

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A CHARMING LITTLE JAPANESE WOMAN FROM TOKYO.

Who Was Entitled to the Prize?—How She Came to Whistle—Adjuncts to the Shirt Waist—The Waist Line—Summer Breakfast Gowns—Dolly Madison.

Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Vrooman of 1811 Bayard avenue are entertaining a unique and interesting guest in the person of Mrs. Chika Sakurai, a charming little Japanese woman from Tokyo, who is here to raise funds for a nonsectarian Bible institute and incidentally to familiarize herself with the English language.

Mrs. Sakurai has attracted much attention by her peculiar and charming manner and the costume of her native country.

With her feet incased in sandals she came down the stairs so silently that she stood beside a Post-Dispatch reporter, who had called on her Tuesday, before he was aware of her presence.

Her manner, while slightly bashful, was charming in its simplicity. She accents her words very correctly, although she frequently hesitates in her speech.

Whenever she comes to a word she cannot pronounce she writes it down and then, strangely enough, she finds no difficulty in pronouncing it.

Mrs. Sakurai has a pretty little romance in her life, and she seems to enjoy telling it, pausing now and then to laugh softly as though highly pleased with the recollection.

The father was a problem man of wealth and prominence 30 years ago. About that time civil war broke out in Japan, and he was on the losing side. His goods were confiscated, his lands taken from him, and at the close of the war



Mrs. CHIKA SAKURAI.

he found himself destitute. Then it was that his daughter, Mrs. Sakurai, volunteered to aid him. She found employment in a restaurant as a waitress. Her charming manner and the fact that she was of noble blood soon brought her a husband, a dashing young naval officer whose name she now bears. Married people frequently attend school in Japan, and shortly after her marriage Mrs. Sakurai entered as a pupil in an English missionary school of Japan.

There she was converted to Christianity and was afterward the means of converting her husband, who is now a Christian prior in Japan.

Mrs. Sakurai speaks highly of America, but she will not say that she likes this country better than her native land. In fact, there is a wistful look in her large, almond eyes when she talks of Japan, and it can be easily seen that she is decidedly homesick.

"How old do you think I am?" she asked the reporter, with a merry twinkle in her eyes.

The reporter thought 25 or perhaps 30 years was about the figure.

Then she trips lightly to a table near by and takes from a drawer an odd looking box, from which she draws a photograph.

"That," she says, pointing to a tiny picture of a Japanese lady, apparently about her own age, "is my daughter. She is 17 years of age, and I am 42. Don't look surprised. We Japanese are not like American ladies; we don't mind telling our age."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Who Was Entitled to the Prize?

The daughter of a friend of ours, the president of a college, took part in this commencement season in an oratorical contest of the Ladies' Literary union for a prize on which six of the brightest and most popular students had set their hearts. She competed last year for the prize and secured second place. Her theme was "A Noble Unrest." In the middle of the oration she stopped. She had forgotten. A hush fell on the excited audience. A physician present took out his watch and watched her stand like a statue for full three minutes, till, with a burning face, she seemed to leave the stage, reeled and fell. A powerful student of the other sex caught her in his arms and bore her off the stage to the door. In the hush that followed she partially revived from the swoon, and raising herself on the big fellow's shoulders as he carried her to the door she struggled to finish her oration, speaking slowly in an unnatural voice, with closed eyes. Meanwhile the excitement was so great that several other girls half fainted, and one was carried senseless out of doors.

The next speaker overwhelmed the general tendency to hysterics by delivering a fine oration. When the last of the speeches had been spoken and the judges were about to retire, up the aisle walked the president's daughter, supported by her mother. She took her place on the stage, began the oration when she had left off and finished in the same way. She walked calmly off, but

the effect of the strain and had to be carried out.

The judges, of course, awarded her the prize, but it is a matter of doubt if they did wisely in so doing. If she had died or lost her reason the second time, both of which she must have risked if the account as communicated to us be true, a dreadful responsibility would have been incurred by all concerned. It is quite probable that the effects of that strain will be the seeds of an awful harvest. This collapse resulted from general strain and overpreparation.

The girl that stifled her sympathies, marched to the platform in the midst of the first crisis and gave an oration that "made the chapel ring with applause" was entitled to a prize.—Christian Advocate.

