Woman's World

The Countess of Warwick, Originator of the Farm School.

LADY WARWICK AND HER FAVORITE HORSE.

Long before Mrs. Belmont of New York thought of espousing the cause of women or establishing a farm school an Englishwoman, the gifted and beautiful Countess of Warwick, organized and opened a college for women horticulturists. In her school dairy work, market gardening, poultry farming, beekeeping and horticulture are all taught. It was established to benefit well bred women thrown on their own resources in earning a living. Capable women teachers are in charge of each branch of the work.

Lady Warwick publishes a paper, the Woman's Agricultural Times, which exploits the work of the school. The countess also established an association of women agricultural workers known as the Daughters of Ceres. The products of the school, one feature of which is a jam factory, are disposed of for the benefit of the institution, whose preliminary expenses were borne by Lady Warwick. The Agricultural college originated in 1898, when the Lady Warwick Hostel was established at Reading, England. Later the school was removed to Studley castle, about fifteen miles from Birmingham.

Gardening has always been a fad with the beautiful Countess of Warwick. At Easton Lodge, the magnificent heritage which she brought her husband, she has one of the finest rose gardens in the world. Every known species of rose is said to grow there. Her garden of friendship is remarkable. Everything in it has been contributed by her friends, and each plant or tree bears a heart shaped label showing who planted it.

Besides plants, Lady Warwick is devoted to dumb animals. Her dogs are always beauties, and her stables contain the choicest of horseflesh. She rides to hounds regularly when at Warwick castle, her husband's famous seat, and is said to be one of the best horsewomen in England.

Of late years the countess has been an ardent Socialist. Through her efforts much has been done to improve the condition of English working women. It is her ambition to convert to Socialism her half sister, the Duchess of Sutherland. She is the half sister also of the Earl of Rosslyn and the Countess of Westmoreland. In her own right Lady Warwick owns about 23,000 acres of land.

A GERMAN WOMAN'S PRAISE.

She Says American Women Dress Better Than Parisians.

"American women dress better than the women in any country in Europe, even in Paris," says Miss Helen Hasse, a German author now traveling in America.

"In Europe only the wealthy classes dress well, but in America all women do. Clerks who make only $8 or $9 a week dress in perfect good taste. With a one dollar shirt waist and a one dollar skirt they have the style of queens, a style that European women do not get by spending many times that much. They dress their hair beautifully and take good care of their complexions. The latter—although sometimes more art than nature—are very good. As an average the American women are pretty.

"Here in America it is unusual to see a badly dressed woman, while in Germany it is unusual to see one who is well dressed.

"I am a great admirer of the middle class American woman. She is intelligent, always looks the lady, makes her own clothes, does her housework and is a splendid housekeeper. The German woman of the same class never looks well dressed, is always in dressing sacks, dirty and scrubbing. One seldom sees the American woman scrub, yet her house is always clean.

"The Paris woman possibly has the better of her American sister on hats and gowns, but the American woman looks better. Only the high society of France can afford these expensive gowns. The average American woman can make herself a beautiful and stylish gown for little money; consequently the 'laurels' belong to her."

Renovating a Broom.

When, after much service, a broom becomes shorter on one side than the other and the ends of the straws as sharp as needles, dip it in hot water and trim it down quite evenly with the shears. The result will be a broom as serviceable as when new.

Good Form

Good Form Don'ts.

Don't wear colored or fancy openwork stockings with your street shoes. Always choose plain stockings to match the shoes in color.

Don't pin your ruching and dress shields in place. Baste them instead and see how much more comfort they give you. It really doesn't take much longer to baste than to pin.

Don't think that because collarless dresses and blouses are fashionable you can wear a low cut dress on the street. There is a vast difference between "collarless" and "low necked."

Don't buy any cheap jewelry and imagine it looks like anything but just what it is—a cheap imitation of a good article. Much jewelry is in bad taste at any time except with elaborate evening dress.

Don't wear soiled and mussed frills and ruchings. You had much better wear perfectly plain clothes without trimmings if you cannot keep these dainty accessories fresh and without soil.

Don't forget to see that your blouse is properly fastened before leaving your mirror. The waist gaping open at the back not only looks careless, but may cause you some embarrassment too.

Don't allow your skirt to slip from under your belt. In these days there are so many devices for holding the blouse, skirts and belts in place that there is no girl who cannot find one to answer her purpose if she only tries.

