

WOMAN WORLD

MRS. M. S. WARREN SERVES ON A JURY IN COLORADO.

Women and Literary Careers—A Word for Saleswomen—Working Women of London—Accomplished Lady Tennyson—The Story of Mrs. Ruppert.

Colorado has experienced the novelty of having a woman serve on a jury, and a jury which stayed on all night at that. Mrs. M. S. Warren, who has a large millinery establishment in Denver, and who never uses her full given name, was accidentally drawn on a venire, her registration as a voter giving no clue to her personality. When she confronted the judge he was astonished and immediately dismissed her. It was at this point that the second surprise came. As a legal voter and a real citizen Mrs. Warren refused to be so easily sent home. She insisted upon service with the other peers of the man who was a defendant in a civil suit. Gaining a little time the court delayed decision until next day when a learned opinion was handed down. The opinion was to the effect that jury duty was not imposed upon the gentler sex when the ballot was bestowed.

It happened at last that M. S. Warren was duly accepted and sworn. The case did not amount to much, but while it was being heard all the lawyers took a keen interest in it. At 5 o'clock p. m. the case went to the jury. It was supposed that a verdict would be reached before dinner time, but an hour later there was a request for something to eat. Then it dawned upon the court attaches that the jury might be out all night.

After dinner, when the evening shadows fell, it became the bailiff's duty to look up his charges. Mrs. Warren, who had been gallantly chosen by her 11 associates as forewoman, was given a little room off that occupied by the others. It is related that so lightly did her duty to the public weigh upon her spirits that she was soon heard snoring with



MRS. M. S. WARREN.

such a loudness that it was difficult for the 11 to hear one another talk about the warm weather and the latest slump in the mining stocks.

Early the next morning the jury raised a chorus that demanded breakfast in a first class restaurant. The bailiff marched the 12 out upon the streets, and aside from some slight timidity about insisting on the honor of walking with the forewoman, the men acted as if it was nothing unusual in the jury line for equal suffrage possibilities to be come real, hard facts. It was after breakfast that there was a moment of embarrassment for the 12 had to stand in a row on the sidewalk while the meal was being paid for and the crowd was mistaken for a lot of personally conducted tourists in the act of having their pictures taken.

When the judge looked at the jury box a little later, his voice betrayed some trepidation as he asked, "Is the jury ready to report?"

"We are," declared forewoman Warren in a tone that didn't hint at any indecision.

"Have you agreed upon a verdict?" the court inquired.

"We have been unable to agree," said the forewoman.

"Have you differed on a question of law or a question of fact?" asked Judge Palmer.

There was a moment of hesitation while Mrs. Warren consulted one of her companions.

"They all understand the law pretty well," answered the forewoman, glancing down the line beside her.

The lawyers who were gathered as spectators laughed and then the woman juror added: "We are all mixed up over the evidence. We would not agree in a month."

"The jury is discharged from further consideration of this case," announced the judge, wiping his forehead and crossing his legs. It was evident that a great weight was lifted off the judicial mind.

Mrs. Warren shook hands with one or two of her associates and then, drawing on a pair of suede gloves, she left the courtroom.

"Why, it was not a bit hard," she declared as she stood in the hallway. "The men were just perfectly lovely to me. Did they disagree on purpose? What a horrid suggestion! Of course not. Did they stay out all night just to make me wish I had never tried to be a juror? That is absurd. I had a very pleasant experience, taking it altogether."—Chicago Tribune.

Women and Literary Careers.

Mrs. Mangararian impressed upon the National Culture society, in an address at Carnegie hall, that "the literary career had a beneficial influence upon literature, but in the reflex action the effect of literature on woman was more beneficial."

"Woman," he said, "brings to literature elements that not only chasten it, but preserve it. Sentiment in its nobler sense is woman's contribution to literature. Sentiment is the base of every noble and lasting work without sentiment the great virtues would be as cold

and sparkless as the ashes in the fireplace that have been abandoned. Thought is masculine, sentiment is feminine. Man makes thought and woman gives warmth to it.

"On the other hand," he said, "a literary career implies publicity, and that is detrimental, in that it tends to destroy the finest part of a woman's character. A literary career means one of excitement, which tells on the nerves of a woman more than on those of a man. It also spoils a woman for the practical walks of life, as in books characters can be molded to the author's liking, but in life they are not under such control.