How She Came to Whistle.

Answering the oft-repeated question, "How did you first come to whistle?" I simply did it for self support and the education of my children. I had only been with my instructor three months when I made my first appearance in public, now ten years ago. It was an afternoon affair at Stowaway hall, New York, with an audience of 2,000 lady teachers. The weather was anything but propitious, the rain coming down in torrents. My mother was that morning called away by a death in the family. It almost seemed as if nature itself was against me. However, I was there on time and went on to do my little part. Never will I forget the sea of faces and the nervousness it produced. Knowing nothing then of the care and attention the lips required, they became dry, and it seemed as though I found no sound at all. My one wish was that a friendly trapezoid would kindly open and end my embarrassment.

I was surprised that I pleased the audience, but its lively demonstration showed sympathetic interest, and I felt immensely relieved. I should like to take my lady readers into my confidence with regard to my costume for this (to me) great occasion. The prejudice of my family for my undertaking carried them so far as to prevent my obtaining assistance from them in this direction and even to the family treasures being concealed.

One friend I did have who asked me if I could use lace samples. I rose to it quicker than the proverbial fish, and, hunting up an old satin skirt, set to work. Matching the lace as well as possible in regard to looks and width, for no two pieces were alike or over a yard in length, I covered the entire skirt with it. Next a black satin sash made the foundation for a bodice, and there it was. It only needed the purchasing of the ruffles from my best hat to blossom on the shoulder, and I had my first concert dress. I have it now laid carefully aside, and no amount of money could induce me to part with it. With little realization of what I was undertaking, I that day gave the "Springtime" music famous by Parepa Rosa, and the "Message of the Nightingale," composed by Laura Sedgwick Collins, who was my accompanist.—Mrs. Alice J. Shaw in Home Queen.

Adjuncts to the Shirt Waist.

Here is a partial list of articles necessary to a creditable appearance in a shirt waist and wool or linen skirt.

A perfect fitting corset.

A perfect fitting corset cover.

A shirt waist of correct style, freshly laundered.

A tight fitting women belt, with hooks, to which the skirt is safety pinned.

Another belt, fanciful or leather, which covers the linen one and conceals the hooking of the skirt.

A collar and tie of correct style.

Little opportunity is allowed for choice of neckwear. The turnout collar with club tie, black or white, the turn over inch band, with stock, and the high standing collar, worn also with club tie, are about the range.

An old style collar will ruin the appearance of the nippiest shirt. If a woman is cherishing such she may as well give them to the needy. By the time that they are in fashion again she will more than have paid in storage the price of new ones.

Men understand this matter of collars so much better than we do. When, for them, an article of dress is out of fashion, be it a collar or a hat or a coat, they give it away, and thus always are well dressed. I know of women who spend their lives in frantic efforts to keep up with fashions which always are just ahead, because they have last year's things to wear out.

The shirt waist style of dressing is the most comfortable we have had. But it is its price, which is exceeding care in the details. One may put on a ball toilet nearly as easily.—New York Free.

The Waist Line.

The waist line seems to be a peculiarly vulnerable part of woman's attire—at least very few women are able to manage it properly. Belt, band, sash or whatever it be, it is, to judge, from appearance, a difficult thing to manipulate to the best advantage. Its success may be taken as a sign not only of skillful dressmaking, but of skill in adjusting the garment to the wearer, which latter attribute depends entirely upon the wearer herself. Just make a note of all the garments badly adjusted at the waist line that may be seen on ever so brief a stroll up Broadway, and you will be astonished at the number. The variety, too, is worthy of comment. Not just the belt that permits the skirt band to sag way down while the shirt waist bags way up is in evidence, but the sash that gaps and the bodice that, although guiltless of belt, is losing its connection with the skirt in a most unseemly manner. The hall mark of the homestead frock may be said to be the bodice finish. Of course one now and then runs across a homestead frock that is all that is correct in this detail; but, as a rule, no matter how uncharitable it may sound, such a frock may be known at once by means of its clumsy and ineffectual finish at the waist. If a woman

of a dressmaker wishes to insure a not only smart but trim and neat effect, the most first of all is particular about the waist line.—New York Sun.

