into the world for employment, there are ten places open for the brother where there is one for the sister. The result is that, while the brother can find employment at remunerative wages, the sister is overwhelmed by the surplus of energy applying for things which she is permitted to do. "It is a mistake to suppose that the prejudice against higher education has died out, or that the feeling against a woman entering the professions or studying them no longer exists. The young lawyer, or doctor, or specialist, or engineer is welcomed everywhere. Fathers look kindly upon him as a promising husband for their daughters, and mothers receive him with flattering attention. His sister finds the doors of society in a large measure closed against her. Society admits her brilliancy, her proficiency, her right to earn a living, but is afraid to recognize her. The man who does not do some work in the United States is looked upon with contempt. The woman who does earn a living has a constant struggle to avoid being regarded in the same way because she labors.

"The brother and sister are educated for business. The brother enters a great banking or brokerage firm in Wall Street, and his sister procures a position in the same firm. Because of this connection and its possibilities the brother is a welcome guest at every gathering of fashion, refinement and exclusiveness, while the sister finds few invitations awaiting her. It is for you, young ladies, to preach and work against this prejudice which is doing so much harm to your sisters."

Mrs. Helms on Women's Clubs. The president of the New York Sorority, Mrs. William Tod Helms, a woman of magnificent presence, who is abundantly able to fill the position of first officer in the most prominent and model woman's club in the United States, has the following to say concerning the benefits of women's clubs: "My advice to every woman is, join a woman's club if you can. We women are too apt to let the daily routine of home duties get the mastery of us. We become slaves to household work, which in that case becomes more dreary, and we degenerate into poor creatures without life or ambition or thought above the narrow sphere in which we lead our daily lives. "That is not the way to be happy, nor to make our husbands fond of us, nor even to perform home duties well.

Among some pretty and fancy bedspreads made for a country house are several of creosote to match the hanging of the rooms where they will be used. They are lined with cambric, though this is not necessary, and have a deep frill all around. Egg scissors have come. They take off the top of the breakfast soft-boiled egg with neatness and dispatch, making the rest of the edible easy of access with the small egg spoon. Grape fruit pulp mixed with shaved ice and served in punch glasses is an excellent course for a luncheon where wine is not offered. White enamel bedroom sets are as fashionable as ever for the bedrooms of country houses.

When a woman goes out of the groove in which she has lived and attempts a gathering of bright women who discuss literature and a philosophy—she comes home radiant, full of new ideas with which to broaden and clear her mind and with which to grapple with the seemingly small but nevertheless important problems of her everyday life. "In the club women are sharers of one another's knowledge and sympathies and charm of manner and disposition. Each brings a part of this home with her, and do you suppose her husband does not notice it and with pleasure? Do you suppose the children do not instinctively feel it and experience an insuperable glow of happiness? The truth can't be too often repeated that a woman's club will do much for a woman who joins it with the proper spirit."

Dr. Lola D. Clark. One woman south of Mason and Dixons line has the honor of a chair in a recognized medical institution, and New Orleans has her. Dr. Lola D. Clark has been recently appointed clinical assistant in the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat hospital of that city. Dr. Clark is a young woman and a native of Grand Rapids, where she was educated, and whence she went after graduating to teach school. She studied medicine because she liked the profession and wished to take it up as a life work. She entered the medical department of the state university of Iowa at Iowa City, and was graduated from it in 1894. For two years during the time of her medical course she held the position of internist, or house officer, in the Mercy hospital. After receiving her diploma she practiced in Marshalltown, Ia., for a year and a half, and then decided to go south. Arriving in New Orleans in November last, she entered the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat hospital as a nurse, and for awhile wore the garb of the trained nurse. Recently the faculty offered her the chair of clinical assistant. The nose and throat are her specialties, though she assists in many of the operations otherwise. —Boston Woman's Journal.

Mrs. Upham's Gift. Mrs. Upham, wife of the governor, has given the Wisconsin university a very valuable collection of stuffed birds. Mrs. Upham is an ornithologist. She is an authority on the birds of Wisconsin, and the collection she has presented is worth \$4,000 or \$5,000, and is without doubt the best of its kind. Mrs. Upham not only knows the description of all the birds of the state, but is also acquainted with their habits and their calls, and her lectures on the subject, when she can be prevailed upon to give them, are very entertaining. There are a great many rare birds in the collection, among the most notable being two finely marked species of grackles, which are extremely rare in this state. There are also specimens of the Baltimore Oriole, which are very fine. —Milwaukee Wisconsin.

