

WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE WORLD'S W. C. T. U. CONVENTION AT TORONTO.

New England Women—Secret of Tying Bows—Women Have Never Done the Really Big Things—A Famous Toast Response—A Fair Field For Women.

Miss Agnes E. Slack, secretary of the World's Women's Christian Temperance union, is a fair English girl with chestnut brown hair, blue eyes and the fresh complexion which our cousins across the water usually possess. Miss Slack is gifted in a high degree with eloquence and logic, which give her great power as a public speaker. She was in America last year for about four months, during which time she spoke in nearly every large city from Maine to Missouri. Philadelphia had the privilege of one lecture, which the white ribboners greatly enjoyed. Miss Slack is at present a guest of Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens of Portland, Me. She will remain in this country until after the world's convention at Toronto.

An outline of the programme sent out by her announces that the world's



MISS AGNES E. SLACK.

executive committee will meet Oct. 22 and 27, the convention being from Oct. 23 to 26 inclusive. Each morning there will be a devotional meeting at 8:30 o'clock, conducted by Miss Greenwood, the superintendent of evangelistic work, who will also have charge of the devotional hour from 11 to 12 o'clock on Saturday and Tuesday. On Monday at that hour a memorial service will be held, Miss Willard presiding. Lady Henry Somerset will preach the special convention sermon on Oct. 24. Nearly all pulpits in Toronto will be occupied by white ribboners on that day.

Miss Willard will give the president's address on the morning of Oct. 23. Canada is to give a banquet and reception to the delegates on the evening of Oct. 22. On Saturday afternoon notable people and representatives of philanthropic, religious and temperance societies will be received and introduced to the convention.—Philadelphia Times.

New England Women.

New England women, with all their interest in literary and educational matters, by no means neglect the domestic side. As individuals they maintain the early reputation of the New England housewife, and in organizations they are making a careful study of domestic science and household economics. The New England kitchen, still carried on by a group of Boston women, is a practical example of what science can do for the homely art of cooking. The latest work undertaken by the ladies in charge of this kitchen is that of supplying wholesome luncheons to the boys and girls in certain public schools. Five cent and 10 cent luncheons are provided daily to 1,600 children, who otherwise would stay their hunger with the indigestible confections of some neighboring pastry shop. New England women are making constant efforts to introduce cooking into the public schools, sometimes through one organization, sometimes through another.

Boston had the first public school kitchen in America, and the generosity of Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw was largely instrumental in having cooking made part of the public school curriculum. In Providence the same work was accomplished by the ladies of the Domestic Training association. Cooking was introduced into the public schools of Manchester, N. H., through the Women's Christian Temperance union, and women were instrumental in introducing the same branch into the Concord public schools. The women of Rhode Island and Connecticut, through various organizations, are showing an interest in scientific cooking, and in Vermont good work is accomplished in this direction by means of the farmers' institutes.

Several groups of women in New England are turning their attention to the ever urgent servant problem. The belief is spreading that almost the only solution lies in establishing well equipped training schools. The members of the Boston Young Women's Christian association for many years have maintained an admirable free training school for domestics. The graduates from its six months' course are always in great demand, and its only defect is that limited quarters prevent its having more than a score of students at a time.—Harper's Bazar.

Secret of Tying Bows.

There is a certain shop in Twenty-third street where the most fascinating bows are tied for the asking—Japanese bows for the waistband, bows for the hat, Bernhardts bows for the neck, etc. One has only to purchase the ribbon and explain what is wanted, and, presto, the white fingers of the pretty saleswoman flash in and out of the loops of ribbon, and the bow is made.

"I will buy another waist ribbon if you will go more slowly and let me see how you do it," said a customer, where-

upon the obliging clerk smilingly cut off another length. "It is no secret," she said, "and we only do it to oblige our customers. See, this is the principle."

She tied first an ordinary double bow knot, quite small and rather loosely; then, taking up an extra quantity of ribbon, she passed it in and out through the tie in the center on the underside, making two additional loops; then, taking the original two loops, she pulled the knot fast and tight and small in the center.

