

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A WOMAN WHO IS ASS STANT PASTOR TO HER HUSBAND.

A Healing Chicago Woman Jewels on Gloves—Consideration for Shopwomen.

In the New South church of Boston recently the Rev. Lusia W. Sprague was installed as pastor, and at the same time and by the same services his wife, the Rev. Lita Frost Sprague, was installed as assistant pastor. It is so uncommon for a woman to be installed in the pastorate of a New England church, particularly in Boston, that an elaborate service was arranged.



Mr. and Mrs. Sprague have been together in the ministry for seven years. They were graduated together from the Theological seminary at Meadville, Pa., and in 1889 were married. The following year they were ordained in All Souls' church, in Chicago and soon afterward were called to a church in Monroe, Wis. From there they went to Pomona, Cal., where they succeeded in building a church in the roughest part of the town.

Mrs. Sprague is the founder of the woman's parliament of southern California and is also greatly interested in the woman's congress in San Francisco. She is slight in stature and unassuming in manner, but she has a way of winning confidence and sympathy which has made her very successful.

A Hunting Chicago Woman.

One young woman, who makes her appearance daily in the little group which gathers about the close of the market at the north end of the board of trade corridor, has selected an unusual calling. She is the representative of a cooperative concern and sells and buys stoves and headings. What is more, she does it well and has demonstrated in the course of the last five or six months that a woman can sell hard times as well as she can talk it up in the office of a Keokuk cooper.

The young woman who makes a livelihood by selling cooperage got into the business through a popular chain of circumstances. She was a stenographer in the office of a Keokuk cooper. He decided to branch out and established an agency here and put a partner in charge.

The partner made a bad job of it, and after a reorganization another partner came on and did as badly as his predecessor. The stenographer at the Keokuk office in the meantime had come on to Chicago and had become familiar both with the marketing of the product of the Iowa factory and with the commission business. She was promoted to the management on the failure of the second partner to make a success of the business and has been managing it ever since.

Her position is no sinecure, and her appearance in the board of trade corridor is the least part of her duties. She has had a little ladder made, to enable her to climb into the cars and inspect stock. She superintends the tallying out of staves and headings, carries on the correspondence of the company and has charge of the banking done here. Her associates at the board of trade meetings are good, substantial, bushy whiskered old men, who are inclined to give her fair play at every point, but they are unanimous in the opinion that, so far as selling cooperage is concerned, she is as good a man as any of them.

Jewels on Gloves.

The latest fad in the way of eccentric dress is the wearing of jewels upon various articles of clothing. This extravagance originated in gay Paris, where the jewelers are falling over one another in their attempts to find some new use to which to put gems.

There are now on the market, as a unique result of this attempt to find or devise something new, gloves in the backs of which are set precious stones, diamonds, rubies, pearls and emeralds, and, in fact, any gem whose natural color harmonizes or makes a pleasing contrast to the color of the glove. Diamonds seem to be the favorite gems used for this purpose.

The jewels are set in the back of the glove along the seam and are held in place by means of a small nut attachment. Thus far only a few of the more advanced women of the ultra fashion-able set have taken to wearing the diamond-ornamented gloves, but the fad is slowly but surely spreading, and no

man can tell to what extent it may be carried.

Like every other fashion which originates in Paris, the fad of wearing diamond-backed gloves has crossed the English channel, and a few of the more daring English leaders of fashion have promptly had jewels set in the backs of their gloves. Following the invariable order of such things, the fad will reach this country during the present season. American girls will doubtless combine this fad with the other one of wearing the stones appropriate to the month of their birth. Then those who believe in planetary influence upon the human disposition will have only to glance at the glove to know the character of the girl.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Consideration for Shopwomen.

Every conscientious woman should put into practice in her shopping the principles observed by the shopwomen who are members of the Consumers' league. The women belonging to this league pay no dues, have no meetings and get no benefits except those of an approving conscience. Their names are not even known to the public, only to the officers of the league, whose objects they approve. These objects are to induce women to shop at reasonable hours, to be considerate of those who serve them in the shops and to patronize whenever possible only those stores that are on a so-called "white list," which are known as "fair shops."

A fair shop, according to the requirements of the league, is one in which equal pay is given for equal work regardless of sex and in which the minimum wages are \$6 a week for those who are inexperienced, those in which wages are paid by the week and in which the boys if imposed are paid into a fund for the benefit of those employed.

