

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A DIANA OF THE SIERRAS WHO DRESSES IN BLOOMERS.

Happiness of College Women—Swedish Women in a Club—Latest Tailor Gowns—Evolution of Southern Women—Spreading Discontent.

Toulumne county can truly boast of a new woman of the most modern type. Here in the depths of her black forests and dark canyons lives one of nature's own products—a specimen of womanhood seldom to be found anywhere. Her home is in one of the most remote and secluded spots in all the Sierras, surrounded by high mountains and dense forests. Accessible only by means of a narrow, winding trail for a distance of two miles from any traveled road, it seems that she must have exercised all the energies of mind and body delving about for a home free from the influences of the moving, active world. A rude hut of three small rooms for a domestic, provided with the plainest furnishings, and a horse and a dog for companions—such constitute the lot chosen by Flora Eraddock.

She is not here to dream away the cares of a cold and heartless world nor to drown the sorrows of disappointment,



for those she knows. But there is romance here and there it, not as the sentimental creature who reverts in day dreams, for Flora is practical—almost cynical. She loves the chase better than the conquest of human hearts, and her daily climb to the summit of the neighboring peak gives her more pleasure than all the tea parties in Christendom. She is not here through force of circumstances either, for nature has been kind to her and she is neither friendless nor deprived of the comforts of a more cheerful home. Flora Eraddock is here in this wilderness by virtue of her own sweet will. She loves the mountains, she is queen of all the surveys, and any trespasser, be it human or animal, who encroaches with evil purpose upon her domain does so at a peril of its life.

It was after a long and tedious horseback ride over a narrow, serpentine trail, through the gulches and canyons, that the Examiner correspondent finally reached the quarters of this singular young woman. Her cabin, a rough but substantial structure made of heavy boards, stands alone on a little flat in the deep canyon of the north fork of the Toulumne river, three miles from Conditine. Toulumne county, surrounded by high mountains and a dense growth of tall pines. The premises are anything but inviting, a rough fence of pine poles and brush inclosing what is evidently intended for a garden. Inside, however, all is scrupulous neatness, and the studied and careful arrangement is as pleasing to the eye as the first exterior view is repulsive. Three rooms are partitioned off—a kitchen, a bedroom and a smaller apartment that contains her sewing equipment. The reporter was welcomed at the door by a comely young girl, who in answer to his question replied that she was the one whom he sought. A young woman 19 years of age, of tall, muscular frame, fair complexion, with heavy tresses of natural blond hair and a firmly set chin and nose, she is in physique well adapted to a place where courage and daring are prerequisites to a life of happiness and contentment. Modest in manner, she is cool and calculating in speech as she aims at a bear.

"Aren't you a little timid about living here alone?" was asked.

"Not in the least," she replied. "I have an occasional prospect, strange as seldom come in here, and as for wild animals, they will not attack one as long as there are firearms in the cabin I fear nothing."

"I shock some of my neighbors as I do about the mountains, but then I help it. The time will come when people will come to shake their heads when they see a pair of bloomers. They imply must be educated to it, that's I. I used to wear men's clothing on my hunt, and they were very comfortable, but then I prefer the bloomer suit, cause it combines the features of comfort and durability, and then it looks feminine, you know."

"The postoffice at Sugar Pine is only five miles away; so you see I am not strictly out of the world. The Examiner comes to me regularly. I am very much interested in its Klondike expedition, for, you know, I have acquired the fever. I have some claims up the river, and maybe they will make me very rich some day. Then I don't know at I shall do—build me a fine new cabin, I suppose. You know it's human nature to be discontented, and I am not riches would spoil me. That's why I don't work my mines."—San Francisco Examiner.

Happiness of College Women.
The following extracts are from a letter made by Miss Clara Botwick

a teacher at the Elms school in Springfield, Mass.:

"What is the college woman's probability of happiness in marriage compared with that of her less highly educated sister? She chooses her husband later. She is more developed. She knows better what she is going to be. She stands in better chance of selecting a life companion whose tastes and hers will prove hopelessly antagonistic. And this is of especial importance in America, where girls and boys are thrown so freely together, where they marry when and whom they wish, and where the parents in many cases apparently have little else to do with the matter than to pay the bills and try to shield the young husband and wife from the consequences of their folly."