Don't wear shoes or gloves that have lost their buttons and never wear shabby shoes or gloves if you can possibly avoid it. Keep the former nicely polished and the heels straight, keep the buttons on and the rips mended in the latter.

Receiving Guests.

How many women fail in the politeness here when they give themselves up to informal ways of doing things. A visitor not too well known calls, and the lady of the house comes down in a loose, blousy wrapper, none too pretty or neat, without a word of excuse for not being properly dressed.

This is carrying informality to the point of ignorance, for if there is any reason why a loose garment is worn at a visiting hour it should at least be attractive and partially fitted to the figure. Then, in the event of some slight indisposition, it is possible to invite a woman guest to go upstairs into a bedroom, where the dowdy dress of the hostess would not be so much out of place.

To receive a man friend in such attire would be a grave indiscretion, for men abominate the flowing, unattractive robe, and as it is always suggestive of the absence of corsets it seems on such occasions vulgar in the extreme.

The easy house gown, then, must look as if it is worn over corsets, to be within the pale of the proprieties, and if masculine eyes are to look upon it it must be attractive and belted in to the figure to boot. But only an old lady or a young matron who is compelled to dress in this manner should make a practice of receiving guests in such informal attire, for the dignity of suitable dress adds greatly to one's social importance—above all, pretty, proper and becoming dress in the home.

Notes of Condolence.

There are persons who never take notice of another's sorrow until they meet the bereaved ones.

Sometimes this attitude is from fear of intrusion, again it is from fear of not saying the right thing, too often it is from procrastination.

Whatever the reason, it is a mistake. There are some few who dislike outside sympathy in sorrow. The majority are hurt if it is not given. They never quite feel the same toward the friend who they think was neglectful of their trouble.

The visiting card with a few words of sympathy is sufficient, save among close friends. A married woman incloses the card of her husband.

Never make a note of condolence stilted. It should express you and not be an essay on grief. Also be brief. A few sincere sentences count more than pages of rambling platitudes.

It is customary to send the note to the member of the family you know best, including the others in your expressions of sympathy.

Etiquette For Children.

In answering a person children should not say "Yes, ma'am," or "No, sir," but "Yes, mother," "No, father," "I hope so, Mrs. Brown," "Thank you, Aunt Helen." They should, in other words, always affix the title or name of the person spoken to.

Shyness is generally due to ignorance of what is expected of one; therefore the shy child must be treated with great consideration and encouraged to come among strangers and older people and then be shown just what to do and say.

No school of etiquette offers so many opportunities to its members to learn the correct way of doing things as the family table. No corrections should, however, be made in such manner as to attract the attention of others, and, if possible, make the corrections after the meal is over.

THE GEISHA SASH.

A Japanese Touch In Smart Summer Fashions.

GEISHA SASH.

The geisha sash combined with one of the new tablier effects gives a striking appearance to this gown of mustard brown satin, which is just the thing for smart afternoon wear. The geisha sashes are known in Paris as "la Japonaise." They have short wide bows and are worn high. The tabliers are embroidered in oriental fashion in old gold and colors.

BARBARIC JEWELRY.

Gemmed Anklets Are New Worn Over Stockings.

The craze for barbaric jewelry, especially sets of Persian or Indian design, has reached a tremendous vogue, all of the real articles having gone up in price and a great many good imitation ornaments being now on the market.

Some beautiful specimens are anklets of beaten silver and gold, a Persian anklet set with semiprecious stones and a beautiful Indian necklace made of braided silver set with turquoises and emeralds. The Venetian beads which were so popular a few years ago have given way to heavier jewels of a semiprecious character, chains of gold and silver ornaments, and especially to plaques of jewels, gold and enamel, worn on the breast and suspended by a slender chain.

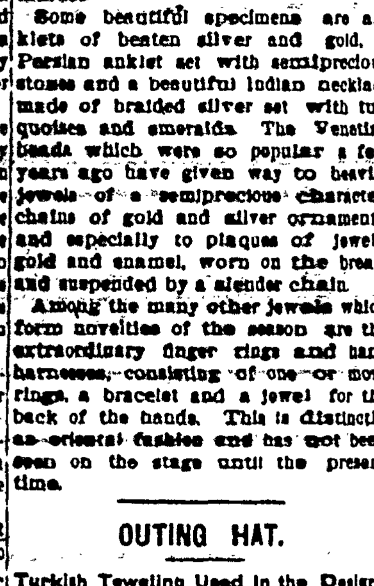
Among the many other jewels which form novelties of the season are the extraordinary finger rings and hand harnesses, consisting of one or more rings, a bracelet and a jewel for the back of the hands. This is distinctly an oriental fashion and has not been seen on the stage until the present time.