The minimum wages for cash girls are \$2 a week. As to hours, a fair house is expected to make the time from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. a working day and to allow 45 minutes for lunch, with a half holiday once a week during the summer months, one week's vacation with continued pay and a compensation for work done after business hours. Other requirements that must be observed by houses placed upon the "white list" are that sanitary laws shall be observed; that employees shall be provided with seats in accordance with law, and that fidelity and length of service shall meet with consideration.—New York Letter.

Mrs. Stanton on Wheel Drives.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton ridicules the idea that a woman doesn't look well on a bicycle. "No woman could look worse on a wheel than a man bent at an angle of 45 degrees and with contorted flaying," she declares. As for dress, she does not doubt that in time women will look pretty and graceful in long stockings, knickerbockers, tight fitting sacks and military caps.

"I like a trim vessel in a storm, with all sails reefed. They will, as an object lesson, illustrate a great natural law—that woman is a bifurcated animal and does not run, as she seems to the ordinary observer, like a churn on casters, a pyramid in shape from waist downward, a being with two legs, for free motion must of necessity have bifurcated garments. This revelation of legs has been a great shock to some sensitive souls, and the debates on the question of what women should wear have been as hysterical as on the first point—should she be permitted to ride at all!"

As she decided the first for herself and defiantly rode off in the face of her opponents, she will decide the second point and wear what she pleases, gradually making changes in dress and wheels as added comfort and convenience demand, and popular prejudices must yield her undisputed way in this new field of activity, just as they have other strongholds from time to time in the past.

The Latest Imported Fad.

A wholesale firm in New York has imported a number of ladies' capes. These came from London and are the fad among fashionable English women. They furnish another example of the homage which is still paid to royalty in that extremely limited monarchy on the other side. The queen has become so old and infirm that she cannot walk without the support of a cane, and in order that their beloved sovereign may not be conspicuous in her infirmity the English ladies have made the cane a fad. It is not the elderly lady who carries it, however, for that would reflect still more upon her majesty's advancing years. Nor is it the new woman who "sports" this attribute of masculinity. The young and frivolous society girl is the one who twirls her stick on the boulevard and promenades at fashionable watering places. The custom began late last summer and has increased in favor until it has boiled over, as it were, into this country.

The canes which have been brought over are selling for \$2 apiece, but these are only plain and carved wood without any gold or silver ornamentation, such as English girls boast upon their walking sticks.

She Managed the Throttle. Miss Mary Houston, the daughter of President Houston of the Thompsonville (Conn.) Carpet company and ex-state senator, was at the throttle of the locomotive that drew the Hartford express over one of the roads out of Boston the other evening.

Miss Houston has studied engineering in this country and Europe and knows what she is about. The passengers did not know that the hand of a young woman guided the flying train, which ran steadily as a grandfather's clock and made the run on schedule time.

The regular engineer and one of the officials of the road were in the cab, to be prepared for any emergency, but it never came. Miss Houston handled the engine and the brake like a veteran, blew the whistle at the proper places, made all the stops, eased up around the curves and steamed valiantly up the grades and coasted cautiously down hill all the way to Hartford.

The officials of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, the New England and the Boston and Albany railroads all said to-day that they knew nothing of any such feminine feat, but Miss Houston did run the train, and ran it well.—Philadelphia Times.

Humane and Nervy.

The modernist now being erected on the site of the late Tremont House—of blessed memory—causes much heavy teaming to become up the steep grade of the lower part of Beacon street and affords a test of the nature of the drivers of the heavily laden construction drays.

Not long since one of them, with four horses hitched thereto, was trying to turn the sharp curve of Tremont place when the pulling horses stopped to breathe after their hard "collar work" up the hill. The brutal driver began to beat them and had given one of the horses several blows when a lady stepped from the pave and remonstrated, seizing his whip and breaking it into several pieces with her delicately gloved hands in spite of the curses and harsh words which came from the man's lips. She spoke kindly to and petted the poor horses, and amid the cheers of the bystanders told the astonished driver how to manage and use his willing team and saw them start afresh and nobly do their work.—Boston Transcript.

An Advanced Organization.

The Pioneer club, a London organization composed of women, is more advanced than any other similar association of women in the country. Started four years ago by 20 women, the membership now counts over 800. It is conducted on the lines of a man's club, with sleeping rooms for members in its clubhouse, a restaurant, where once a week a club dinner is served, and a smoking room sacred to members only, where as yet nothing stronger than the cigarette is in use. Mrs. Massingberd is the founder of the club and is its first and still acting president. Some well known members of the club are Lady Henry Somerset, Olive Schreiner, Lady Florence Dixie, Sarah Grand, Lady Habington and other famous women. The motto of the club is perhaps its best exponent. They say—what say they—let them say.

Some Handkerchiefs.