"See, now you have four loops and two ends," she said. "Would you like six?" And, loosening the knot a little, she again passed the ribbon in and out, forming a couple more; then, giving the two original loops a jerk, she completed the bow.

"You can have as many loops as you like," she explained, "and the rest of the arrangement depends entirely on the way the loops are pulled and shaped. Some of the newest bows have the loops cut diagonally, so as to form a collection of sharp pointed ends. These bows are particularly pretty for hats. It is also advisable," she concluded, "to take a stitch in the center knot when the bow is finished, to prevent its untying if the right end is pulled."—New York Letter.

Have Never Done the Big Things.

Hundreds of college bred women have been and are capably and efficiently engaged in teaching, and a few have gained a certain distinction as presidents and professors in colleges for women, but no great and original educator has come from among them. Occasionally a determined young graduate gets a foothold in a newspaper office and usually keeps it with credit to herself and her higher education, yet the few women editors of eminence have not been college bred, and there is nothing to be gained by concealing the fact that the college women who have undertaken journalism seem, as yet, to have had no influence in sweetening the flood of sensational and nasty print for which the newspaper women of the country must bear their share of discredit with the newspaper men.

The number of college women who have taken up medicine is considerable, some of them, no doubt, from a real love of science, and some for love of a career. While their work has been able and their success undoubted it is just to say that they have not contributed originally to medical science. There are a few women colleagues in law, in literature, in the pulpit and in other professions, and their helpfulness and enthusiasm have been especially noticeable in educational and philanthropic work. In all these fields of usefulness the work of college women, "taken by and large," has been good, honest, competent work, about like that of the average industrious man, but it has been derivative, not creative; complementary, not brilliant; offering little opportunity for sex celebration on the part of those enthusiasts who believe that women have needed only a diploma and a ballot to be brilliantly equipped for conquering all the world that men have left unconquered.—Helen Watterston Moody in Scribner's.

A Famous Toast Response.

Some years ago, when the New Century club was celebrating by a luncheon one of the early anniversaries of its chartered existence, a toast was given, a familiar one, but with slight alterations. Mrs. Edward Wetherill replied to it in a neat and witty speech which excited admiration and merriment at the time and which has since become famous. Its fame is not allowed to die, for every now and again inquiries are made as to what the toast was and how it was answered.

The Housewife is glad, therefore, to offer to its readers the bona fide toast and response. "The men—lovely men—God bless 'em."

"They double our cares, they divide our joys. How generously and unstintingly they give us—advice! How boldly they stand in solid phalanx to shield us from the rude crowds around the ballot box! How gladly they protect us from the contaminating influences of the courtroom! How tenderly they have drawn us from the evils of equal education and have carefully pointed out to us the pitfalls in the paths which lead to fortunes. At what cost, at what sacrifice they erect before our admiring eyes their beautiful clubhouses! Here they must meet, day after day, deprived of the presence of her who alone brings light and joy into their lives. No mistaking angel to hand the cup of solace, no fair divinity to warm the slippers for the weary feet.

"As fathers they are indispensable; as brothers they are open to criticism; as lovers they are irreproachable; as husbands we know none better; as men we can only say, 'With all their faults we love them still.'"

A Fair Field For Women.

All we women who are active in business or professions want is a fair field and no favor. We ask for nothing on the ground of sex. We are willing to compete with and work with men on their own ground and desire to be measured by the same standards. We demand no courtesy further than that which prevails between gentlemen. We expect no deference. In business life men and women are simply workers, and the more the element of sex is intruded the greater the interference with the success of women.

I know of a young woman who went into a newspaper office on a purely business errand—to sell an article, in fact—and was indignant because the reporters, all of whom were busy writing, did not jump to their feet and offer her a seat. They were absorbed in their work, and most of them were probably unconscious of her presence. Perhaps 25 women enter the office of a great New York daily every day. You can easily see how it would interfere with business if the reporters should immediately stop writing and pay them the little

attentions they are accustomed to in the drawing room. The woman who expects these shows her ignorance of business. If they are necessary to her peace of mind, she is out of place in the business world.—Margaret E. Sangster in Demorest's Magazine.