"The author, to a certain extent, belongs to the world, and for this reason so many literary women find themselves unhappily married. Anything that produces the world between husband and wife is an infidelity of love and a certain cause of unhappiness. The tendency in this, then, is the same as that of education and the working of men and women side by side in shops and factories. The situation should be carefully guarded lest there be a death of sentiment and romance, with all the beauty they bring into the world. Woman should be in no occupation which demoralizes her. Let her remember that the masculine is not better than the feminine, and that noise is not better than quietness, and that the world will find its regeneration in the sister and the mother."—New York Herald.

A Word for Saleswomen.

In the annual report of the Consumers' League of New York city the following advice is given shoppers in the interest of saleswomen in the large stores:

"Shop during reasonable hours, when possible, early in the morning when saleswomen are fresh, and not tired out and nervous. Avoid making purchases on a Saturday afternoon, so that eventually the shops may all give a half holiday. Make your holiday purchases early in the season, if possible. Make casual inquiries as to the proper provision of seats, and request floorwalkers to encourage saleswomen to sit down when not waiting on customers. Report to the league any information gleaned outside the shops from working girls, whether favorable or unfavorable to employers. Become members of the league and persuade your friends to join also. If at any time you feel irritated or annoyed by apparent indifference or carelessness of saleswomen, stop and consider what it means to be on one's feet from 10 to 14 hours a day, in a crowded space, shoved and pushed about, lifting heavy boxes at times, waiting on impatient customers and customers who wish to be helped to know their own minds, keeping accounts of sales and stock, tacking addresses often given hurriedly and carelessly, and filed in many instances if written down incorrectly, and all this for salaries ranging from \$8 to \$8 per week, and obliged to dress neatly and fairly well, and to pay out of one's board, lodging, clothing and car fare."

Working Women of London.

Women are everywhere—climbing down from omnibuses, coming up in processions from the underground stations. They are hurrying along Fleet street and scurrying across the Strand, Chelsea and South Kensington are peopled with petticoats. Sainie Mouschelle wears a jacket, a cleft hat and has portfolio or papers under arm. Knowing in dress, preoccupied in air, she nods familiarly and takes out her latchkey to let herself in, or disappears watching in the door of her club.

This new figure has no place in fiction. That is why we know so little of her. There have been tentative efforts, the stage has opened the door, the new woman attempts to introduce the woman bachelor. We have had the opportunity of seeing Sydney Grundy's play. As a caricature even it was not accepted. The transformation of the British unmarried female into Miss Victoria Vivash has not been so gayly accomplished. Jackets and cigarettes are not the most salient traits.

On the contrary, in London one misses that spirit of adventure, that saucy filip of the finger at the gray old world which enables the American girl to take up so lightly her wrestle for a livelihood. But where the American girl has gone forth a free lance, the English woman has advanced in platoons. This is why she is so well entrenched perhaps. Her outpost also are further advanced.—Scribner's Magazine.

Lady Tennyson.

Lady Tennyson is a good musician, and her once beautiful voice and still clever manipulation of the piano at all times gave infinite pleasure to the laudate. She has set to music more than one of her husband's sonnets, and her compositions attain a high degree of artistic merit. One of these has been published, and she has been frequently urged to give the public the opportunity of enjoying others of her efforts in the same line, but it was much against her will that any of her music should be printed. Only on account of her husband's express wish in the matter did she yield, and she has no intention of transgressing her rule again.

Lady Tennyson is practically unknown to English society, and even many of the friends who were privileged, during the lifetime of the laureate, to enter his home at Farringford or Haslemere never saw her at all, for she never shared the robust health of her husband, and, though she has outlived him, has been a frequent sufferer.

That Lady Tennyson is a notable housekeeper we need hardly tell our readers, for many may have heard of the merry praise of her devoted husband, who said that had Lady Tennyson not been the wife of the poet laureate, she could easily have earned her living by the sale of her delicious tea biscuits, made after her own family recipe.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Story of Mrs. Ruppert.

