

NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN

Cleopatra's Asp in Buttons.
Cleopatra's asp is "out" in buttons. There is a small round button of dull dead silver, a writhing heap of serpents and in the centre a round blue turquoise.

When in Misfortune.
"Deliver me from my friends!" exclaimed a reduced gentlewoman who had gone into trade. "I can reconcile my enemies," she continued, "even win golden opinions from strangers, but my friends bid fair to ruin me."

It is sad, but true, that friends are generally the worst pros that a fashionable woman can lean on in misfortune. They mean well, but they criticize sharply, and one would have to be an angel to please them. If they order a gown from a friend who has taken up dressmaking, they first announce that they feel obliged to give the commission, and then they cavil over the work, the cut, the finish, the style. This seems hardly fair. If an order to help out a friend is given in kindness the same kindness should prevent criticism which might injure.

"I haven't a single thing I like this season," wailed a really kind-hearted woman. "So many of my friends have gone into business that I have had to buy my season's outfit from them—a walking dress from one, a dinner gown from another, a hat from a third and so on." This was said at a luncheon, and her audience was amused, but her friends would probably have preferred it if she had been less kind about her orders and more circumspect with her tongue.—New York Tribune.

Woman Bank Cashier Tired.
Mrs. Sarah F. Dick, assistant cashier of the First National Bank of Huntington, Ind., for more than thirty years, will, in a few days, retire from that institution, says the Indianapolis News. She retires on account of ill-health and a desire to take care of her aged father. The bank has been reorganized, and flattering terms were offered Mrs. Dick to remain, but she thought she had served her time and was anxious to quit.

Mrs. Dick is one of the only two women cashiers of National banks in America, and has established a reputation in banking circles as an expert. The First National Bank of Huntington was organized many years ago. It not only had the only woman cashier, but it was the only bank in the country that had women directors. In 1866 Mrs. Anna A. Dally succeeded to her husband's interests in the bank, and in 1871 she was elected a director. The Controller of the Currency objected to her appointment, but it was shown that she could legally act, and after some delay she was accepted. In 1873 the widow of Samuel H. Purviance was elected a director, and in 1881 Mrs. Ann P. Slack, at the death of her husband, succeeded him as stockholder and director, and in 1883 Mrs. Frederica Drover was elected a director. For twenty years the majority of the Board of Directors of the bank were women.

In January, 1871, Miss Sarah F. McGrew, daughter of the President of the bank, was appointed assistant cashier. She became Mrs. Sarah F. Dick in 1878, and three years later was appointed cashier of the bank, a position she held until she resigned of her own accord.

Her career as a business woman attracted attention all over the United States. She has been a salaried officer for thirty-one years and holds the record for the greatest number of transactions in one day—607 in 360 minutes of "open hours," or one in each thirty-five seconds.

Training of Women Workers.
There is a distinctly large idea represented in the foundation of a certain new educational institution in Boston. That Attie town and the academic groves by which it is surrounded already overflow with schools. Harvard and Wellesley are in its suburbs, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a great technical college, leads a workaday life on the edge of a section inhabited by its leisured classes. This last-named school has always admitted women to all its classes on exactly the same terms as men; yet women avail themselves to but a very limited extent of the opportunity. There are seldom in the very large classes of the Institute of Technology, comprising hundreds of men, more than three or four women candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Science.

Though women have now entered the arts and crafts in competition with men, and are to be found in almost every employment, they are still in the struggle as women. They have been able to maintain a certain proper separateness in their industrial situation in spite of the fact that the exigencies of their life compel them to mingle with men. They recognize the fact that they are not on the same footing with men in the trades, and doubtless they do not wish to be. In their education they evidently wish to maintain a similar independent position. After a sudden plunge, as it were, into coeducation, women themselves are now bringing about a reaction toward separate education.