Woman and the State.

Touching a recent symposium (on woman), "Should the Services of Women Be Recognized by the State?" is the following opinion from Mrs. Victoria Woodhull-Martin. Mrs. Martin is the founder and editor of The Humanitarian, published in London. "Of course I believe that women should be duly honored, and if they distinguish themselves in any field—science, art, literature, politics or any other field—the same rewards should be open to them as men. But I do not approve of a special order or decoration for women only. It would suffice that they should be eligible for all the existing orders for men, from which women are now debarred by a mere accident of sex. I am in favor of woman competing on equal terms with man in all spheres and receiving equal rewards, no more and no less. Then the best will come to the front without distinction of sex. To me orders and decorations matter little. They are of no value in themselves. 'Honor, not honors,' is my motto, but, all the same, there is no reason why women should be debarred from receiving them. In a country where a woman is 'the fountain of honor' this is surely a strange anomaly."

The Single Woman.

Under present conditions the married woman, even at her best estate, is always more or less restricted and hampered. It is not the fault of her husband so much as of church, state and society. The single woman is free to make of her life what she will. The single life is the life of liberty and splendid achievement—achievement which the married woman can hope to attain only under exceptionally favorable conditions. Let those who enjoy the single life, therefore, glory in its independence and opportunity. Let them keep the appellation "miss" and make the most of their freedom. The title "miss" cannot take away from their dignity; the title "Mrs." cannot add to it. The free, glorious woman herself is beyond all trivialities of that sort.—Eliza Archard Conner.

The Principle Involved.

The question how women would vote on certain matters—whether they would vote for temperance or against it or in favor of gambling or prizefights—has little to do with the main principle involved. We are face to face with the fact that many thousands of women in this country are thoroughly qualified to vote, and they pay taxes without representation. The state may or may not need the intelligence or moral power which they represent. But has it any right to deprive them of this function of citizenship? And are those who are able and willing to perform their duties in this respect to be proscribed from voting because many women, like many men, place little value on the right of suffrage?—Boston Christian Register.

Professor of Botany.

Miss Bertha Stoneman, a student in the botanic department of Cornell university for several years, who received the degree of doctor of philosophy there in 1895, has been appointed professor of botany in the Huguenot college at Cape Colony, South Africa. She sailed from New York, July 24. The Huguenot college was established for the education of daughters of the French and Dutch Huguenot and English residents of South Africa. Miss Stoneman was graduated from the high school at Jamestown, N. Y., and before reaching her thirtieth year attained the honors of bachelor, master, doctor and professor. She is a niece of Miss Kate Stoneman of Albany.

The Next Century Test.

Man is not meant to be a creature of one activity. The test of the nineteenth century was the enfranchisement of man and the exaltation of woman. The test of the twentieth century will be just the reverse—woman's enfranchisement and man's exaltation. There is no antagonism between the two. One river of blood, one battery of brain, unites the human race, and every man is some woman's daughter and every woman is some man's son.—Miss Frances Willard.

A Brave Woman.

Mrs. Florence Sparrel of Boston is one of the bravest women of the century. She attacks all the medieval abuses which linger in the prison systems of America, and in many instances has secured the abolition of "bread and water" and "solitary confinement." She has shown the iniquity of depriving saint or sinner of God's light and of plunging human souls into darkness to prey on their own misfortunes.

No wonder so many fellows think that "coeducation is a failure." For instance, 25 of the pupils who reached the highest grades this year in the grammar schools of Chicago were boys, while 197 were girls.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The passage of a bill against the wearing of high hats in theaters has caused a split in Atlanta society. It is said that the young women are indignant at the bill, while the matrons uphold it on the plea of comfort.

The head waiter will have to look to his laurels. The head waitress is displacing him in certain New England hotels. As is usually the case, the women are doing the work well.—New York Tribune.

Two hundred and twenty-one persons recently took a civil service examination for street inspectors at Chicago, and a woman stood first in the result.

There are 215 women serving on school committees in Massachusetts.

PRETTY AND PRACTICAL.