"The man whom a girl would have married when she entered college is probably not the man whom she would marry when she is graduated from college. This may result in the breaking of some early engagements, but an engagement that can be broken is better than a broken one. The college bred woman is also less likely to marry from ennui. Even if she is unfortunate enough to have no definite work after she leaves college she has resources within herself which can not only prevent life from becoming a bore, but which can make it rich and satisfying. Neither will she be likely to sell herself for the sake of a home. She is better equipped to support herself, if necessary, and she has probably lost many silly ideas she may have had about the infidelity of honest breadwinning work."

"Finally, when she has been wedded she stands a much better chance of keeping her husband's love and respect, because she stands a better chance of interesting him."

"Men don't stay in their homes unless they find their homes entertaining," said a married woman of wide experience in the world, in talking about the education of her daughter. "I tell my daughter that if she is ever to marry she needs to know something for two reasons—first, to hold her husband's interest, and second, to have within herself resources that will make her happiness, to a certain extent, independent of him, in which case he will be much more likely to stay in love with her."

"Mate the educated woman with the educated man and you have a probability that they will continue to interest and love each other, that there will be intellectual companionship between them, and that each will have sufficient respect for the other's mental ability and moral sanity to make possible a government of the home and the children, not by 'managing' each other, keeping clear of a pondering to each other's foibles and prejudices, but by frank and fearless discussion as to what is reasonable and right. This is not the condition of affairs in most homes."

Swedish Women in a Club.
Chicago boasts the only club of Swedish women in the United States. There are now in this country about 2,000,000 Swedes, including those born here of Swedish parents. Of these fully 100,000 are residents of Chicago, making it really the second Swedish city in the world, ranking next to Stockholm. According to the Chicago Times Herald, 40,000 of them are women, and outside of the sewing societies and Sunday school associations connected with the Swedish churches, they have only one organization of their own, the Swedish American Women's Equality association, which combines political, literary and social features. The Swedish American newspapers and preachers, and the men generally, look on this society as a huge joke, though the two years of its existence have been most successful. The men cannot associate it with their old country idea of a woman's place in the world.

The purpose of the club is to obtain for the Swedish American woman an opportunity for advancement, spiritual and intellectual culture and social progress. It aims to invite women of different ideas, education, experience and desires, in one spirit of equality and true womanliness, to later for wisdom and advancement of the race. American women nowadays think so much of organizing a club that they do of going on a shopping expedition. This is not true of their Swedish sisters. They have much to contend with in the prejudices of their old country as to the rights of women. The members of the Chicago club had to overcome the prejudices of their immediate families, especially those with husbands. Even now they would not dream of holding their meetings in a hotel or a public hall, but come together at the homes of members. The club has only 75 members, but these are representative women, and they intend to branch out and make their organization a nucleus for similar clubs in not only their city, but also in all cities where Swedes are to be found in large numbers. The club meets monthly when a paper is read by a member and is followed by a general discussion. Last year all of the topics were on the home, child education and subjects interesting to mothers. This year they take a wider range, being of a more literary and educational nature.

Latest Tailor Gowns.
Two distinctive styles in tailor gowns are to be seen this season, the elaborate and the severely plain. The severely plain are made of either smooth faced or Vienna cloth. Of course there are any number of different materials which are fashionable as well, but these are the "fashions." There are many different colors, but black is the best. A faced cloth costume has the best shaped skirt with the ruffle stitched on the waist, or rather jacket, a medium length tunic coat, which opens over a waistcoat of some colored velvet embroidered in gold. The fronts of the coat are faced with white satin and so made that they can be turned back or buttoned over, as desired, and the buttons are small gilt ones which fasten into loops of black silk. The entire coat is covered with a rail of different widths. The sleeves

are very small, have deep, let in points of velvet outlined with braid, and a flaring cuff of velvet. This coat can be worn over a silk or satin waist and is so interlined with flannel under the moss colored satin lining that it is quite warm enough to wear in the coldest weather.