At a recent meeting of the Women's Press club of Philadelphia an informal talk by one of the members on the "woman's page" brought out an interesting discussion. These "pages" now a feature of nearly all papers, are, it seems, a western idea, and scarcely 10 years old. The speakers at the Press club symposium had many interesting opinions on the character and scope of this department of newspaper work and its value to women at large. According to one of these opinions, "the creation of the 'woman's page' has vastly increased the power of women in journalism, and the position of its editor is the eagerly sought after one by women who were earning their money in what a hard and often in other employments."

Her Plan a Success. Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, of the Institute of Technology, was last year elected a trustee of Vassar. She had the idea of preparing a building for a large drainage system to carry the sewage to the Hudson. This involved great expense and a needless pollution of the river. Mrs. Richards persuaded the trustees instead to carry the sewage to a farm belonging to the college and use it to fertilize the land. This plan has been carried out most successfully at the sixth of the cost that the other project would have involved. Mrs. Richards' bright idea, in the actual amount of money saved to the college, is said to be the most valuable gift any Vassar graduate has yet conferred upon her alma mater. —Boston Correspondent.

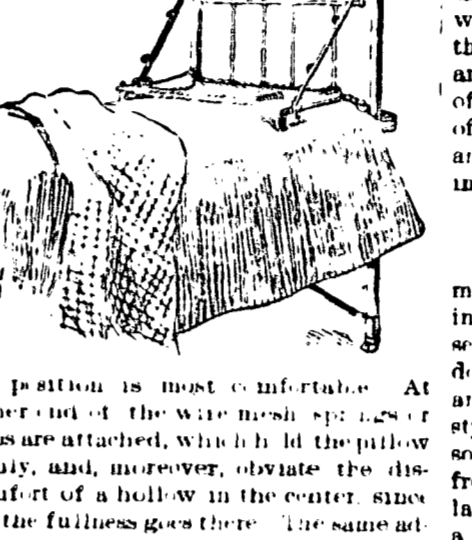
A Woman Spoke. At the three hundred and ninety-eighth monthly meeting of the masters of Boston schools, held at the Parker House on May 5, a woman for the first time was present and spoke. Miss Sarah L. Arnold, who is proving herself a worthy successor of Miss Lucretia Crocker and Mrs. Louise Parsons Hopkins on the Boston board of school supervisors, addressed the assembled masters on "Observations and Suggestions on the Boston Primary Schools." Miss Arnold has been giving special attention to the primary schools for about a year.

Among some pretty and fancy bedspreads made for a country house are several of creosote to match the hanging of the rooms where they will be used. They are lined with cambric, though this is not necessary, and have a deep frill all around. Egg scissors have come. They take off the top of the breakfast soft-boiled egg with neatness and dispatch, making the rest of the edible easy of access with the small egg spoon. Grape fruit pulp mixed with shaved ice and served in punch glasses is an excellent course for a luncheon where wine is not offered. White enamel bedroom sets are as fashionable as ever for the bedrooms of country houses.

A PILLOW HOLDER.

Comfort to the Sleepless and Grateful. Rest to the Invalid. These who have known the misery of many sleepless nights will appreciate this device, which insures not only a comfortable and perfectly stationary pillow by night, but a restful position while sitting up during illness or convalescence. The pillow holder is really a small mattress of flexible wire mesh, at either end of which are springs, which securely grasp and hold in position the portion placed on the wire. This is hung on brass knobs fixed to the side rails of a separate frame, which may be moved from one bedstead to another without any fixing. Both horizontal and slanting rails are provided, so that the pillow holder suspended upon them may be either at the first position for sleeping upon or at a comfortable inclination for supporting the back when sitting up. When a rigid upright position is desired, the highest knobs on the rail are employed, or a perfectly level one is obtained by using the lowest ones of all. In cases of injury to the spine, this latter position is most comfortable. At either end of the wire mesh spring clips are attached, which hold the pillow firmly, and, moreover, obviate the discomfort of a hollow in the center, since all the fullness goes there. The same advantage may be obtained by merely placing the pillow holder on the bed or on the bolster, but the suspending of the same from the rails gives not only additional comfort and ease to pain-racked portions of the body, but it also provides ventilation, since the wire mesh thus only slightly presses upon the bed. As a bed rest the pillow holder is equally satisfactory. Without moving the frame from the bed in which it has been used at night it may be detached from the horizontal rails and hung from the knobs on the inclined ones. By adding one or two pillows above the one inserted in the clips a most delightful rest for the back is provided, and one top pillow resting in its upper portion against the back of the bed makes an ideal head rest. For packing or removing the frame comes quickly to pieces by unfastening the six nuts at the ends of the bars of iron, and when put together again they should be turned with a pair of pliers to tighten them. —Philadelphia Times.