Every one in Paris is going wild over the tone handkerchiefs just now. The linen thread dyed in fast colors before it is woven, and it is marvelous to see what delicate tones are obtained. The pale greys, blues and greens and dainty shades of rose, lavender and yellow are most in demand. Some of the handkerchiefs are perfectly plain, with the narrow hem, some are edged with real lace, while others are embroidered. One of the prettiest has a true lovers' knot in delicate tracery; another, of pale rose, has a bow-knot in one corner and garlands of forget-me-nots in the other corners. They vary in price from \$2 to \$50 each and look like cobwebs. They are all of exquisite texture and yet stand more real wear and tear than a coarser linen.

Slaves.

There is a decided dwindling of the sleeves on the most correct of Parisian tailor gowns, but for evening and dressy afternoon toilets there is a full single puff. On demitress gowns the wrinkled portion of the sleeve is encroaching upward on the region of the puff, which indignantly asserts itself in a little compact globe about the shoulders or gives way with good grace to the single, double or triple frill. If only we are able to be kept from going to extremes in the matter of frills, it will prove a pretty change of fashion.—New York Post.

Slaves.

If the face becomes badly burned through wheeing in a high wind, rub it with olive oil and vaseline or cover the face with cloths dipped in warm water containing bicarbonate of soda, which is both healing and cooling.

A convenience designed for country houses where no ice is to be had is a large covered pall lined with charcoal. In this pall, if kept in a cool place, water is said to remain as fresh and cool as if just taken from the well.

Miss May Abraham, the new English superintendent of factory inspectors, is a beautiful woman of the Semitic type. She began her career as Lady Dilke's private secretary.

CUBA'S WOMAN COLONEL.

Commands a Regiment of Insurgents While Her Husband Fights for Spain.

Near the town of Vuelta Abajo, in the province of Matanzas, in Cuba, Adele Asaya de Pileto lives on the estate that has been the heritage of her family for a number of generations.

Two years ago she lived a prosaic enough life as the wife of a colonel in the Spanish army. Now she bears the title of colonel herself, but while her husband leads a flying column of royal-



Generala Pileto.

ist soldiers, Generala Pileto commands a regiment of 200 men who are fighting in the army of the Cuban republic. Husband and wife are operating in the same district. They are likely at any time to face each other as enemies at the heads of their respective commands.

Generala Pileto is the only woman fighting for Cuban liberty who holds a commission as an officer. The honor was conferred upon her by Commander in Chief Gomez because she organized and equipped the troop which she commands.

The Spanish colonel, her husband, has known for years of her separate ideas, but that never disturbed their loving relations.

The Pileto estate is famed for its mineral springs. There are caves all over the property, in which the patriots secreted arms and munitions of war in preparation for the uprising that resulted in the present war.

Generala Pileto has not engaged in a battle, but she has managed to keep the district to which she is assigned well cleared of Spanish troops.—Boston Globe.

The Barefoot Boy.

"May I go barefooted, mamma?" This has been the cry of the small boy—yes, and the girl, too—for several weeks. Who does not remember the joy and sense of freedom when this permission was granted in the spring. The feet and legs were soon browned, the toes stubbed a little, and sometimes tied up for a day or two, but what mattered this so long as there were no shoes or stockings to worry about? Then there was a suggestive limp, but it was not long until the feet became hardened and accustomed to the bare ground and sharp stones. Healthy? Look at the village boy, bounding and leaping, swimming and running. Why, certainly it is healthy. There is an old farmer who lives not far from this city—a man of the old school—who says in the most emphatic terms that children cannot grow if they wear their shoes in the summer. How can they grow, says he, unless they touch the ground? No more than cabbage and corn.—Louisville Commercial.

Double Veils for Summer Girls.

Eastern girls all last summer at Newport wore a regulation veil the color of the sailor, and tied it neatly in the back to keep stray hairs in place and give it a general finish and touch of the becoming. A second veil of brown chiffon was worn loosely over this like a valance, to protect the skin, and was pinned in the back so that the ends could fall over the hair almost to the nape of the neck. This will undoubtedly be the fashion again, as there is a cause for it; but, of course, it is too early in the season to assert it positively, as sailors have scarcely made their appearance except in the shops. In order to have a pinkish complexion some women wear a veil of pink tulle under the regular veil, which certainly gives the desired result, without being visible through the outer veil.—New York Advertiser.

What She May Be.