It is of interest, therefore, that under an endowment provided by the will of

John Simmons, of Boston, who died thirty years ago, a women's industrial college has been opened in that city under the very shadow of the co-educational Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Its purpose is to train women in the arts and crafts, and to train them by themselves. Simmons College has been opened with 125 fall students. It is perhaps a forerunner of other institutions, which shall recognize the need of women to earn their bread, and to earn it with the help of a training not only of the constructive faculties, but of the intellect in a more abstract sense, while at the same time they guard her from too harsh a clash with the struggling masculine world.—New York Mail and Express.



Five hundred and two patents have been taken out by women in Germany since 1877.

Miss Kate Livingstone, of Finnish, Isle of Mull, a cousin of the famous explorer, Dr. Livingstone, has just completed her 107th year.

Miss Helen Gould is now an honorary member of the fire department of Tarrytown and of Roxbury. While Miss Gould is not liable to active fire duty, she is a full-fledged fireman, and is eligible to a seat in any State convention of firemen.

There are more than 500 women's clubs in Pittsburg and its vicinity, most of which have interested themselves in establishing and maintaining, with little help from the directors of public education, an excellent system of summer schools and playgrounds.

Mrs. Gertrude B. Williams, of Newark, Ohio, is the great-granddaughter of a soldier of the French and Indian war of 1763, a great-granddaughter of a soldier of the Revolutionary war, a granddaughter of a soldier of the War of 1812, daughter and wife of soldiers of the Civil War, and mother of two soldiers of the late Spanish-American War.

A college girl, who has a record as an athlete is Miss Helen Downers, of Elmira College, who won first place in six of the field day events recently. She has been elected President of the Elmira College Athletic Association. Miss Downers believes that an athletic training is essentially a good thing for college women, and says she has been greatly benefited in health by it.

A young woman who has made a name for herself by illustrating insect life has recently taken up the painting of fish. She studies the color and form of her models most conscientiously. The color changes so greatly in fish; for instance, some tints being totally different when the fishy substance is in repose or in motion, in the aquarium or in running water, that the studies must be made very quickly.



Pressed velvets are very modish.

Peasant embroideries are replacing the Persian.

Pique for the winter shirt waist is fleece-lined.

Velvet ribbons as well as chemise intermingle effectively with ribbon.

Sash and belt pins are fashionable, and come in almost every conceivable design.

Among the new and stylish outdoor bodices the Siberian blouse is most effective.

Sunburst pleatings are always prettiest for skirts, and these are set almost scant this season.

Jeweled bands of velvet in Russian effect are a smart finish on elaborate imported evening dresses.

The blouse jackets so popular give ample scope for the display of many ornate and handsome buckles.

Butterflies of black lace are an odd and new garniture much used as appliques on white evening gowns.

Little turn-down collars of fur finish most of the coats that have any collar extending above the base of the neck.

Roses as well as grapes go to make up the pretty design that embellishes one beautiful dress of crepe de chine.

Soft cloches or bodices of beaver are used in creating very stylish hats, as they can be bent into any shape desired.

Serpentine pleats are stitched into the uppers of new sleeves and left loose at the elbow to form forearm fullness.

Dainty lingerie dresses are now made in black over a pale shade, as well as in the more familiar white and the delicate colors.

The vogue of the bertha has brought the old-fashioned round, low neck into favor again as the popular shape for the neck of a low-cut gown.

Lace collars coming well over the shoulders are favorite embellishments for fancy bodices, obtaining their touch of newness from strapped designs of cloth or velvet.

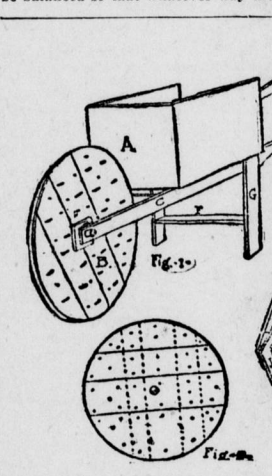
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Watch the Corners.
When you wake up in the morning of a chill and cheerless day
And feel inclined to grumble, pout or frown,
Just glance into your mirror and you will quickly see,
It's just because the corners of your mouth turn down.
Then take this simple rime,
Remember it in time,
It's always dreary weather in countryside or town,
When you wake and find the corners of your mouth turned down.