Summer Breakfast Gowns.

There is such a demand in summer for gowns that will answer for breakfast and for nightgown that the utmost skill is put upon their designing. To dress tightly of a hot morning for breakfast room appearance is more than the devotee of a fashionable summer resort can endure.

One of the most successful of these negligees was completed in black canvas cloth, very silky, over dark green silk. The effect was a stylish, changeable color.

The waist of the gown was tight fitting except right in the middle of the front. The sleeves were of the large puffed variety to the elbow. From there they were skin tight to the very wrist. A ruffle of fine net finished the hands and the throat.

The only trimming on this tasteful gown was a small ribbon of fancy leaf green, dotted with black. This edged the large shoulder revers and came down the front from neck to foot in parallel rows. Around the waist a plain ribbon of the same shade was knotted in a loose bow. The skirt hung full, rather than in train, and in the back there was the unmistakable many gored effect. The skirt and waist were made separately, but sewed together to give the negligee effect of an all in one piece gown.—New York Telegram.

Charming Dolly Madison.

Every one who has been in the White House has noticed and admired the large oil painting of Dolly Madison that hangs in one of the great rooms. The famous American beauty is shown in a flower garden in recognition of her position for fine culture, and under the picture are the words, "Dear Dolly." Particular attention is drawn to this picture just now by the issue of a biography of Dolly Madison by a clever woman writer—Maud Wilder Goodwin. Mrs. Goodwin says in the course of her book something about Dolly Madison, which is surely a lesson to every woman. This is the passage:

"Dolly Madison charmed John Adams as she charmed every one else with whom she came in contact from the beginning to the end of her life. How did she do it? Assuredly not by capacious efforts or with prepossession intention. It was what she was rather than what she did or said which attracted all who came within the circle of her personal magnetism. Perhaps the best explanation of her attraction is offered by the remark of one of her nieces, who said recently: 'I always thought better of myself when I had been with Aunt Dolly.'"

The Wheeling Costume.

The costume of the woman cyclist remains the unsolved problem of society and trade. Fortune, if not fame, awaits the designer of a garb that will insure safety, while it preserves the modesty and grace with which tradition still happily enshrouds the fairest of creation.

The bicycle academies and the bonnie variis furnish lamentable revelations of the ineffectiveness of necessity or art to devise to date a costume befitting wheel and rider. To such extremes has individual fancy veered that good taste and common decency that a woman becomingly attired rarely fails to attract attention. Indeed, so flagrant has become the abuse of bicycle toisats that many sensitive, self-respecting women have been driven from the public thoroughfare and forced to forego the pleasure altogether. Exclusive society women are now rarely found on a wheel save in the suburbs. Their costume has little in common with those met on the boulevards.—New York Commercial.

Summer Cushions.

Satin and silk coverings are laid away with furs and cloth dresses, and all sorts of inexpensive materials that harmonize with matting and bamboo furniture abound. Japanese crepe in dark blue, with large white conventional flowers wandering over it, is a most effective covering for the hammock cushion. It is cheap and enduring. Chintz and cretonne and even plain gingham, which may be made less plain, by the way, when applied with some lace design, are among the high favorites of the season.

A New Fascy.

A new but not at all pretty fancy is the hanging of the coin purse from the long locket chain. This fashion has supplanted the Trilly locket, which was worn in similar conspicuous fashion. At least the purse has in it an element of usefulness and has some small excuse for its existence. The locket had none whatever, for what sentimental woman would wish to have her sweetheart's picture dangling about loosely on the end of a chain.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The drawer of a bureau or dresser that runs hard may be made to work much more smoothly and easily if it is taken out and the edges thoroughly rubbed before being put into hard wood, it will go in much more easily.

In canning fruit use the extra juice that cannot be put into the jars to make a jelly. Add enough dissolved gelatin to the juice to make it mold when cold; serve it with whipped cream, and you have a delicious dessert.

The Ladies' International club is the newest London woman's club. Its avowed purpose is to entertain friends from all parts of England and from foreign countries as well, particularly the United States.

Mrs. Richard Kitson has announced that she will present to the Kirk Street Congregational church, Lowell, Mass., an organ to cost \$3,000.