OUTING HAT.

Turkish Toweling Used in the Designing of Smart Headgear.

Turkish toweling, that most plebeian of fabrics, has been used in covering the wire frame that is the foundation for this round crowned summer outing headgear. Velvet faces the upturned brim, and supplies the material for the bow at the back of the hat. Trimming at the back is one of the new touches in millinery.

The use of Turkish toweling for smart outing hats is an idea that commends itself to those who can appreciate the artistic possibilities of this inexpensive fabric. In the dull, unbleached shades it is particularly effective.



TURKISH TOWELING HAT.

Hats of Turkish toweling are referred to by the designer as "wash rag hats."

Bleaching Fluid.

Allow a tablespoonful of chloride of lime to every quart of water required. Stir the article about in this water till all color has disappeared and then rinse it very thoroughly in clear water.

Sunshine Wholesome.

Sunshine is one of the best health givers, so let it freely into your house. People who are too careful of curtains and carpets often exclude the sun and let in sickness and sorrow.

THE PRINCE'S AMBASSADOR

By CORA HAWTHORNE SYKE

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"John," said Prince Frederick to his bosom friend, Count Ernest, "I wish your advice. My betrothed is going to make a visit to her aunt, the queen of Sweden. She travels from St. Petersburg to Stockholm. Since she has never seen me—nor I her, for that matter—I'm thinking that a fine opportunity is offered for me to observe her incognito. I shall go to St. Petersburg and join the royal party. Now, how shall I manage to remain unknown?"

"First, how are you to secure access to the royal party except as your royal self?"

"Right you are. That's the first point to be settled."

"I will give you a plan. Send me as your representative with gifts to her royal highness and you go with me as my secretary."

"Capital!" exclaimed the prince. "You've hit the nail on the head. Be ready to start tomorrow."

The next court circular announced that his royal highness Prince Frederick had gone to hunt wild game in South Africa. Another item spoke of an ambassador the prince had sent to Russia to accompany the Princess Alexia on her forthcoming journey to Sweden.

When the prince and Count Ernest arrived in St. Petersburg the count sent a messenger to the princess in the person of his secretary, who had changed his whiskers from a mustache to full beard and his hair from long to short. He was admitted to the princess and announced that Count Ernest von Hammerstein, special envoy of the crown prince, her betrothed, begged permission to wait upon her. A day was set, and the count, after presenting credentials and gifts, asked permission as the prince's representative to accompany her on her journey. Permission was accorded, and the next day the royal party started on a special train.

What did Count Ernest do but claim precedence as his royal master's representative over all others, settle himself down in the princess' company and monopolize her completely. He was a very entertaining man, and the princess was delighted with him. Meanwhile the prince himself was impatiently waiting at the other end of the car an opportunity to come in closer relation with his betrothed. Having waited for an hour for a summons to join his supposed master and received none, he took the matter in his own hands, went to the royal compartment and called to the count:

"May I speak to you a moment, count?"

"Speak to me? No. I am representing his royal highness the crown prince, betrothed to the princess, and am to be respected and treated as if I were the prince himself. Therefore I am not to be interrupted in delivering the prince's messages by my secretary or any one else."

He waved his secretary away. The prince colored at such treatment, but could do nothing to change the situation without making it known that he was making a sort of eavesdropper of himself to his betrothed. He went away very much angered with his friend the count. But in an hour he returned with a paper in his hands.

"Count," he said, "here is a dispatch from his royal highness the prince. He desires me to deliver a private message to his betrothed, the Princess Alexia."

"Not much," replied the count. "The prince has intrusted me with all messages to his betrothed in order that no spurious one may reach her. To give way to you would be to betray his royal highness' confidence."

"But the paper bears the prince's signature."

"The prince's signature by telegraph! You go away from here and don't try to impose any spurious telegrams on me or I'll have you put off the train."

The princess was much amused at the efforts of the count's secretary to interrupt his master's tete-a-tete with her and naturally flattered that the envoy should resist the interruptions. She was now looking forward to the next interruption, anticipating enjoyment in the master's method of getting rid of his inferior. The latter was getting very angry, and it was not long before he reappeared.