The story of Mrs. Ruppert, famous on two continents as the proprietor of a

face bleach, and who died a few weeks ago in a little Missouri town, reads like a romance. Her maiden name was Amy Shelton, and she was born of humble parentage in the town where she died, growing to young womanhood in her native place. Then, being full of energy and very ambitious she started out like a boy to seek her fortune. She found it very quickly in St. Louis, her first stopping place. There she became acquainted with an old lady, who had long treasured the formula of a secret facial wash in which she had great faith. She persuaded Miss Shelton to undertake the manufacture and sale of the bleach, and a well filled grocery store had built up in a few months. She ventured everywhere in the course of the complexion, and counted among her customers many crowned heads. Her death at the early age of 32 was from consumption, supposed to be caused, largely by her constant travel and strenuous work. Her husband, however, but little regretted when she died, for she had had to all who came in contact with her, a very agreeable and hospitable hostess. Her fortune was disposed of to her generous mother.—New York Times.

Newest Hats and Trimmings.

"If all womanhood wears the fashionable summer cap, writes Miss A. M. in the Ladies Home Journal, 'then the garden of gods will be materialized for every sunset and every hat this season is heavy with flowers and leafy sprays. And the hats themselves are of fancy straw, and the fashionable colors are more generally seen than the past season. Stems of dahlia, dark green, dull rose pink, violet, dull heliotrope, coral and dead white are shown. For the small poke bonnets, which will undoubtedly have a special vogue given them, white neapolitan is liked. These bonnets, much smaller than the poke as we have known it in the past and a little more like the poke as worn during the time of Queen Anne, are, when properly worn, which is slightly forward, very becoming. They do not shade the face—indeed, they show it, allowing the forehead and the front hair to be seen with good effect. Expensive laces are put on these bonnets, and very often the entire brim is studded with paste ornaments."

Dr. Alice Luce.

Dr. Alice Luce of Auburn, Me., has recently received from the University of Heidelberg a diploma conferring the distinction of M. D. This is the first honorary degree given by the university to an American woman, and Miss Luce is well to proud of her daughter. The examination lasted two hours and was wholly oral. After the exercises a reception was given her at the home of one of the professors. At the last meeting of the Woman's Literary union of Lewiston and Auburn special mention was made of the success of Dr. Luce. Resolutions were submitted, which received the hearty assent of the union, in consideration of the honor she has conferred upon her city, state, country and universal womanhood.—Boston Woman's Journal.

Designed by Sara Ward-Cooley.

Mrs. Sara Ward-Cooley designed the building that the women of Tennessee are making ready for the coming Centennial exposition. She took the Hermitage, the famous home of Andrew Jackson, for a pattern, and idealized it by adding suggestions of ancient Grecian architecture in the Woman's building. There will be numerous small apartments in the structure for the classified exhibits of woman's work, while the central part of the interior will be elevated to a large rotunda, with a grand staircase leading to the right and left of the upper floors.—Woman's Journal.

China's Richest Woman.

Fifty exclusive methods of dressing her hair are the property of Marchioness Li Hung Chang, the richest woman in China. Twice a day she instructs her lady bathers in oil of orange and acacia blossoms, and 1,000 attendants are constantly at her service. In her wardrobe are 2,000 coats and 1,200 trousers, which seems a very ample supply in view of the fact that the marchioness walks but a few feet at a time. It is interesting to note that she never fails to keep a detailed account of the vast expenditures of her household.

Where She Will Help.

Rev. Anna H. Shaw is reported as speaking out in meeting and saying: "Nothing has made me feel how little we are removed from barbarism as that debate a few days ago in the great Methodist conference, assuming that women had no right in that body. One thing that will be conceded to her is that she will have the right to help pay the bills."

Pale green muslin is one of the fashionable fabrics this season, and green is the special color scheme for weddings just at present. Bridemaids' dresses of white have green trimmings and large white hats with white feathers show bows of green tulle ribbon.

An effort is being made to do away with the wedding shower of rice. Tiny, soft pink and white wafers, a kind of confection, are now made and done up in silvery cornucopia shaped baskets to take its place.

Panama hats trimmed with morning glories, daisies, clover, hawthorn blossoms and lilacs are among the useful things in millinery this season, and they are very pretty with thin gowns.

A little powdered borax added to cold starch tends to give the linen extra stiffness, and a little turpentine put into the boiled starch adds lustre.