Worsted mats can be washed without fading by using salt in the water.

Charming American Wife of the Charge d'Affaires from Colombia.

Mrs. Rengifo, wife of the charge d'affaires from Colombia, is one of the prettiest and most charming women in the diplomatic corps. Senor Rengifo was married a few months since to the



daughter of the late James Barlow of Washington, one of the oldest and most respected merchants of the capital. Mrs. Rengifo is very young, a blond, with sunny golden hair, a beautiful complexion and luminous, large blue eyes. Senor Rengifo is a prominent man in his country and a general in the army. He also stands in the place of his minister, who is accredited to this government.—Chicago Herald.

Riding Habits.

White riding habits are a novelty in Vienna, and very nice they must look, according to the description furnished by Vogue's correspondent. Three of these, worn with white sailor hats, were made of soft but thick pique, the skirt extremely short and the jacket and waistcoat strapped at the seams. The collar of the waistcoat was high and quite military in shape, and the sleeves hardly filled at the shoulder. White gloves and white patent leather topboots gave the whole costume a charming finish. "Tiny clusters of small, fresh blossoms," the same authority adds, "are now placed in the bridle of the riding horse, beneath the ear, their color corresponding with that of the silken frontal." Another pretty innovation is the fashion of having a wee platinum watch inserted in the pompadour of the ladies' saddles. This does away with the annoyance of carrying a timekeeper in one's habit pocket or in one of those horrible leather, gold or silver bracelets which are so heavy and so inconvenient to wear."

Summer Diarrhoea of Childhood.

Dr. Rardin, in commenting on the various methods of treatment, comes to the following conclusions: Astringents, which were formerly so extensively used, have very properly been relegated as useless.

Summer diarrhoea is caused largely by improper and unclean feeding and is largely preventable.

Bacteria play a very important part in its development.

Hot weather has to do only in an indirect manner, as it promotes the growth and development of bacteria in the food supply.

Treatment consists, first, in eliminating all decomposing food from the bowels by cathartics, lavage and colonic irrigation.

Drugs, judiciously administered, are of great value, but are secondary in importance to prevention and management.—New York Ledger.

The Yale Young Women.

Of the eight young women who received degrees at the Yale commencement a few weeks ago, only four had the courage to take part in the commencement procession. The other quartet yielded to their fear of a little gazing on the part of their brother seekers for diplomas. They need not have been alarmed. The four brave virgins were treated with distinguished consideration, and along the line they were constantly applauded.

In lieu of the fan and traditional low Yale bow that all students make to President Dwight, the young women swept him a courtesy without removing their mortarboards, a concession permitted by the faculty on account of the difficulty of removing a masculine mortarboard from a feminine coiffure.—New York Times.

Mrs. Youmans.

In the death of Mrs. Daniel D. Youmans in Norway recently New York society and woman's club world lost one of their brightest ornaments. Mrs. Youmans was the daughter of Hon. Charles L. Stinchey and was a person of broad and brilliant intellectual and culture. She had received a superior education, had enjoyed the advantages of travel and the acquaintance of the leading scholars and thinkers of this country and of Europe. She was marked by wonderful activity and had long occupied a very high place in philanthropic, educational, literary and artistic circles. She was one of the pillars of the Chapin Home for the Aged, a leader in Sorosis and a prominent member of many charitable, reform and other organizations.—New York Mail and Express.

Bonnets Still in Favor.

Many milliners will tell you, says a fashion writer, that the bonnet is a thing of the past, the hat having ousted it entirely out of fashion. This is a grave mistake. Some of the smartest women of the day are wearing flower bonnets. The foundation need not necessarily be floral, green straw being popular as a thing to build upon in millinery. Many of these floral bonnets have a large erect bunch of orchids placed favorably in front, while another favorite bloom is the pink clover. Roses so placed as to stand directly out on either side of the face are frequently seen.

Bicycle Gowns at a Low Price.