Speaking not of manual work, but the higher lines of business and of the professions, the American girl of 1894 can be an executor and administrator of estates, a trustee of property, a college president or professor, an expert accountant, a cashier, a druggist, a telegrapher or telephone operator, a stenographer and typewriter, a typesetter, proofreader or newspaper reporter or editor, a dentist or doctor, a minister, a lawyer, a lecturer, a painter or artist, an architect, a sculptor, an author.

All these she can be and equal her brightest brother and beat the average. If she handles other people's money, she unconsciously enrolls herself as a member of the "Never Steals," and the cardinal rule of the organization has yet to be broken.—New York Press.

A Dove Colored Gown.

A very pretty dress that comes from Paris is of the soft gray blue that you see on a night hawk's neck. The bodice is slit up in front, and from either side slit emerges a fanlike plaiting of deep lace, which hangs loose to below the waist. Above these slits the bodice is fastened together on either side by two enamel buttons. The folded collar is of cerise velvet, and the usual frill of cream lace falls over it, forming a pretty frill like expansion below each ear. The sleeve, very full above and light below the elbow, expands in a sort of sheath over the hand, and this sheath is slit up in front to show an inside plaiting of black chiffon. The soft belt of cerise velvet matches the collar, and the toque of soft gray straw, ruffled with bluish gray tulle, has an erect panache, just over the right eye, of black ostrich feathers. Anemones, primroses and tulips are the favorite millinery flowers in Paris.—St. James Gazette.

A Dainty Dressing Table.

A dressing table covered with crape paper is a great addition to summer cottages, making the chambers look dainty and attractive. One may be easily made at home. Get a carpenter to make plain pine tables in kidney shape, half circles or oblong, sufficiently large for all the appointments of the toilet, and cover the top with cotton flannel or something equally thick. Tack a piece of cloth around the edge deep enough to come down half way to the floor. Sew to this a flounce of the crape paper that will reach the floor. Cover the cotton flannel with the paper and sew another flounce of paper around the edge of the table, allowing a little heading to stand up, and having it deep enough to overlap the lower flounce. The frame of the looking glass may be covered with the paper, and both table and glass require a liberal number of bows made of the paper and placed at every corner.—New York Sun.

She Is Not Superstitious.

The superstitions that encompass and harass a bride are so many and for the most part so utterly foolish that it is a positive delight to find a bride who absolutely ignores some of the time worn beliefs. Everybody knows that it is the worst of luck for a bride to wear her wedding gown before the day of the wedding, and to try on the veil is simply tempting Providence, but one of the most charming brides of the season did both. She is the vice president's daughter, too, Miss Julia Stevenson. Several days before her wedding day she posed for Miss Frances Benjamin Johnson for a series of portraits. She wore the different gowns of her trousseau, including the wedding gown, and several of the pictures represent her veiled in the bridal tulle. It was eminently sensible, of course, and all that, but there are very few brides who would dare do it.—Washington Post.

The Cearina.

Naturally, perhaps, the English papers declare that the czarina is the most beautiful sovereign in Europe. A writer in The Sketch says: "A friend in Russia, from whom I have heard this week, tells me that as she passed through the streets, sitting alone in her lovely state carriage surrounded by gorgeously arrayed guards, she looked, in her dazzling, shimmering robes, like a fairy princess. The peasants positively fell down, muttering prayers as she passed, and I hear that a low murmur of admiration even escaped from the royal and diplomatic onlookers as the lovely young empress stood forth to receive her crown. The queen is delighted at the impression her beloved granddaughter has made upon her Russian subjects as well as upon all those present at the coronation."

A Woman's Good Suggestion.

Mrs. Mary A. Livemore writes in The Business Folio of Boston: "I am especially interested in a 'Rational Celebration of July Fourth.' If such a celebration could be devised and undertaken by a large company of women of character, drawn from the existing organizations of women, with addresses, appropriate music and the reading of the Declaration of Independence, with an entire omission of gunpowder, guns, swords, drums and all sorts of military paraphernalia, all done in the highest style of woman's work, and if it could be persisted in for a few years, it would radically affect our present insane way of getting through the day and would start us on a celebration that would affect the thought and practice of the nation."

The Icebox.

In arranging for the supply of ice it is better to have the box filled to its utmost twice or three times a week rather than a smaller piece every day. When the box is thoroughly chilled, it keeps not only the meat and vegetables, but the ice itself. Put in 150 pounds if possible, and on the morning of the fourth day it will be found that a piece will still remain. Another caution is to open the part where the ice is kept as rarely as possible. The cold chamber is the place to put everything, even bottles of water and butter. The gust of heated air that strikes directly upon the ice when the refrigerator door is opened is the deadly agent to make it disappear.—New York Times.

Legislation for Women.