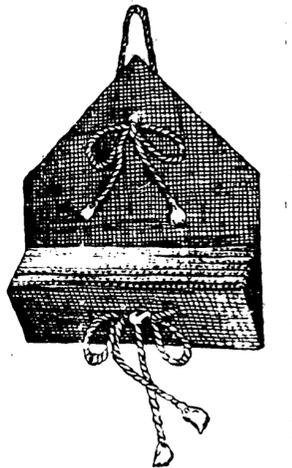
Veils are one of the most ancient articles of dress. They were used so long ago that their origin is lost in remoteness.

HANDY IN THE HOME.

Another Way Added to the Many Ways of Making a Pincushion.

Turn down the front side of the printed paper cover of a pocketbook so that the entire cover can be laid down smooth and even, then place it flat on a piece of writing paper, and with a lead pencil draw a line round the cover of the pocketbook making an outline on the writing paper the exact size and shape of the cover.

Cut out this pattern, and with strong paste fasten it on the cover of the pocketbook. When dry, encase the pocketbook in bright colored silk by covering the sides with the silk, which must be neat



ly overhanded together along the edges. Turn the front side back in place, and pierce two holes through both back and cover, then run a string cord through the openings and tie it in a bow on the front of the pocketbook. Next thread another piece of silken cord through the top of the cover, to form a loop by which to hang up the wall pincushion. Fringe out the ends of the cord, and wind silk thread around the cord where the fringe begins to form the tiny tassels.

Hammer a little brass bead or nail into the wall of your bedroom, and hang it up by the pincushion to go, and hang it up by the pincushion.

The Summer Outfit.

A consideration in the shopping for the summer fitting is the laundry bill. No matter how small the hamlet to which one means to migrate, it will be found that the laundresses understand the art of charging well for their service. The detachable collars introduced with the season's shirt waists are a boon to economists in this direction. One woman with three half-grown daughters is having made plain blue silk and pongee waists for her girls, with a black one for herself, these with two or three sets of collars each, she proposes to use as morning wear in lieu of many wash dresses. A black serge skirt for herself, with blue serge and grass-cloth ones for the young misses, will supplement the waists. In addition the girls have some pretty lawn and batiste waists with navy blue chollies, brightened with white ribbon or lace for semidress, and a dotted muslin apron for special occasions. It is expected the family will be dressed and the washing bills will not be very large.—New York Letter.

The Bicycle the Chief of Dress Reformers.

It really begins to be debatable whether anything has happened to the human race since the first locomotive drew the first train of cars that will affect it so materially as the bicycle. Consider its effect on women. Within two years it has given to all American womanhood the liberty of dress for which the reformers have been sighing for generations. The dress reform movement never seemed to affect any considerable number of women, or to modify women's clothes to any noticeable degree. The bicycle has not put many women into trousers—nothing will do that in this country—but it has given all women practical liberty to wear trousers if they want to, and, indeed, to get themselves into any sort of decent raiment which they find convenient for whatever enterprise they have in hand.—Scribner's.

A Woman's Invention.

Mrs. T. H. Holmes of New Orleans recently invented and patented a contrivance to clean cisterns and keep them clean. The invention is another evidence of the genius of southern women in contriving successful mechanisms in connection with the household. As New Orleans households are dependent upon cisterns for their water supply, nothing is more important from a sanitary standpoint than that cisterns should be kept clean. Mrs. Holmes' invention, which has been examined by experts, accomplishes this.

Toilet Water.

One of the luxuries of the toilet is delicately scented waters, especially in hot weather. If you can afford it, it is well to buy those which are specially prepared for the purpose. If you cannot, you may produce an excellent substitute by dashing a little cologne (not extract) into the water you use for a sponge bath. Lacking the cologne, try alcohol, a few drops of which remove the unpleasantness caused by perspiration.

Have More Than One.

The woman who has equal regard to her laundress' bill and her own appearance does not wear one shirt waist steadily until it is soiled. She keeps at least two in constant circulation, as it were, alternating them. A shirt waist with a removable collar may be taken to seem perfectly fresh, if it takes turns with another; one is aired and pressed on its vacation days. Clean collars each day in hot weather are a necessity.

Coroner Kate Horner.

