

WOMAN'S WORLD.

SHERIFF WHO IN THE CHILDREN ADDRESS AS "MAMMA"

Does Woman Earn Her Keep? Woman in Business—The Latest in Corsets. The Opening Doors—Modern Grace Darlings—Some Seasonable Suggestions.

The children of the sheriff of Green county, Mo., say "mamma" when they address that official. Mrs. Helen Stewart, who guards the jail at Springfield, the county seat, is a pleasant appearing woman of middle age, somewhat stout, and having features which indicate resolution—in short, she looks like a nifty woman, and she is. Several times, with the aid of one deputy—a man—she has looked her 42 prisoners in their cells for



SHERIFF HELEN STEWART.

the night, and she is not afraid to enter the jail proper at any period of the day or night unattended. Her husband, the former sheriff, died a year ago, and Mrs. Stewart asked for the position, as she had no means of earning a living for herself and two little girls. The community sympathized with her, and she was allowed to take her husband's place. She resides in the jail but a few feet from where the cells are located. Her children are 8 and 10 years of age, respectively, and are being educated by their mother, who before marriage was a school teacher in New York state.

Mrs. Stewart's deputies make most of the arrests, but she has served several criminal warrants herself, and in all instances has taken her prisoners to the jail without difficulty, for people in this county know that she is an excellent pistol shot and always carries her revolver with her.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Does Woman Earn Her Keep?

Thousands of women work in the mines of Belgium and England. In the first named country they formerly worked from 12 to 16 hours a day, with no Sunday rest. The linen thread spinners of New Jersey, according to the report of the labor commission, are "in one branch of the industry compelled to stand on a stone floor in water the year round, most of the time barefoot, with a spray of water from a revolving cylinder flying constantly against the breast, and the coldest night in winter as well as the warmest in summer these poor creatures must go to their homes with water dripping from their underclothing along their path because there could not be space of a few moments allowed them wherein to change their clothing." Yet women are "exempted" from labor attended by hardship.

Despite these washerwomen, miners and linen thread spinners, we are told "it is woman's privilege generally to be exempted from the care of earning her livelihood and that of her offspring."

It would seem to be time that this libel upon women should be scorned by fair minded men. From all antiquity the majority of women have been faithful workers, rendering a full equivalent in labor for their scanty share of the world's goods. The origin of every industry bears testimony to this. In our own era, while women were still home-keepers, did they not earn their livelihood? What was the weaving, the sewing, the cooking, the doctoring, the nursing, the child care, "the work that was never done," if it was not earning a subsistence? Even in these days, when woman goes forth and receives the reward of her labor as publicly as men, she is no more worthy of her hire. Her armstrong—sweet and saintly soul—did not dream of recompense. But was it not her due, and shall we refuse to credit it because man was then a self-sufficient ignoramus who deemed himself the only one fit to acquire property?—Alice B. Tweedy in Popular Science Monthly.

Woman in Business.

Woman's introduction into the business world is no longer an experiment. The feminine wage earner is now a permanent factor in the national economy. The individual drops out of the ranks to form a center around which home springs up, but another woman, not a man, takes her place. The type remains. More and more places are being made for women, to such an extent that a recent census bulletin reports the increase in the number of women employed in gainful occupations during the period between 1870 and 1890 to have been 118 per cent, while in trade and transportation the increase was 1,051 per cent.

This change is significant. It is, in fact, a revolution. Twenty or indeed ten years ago the girls of an ordinary middle class family in which the father was a small business man, an expert mechanic, or a farmer capable of supporting his family with decency if not absolute comfort were expected to stay at home and help with the housework until they went to reside over homes of their own. It was considered something of a slur to say that a man's daughters were obliged to go out to work.

Nowadays this statement is reversed. A business training is as much a matter of course for the daughters as for the sons. And no one is surprised when the daughters prefer putting the training to practice instead of devoting their time to household duties unhelped with social accomplishments. The growth of the

idea that woman is an individual, not an appendage, that she has social duties and moral responsibilities as well as men, is really at the bottom of the revolution.—Mary E. J. Kelly in Lippincott's.

The Latest in Corsets.