A Handsome Indiana Widow Who Owns and Operates a Big Farm.

Mrs. Adelaide E. Sherry of West Point, Ind., is the owner and manager of one of the largest farms in the Hoosier State. She is a young widow of versatile capabilities. Her farm of 1,000 acres lies ten miles south of Lafayette and nine miles north of the celebrated Baden Baden springs. Two hundred walnut trees of 50 years' growth rise from a lawn of 4 acres surrounding the handsome buildings, giving the estate its name, Walnut Lodge.



Mrs. Sherry hires and directs her large corps of assistants, indoors and out, entertains generously, drives over to the estate daily, buys pigs and calves, ships Percheron horses to Germany, cattle and hogs to Chicago, cribs annually an average of 10,000-bushels of corn, travels extensively and writes for publications. Mrs. Sherry has lately returned from a sojourn in the Holy Land, and, "after husking done," she purposes investigating occult philosophy among the mahatmas in their mountain abodes in India.

Women Who Write.

Conan Doyle seems to be the especial champion of the literary woman. Just now he is defending and eulogizing her style, which, he says, whether it be plain or florid, is always clear and comprehensive. "No woman that I can recollect," he says, "has ever been tempted into the heresy of preciosity. The word style, which in France has always been synonymous with lucidity, has in England become more and more identified with obscurity, so that if you learn a new writer is a stylist you nearly always find a difficulty in understanding what he means. The best style, like the best glass, is that which is so clear that you do not observe it. Some of our critics are fond of talking of purple patches, but purple patches were never a sign of health. Now, in this respect, I think the ladies have always been on the side of sanity, and I do not think that any one could have a better model of prose romance than such writers as Olive Schreiner or Miss Wilkins."

Her "Last Rose of Summer."

Mrs. Amelia Kohler, who died recently at Mount Vernon, N. Y., suggested, it is said, Tom Moore's beautiful poem, "The Last Rose of Summer." She was, early in the century, a close friend of Moore's sister, who kept a private school in London. While walking in the garden of the school with the poet one day she, so the story runs, plucked a rose, remarking: "Tis the last rose of summer. Why not write about it, Mr. Moore?" The incident suggested the thought afterward so beautifully woven into verse, and the poem was dedicated by the poet "To Amelia." Mrs. Kohler was 92 years old when she died. Her father was an officer under Blucher, and she frequently spoke of having seen Napoleon in her girlhood.

Anna Botsford Comstock.

Mrs. Anna Botsford Comstock of Ithaca, N. Y., has been giving a course of lectures on "Nature Study" at the New York Chautauque. Her husband, John Henry Comstock, is professor of entomology in Cornell university and has just published a book, "Insect Life," profusely illustrated by his wife. Mrs. Comstock learned the art of wood engraving for this purpose, finding that more delicate work could be done by insects—their domestic economy, social instincts, homes and habits.

Vandykes.

Vandykes in both large and small points, bands of black gauze insertion, silk cord appliques resembling either braidwork or embroidery in their patterns, slight draperies, narrow velvet ribbon, accordion plaited frills, tiny ruffles in one or many rows, milliner's folds, gimps, galleons and stitched hands will each and all appear as trimmings on the fronts, sides or around the hems of new dress skirts for the autumn season.—New York Post.

Neckbands and Bows.

Like the skirts and sleeves, the neckbands and bows which have been a prominent feature of fashion for so many seasons are considerably reduced in size on bodices made by "exclusive" dressmakers, who exclude a detail of dress the moment it becomes general. The new models, says a New York fashion writer, have narrower folded bands, with very modest frills of lace or chiffon above, or else two vandykes of moire velvet or silk.

When Women Will Have Homes.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson asserts that men are the only members of the community who have homes. Women have to sleep and live and eat in the place where they do their work. She thinks that the greater part of the work now done in the family dwelling is destined eventually to be removed from its social precincts, and when this is done, she says, women will have homes.

A Broad Minded Woman.