The Brooklyn Eagle, referring to a lawn fête in which the tea was pounded by women who wore bicycle gowns, is astonished at this proof of the changes which the wheel has brought about. "Young women have usually put on the most dainty and fluffy gowns when they have poured tea for the delight and entanglement of men. Ribbons and ruffles set off against white necks and hands have wrought wonders in this world. But a bicycle gown is neither fluffy nor silk, and it does not contain any lace or any ribbons, and seldom is a ruffle seen upon it. If it is appropriate to wear at an afternoon tea, then our old ideas are mistaken."

The point is not happily taken. We are not sure that even the girls delude themselves with the notion that it is the ribbons and ruffles that entice men to tea. Why, no; it is just "the eternal feminine" that does it, and though she be clad in her bicycle gown, one's girl is one's girl for a' that. And the men, whatever she wears, still hold the teacups in their hands and quaff a world old nectar.—Detroit Free Press.

When Babies Are Irritable.

Are the babies restless and cross and troublesome during this trying weather? Try cooling baths and loose, comfortable clothing, watching for signs of chafing and heat rash on the body and cooling and healing it with soothing powders. Mothers should remember that many people are disgraced and have to endure the consequent discomfort through life in consequence of having been allowed to suck their thumbs or fingers or a bag of sugar because of the quieting effect this occupation produces in restless infancy. It often results in overlapping or protruding jaws and crowded teeth. Better let the child fret or cry other means of soothing, and if it insists upon forming this bad habit of putting its thumb in the mouth as soon as it goes to sleep, have its nightdress made without sleeves like a pillowcase and simply fasten at the neck, rather than give it future trouble with a little care and patience on the part of the mother, this objectionable habit may be cured before it is fairly formed.—Kansas City Times.

Freckles.

Freckles are a great grievance with many a summer girl, especially the fair skinned, light haired type. Summer freckles, though are not as bad as those which last the year round, as they are the result of exposure to the sun and wind and may be somewhat avoided with care. The white skinned, auburn haired girl who suffers from this kind of freckles learns how to select colors which will go far toward concealing the effect of sun and wind. Clear, fleecy white is the best dress possible after a day's outing. A dry friction of the skin is a safe treatment, as is frequent bathing with pure soap and water. Pomades are often recommended, but these are pretty sure to harden the skin. Through the hot weather a toilet suggestion worth remembering is to tone up the skin and to excite cutaneous circulation by washing the face first with hot water and then washing it with cold to which a little tannic vinegar has been added.—Philadelphia Times.

Piazza Tea Tables.

The serving of tea on the suburban piazza is so much an accepted practice that the piazza tea table comprise a furniture assortment of themselves. The folding tables, whose movable top, with handles, may be brass, polished wood or felt, is still most frequently offered, though the pretty circular willow ones are liked by many as both convenient and appropriate. A variation of the last, shown this season for the first time, is the Russian tea table of braided flag, with a willow border. This is provided with two convenient side shelves and has a shelf underneath for extra cups and saucers. It may be mentioned, too, that chocolate cups for the piazza "five o'clock" grow taller and taller. Some of them look like tankards. Teacups are wide and shallow and coffee cups narrow and high, though not to the chocolate height.

Women in Law.

The law as a profession for women, is not an idea originating in the brain of the new woman. The woman lawyer has the sanction of both Scriptural and classic authority. We read in the book of Judges of Deborah, the wife of Lapidath, a prophetess and judge, to whom the children of Israel came for judgment. Aspasia of Athens was learned in the law, and in difficult affairs often gave wise counsel to Pericles, her husband. Sestia and Hortensia were well known lawyers of ancient Rome. In the fifteenth century women were employed as professors of law in the universities of Padua and Bologna. Fortia, the woman lawyer in the "Merchant of Venice," was but the type of a class not uncommon in medieval times.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Addressed by Queen Victoria.

Queen Victoria's newest maid of honor, Miss Majendie, is said to owe her entrance to royal favor to a curious chance. She happened to be singing in a church choir one day when the queen was present at divine service, and her majesty was so greatly pleased with the fresh sweetness of the girl's face and voice that she invited her to fill the place coveted by the young girls of the English aristocracy. The position was the last thing Miss Majendie herself would ever have expected.

Against the Corset.