The craze for out of door exercise for women has so wonderfully increased of late that it has created a demand for proper costumes and also for proper corsets. This necessity has been fully met, and now there is a special kind of corset for nearly every different sort of exercise, and the models are still so smart and graceful and finely finished that it looks as if the new woman had not as yet the desire for dainty lingerie. The new corsets are as carefully made to fit the figure as a glove to fit the hand. There is the short tennis and rowing corset, that also looks well under an empire gown on a slender woman, and it sufficiently supports a stout one if the gown above it is of the flowing style in which the waist line is concealed.

The cycle corset is also short, with elastic hips and gussets, giving the wearer ease and perfectly free action. The hammock or gymnast's corset has elastic shoulder straps and is little more than half a corset, reaching only a little way beneath the arms. The riding corset is short, but longer than the hammock style, as it has a wide elastic band that runs from the spoon back over the hips to the back. The best best of all, however, is the new graceful, yet comfortable, if rather expensive corset, for stout women—long below the waist and shaped with strong but easy V-gorges, and short from the waist up, with the seams of the front and the bias gorges running toward the steels in a distinct V form that produces a graceful result, yet the model is not torturing like the "straight fronts," usually made for stout women.—New York Post.

The Opening Doors.

Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.

Relatively the Biblical prophecy has come true of woman. Absolutely there are some things yet to be fulfilled.

Today's American girl of any and all stations has so much more to look forward to than her sister of yesterday that she need waste no precious time in vainly contemplating the superior advantages her other sister of tomorrow will enjoy.

Sixty years ago an English woman since entered great came to this country to observe how women earned a living. She found one so called profession and three trades open.

There are now 400 trades and half as many professions by which thousands of women get not only a living, but a competency.

Women cannot vote yet in all these United States, but they can be and have been mayors, postmasters, pension agents, county clerks, city clerks, registers of deeds, police justices, jurors, overseers of the poor, prison commissioners, state librarians, school superintendents and supervisors, engraving clerks of legislatures, superintendents of women's prisons, police matrons, members of state boards of charity, lunacy and correction and federal marshals.—New York Press.

Modern Grace Darlings.

In the good time coming Grace Darling will be more one of many ship saving heroines. The day seems to have arrived when every town along the coast has at least one young woman with a boat and a few lives to her credit. Two of the most recent recruits to the saving list are western women—Miss Laura Bradshaw of Oakland and Mrs. Ida Robinson of San Francisco. The former rescued a foundering yacht and Mrs. Robinson guided a vessel through stormy seas from Honolulu.

Miss Bradshaw, who was on the wharf when the good yacht Rover was failing in an attempt to make its harbor because the line by which the boat was to be moored was not being properly hauled in, simply rolled up her sleeves and helped to haul. She had strong arms, and her efforts were successful. By and by others came to her aid and the yacht was saved.

Mrs. Robinson was the pilot of the good bark Hollinswood during a storm that split masts and made gales useless, but Mrs. Robinson steered the ship safely through it all. She has been her father's navigator for four years and comes of a seafaring family that regards trips around the Horn and the Cape of Good Hope as mere trifles.—New York Journal.

A Picky Woman.

A picky woman in Washington, who was one of the many clerks dropped from the government pay rolls last year, looked around hard for a few weeks for other clerical work, and finding none did the next best thing—what she could. What this was is told in a little notice that appeared in the women's cloakroom in one of the department buildings:

Wanted—Washing to do, by a good plain washer and ironer; also clear starching; satisfaction guaranteed and rates reasonable.

The woman's wisdom in selecting as her employment a necessary service was as apparent as her bravery in undertaking so modest a field of labor as that of laundress and clear starcher. As the situation was tersely put by another woman who is making a good income selling stove polish, after almost starving attempting to take orders for fine embroidery: "The same condition of affairs which lost me my salaried place affects the demand for a pure luxury like fine embroideries. Stove polish has to be used, centerpieces and dollies can be got on without." When times are hard, the bread winner finds quickest returns in supplying a necessity.—Washington Correspondent.

Room to Breathe.