"A letter, count, for you from his royal highness Prince Frederick, which he charged me to deliver to you when we should be well under way."

"I decline to receive any such communication. I know his royal highness well. He has perfect confidence in me; would not send me on an errand of supreme importance and at the same time show his distrust of me by charging my secretary with instructions to me. If you come back here again with any more of this nonsense I shall telegraph to the emperor of Germany, in whose dominions we now are, that I desire the services of the police to remove an impudent underling."

The secretary, with hot cheeks and blazing eyes, withdrew for the last time, and that was all he saw of his betrothed on the journey.

Count Ernest was banished from the crown prince's presence till after Frederick's marriage, when the lady, hearing of the incident, was so delighted with the joke that had been played upon her husband that she interceded for the count, and he was restored to favor, but on condition that he would never allude to the trick he had played.

RADIUM SAFES.

Lead Cases Used to Protect the Rays of the Strange Substance.

Radium is such a strange substance that but few persons in all the world are perfectly familiar with it and its peculiar properties.

It throws off a peculiar ray of light, and if not protected it will in time exhaust itself, going no one knows exactly where.

Its emanations are such that there is but one known substance through which it cannot pass, and that is pure lead.

For some time the problem of complete protection against its own loss through emanations and the possible loss by burglars was a puzzle to scientists and mechanics, but finally a safe was constructed in London with an inner cell of lead about three inches in thickness, surrounded by a specially prepared outer safe, which is said to be a perfect safe for radium.

The strange stuff is stored in those safes and guarded with extreme care, as it is of great value.

The safe door is round and so adjusted as to make it possible to disclose any slight defect that might be caused by the use of the opening, and in the inner portion of the door are openings through which tubes containing mercury can be placed to collect any emanations resulting on the interior during the confinement of the curious substance. Mercury collects the emanations and prevents loss in that direction.—Los Angeles Times.

PROGRESS AND MISERY.

The Progress Must Go on, and the Misery May Be Modified.

Many of the inventions of civilization have their unhygienic side. The invention of houses has enabled mankind to dwell in all parts of the world, but it is responsible for tuberculosis, especially after glass was devised, which, while letting in the light, keeps out the air. The invention of the alphabet and printing has made possible the accumulation of knowledge, but it has produced eye strain, with all its attendant evils.

The invention of chairs has added to human convenience, but it has led to spinal curvature and abdominal congestion. The device of a division of labor has added to wealth, but has destroyed the normal balance of mental and physical work, recreation and rest. Similar fault may be found with clothing, especially corsets, shoes and hats, and with numerous other contrivances.

Yet it would be foolish, even if it were possible, to attempt to "return to nature" in the sense of abolishing civilization. We must not go backward, but forward. The cure for eye strain is not in disregarding the invention of reading, but introducing the invention of glasses. The cure of tuberculosis is not in the destruction of houses, but in devices for ventilation.—Dr. Irving Fisher in New York Christian Advocate.

Scottish Pearls.

A number of people in Scotland make a livelihood by searching for the precious stones which are occasionally to be found ensconced in the interior of fresh water mussels. To a lesser extent it is also carried out on some English and Welsh streams, but none of these is so prolific in pearl bearing as the northern rivers. There are authentic records of Scottish pearls being found which rivaled any the orient has produced so far as translucency and flawlessness are concerned. A writer of the eighteenth century states that £20,000 was a moderate estimate of the value of pearls then fished annually from Scottish rivers, while it is a matter of history that a German who formed a syndicate of fishers in 1865 acquired stones to the value of £12,000 in that year alone. But the industry is not so remunerative nowadays.—London Standard.

Feared Burial Alive.

The dread of premature burial haunted Harriet Martineau, who would certainly not be classed as a fanciful person, and she bequeathed £10 to her doctor to see that her body was decapitated before burial. Edmund Yates in his will stipulated that his jugular vein should be severed and left £20 to pay for the operation. Lady Burton took even stronger precautions. She enjoined that her heart should be pierced with a needle before any steps were taken to certify her death and that her body should afterward be submitted to a postmortem examination.—London Chronicle.

Lucky or Not.

"Eve was really a very lucky woman," remarked Mr. Henpeque. "She didn't have any woman to criticise her clothes."

Mrs. Henpeque's eyes snapped.

"On the other hand," she retorted, "she didn't have any woman around to envy the first gowns a woman ever had."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Life.