Another black costume is of rough Vienna cloth. This is trimmed with black braid, put on in five rows down the front and then turned off at either side at the foot of the skirt, extending round the entire width. The coat for this is one of the Russian blouses, with an inside vest, on which are lines of braid, and this hangs over in blouse fashion. There is no braiding on the coat, but the sleeves, which are small coat sleeves, have pointed cuffs of braid. The fronts of the jacket are lined with reseda green velvet.—Harper's Bazar.

Evolution of Southern Women.
In 1890 there were only about half a million women in the United States engaged in gainful pursuits, almost all of whom were women and girls at work in the factories in the New England states. Few or some of them could have been found south of Mason and Dixon's line. In this year of grace 1897 there are 3,000,000 wage earning women in our country, of whom the south has its full proportion. This evolution had its inception when the war closed and the south lay prostrate and impoverished, its fertile fields a desert waste, its 4,000,000 slaves liberated, its 1,000,000 workmen dead or disabled, and its fair women and their children half naked and half starved. These women had been reared in the lap of luxury and were devoid of help, languid and dependent. Thousands of these were left self dependent, with young children to raise and educate. However much they shrink from doing men's work, they had to do it and did it well. The necessity that seemed a calamity had proved a blessing.

The evolution or development through which the southern women have passed has resulted in their remarkable growth and in no way impaired their attractiveness. They are stronger physically and mentally. They are vastly more self reliant and more independent of men. They realize their superiority to such men as are trifling, self indulgent or dissipated and look upon them with pity or contempt. They have discovered in themselves possibilities of which they had never dreamed.—Geography Magazine.

Spreading Discontent.
Fran Schulz, leader of the progressive women of Germany, and she received her inspiration from Hannah Whitehead Smith, who came to Berlin 14 years ago to visit her son in the university and learned of the restrictions that surrounded the women of Germany.

"Why don't they rise and throw off their shackles?" she asked of Fran Schulz.

"Because they are too contented," was the reply.

"Then make them discontented," said Mrs. Smith, and Fran Schulz has been endeavoring to do so ever since.

The original agitation commenced at a meeting called in her parlors by Mrs. Mary D. Willard, formerly of Chicago, and a sister-in-law of Frances E. Willard, who has since been the high exponent of its leaders, although she has kept herself in the background. The leaders who organized under Mrs. Willard's advice have, however, split into factions because of differences of opinion, the result of ambitions and other causes of friction, and each faction has organized into its own field. Some of them have taken up equality, some self defense, some political affairs, and have made greater progress than they would have made if they had kept together in a single organization.—Berlin Letter to Chicago Tribune.

Kate E. Fraser.
Mrs. Kate E. Fraser, formerly Dr. Grace N. Kimball's associate in Van Buren, returned to America after a year of useful and heroic work in Yuma, for the 6,000 Armenian refugees gathered in Bulgaria. This work was largely supported by the society of Friends in Great Britain and was in the main an industrial relief of some kind, which she carried on so successfully for Dr. Kimball in Van Buren. Mrs. Fraser will return to the country a year for rest, and Mrs. Gane Gentry is treasurer. The first will be drilled on the farm of Mrs. Gentry. The company is strong financially and the managers are their own business women. Mrs. Kimball is a woman of fine culture and many accomplishments and has been active for many years in the suffrage, temperance, club and philanthropic work in her city.

Women and Toronto University.
It would appear that the scheme for the higher education of women, in this part of Canada at least, is a failure. Two years ago, in compliance with the popular movement, Toronto university opened its doors to women. They it was predicted that the new students would soon be in a university. In 1898 the percentage of female students was 25. Since then the percentage has gradually decreased till it is now little more than 10 per cent of the total attendance.—Toronto Correspondence.

When Professor Virehow of Berlin was in Russia a few weeks ago, a delegation of women physicians visited him and thanked him for having thrown open his lecture room and laboratory to a Russian woman when the German universities did not admit female students.

Walking hats and rubbers in all shades of felt are much in vogue for shopping expeditions, while the black velvet hat in such shapes as require the amazon plumes will do service for calling, carriage wear and afternoon social functions.—The Women's Home Companion.