It is one of the hopeful and comforting signs of the times that the compressed waist, save on a few women, is rarely seen. Whether it is the bicycle

or the fashion that has wrought this change or whether women have grown more sensible and are demanding room to breathe matters not. The result is the only thing in which we are especially interested, and this is exceedingly favorable to health, good sense and the comfort of the woman of today, and serves a great gain in the probable advancement of generations to come. Women who some years ago had waists somewhat on the hour glass principle are wearing dresses that give them a couple of inches more belt measure than of old, and they look quite as well to the artistic eye, and a thousand times better in the eyes of those whose opinions are worth having. The fashions of the day have perhaps made the large waist possible. The enormous sleeves have been the object of attention in the tailor, and whether the waist was a fraction or so larger or smaller really did not count. At all events, there is more amplitude, more room to breathe and more space for expansion, and women should be duly and humbly thankful.—New York Ledger.

House Service in Australia.

Some revolutionary suggestions in regard to domestic servants are being discussed in Australia. It is proposed to call them "household employees." They will not be in the dining room, either with the family or by themselves. They will not be at the back and call of the mistress. There will be two shifts of "employees," one to work from 2 a. m. to 2 p. m. and the other from 2 p. m. to 8 p. m., so that they may have the afternoon and evening of every appropriate week. It is believed that the expenses of the household would not be increased by adopting this step, as domestic service under this new condition of affairs would be rendered so attractive that servants would be obtained at half the present wages, and sweating in factories would be largely diminished by reducing the number of applicants.

Mrs. Tholozan.

Mrs. Tholozan, wife of the late shah's French physician, was in many ways a remarkable woman. She had lived in Persia many years and was full of anecdotes of her varied experiences of her life in that country. She had long been literally pursued by "the fire brand." Fifteen years ago she was saved from a burning vessel off Batavia. She was among the rescued from the terrible fires which destroyed the Opera Comique in Paris and the Municipal theater at Nice, and she arrived in Constantinople in the morning of the fatal fire which burned down Messrs. Fabius hotel, and only escaped with her life, all her property being burned. She cannot recall in this adventure which ultimately settled on the lungs and caused her death.

The Placket.

The shirt waist, with all its advantages, is productive of carelessness as to the skirt, and in spite of numerous devices the hand still falls below the waist line and the placket often gapes. A certain patent fastening that resembles a hook and eye, but remains more tightly clasped, is an almost certain remedy for the latter evil at least. It behooves the woman who wears nice to an extreme in the matter of collars and exacting as to ties, to bear the fact in mind. A white skirt or a bit of the silk petticoat may be harmless in itself, but the fact of its protruding unbidden calls down masculine criticism, and in the point of neatness of attire woman can not afford to be outdone.

Shoulder Capes.

Capes of every dainty description maintain their own vigorously against the innovations fashion would introduce. The very smartest shoulder capes are formed of black tulle or net or mousseline de soie over silk or satin, with appliques of rich lace as a finish, and the edges are completed by a pinked out frill of glace silk or satin matching the foundation. A little tuche of net or mousseline de soie edged with rows of tiny satin ribbon is carried around the neck and very often down the front.

White Linen Cushions.

White linen sofa cushions give a wonderful touch of daintiness to the summer cottage parlor. They are, above all, suitable—the right thing in the right place, as they admit of laundering. Some of them are traced in all over designs, others have small flowers worked solidly in wash silks, like violets, forget-me-nots and the like, and almost all have deep hamstitched borders.

The Fashionable Belt.

Wearers of the fashionable belt should remember this: A slender waist can wear anything about it. One that is not trim and small needs a tight-fitting belt or none. A ribbon about it accentuates its size, and should never be donned unless decidedly drawn to give a belted appearance.

The use of polished tables for lunches and teas which seems now and again to fall into a certain sort of disfavor, chiefly because novelty must be had by some hostesses at all cost, is this season in especial vogue.

By a decision of the United States supreme court Mrs. Hettie Green secures title to Chicago property worth, it is estimated, over \$500,000. The case has been pending for 20 years in various courts.

Trimmed skirts are assuredly winning their way. A recent model from Paris shows gussets of the material set in the front and side seams, each being outlined with a narrow ruche.

A convenient utensil for the kitchen, not in general use, is a small paint brush. It is neater and more effective for the greasing of pans than the usual bit of paper.