A law recently enacted in New York provides that 60 hours a week shall be the maximum of work for women and children, that chairs shall be provided for women clerks, and that all places where women and children are employed shall be subject to sanitary inspection.

An Attractive Innovation.

An attractive feature of the Women's club's recent convention at Louisville was the corps of ushers and pages. The pages were small girls of from 10 to 14 years and were dressed in white, with mortarboard hats, older young women similarly attired officiating as ushers.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

TWO DISCOVERIES.

Bianche Found Something in the Pear Tree, but it Wasn't Sweet.

"Oh, grandma!" exclaimed Bianche breathlessly, "guess what I discovered up in the big pear tree this morning?" Grandma put on her spectacles and tried to look very wise. "Is it something to eat?" she asked. "Yes," answered Bianche quickly, "part of it is." "And is it sweet?" continued grandma. "Just as sweet as sugar," declared Bianche.

"Then I guess it's a big, bouncing Bartlett pear," said grandma, smiling. But Bianche shook her head. "You haven't guessed it right at all," she said.

"Dear, dear, me!" exclaimed grandma thoughtfully: "whatever can it be? I think you will have to tell me, Bianche."

"I'm not going to just yet," said Bianche, "cause maybe if I tell you a few more things you can guess it. Part of it is a house, and something lives in it, and they can fly."

"Perhaps it's a b-i-r-d," suggested Aunt Nan. "Blanche laughed and laughed. 'Why, it's most as good as a puzzle,' she said. 'Do you ever eat birds, Aunt Nan?'" "Sakes alive, no!" exclaimed Aunt Nan decidedly.

"Supposing we go out and take a look at your puzzle," said grandma, as he folded up his paper. So they all went quickly down the narrow garden walk and stepped beside the tall green pear tree. "Don't you see it?" asked Bianche excitedly. "That great gray bee's nest away up near the top. And don't you see the yellow bees buzzing and buzzing around everywhere? Don't you see them, grandpa?" "No," said grandpa slowly, "I don't. There isn't a bee's nest anywhere around here that I can see, even with my glasses on, and I can't discover one single bee either."

"Why—?" exclaimed Bianche wonderingly. "I can see them as plain as anything, grandpa." "Grandpa looked amused. 'What bright, bright eyes you must have,' he said, smiling. "And can't you really see any thing 'sides leaves and pears?" asked Bianche in surprise.

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered grandpa, with a twinkle in his eyes. "I've discovered something quite remarkable, Bianche. I've discovered that every one of your yellow bees are nothing more or less than hornets!" "Why—?" exclaimed Bianche in astonishment. And then how everybody laughed.—Youth's Companion.

The Stolen Lunch.

Poor little Peter! Do you see him at the schoolhouse pump? Oh, how he cries and howls!

Yesterday a little girl named Mary Owens came to the teacher and said: "Oh, Miss Ward, what shall I do? This is the third day that some one has eaten up all my lunch. I have been watching and trying to find out who can be the thief. But it is of no use." The poor child cried because she was so troubled at the loss of her dinner.

"Never mind, little Mary," said the teacher. "Do as I tell you, and we will catch the naughty child very soon." So they said not a word more before the other scholars and quietly laid their plan. Next morning the teacher brought a tempting doughnut and placed it in Mary's lunch basket.

Just before the bell rang to dismiss the school at noon the scholars heard a noise and soon saw Peter standing by the well and working the pump handle in a lively fashion.

The doughnut had been filled with red pepper, and when poor Peter tasted it he knew he was found out. Oh, how it did burn! It seemed as if he could never get to the water. And, worst of all, the boys and girls now came running to him, shouting and laughing at him with all their might. No doubt this will be the last time little Mary will lose her lunch.—Boston Woman's Journal.

A Three-year-old Bicyclist.

Would you like an introduction to the youngest bicycle rider in Chicago, if not in the world? This is his picture. The young man is just 3 years old, and he lives at 2780 Commercial street, Ravenswood. His name is Allison Friedberg. He rides an odd little baby bicycle, the wheels of which are only 16 inches in diameter and the seat 22 inches from the ground. Not long ago he rode from Ravenswood to Lincoln park and back, a distance of ten miles, in less than half a day. He learned to ride very easily and is not at all afraid.—Chicago Record.

His First Wages. There is a boy in a neighboring city whose parents live very economically and have always given him the plainest of food. He has found a position in a shop this season, and what do you suppose he did with his first week's wages? He bought a peck of raisins, went off by himself and ate them all—every raisin. He was ill for several days, and the next week's money had to go to pay the doctor.—New York Letter.