"Dr. Kate G. Horner, Coroner," is the legend on a plain board nailed to the front of a neat two-story frame house in the little town of Pender, Thurston county, Neb., on the border of the Omaha reservation. Miss Horner was put up for the place by the Democrats last fall, and is the first woman coroner ever elected. She is 48 years of age. A correspondent who visited her office and had expected to meet an elderly and plain woman of masculine mold "was visibly rattled as this handsome, vivacious young woman eyed him with a pair of calm, blue, magnetic eyes." Miss Horner, white clerk in a Des Moines drug store, studied medicine and took a diploma at a Sioux City college. She continues the practice of medicine in her new home, frequently answers calls on the Indian reservation, and does more than half of the medical practice in Thurston county. The cowboys call her an angel and would lay down their lives for her. Whenever she goes out on a mission, some gambler but beautiful cowboy follows at a distance to see that no harm overtakes the pretty young doctor.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Successful Woman Artist.

Miss Cecelia Beauris has passed beyond the limits of mere popularity and has become famous. No less than six of her pictures are to be seen at the Champ de Mars salon in Paris, and the critical French people are loud in their praise of her work.

Miss Beauris is a young woman, well bred, dignified and of pleasing personality. Her coloring is fair and her features strong particularly her broad, firm mouth. Her hand is characteristic of the woman. It is not small, but is white, well formed and strong.

Her studio is in the top of a tall building on Chestnut street, Philadelphia. It consists of two tiny rooms, that have been thrown into one. It is lighted by a wide skylight and two small windows that look out on the street. It is an attractive room and a veritable workshop. There are a few sets about a fine old piece of tapestry on the wall, an old carved chest, one or two bits of drapery and the necessary paraphernalia of the artist's work. There are no useless knickknacks, no "odds and ends."—New York Journal.

Women's Talent For Selling.

If anything conclusive could be inferred from experience, without psychological analysis, it would be that the things which women are not allowed to do are the very ones for which they are peculiarly qualified, since their vocation for government has made the way, and become conspicuous, through the very few opportunities which have been given. While in the lines of education which apparently were freely open to them they have been menial and unimportant, distasteful to themselves. We know how small a number of helping women history presents in comparison with that of kings. Of this smaller number a far larger proportion have shown talents for sale, though many of them have occupied the throne in difficult periods. It is remarkable, too, that they have, in a great number of instances, been distinguished by traits the most opposite to the imaginary and conventional character of women, they have been as much remarked for the firmness and vigor of their rule as for its intelligence.—John Stuart Mill.

Miss Leonard Breaks a Record.

Miss Amy Leonard, daughter of the late captain Henry H. Leonard of Hopkins street, this city, carries off from the M. M. Mackay university this month honors never before won by a young woman in the history of the university. It is the custom for the four pupils whose standing is highest for the four years to deliver an oration at the commencement exercises. Heretofore the palm has always gone to the "uni boys," but the record has been broken by Miss Leonard, whose standing is second in the four victors. Miss Leonard is a most unassuming girl, and although she felt sure that diligent study would reward her with a record not to be surpassed of the announcement of her success was a great surprise to her.

Miss Leonard took the gold medal for excellence in mathematics when she graduated from Hughes High school in June, 1892.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Tight Sleeves.

The latest development of French fashion shows a tight sleeve banded with straps of embroidery insertion, or narrow, rich trim, revealing the arm to nearly the entire length of it. At the top of the sleeve is a double puff set in at the armhole. It is not a large full puff, and frequently it is loped up at the shoulder point to show the whole arm. The sleeve may be puffed, but still the arm is in full evidence. At the wrist the fashion to extend the sleeve so that it partly covers the hand still finds favor. On the upper part it is elongated in a leaf point, the sleeves being cut away on the underside. Another style is to cut the sleeve very long, and then divide the wrist portion into square tabs, finishing these underside with a frill of plaited or gathered lace.—New York Post.

Mrs. Frankie Lane.

Miss Frankie Lane of Oakland, Cal., proposes to canvass the country during the national campaign in the interest of the Populist party. She has made a special study of the money and railroad questions and will deal chiefly with these subjects. Miss Lane is in her early twenties, and is a graduate of Minnesota Law school.

Denim Pillows.