The Women's club of Waterbury, Conn., has passed resolutions to adopt the short skirts for street gowns. It is expected that another year may see the universal use of a skirt as convenient and comfortable as that now worn as a bicycle costume.

THEOSOPHY IN PRACTICE.

A Believer in Reincarnation Who Is an Enthusiast in Charity.

The Theosophical society has no more enthusiastic member than Mrs. E. August Needham, the wife of the president of the organization in America. She is a staunch believer in reincarnation and is trying to improve herself and to live in her future incarnations she will be a superior being, an ever earthly desire and more strongly to overcome them. She is trying by her life to perfect her soul, or her "karma," that she will not be reborn in blocks in the next incarnation of her existence, her final absorption in the One may be hastened.

Mrs. Needham, although a woman of the world, is very plain in her habits. She has a beautiful home in Bay



side, N. Y., and also a handsome apartment on Thirty-first street and Madison avenue. Her work among the poor is part of her religious life. She says: "I do not believe in always putting my hand in my pocket, though when people come to me for help I take the trouble to look over their lives and find out the cause of their misfortune, and when once I have interested myself in a case I do not rest until I have seen that the people in question are altogether out of their trouble by securing work for them, by removing them to clean quarters, or by sending them a physician and good food when they are ill or weak. I do believe in a personal service and have always found that personal attention is indispensable for effective charitable work."

At her place in Bay Side Mrs. Needham has an immense vegetable garden and orchard, the products of which go to poor people. She has traveled over almost the whole world. Friends point to her life and work as the best possible testimonial to the moral influence of theosophy.—New York Tribune.

The Woman in Politics.
Just before leaving this country Mr. W. L. Stead, the London editor who some years ago exposed the crimes committed against girls in his city, was interviewed by a New York World reporter. Mr. Stead has reached the conclusion that English women receive less of the "small change" of courtesy than do American women, they are given much more solid and serious respect. In support of his opinion he said:

The English are not ashamed to place a woman high above all their politicians, to keep her there for 60 years and to give her a direct and potent voice in settling all the great affairs of state, men dealing with which in the American republic women are debared. You may say the queen is only a figurehead. If so, she is much the liveliest and most potent figurehead in history. The chance of being such a figurehead is denied by your constitution and customs to the aid of the press, which in the states it should chance to be a lady a woman.

Women Organizing Oil Companies.
Two oil companies composed exclusively of women have lately been organized in Indiana. The Mercer Oil Company of Peru has a capital of \$12,000 and is controlled by the women stockholders are Mrs. S. C. Mercer, president, Mrs. Ida Kier, secretary and treasurer, Mrs. A. Taylor, Mrs. Walter Emms, all of Peru, and Mrs. Ada Mercer of Richmond.

The other company, organized two years ago, has a capital of \$10,000 and is controlled by the women stockholders are Mrs. S. C. Mercer, president, Mrs. A. Taylor, Mrs. Walter Emms, all of Peru, and Mrs. Ada Mercer of Richmond.

Dr. E. V. Davis.
Dr. E. V. Davis of Chicago has been appointed demonstrator of medical and chief of outdoor clinic in Rush Medical college of that city. This great institution hitherto has admitted only men within its precincts. Dr. Davis has an extensive private practice, and his fitness for the position has been shown in addition to his work as clinical instructor in gynecology and many other branches of medicine and surgery, another institution which barred out women till its late alliance with the Illinois State university. It is pleasant to note that the Rush students have received Dr. Davis with marked respect.

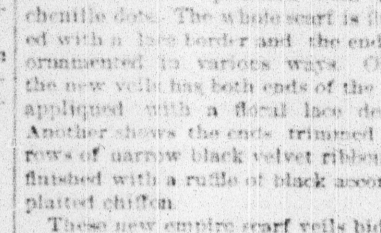
A Woman Inventor.
Mrs. N. E. Brudler of Chicago is the inventor of a grain pipe line for carrying small grain through pipes. The scheme is to lay pipes from Chicago to the Atlantic coast. The grain is to be carried in a continuous ventilated shaft. A continuous stream of grain is supposed to move 12 miles an hour. The power stations are to be 23 miles apart, the sections being that length, and the estimated cost of this transportation is 3 cents a bushel. A model is to be erected in Chicago this fall.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A QUEER PET.