If you wake up in the morning full of bright and happy thoughts,
And begin to count the blessings in your cup,
Then glance into your mirror and you will quickly see,
It's all because the corners of your mouth turn up.
Then take this simple rime,
Remember it in time,
There's joy a-plenty in this world to fill life's cup,
If you'll keep the corners of your mouth turned up.
—Youth's Companion.

A Robinson Crusoe Wheelbarrow.
The sailor who made this wheelbarrow was cast on an island where he knew he would have to wait for some time before a ship was likely to take him off. So in the meantime he had to provide himself with food and shelter. This was not difficult, for the wreck of his little vessel was close by on the beach. But carrying the material out of it and well to the beach, where it would be safe from tides and storms entailed much labor, so he set to work to make a wheelbarrow. He took a flour barrel and a soap box that had washed ashore, and with hammer and nails from the wreck, he soon finished a perfectly practical wheelbarrow.

This is the way to do what he did: Take the two heads out of a barrel. Do it carefully, so that the wood shall not be split. Now lay these two heads on top of each other, in such a manner that the cracks in the upper one will be at right angles to the cracks in the lower one. The idea, of course, is that the grain of the wood shall be balanced so that whatever way the



strain may come the wheel will not split under it.

Having placed the two heads carefully together so that they are exactly true, nail them to each other with short nails, driving some in one side and some in the other. In figure 5 the dotted lines show how the head that is underneath should lie in relation to the top one.

After the two parts have been firmly nailed together so that they will not yield, take a plane and carefully smooth off the edges of the wheel that has been thus made, so that it will be perfectly round. Be careful to plane only a very little at one time. A good way to make sure that the wheel is true is to draw a circle of just the size of the wheel. You can make it with a piece of a string and a nail for a compass. Then you can lay the wheel on the drawing from time to time to compare it until it is perfect.

Now, get two pieces of wood about four inches wide, three-quarters of an inch thick and four feet long and shape the ends into neat, comfortable handles, as shown in C in figure 1. To the square end of each handle (at K, in figure 2) nail a wedge-shaped block. This block should be made of a piece of wood about four inches square on the sides. One edge should be pointed, just like the wedge. The other end of it should be about three-quarters of an inch thick.

Nail this to the square end of each handle, as shown in H, figure 3.

Now, when you have thus finished both handles, you will be ready to make the axle and the wheel blocks. The axle, K, is merely a piece of broomstick six inches long. The wheel blocks are intended to give the wheel a steady support so that it will not wobble on the axle. They are made of a piece of wood about half an inch thick and six inches square, and are nailed firmly to the wedge, as shown in figure 3.

Now bore holes through the handles, wedges and wheel blocks to admit the axle. Then bore holes through the wheel, but be careful to make this hole a little smaller than the others for the object is to have the wheel grip the axle so firmly that instead of the wheel revolving on the axle, the axle will do the turning in the handle.

After the wheel has been properly adjusted, the handles will be in just the position that they are to maintain in the completed wheelbarrow. All they need are braces to keep them

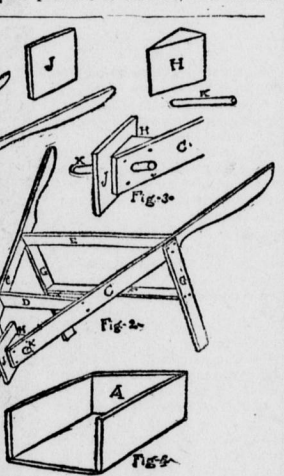
rigid. These braces are shown in D and E, figure 2. It is better to screw these to the handles. Nails are too likely to work loose after a while.

After this has been done, all that remains to complete the frame is to attach the legs F and G in figure 2. These must be strengthened with the frame F, as otherwise they would spread apart when the wheelbarrow is loaded.