It is a suggestion in making the denim pillows that are in especial favor for summer houses to put them easily together in the Japanese way. The case is made stitched on three sides, leaving the selvages for the fourth. These are then basted in inch stitches with a soft cotton yarn, an extra stitch at the end securing them.

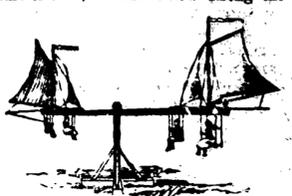
FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

NEW MERRY GO ROUND.

It Sails Like a Small Yacht and is Great Fun For Young People.

A new kind of merry go round has just been put up in Paris. It has sails just like a small yacht. The idea of it is a simple one—a big beam, with a pivot in the middle, is fitted at each end with miniature sloop rigging, which, as you know, consists of a mainsail and jib.

Seats to carry one or more riders are slung under each of the big beams. The curious merry go round has automatic brakes, and it can be made to go around fast or slow, no matter how strong the



wind that is blowing. On a breezy day this odd land boat skims around in a way to make you dizzy just to look at it.

Each set of the sails is put up in such a manner that they "tack," or change around, all by themselves, so that those who are on the merry go round do not have to bother about "trimming" the canvas of their craft to suit the breeze. At the same time there are ropes by which one can handle the big sails, just as in a real yacht. The novelty of this amuseur for that is what it really is—delights crowds of young Parisians every day, and it is more than likely that one of these sailing merry go rounds will be put into place down at Coney Island this summer.

A Family Tragedy.

(Compiled by Lily for her doll Marie.) There are a lot of people who think that there are many sunny wonderful brides with trunk and trousseau and a fan besides that a Christmas purse may try.

There are also some who are dipped and white. They are brittle and can be broken. But when you see, don't hurt as a mate. And for that, be playing their own right. And a scrap will make 'em a joke.

There are some that are warranted not to break. Though I never believed that mothers make. And don't let that their eyes and wake. And the French will like you.

But what do you guess that my grandmother had? She was a grand old dame, and she was dead. And lived on a farm and the times were bad. Four little grandmothers! Oh, but I'm glad I didn't have them, Marie!

Why the dolls she cuddled, and put to bed—Dear little grandmother!—years ago. Was a little black square in a rag of red, With a hair that she shaved over its head. And she loved it, too, you know.

Loved that thing with a stem for a nose. And its dreadful neck awry. Eased it and hugged it, and, I suppose, Proudly settled its wraps and bows. Why, it almost makes me cry!

And then the horrible fate of her child, Marie, my dollykin, long ago— I wonder she didn't go raving wild! They now stop smiling—they had her "billed" And she said, "Grandmother told me so." —P. E. Fitzgibbon in Youth's Companion.

Johnny's Natural History.

Teacher—Johnny, what do we call a creature with two legs? Johnny—A biped, sir. Teacher—Name one. Johnny—A man, sir. Teacher—Are there any feathered bipeds? Johnny—Chickens and ostriches, sir. Teacher—That's right. Willie, what is a quadruped? Willie—A thing with four legs, sir. Teacher—Name one. Willie—An elephant. Teacher—Are there any feathered quadrupeds? Willie—Yes, sir. Teacher—What? Willie—A feather bed, sir.—Exchange.

Junior Indians Dancing.

The junior Indians dancing in the accompanying illustration are the youngest members of Buffalo Bill's traveling tribe of red-men. They are clever little brats, and are as skilled in the various war dances as any of their elders. In the picture they are shown in the



midst of a high festival dance. Their toggery shows how the Indian chiefs are arrayed on great occasions. The old squaw seated in the center of the group thrums an Indian tambourine, keeping time to each tap of her siveleik instrument with a low musical cry, which sounds like "Ah, wa, wado, walla." The boys are full blooded Apaches, and their chief ambition is to be leaders of the tribe some day.—New York Recorder.

A Peanut Party.

A peanut party is great fun for children. Several quarts of peanuts should be hidden about the house and the small guests given little baskets or kindergarten paper boxes in which to place all those they find. When the signal is given for collecting again in the drawing room from which they started, those who have the most nuts receive prizes, and there may be others for the discovery of special peanuts marked by ornamentation.—New York Times.

C. Golden young near to the other room. Sentin...