Children's Dresses. The sailor dresses have been a boon to mothers. This year they are again to be in fashion. Striped linen is cooler than serge and galatea, duck or pique, but does not look nearly so smart. For play and hard wear sailor dresses are the best style. They are made with full skirts, sometimes plaited, again with plain front breadth and the rest of the skirt laid in plaits. The skirt is attached to a thin, sleeveless waist, over which is put the full blouse with sailor collar. On the front of the waist the white colored vest-point is sewed with its high band around the neck. These sailor dresses are expensive at the first of the season, but later can be bought for less than it costs to have them made at home, and as is the case with most ready-made garments, are well cut and fairly well sewed. Children's dresses are made very daintily with large, white embroidered collars and white insertion. The materials are, dimities, piques, chambray and all good old-fashioned standing stuffs. For instance, for a girl of 8, a pink pique made with a jacket and skirt, a white blouse waist of embroidery and insertion, with a wide sailor collar. Pretty are the poke bonnets prepared for little tots from 2 to 4. They are made in delicate shades of dotted swiss or gauze, with face trimmings of lace or ribbon. —Chicago Times Herald.



Misses and Maids. In an interview in a Chicago paper on the burning and always timely, because always untimely, servant question, Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson is quoted as saying: "Whenever women demand better service they will get it. The present state of things will continue as long as the incompetent servant receives the same as one who understands her work. There is no reason why the profession of housework should not be put upon the same plane of dignity as that of trained nursing. Cooking schools should be established just as any other institution, and housekeepers should refuse to employ a servant who does not take advantage of an opportunity to learn." Mary E. McDowell, superintendent of the Chicago University settlement, thinks that women are not willing to sacrifice a little for the benefit of their servants. Rather than make provision for tidy, respectable girls, they employ those willing to put up with any accommodation. Too often servants are not permitted to have company at all, thus being deprived of all social pleasures. She suggests social clubs for house-servants, as are now organized for other working girls.

A Pleasant Reminder. A letter received this last week has in place of the conventional monogram, letter or address, a tiny violet passed through a hand made by cutting two slits in the left hand upper corner of the paper. This held it securely and gave the appearance of fancy stationery. It is an idea which deserves to be copied. There is no silent message which can say so much to a friend at a distance as a wild flower. Be careful in pressing the same, and the smaller the flower the prettier it will be for such a purpose. Forgetments and four leaf clovers have the sentiment of generations attached to them, but any flower conveys the wish, "Would you were here to share with me the pleasures of the garden or the fields." —Brooklyn Eagle.

Bicycling Gloves. The chamois gloves in white and light shades which are worn by bicyclists may be washed in the following manner: Make a lather with castile soap and warm water, using a spoonful of ammonia to each quart. When the water is tepid, put the gloves in it and let them soak for a quarter of an hour, then press them with the hands, but do not wring them. Rinse in fresh cold water with a little ammonia added. Press the gloves in a towel. Dry them in the open air after previously blowing to puff them out.

Zella Allen Dixon. Professor Zella Allen Dixon, librarian of the University of Chicago, who has been spending some weeks in a tour through old Mexico and California, visiting libraries and making an exhaustive study of their methods, has lately returned. She traveled over 1,000 miles and visited several hundred libraries, private as well as public collections, and has made a fine collection of library blanks and samples.

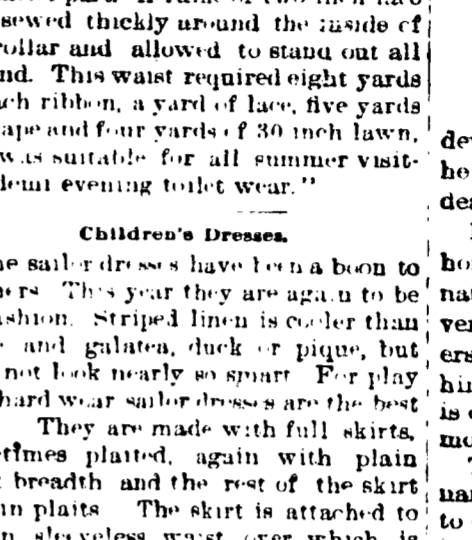
Must Kiss Her Hand. The czarina of Russia has decreed that several obsolete forms of Russian court etiquette are to be revived, and the result will probably be the introduction of several striking and picturesque customs. Her imperial majesty has also ordained that all ladies received by her shall kiss her hand, presentations being made after the English fashion. This is rather a blow to the Russian ladies, who infinitely preferred Dowager Empress Maria Feodorovna's gracious manner of dispensing with the more ceremonious hand kiss and bestowing a friendly shake instead.