The Story of Little Rob Simpson and Tamed Alligator Pete.

William Simpson, who lives at Pine Castle, Fla., near Lake Marie, has a small boy named Rob who tamed an alligator and loved him as dearly as if he had been a goat. The "gator" was called Pete, and proudly sported a copper ring in his head as a civilized "gator" who knows tricks should. One day Pete



disappeared and he staid for three years. In the meantime Robert received many spankings because he was continually playing with alligators and getting all sorts of scratches and bites in consequence. Now comes the queer part of the story that recalls the interposition of fairy godmothers. Rob was making overtures to a big alligator one day and the surman came at him with his large open countenance, and the little boy began to say his prayers. Just in the nick of time another gator appeared and the first gator had a fight on his hands. When the fight was over, Rob discovered that his alligator ally was the long lost Pete, grown indeed, but still wearing his stamped copper ring. This time Pete staid, and people go for miles to see the youngster ride about on his back.—New York Journal.

Making Skeleton Leaves.
One of the prettiest of natural ornaments for scrapbooks or for framed cards or for other decorations are skeleton leaves—that is, leaves from which all the substance has been removed with the exception of the ribs and the larger veins. Nature sometimes makes skeleton leaves, but it does not always do this work perfectly, and our boys and girls don't want to wait all winter for her to complete the task. They can do the work much more readily themselves.

Gather a number of large, perfect leaves of different kind and place them in a pan of water, to which a trace of yeast has been added. Allow them to stand until the soft membranous portion has become soft. Then hold them one by one in running water and everything but the ribs and veins will wash away, leaving only the leaf skeleton. If you wish to bleach the skeletons out to a pale color, place them on a little shelf in the top of a tight tin box. On an iron dish or plate in the bottom lay some live coals and sprinkle over them in a few places of sulphur. The fumes will bleach out the skeleton leaves, leaving them beautifully white and delicate.—Chicago Record.

To Drive a Needle Through a Copper Coin.
"An apparent mechanical impossibility" may be accomplished by simple means, using a copper cent and a cork with a common canline needle as accessories," writes Magazine Harry Kitcher, describing "How I Do My Tricks" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "An announcement that you will drive a small needle through a coin and far will be very simple and easy."

Take a copper cent, place it upon two small blocks of wood, leaving a very narrow open space between the blocks. Now, having selected a good, stout needle, force the needle through it until the point just appears at the other end. Break off the portion of the head of the needle showing above the top of the cork. Place the cork upon the coin and stab it a fair amount with a hammer. The needle will be driven entirely through the penny by a single blow.

A Small Boy's Experiment.
A small boy in the mission is the owner of a woolly little donkey of more than ordinary intelligence and perversity, says the San Francisco Post. Some time ago the manager in the stable fell down and struck his head on the head, since which time nothing would induce the animal to enter the stable of his own accord, and he wandered around the yard at his own sweet will.

The other day the boy found that the donkey viewed the lava maver with mingled curiosity and alarm. He would not turn tail and run from it, but would back away, while the boy, with his eyes at full cock and his eyes in the machine. That fact gave the boy an idea. Now he leads the donkey to the stable door, turns the animal around and runs the lava maver toward him. When the donkey backs into the stable the door is slammed on him before he realizes where he is.

The Key to the Box.
"What would you do," said the little boy to the "blackwood box," "except for me?" The "blackwood box" gave a gentle creak to the little boy, but it did not speak.

"I believe," said the boy, "that I will hide in the crack down there by the chimney side."

"Just as this great old box may see how little it's worth even for me."

It was long, long afterward in the crack they found the key, and they brought it out.

And it said as it chuckled and laughed to itself, "Now I'll be good to the box on the stair."

But the little key stopped with a shiver and sob.

For this was a bright new key in the lock.

And the old box said, "I am sorry, you see. But the place is filled, my poor little key!"

—Katharine Pyle in St. Nicholas.

Assassinated!
"Papa, have I been assassinated?" asked my little nephew of his father.

"Cause the teacher said I mustn't come to school unless I'd been assassinated, so that I couldn't get the small-pox."—Philadelphia Press.

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