The president of the Denver Woman's club, Mrs. Sarah S. Platt, is a broad minded woman who believes that the opportunities of a big, broad department club are great. In the first place, she instances the value of the training in the club life, the managing of finances, hiring and building club-houses and libraries, arranging lecture courses, etc., which bears fruit in the systematic and orderly methods the clubwoman uses in conducting charitable boards and the business of large public and private institutions. "One great opportunity for the club," she says, "comes from the fact that a town or city is perhaps quite ready for a public movement for improvement along charitable or aesthetic lines if some responsible body will lead the way. When so large a number of earnest women propose a measure, it is quite certain to meet with great encouragement. If a woman's club will have the wisdom to work slowly, patiently and reasonably, there is almost no limit to its opportunity in every direction in any community."—New York Times.

Mrs. Seddon's Opinion.

Mrs. Seddon, wife of the premier of New Zealand, was among the honored visitors to Queen Victoria's jubilee. While they were in London she gave her opinion of the success of woman suffrage in that colony. Mrs. Seddon had been herself opposed to woman suffrage, and it was not until after it had been approved by experience that she changed her mind. The votes of women have for two elections aided in keeping in power the Liberal party, which gave them the ballot. Mrs. Seddon says that there has been no disturbance or unpleasantness of any sort at the polls, no discord of family and no attempt on the part of priests or ministers to manipulate the women's vote. Those formerly opposed to woman suffrage are now eager to record their votes, and women attend political meetings as well as men. They ask questions of candidates, make speeches, move resolutions, etc., and the majority of them are temperance advocates.

Beautiful Costume For a Bride.

A beautiful wedding costume for a bride, veil and all, is described in The Ladies' Home Journal by Isabel A. Mallon: "The gown is of white satin—that beautiful cream white that you admire so much—and it is made with a full but plain skirt. The tulle veil, not worn over the face, is fastened to the high coiffure (the hair must always be arranged high when a veil is worn) under a cluster of orange blossoms. The long, pointed sleeves, prettily full at the shoulders, are finished with frills of real point lace, and a frill in harmony flares out at the back of the crush collar. The crush belt is laid in soft folds and does not show its fastening, which is at the side. You will be wise in having no orange blossoms on your gown. They would have to be removed immediately after the wedding."

Dr. Mary Walker's Answer.

Dr. Mary Walker was asked the other day if she still liked trousers. Her answer was:

"Like them?" The counter question was rife with meaning. "You poor benighted woman, you who have all your life gone groping about in rainy weather with a skirt flapping about your ankles and hitting the back of your socks—your stockings, excuse me—as you held it up; you who have had the wind blowing a lot of silly lace and silk about your knees; you who have worn feathered and flowered headgear that either tilts over your eyes until you can't see or sits back and gives you neuralgia in the top of your head—what do you know of the comfort and freedom of masculine habiliments?"

Why, Indeed?

Women constitute a large majority of the educators of America. At the National Teachers' association which met recently in Milwaukee women were as much in evidence as men. They read papers, delivered addresses and made impromptu speeches as well as the masculine delegates. Both sexes shared equally in the labor which made the gathering such a "feast of reason and flow of soul." They divided the work, but what about the honors? In the list of officers elected for the ensuing year not a woman's name appears. Why?—Union Journal.

Mrs. J. G. Sperry.

Mrs. J. G. Sperry is one of the most interested workers in the west for prison reform. For 16 years she has been connected with the Pueblo Benevolent Union house and hospital in Colorado, of which she is now the superintendent. Mrs. Sperry is a voter. By her influence the laws of the state have been changed so as to give women whose husbands are miserable, drunken and good for nothing a chance to care for themselves and their children without molestation.—Woman's Journal.

Helps the Needy.

Mrs. Livermore lately said in a private letter to a friend who asked her to use her influence in behalf of a deserving case, and at the same time apologized for troubling her: "You need have no scruple about 'troubling' me with any application for help for those who need it. It is my business to attend to these things and to make myself as useful as I can." It was a beautiful answer, and Mrs. Livermore lives up to it.

Women as Inspectors.