Waitresses are to take the place of waiters in the restaurant of the house of commons.

DESIGNING DOLLS.

A Tiny Miss Who Has Made a Great Success in Drawing Paper Toys.

The hundreds of paper dolls which children play with every day are the work of a tiny girl, Miss Margaret McDonald. She is now a young miss of 16, but she was only 13 years old when her dolls, whose designing had been for amusement and play, was brought to the attention of one of the largest stationery firms of the country. The firm was so pleased with the artistic quality and original character of Miss Margaret's work that an offer was promptly made for it, and the little girl found that her play had become profitable. Since the first of her dolls became popular, her pretty handwork has been much added to, and her doll family is large and distinguished.

Marguerite is the daughter of a naval officer, and her home is in Washington, although she was born in New York. New Yorkers have a still further claim upon her from the fact that her father's family live there, too, and Dr. McKim is long the pastor of the church at the corner



MARGUERITE McDONALD.

of Twenty first street and Fifth avenue, was her great grandfather. Marguerite's mother says that when the young artist was a small child a morbidly inclined, she saw a pencil one day and took hold of it at once as if she knew how to use it. This fact was so striking, as well as unusual, that her mother noticed and remembered it, and felt sure her little daughter would show a talent for drawing when she grew older. This she did very soon and her painted dollies were the delight of all the children of the neighborhood long before they became an article of sale in the shops. They were so much sought after, that they were sold for a profit at first, though from the very start her originality of design showed itself.

The publishing firm have been very much interested in the little girl from the time they saw her first productions. Last Christmas a year ago they sent her a most beautiful gold watch, set with diamonds at which you may imagine she was much pleased. Miss Marguerite is a pupil of the Washington High School. Her talent is a perfectly natural one, she having had no instruction beyond that which is got at the public schools. She means to be an artist, and hopes some day to use the brush in more ambitious work than her dolls, pretty as they are.—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Anna B. Jeffers.

"For the first time in the history of the state," says the Baltimore News, "a woman is to be holding a state office in Maryland. Colonel Luther H. Gadd, state librarian, sent his resignation to Governor Lowndes recently, and Mrs. Anna B. Jeffers of Annapolis received her commission, filed her bond and entered upon the duties of the office, to which she was appointed by Governor Lowndes and confirmed by the senate just before the adjournment of the general assembly. She is the daughter of a late gallant officer of high rank in the navy, a lady of much personal popularity, and will doubtless make an excellent state librarian as those of Kentucky, Michigan and other states in which this office has come to be regarded as one which women are peculiarly adapted to fill."

Purse Swinging From a Chain.

The fashionable girl these days lets her purse swing from a chain which she wears about her neck.

The chain must be very fine and the purse of silver or gold mesh with a gate top. This idea is more for novelty than convenience, for a purse dangling from one's waist is apt to be a trifle annoying. But it is the fashion, and so the girls are all doing it. A few of the fair made tuck part of the purse within the belt, as if it were a watch.

Many of these woven gold or mesh purses are wonderfully beautiful. They not only have the gold ball top studded with jewels, but a tiny gem or two glistens among the woven gold threads of the purse itself.—New York Mercury.

Denim Decorations.

The decorative possibilities of that sturdy, blue denim, are being shown this season as never before. It would seem as if the skill of the decorator was being concentrated on the effects he can produce with this fabric. In combination with white, as an outline trimming on the stuff itself or in lace curtains, over which it may be draped, or in upholstering white enamel furniture, its use is especially successful. All over chairs and divans that are upholstered in the blue or green denims are showily relieved with white buttons and piping cord as a finish.

An Oakland Woman.

An Oakland woman has recently built a cottage, doing all the carpentering, plumbing and painting herself. While doing it she never once hammered a finger, used a saw nor joined the union, got drunk or went on a strike. A record to be proud of, is it not?—Newman Tribune.

Small, Close Fitting, Quaint Bonnet.