Life is the finest of the fine arts. It has to be learned with lifelong patience, and the years of our pilgrimages are all too short to master it triumphantly.—Drummond.

Her Sacred Word.

"Not going to Alice's luncheon? But you gave your sacred word!"

"So I did, and I'd go in a minute if my dress had come home."—Harper's Bazar.

We must laugh before we are happy or else we may die before we ever laugh at all.—La Bruyere.

A Secret Service Specter

By WILLIS BEACH

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At the time the foreign legations were shut up in Peking and the united armies of the powers went there to free them, with the American army was a soldier by the name of Higgins. He had become stagestruck when quite young and had joined the supers in a theater. He had never risen as an actor, but had been put in charge of the properties. From the theater he had gone forth as an assistant to a prestidigitator and become sufficiently expert to take his principal's place in case of necessity. The prestidigitator died, and Higgins was stranded. Then he enlisted in the army.

When the allied forces were working their way up to the walls of Peking an American general wished for a secret service man to go forward and reconnoiter. It was desirable to know what obstructions were in the way, where were the entrances, etc. No one could be found to undertake the work till it was mentioned to Higgins, who said that if he could get certain articles from the ordnance department and certain materials from other sources he would undertake to bring the information. He succeeded in gaining what he wanted and, dressing himself in a fantastic costume, started forth on foot for the city.

Walking along a road with no other weapon than a light cane, he met a party of Chinese Boxers. Since Higgins was coming from the direction of their enemies the Chinamen were disposed to chop him up at once, but they couldn't understand his queer costume. There is not a more superstitious race in the world than the Chinese unless it is certain low grade Mohammedans. As the Boxers approached Higgins, seeing him come right along without fear, their courage began to ooze out at their finger ends. They stopped and waited for him to come up. Higgins tossed a little sphere as big as a marble among them, which exploded, and, though it did no harm, it scattered them. They turned and saw the stranger marching on silently like a specter. He raised his hat, and every hair on his head stood straight up. That took what courage there was in them, and he saw them no more.

The next lot of Boxers he met were bolder. They blocked the road and cried out something in Chinese which Higgins didn't understand. Higgins stopped. One of the Chinamen advanced, while the others slunk back. When he got within a few yards of the strange apparition it drew an imaginary circle of fire about it with the end of its cane.

The advancing man retreated on his supports.

One of the Boxers now brought a gun to his shoulder and fired at Higgins. It was a close call for the soldier, for the bullet whistled within an inch of his ear. Had not the Boxer who fired been affected by superstition he would probably have killed his man. Higgins didn't lose his presence of mind, but turned the incident to his advantage. He stood with his lips parted and drawn so that his enemies could see the ball they had fired held between his teeth. Then, taking it in his hand, he threw it among them. Had he thrown a hand grenade he couldn't have scattered them more effectually.

Higgins was now getting near the walls of the city and began to use his eyes. He also made notes and drawings. He had a pocket glass with him and found it valuable. While he was gazing a party of Chinese horsemen swept down on him. Though puzzled at his appearance, they kept on. Higgins faced them and, opening his mouth, began to pull linked sausages from his mouth by the yard. This stopped them, but when the apparition drew back a few yards and the Chinamen's hunger had conquered their fears so far as to enable them to go forward to devour the precious meat the sausages exploded in their faces. Turning toward Higgins, they saw him demoniacally spitting fire at them. This was too much for their equanimity, and they ran.

Higgins now advanced as near as he dared to the walls of the city, made some valuable observations and then turned his face toward camp. On his way back the road was lined here and there at a distance by Chinamen who had witnessed the horrible magic and, though curious, did not dare come very near. By the time he was nearing the end of his journey quite a crowd was following him. When they came too near he would draw a circle of flame with his cane or spit fire at them.

Then the specter, or whatever it was, appeared to grow—at least its legs did—until at every step it gained a couple of yards. It continued to breathe out fire, and as the darkness came on its hat seemed to be continually burning without being consumed. And so marched the illuminated giant, the country round about filled with jabbering, wondering, trembling Chinamen, until finally all its lights went out and it was seen no more.

Higgins appeared on the American picket line, but as he was expected he passed in without the countersign. He gave the result of his observations to his general and was duly thanked therefor. On the return of the troops to America he was made an officer for "gallant and meritorious conduct," which indicates that this army phrase is very elastic and admits of many different interpretations.