You are ready now to make the body of the wheelbarrow. This is a much more simple matter than the rest of the work, for you need only to knock the top and end out of an ordinary soapbox. Set this on top of the frame as shown in A, figure 1. Screw or nail it on firmly.—San Francisco Chronicle.



Get a bottle with a wide opening and close it with a cork in which a glass funnel is inserted. Close all crevices with shellac. Fill the bottle half way with water, in which you drop the two powders belonging to a seidlitz powder. The carbonic acid gas generated tries to escape through the funnel. But by placing two or three small balls made of a cork in the funnel the gas can escape only a little at a time, as one or the other of the little balls will keep the opening of the funnel closed until the pressure of the gas becomes strong enough to force the ball up. In such a way a part of the gas escapes, the pressure is relieved, and another

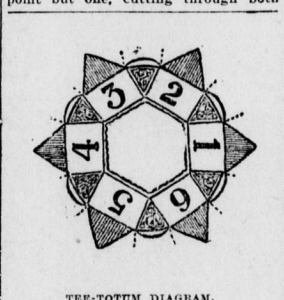


ball closes up the funnel opening. This will keep on until all the gas is exhausted.

This experiment can be made more effective by painting the balls in different colors. Or you can make butterfly wings of tissue paper, which you can color and fasten to the balls, as shown in the illustration.—New York Tribune.

A Tee-Totum.

The tee-totum is one of the numerous toys that may be formed of cardboard. A hexagon is to be constructed within the smaller of two concentric circles, and pencil lines are to be drawn from each point of the figure to the next point but one, cutting through both



circles; the points of intersection in the outer circles are then to be joined by straight lines. Our diagram exhibits the complete figure, with the triangular pieces that are left for gluing. The lower side of the tee-totum is to be formed of a separate hexagon of cardboard; the spindle may be made of wood or ivory.—Washington Star.

Land For Apple Trees.

Sometimes when the land is very rich young apple and pear trees make very rapid growth, and produce more wood than should be the case, while larger trees than have grown much wood will not bear fruit proportionately. In such cases a grass crop in the orchard will do no harm, especially to the young trees, but the sod should be turned under the second year. If the season is dry the grass may secure the greater share of moisture; hence when the orchard is in grass and a drought appears the grass should be plowed under at once.

The Funny Side of Life.

A Home Hero.
When he is with the crowd of men
That hangs around the store all day
He listens quietly, but seems
To never have a word to say.

But when he gets back home alone
With that poor foolish wife, it's these
Sweet hours that his tongue is loosed
And he becomes a Socrates.
—Indianapolis Sun.

At It.
"We haven't heard much lately from the ravagers of our forests."
"No. They are saying nothing, but sawing wood."—New York Herald.

Taste.
"He is a great lover of our modern scenery, isn't he?"
"Oh, yes. He always picks out the most attractive advertisements."—New York Herald.

Not Niggardly.
"You asked her father for her hand?"
"Yes."
"And he refused you?"
"No, he didn't. He said I could have both of 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

New Utility Man.
"I wonder why Bancker has so many rides in automobiles owned by his acquaintances."
"Oh, he owns property and is useful in signing ball bonds when arrests are made for fast riding."—Brooklyn Life.

After the Quarrel.
He (to himself)—"There! All on account of my beastly temper, I suppose I've gone and said too much."
She (to herself)—"Oh, dear! If I hadn't lost my temper, I might have said ever so much more."—Brooklyn Life.

Disenchantment.
"How did you enjoy your visit to the Bermudas, Uncle Jed?"
"I was a good deal disappointed. The onions didn't come up to my expectations. Why, I've eat better Bermuda onions right here."—Chicago Tribune.



"A drawing from the antique."—Scraps.
"I wish I could give up work and take a long rest!"
"You'd do it if you could, would you?"
"Well, I'm not sure I'd do it if I could. It's one of those things you'd like to do when you can't."—Brooklyn Life.