Beside the poke which bears the stamp of Parisian approval there is a small, close fitting bonnet quaint in shape and made of rather coarse straw or one of the fancy braids. These bonnets, though not unlike the Dutch cap in shape, are somewhat larger, and are worn farther on the face. The trimming in some instances takes the form of a wreath and encircles the bonnet. Then the dexterous milliner bends it so that it seems almost oval. Some times the chief decoration is at one side and stands up very high. Again, the entire front is quite plain, the trimming is at the back, and either flares out in bows at each side, or stands up quite straight just in the center. Rosettes of piece velvet or gauze ribbon are liked on these bonnets, and many good color effects are obtained when a little care is taken, and some thought is given to the contrast between the roses and flowers.—Isabel A. Mallon in Ladies' Home Journal.

Vacations on the Wheel.

A well known cyclist writes: "Every true wheelwoman will spend her vacation this summer in a bicycle tour. There is nothing to equal it. A party of girls may easily go alone, for there is nothing like wheeling to make one independent. Do not bother with any baggage. A wheelwoman does not need anything but her bicycle costume, with a couple of changes of underclothing in a sack in the baggage carrier fastened to the handle bar. Below this she should have a small camera, for no woman should return from a tour without snap-shots of the prettiest bits of country through which she has passed. Nor must her outfit fail to include a repair kit, to save her from involuntary walking. A watch in a leather case, to be strapped to the handle bar, is particularly useful in touring, and it tames the frowning heart by being dainty as well. A chain lock must not be forgotten."

Crash Costumes.

A few years ago a prediction that coarse kitchen toweling would one day be a fashionable dress fabric would have met with scorn, but today, amusing and absurd as it sounds, crash is made up into the neatest little morning costumes and is adorned by the best tailors. There are various weaves and weights of crash. The coarse weaves are somewhat slinky in surface, while the close mesh is smooth. The color ranges from cream to brown. Dresses made of this material are usually untrimmed or finished only with a coat and collar of colored material or lace. A worn, full skirt has straight, overlapped seams and an open jacket, which has flaring cuffs and revers of green linen. Another has a blouse waist with a rolling collar and button of turquoise blue.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Pretty Room.

A lovely and not expensive room fitted up for the home coming, after her four years of college life, of the daughter of the house here, and who was finishing in an ornate white. A cascade of wild rose curtains runs around the room, and the curtains, covering of the ceiling, cushions, bed valance and canopy are all of the material. The window curtains are striped on the poles and fall over sheer muslin ones edged with a frill and tucked back under the straight rods with pink ribbons. The carpet rug has a cream ground with wild roses trailing over it, and the one deep wine color seat is padded with cushions covered with soft green and all sat in charming harmony with the prevailing pink.—New York Times.

More Trimming for New Skirts.

The new skirts for outdoor wear, says a fashion authority, appear more generally with some kind of trimming, even for the most part in straight or sloping lines in the length. If the edge is to be ornamented, this is done by putting a broad band of velvet in a darker color all round. Sometimes such bands are fastened down at pretty long distances with large buttons and sloped ends, to mitigate the admired tabs so largely used for trimmings. An evening dress the decoration covers the front of the skirt and takes the shape of a tablier, panel and robing of plaited lace or tulle, silk of another color, sequin embroidery, and so forth.

Black Velvet Ribbon.

Black velvet ribbons of an infinitesimal width trim the frills of many of the fashions which beautify otherwise plain silk waists and blouses, such as being made of either chiffon, mousseline de soie or spotted net. It is also seen alternating with frills and insertions of lace forming apulets over plain sleeves and also velvet in light short basque bodices, but let us hope that the fashion may never be revived of wearing a band of black velvet around the throat, for this style, although becoming to most, causes many a lovely throat to be prematurely wrinkled, and black will darken the skin.

For the Veranda.

A well equipped summer veranda must be furnished not only with hammocks and cushions galore as well as comfortable rattic chairs, but it must have a Japanese porch curtain and some of the artistically colored hanging of Japanese vases. Vines that flourish in these throughout the warm months will be invaluable in the winter library to lend a touch of growing foliage which is now deemed indispensable in the modish room.

Her Rainy Day Attire.

A brave woman appeared on "the sidewalks of New York" the last rainy day wearing a divided skirt, belted coat and waterproof leggings. The dress was of gray material and reached just below the knees. As other women struggled to keep their skirts out of the muddy drizzle and the overflowing gutters, she walked on unhampered and unheeding the remarks of critical passerby.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

JUGGLERY MADE EASY.