The women who have been appointed by the board of education in New York city as chairmen of the board of inspectors are: Mrs. Matilda Martin, Third district; Mrs. Henrietta Neylan, First district; Mrs. Phyllis Leveridge, Fifth district; Mrs. Minnie D. Louis, Ninth district; Mrs. Clara M. Williams, Twenty-fourth district. Mrs. T. J. Rush, Thirty-third district. Of the 174 inspectors 44 are women.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

SWIMMING TRICKS.

How to Float Easily or to Stay Under the Water a Long Time.

Plain swimming, with its attendant diving, treading water, floating and rolling in the warm sand, is quite good enough sport for most young people, but there are a number of tricks and



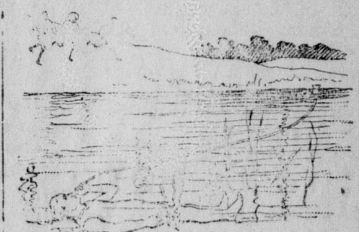
games in swimming which will help to make the sport more fascinating than it is.

Few people realize how very nearly the human body comes to floating. Drop your arm loosely in the water and it will rest near the surface, buoyed in its place by the pressure of the water. If it were not for the weight of the head in proportion to the weight of the body, a man would swim as easily and naturally as a horse or a dog. With these facts in mind the good swimmer or floater keeps as much of his body under the surface of the water as he can. On the same principle a swimmer may keep himself afloat by holding a very small piece of wood in each hand, provided he allows himself to sink deep into the water in the position shown in the picture. Any boy or girl may readily test this plan. It merely requires a little confidence in letting the body so deep into the water.

A big Swede named Stromberg, who made himself famous several years ago as a swimmer, well knew this plan. Sometimes in making long practice swims he took with him a compact piece of cork four or five inches square by about two inches thick. This he fastened to the back of his head by means of a small strap which ran around under his chin. When he grew tired and needed a rest, he would turn on his back and sink deep into the water. The cork float under his head was almost sufficient to buoy him up.

A boy who falls overboard from a ship, if he keeps cool and does not try to raise himself out of the water, as many frightened people do, can keep afloat for some time by padding gently, his clothing acting as a float until it becomes well soaked.

One of the greatest sports "in swimming" may be had with a small rubber tube 10 or 12 feet long. Two large empty spools should be fastened to the ends of the tube by crowding the rubber into the hole in the middle of each, which has first been enlarged with a



needle. The swimmer allows one of the spools to float on the surface of the water or fastens it near a stone or log on shore or next to a stake driven into the water. Then he places the other spool in his mouth and sinks out of sight under the water. Of course he can breathe through the tube and he can remain a considerable length of time without rising to the surface. Any boy will readily imagine the various pranks that may be played with such an invention. It will also be found useful in diving for lost objects.—Chicago Record.

Busy and Not Afraid.

Old Daddy Longlegs, idling on a log, greedily was watching a busy little bug. "By the way, I've had no dinner," said his leshap, "today. So I'll catch and eat that crisp, brisk, busy little thing."

So he stirred himself for jumping with a quick, sly spring.

Little Robin Redbreast, sunning on a rail, all at once with pleasure wagged his saucy little tail.

"Now, as I have had no dinner," said the redbreast, "today, I'll surprise and crackle down Mr. Longlegs, round and gray."

So he fluttered up and perked his head in an expectant way.

Miss Pussy Green Eyes, stretched along a bough, caught the fluttering of the redbreast's plumage just below.

Says puss, "As not a morsel I've found to eat today, it's lucky such a nice, plump robin crossed my way."

So she slowly crept along like a puss sure of her prey.

When— Down bounced an apple from the branch overhead, and only Pussy Green Eyes, as in affright she fled, as Robin Redbreast looked on, and Miss Pussy Green Eyes, the air he sped, and Daddy Longlegs scrambled and hid, and the protecting log.

But— This all made no sort of difference to the little bug.

—Auntie Beth in Children's World.

Greenland Boys.

Greenland boys are great egg collectors. As soon as the gulls and other birds that nest in the far north appear in the spring the work begins. No boy who has not practiced a great deal of climbing the rough mountain sides and creeping over the glaciers is allowed to venture on the perilous task.