Little Janet, aged 4, noticed the other day at dinner the rest of the family helping themselves liberally to the mustard. Nobody offering her any, she waited until something drew away the attention of the others, when she lifted the mustard spoon, liberally daubed a piece of bread which she was eating with the fiery condiment and took a substantial bite. The particularly interesting feature of the story is that Miss Julia learned to ride the bicycle last summer under mild parental protest. —New York Journal.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

THE SMALLEST LAD ALIVE. Though Eighteen Years of Age, He is but Three Feet in Height. Down in Georgia, in a little town called Tweed, lives a tiny bit of humanity who is probably the smallest 18-year-old boy alive. The name of this junior midget is Henry Rutherford Ricks, Jr. He looks very much as Tom Thumb looked at the age of 18, and he's as bright as a new dollar. Young Ricks is only 83 inches tall and weighs but 48 pounds. He is a fully developed boy, and is as ambitious as he is small, which is saying a great deal.

Henry is a great reader and has an honest, open face. He is also very good natured, and, considering his size, is very plump. He is a pupil of the Farmers' academy, and his teacher speaks of him in the highest terms. She says he is one of her best scholars and learns more quickly than the other boys. The lilliputian has a sleek-coated dog named Gyp, and the two are familiar to every one around Tweed. Gyp is a gentle dog. It is lucky for Henry that this is so, because if Gyp was rough he might easily kill little Henry. Henry is strong for one of his extremely diminutive size. He enjoys a big appetite—big for him—and there really does not seem to be any reason for his dwarfishness, since both his father and mother are persons of the ordinary size. You might think to look at him that young Ricks was a lad of 8, though his manner is that of a gentlemanly youth of 18. He scorns the idea of showing himself in museums, though he has had several very liberal offers from well-known people in the theatrical business. —New York Recorder.



Sow! Sow! Sow! This is the way my father sows, As up and down the field he goes, Walking fast or walking slow, Right on in the grain to throw. For I know, While he goes, That the grain throws here and there, By and by good crops will bear. All the bees will have a share, If the grain he throws with care. So he throws, So he goes, Sow! Sow! Sow! This is the way my mother sows, As up and down long seams she goes, Working, singing soft and low, While the grain she there to sow. Mother be so, As she sows, Jackets, trousers, aprons, too, I knit, I sew, and baby's shoes, Put on the feet of my dear ones, Love to knit the stitches through. So she sows, Sow! Sow! Sow! I can neither sow nor sew, When I begin to learn then, though, Put on the feet of my dear ones, Little brother, how I'll show. For I know, As I go, Tending baby, calling Nan, Running errands like a man, Helping mother all I can, Love to sew where it began. All I know, So, I sew, Little brother, how I'll show. Like drops of water in a cup, Fill I sew, Two or three rows, So I sew, Sow! Sow! Sow! —T. V. L. with the Youth's Companion.

Paul Revere's Imitator. Little Julia Bates of Cohasset is 12 years old. She has read of the midnight ride of Paul Revere and has been duly impressed thereby. She is now enjoying a local renown quite equal to present to the famous silversmith, even though it is not likely to go down in history in the same way. On a bicycle she has imitated him. The other morning when she awoke she smelled smoke, but, being only 12 years old and a fairly constant attendant at village bonfires, she was not alarmed. While she was at breakfast, however, she saw that her father's stables were on fire. The Bates house is situated in the outskirts of Cohasset. Little Miss Julia promptly rushed for her bicycle, and in the twinkling of an eye was "scouring" into the town. She had aroused the neighbors and started up the fire department in a few minutes, and in a few more she was at home, carrying the furniture which was saved from the wreck into a neighbor's house. Thanks to her speed, most of her father's property was saved.

The particularly interesting feature of the story is that Miss Julia learned to ride the bicycle last summer under mild parental protest. —New York Journal.

A Little Heroine. Little Janet, aged 4, noticed the other day at dinner the rest of the family helping themselves liberally to the mustard. Nobody offering her any, she waited until something drew away the attention of the others, when she lifted the mustard spoon, liberally daubed a piece of bread which she was eating with the fiery condiment and took a substantial bite. The particularly interesting feature of the story is that Miss Julia learned to ride the bicycle last summer under mild parental protest. —New York Journal.

Must Kiss Her Hand. The czarina of Russia has decreed that several obsolete forms of Russian court etiquette are to be revived, and the result will probably be the introduction of several striking and picturesque customs. Her imperial majesty has also ordained that all ladies received by her shall kiss her hand, presentations being made after the English fashion. This is rather a blow to the Russian ladies, who infinitely preferred Dowager Empress Maria Feodorovna's gracious manner of dispensing with the more ceremonious hand kiss and bestowing a friendly shake instead.

Little Janet, aged 4, noticed the other day at dinner the rest of the family helping themselves liberally to the mustard. Nobody offering her any, she waited until something drew away the attention of the others, when she lifted the mustard spoon, liberally daubed a piece of bread which she was eating with the fiery condiment and took a substantial bite. The particularly interesting feature of the story is that Miss Julia learned to ride the bicycle last summer under mild parental protest. —New York Journal.