Anatomists and reformers, who have been dubbed cranks, have long preached of the injuries stays have wrought on stomach, heart, lungs, liver and the whole arterial system. All these arguments have seemed ineffective. A hint at red noses, puffed hands and eruptive skins sometimes carried a little more weight with it. Now woman is looking at this matter in a more sensible light, and if she has herself begun the reform potent fashion has power to complete it.—St. Louis Republic.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

STORY OF A STORK.

It Carried a Letter to Africa and Brought One Back.

A story that comes from Germany is as quaint as it is true. Some children living in one of the northern provinces discovered that a stork had made its nest upon their roof. Being orthodox little Teutons, they hailed the newcomer with favor, as storks are supposed to bring luck to a house. All the summer they shared their tidbits with their long legged friend, which became very tame and companionable.

At the first signs of approaching cold weather the stork prepared to fit to warmer climes. The children were sad at the thought of losing their pet, but their parents consoled them with the assurance that the bird would surely return the next spring. The children, still uneasy at the idea of the stork not being cared for through the long winter, conspired together and evolved a brilliant idea, which they immediately proceeded to put into execution. They wrote a little note in their best German script stating that the stork was very dear to them and begging the good people in whose country it might spend the winter to be kind to their pet and send it back to them in the spring.

They sealed the note, fastened it to a ribbon, tied it round the bird's neck and tucked it under its wing. The next day they sadly watched the stork wing its way toward milder skies. The snow and ice came. Christmas time brought the children gifts and fresh amusements, but their summer pet was not forgotten. When the spring came round again, their little feet used to climb to the roof by day, looking and longing for the stork's return, and behold! One fine morning there it was, tame and gentle as ever.

Great was the children's delight, but what was their surprise to discover round its neck and under its wing another bright band with a note attached, addressed to "the children who wrote the letter the stork brought." The ribbon was quickly untied and the message opened. It was from a missionary in Africa, stating that he had read the children's note and had cared for the stork and thought that children whose good hearts had prompted them to provide for the comfort of a bird through the winter would be willing to help clothe and feed the little destitute children of his mission. A full name and address followed.

The children were full of sympathy, and the missionary's note won a golden answer from the family. Other letters came and went by post between them until by and by the children learned to know the missionary and his little black waifs almost as well as they knew the beloved stork that proved so trustworthy a messenger.—Our Animal Friend.

Children's Floral Parade.

The annual children's floral parade and fête in the gardens of the Royal Botanic society at Regent's park is always a very charming spectacle, but it is becoming proverbially unlucky in its weather, and after its five day of last year incurred the only wet day of many sultry weeks on June 10. Owing to the continuous downpour of rain the display was held in the exhibition tent and under a canvas covered way, but even these conditions could not destroy its charm. The banners awarded as prizes were given away by the Duke of Teck as the children marched round the tent



led by the brass band of the Boys' home. The exhibits included some very tasteful designs in floral decoration. Several mail carts covered with flowers and drawn by children daintily costumed, were very prettily planned, and the usual tricycles, bicycles and sedan chairs were remarkable for the ingenious variety of their garlands.

A very effective group represented a bridal party of the year 1810, in which bridegroom, bride and four bridesmaids were most daintily attired in old world garb eminently suited to their gay formal surroundings. The red banner awarded to the best of all the exhibits was won by Mrs. Garford's graceful design entitled "A Dream of Beauty," of which we give an illustration.—London News.

A Naughty Day.

Tom, I really think, began it. Though I was as bad as he. We were hot, and it was raining. And we needed entertaining—Staying in the house, you see.

Tom began to tease his sister. She's a scary little thing. He had brought a woolly spider. Dropped it on the floor beside her. How we laughed to see her spring!

When Miss Mary wasn't looking. We ate apricot tarts and played. Tom drew pictures when he thought I wasn't looking. And I laughed and laughed—I couldn't help it—at the things he made.

Round Miss Mary's desk at recess. We went peeping, just for fun. Stopped her little clock from running. Spilt the ink and broke the erasing. Paper knife—her favorite one.

All at once, then, we felt sorry—Sort of ashamed, you know, and small. Something we used to prick us queerly. And to say to the girls clearly. We must tell Miss Mary all.

Hand in hand we went and told her. Promised, as we went away. While she smiled as sweet as ever. We would never, never, never. Have another naughty day. —Youth's Companion.