A Trick That Magicians Perform Can Be Done by Any Bright Boy.

Many of you no doubt are familiar with the juggler's trick of baking a cake in a silk hat, but not with the way in which it is done. We are going to

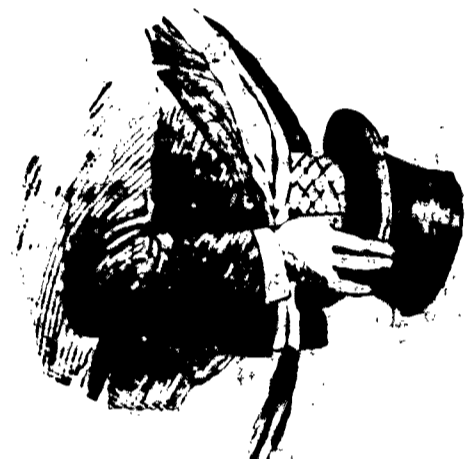


describe the process so simply that it may be employed in the parlor as well as on the stage.

To prepare for the trick get three eggs, and having blown the contents from two of them, close the little apertures with white wax. Place the three eggs open a plate ready for use when wanted, and in the left hand side of your waistcoat put a flat cake, 4 or 5 inches in diameter.

Having made these preparations, appear before the spectators, put the plate with the three eggs on it on a table and borrow a silk hat. After secretly transferring the cake from your waistcoat to the hat, put the hat on the table and break one of the blown eggs on the edge of the plate and pretend that you empty its contents into the hat.

To add to the illusion then drop the perfect egg upon the plate, and let the spectators see its contents pour out. That will help to make them believe that the other two are real. Then break



the remaining blown egg and pretend to empty its contents into the hat, after which you have only to pass the hat several times over the flame of a candle to complete the trick, taking care, of course, that you do not bring it near enough to the flame to injure it.

Take out the cake and let the spectators eat it.—Philadelphia Times.

Johnny's Postscript.

Benjie Chandler, the writer of stories and verses for children, is a daughter of Commodore Chandler of the navy. At one time in their family they had a little negro boy who was not very busy, and spent his spare time idling about the rooms where the ladies sat. They would puzzle their wits to keep the boy at work. One day Mrs. Chandler was busy and sent Johnny into the next room. "You may take your slate and pencil," she said, "and write me a letter." The boy obeyed. By and by there came a shrill call: "Please, missus, I've got it written. It says: 'Dear Missus—Kin I go down to the tennis court and see them play tennis? Respectfully yours, Johnny.'" Mrs. Chandler was not ready to admit him as yet, so she replied: "Oh, well, write me a postscript." Again a silence, so prolonged that she went into the room to investigate. There was no boy there. The slate lay on the chair face upward. She read the message he had first called out, and underneath it this addition: "P. S.—I have went."—San Francisco Argonaut.

One Doll's Name.

The Capital of Washington tells a pretty story about Mrs. Cleveland, a little girl and a doll. Mrs. Cleveland gave a name to the doll which was not disclosed, and the girl who guessed correctly was to get the doll. Mrs. Cleveland named the doll Columbia, and after almost every little girl in the city had tried to guess its name, and the envelope containing the guesses was about to be sealed up because not one had guessed correctly, little Margaret Lathrop, who lives at Concord, Mass., in the home that used to belong to Hawthorne, went to the bazaar and guessed the correct name, and, of course, she has the doll. Mrs. Cleveland asked Margaret afterward how she happened to guess that the doll's name was Columbia, and she said, "Mrs. Cleveland, I thought Columbia was the name you ought to give the doll."

Length of Stitches.

The first lesson given to those who are learning how to sew is what is known as the running stitch. While you may all know that the stitches should be fine and even, you may perhaps not be aware that the spaces and the stitches should be of exactly the same length, and this should not exceed an eighth of an inch.

Glady and Granny.

Little Glady—Granny, go down on your hands and knees for a minute, please. Foul Grandmother—What am I to do that for, my pet? Glady—Cause I want to draw an elephant.—Philadelphia Times.