Her Diagnosis.
Mamma—"You must be awfully careful, darling. The doctor says your system is all upset."
Little Dot—"Yes, I guess it is, mamma, 'cause my foot's asleep, and people must be terribly upset when they go to sleep at the wrong end."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Won a Name For Herself.
"How did you come to select Olive as a name for your baby?"
"Well, you see, my wife's father objected to our marriage, and when the little one came he forgave us. So we thought it was no more than right to let her have proper credit."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Tabooed the Union.
"I—I have come," he began, addressing her father, "to—to suggest to you that a union of our families would—"
"I'm not in favor of unions," the testy old Captain of Industry interrupted, "and I will not submit the matter to arbitration. Good morning."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Brown's Sympathy.
Jones—"Charley fell from a street car last night."
Brown—"Oh, I'm awfully sorry."
Jones—"But he wasn't hurt at all."
Brown—"I wasn't thinking about Charley. I was thinking about the sufferings of those who would be told about that fall for months to come."—Boston Transcript.

Home Discomforts.
"No," grumbled the husband in a spasm of confidence, to a friend, "I have no place at all for my books. The storage room is kept exclusively for my wife."
"And what does she do with it?"
"Oh, she puts away those things that are a trifle too good to be destroyed, yet scarcely good enough to be of use."—Brooklyn Life.

Not at Home.
"Ah, old fellow," said one gentleman to another on the street, "so you are married at last. Allow me to congratulate you, for I hear you have an excellent and accomplished wife."
"I have, indeed," was the reply; "she is accomplished. Why, sir, she is perfectly at home in literature; at home in music; at home in art; at home in science—in short, at home everywhere, except—"
"Except where?"
"Except at home."—

OUR NOSES.

The Rosette Hue and Infantile Snub—Proper Nose For Mankind.

The molding influences which render the patrician nose to some extent a product of culture seems mainly traceable to a close association which exists between certain muscles attached to the more flexible parts of the nose and those in the immediate neighborhood. Nowhere is the lasting mark of dominant mental habits more plainly seen than in the muscles about the mouth. They are continually in action, when we exercise the will—either in self-control or in attempts to control other men or things—and every time they come into play they give a chasteening tug at our noses. Finally, it may be said that for the maintenance of a patrician nose at its best a well balanced mind is almost as necessary as carefulness in outward behavior. Its chastity of tint and outline is endangered, not only by high living and low thinking, but also by the habitual and unrestrained indulgence of emotions generally deemed innocent, and even laudable. These, through their strange secondary influence upon the nerves which regulate the circulation and nutrition of the skin and face, are quite capable of inducing a certain coarseness of expression, curiously akin to that induced by indulgence in vicious pleasures. Herein, perhaps, may be found some sort of crude and general recipe for an aristocratic nose, which is offered in all good faith—but with no absolute warranty—to every one with good powers of mental assimilation.

There can be no doubt that the ordinary plebeian nose, with its somewhat low bridge, concave profile and wide nostrils, is, above all others, the nose which is proper to mankind. All other types are developed from it. Even now the whole human species, of whatever race, possesses it in early infancy.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Geography of Dishonesty.
Is dishonesty a matter of geographical location? And are its boundaries so well defined that one may pass from virtue to vice by the simple expedient of crossing the street? A certain well-known "quick-lunch" proprietor conducts two establishments, both situated on the same street, although on different blocks. But in the matter of administration they are as far apart as the poles. At the upper place confidence in the patrons of the establishment is apparently unlimited. The loaves and fishes are in plain view and within easy reach of the hand. Everybody helps himself, and even the formality of a lunch check is omitted. You merely step to the cashier's desk and lay down a coin whose denomination is the exact measure of your appetite and incidentally your conscience. No questions asked. At the establishment of the same name and only a block away the atmosphere is decidedly different—almost chilling, indeed. Here a servitor at the door compels you to accept a numbered check before you are allowed to pass the portals. All the viands are out of reach, and with each separate article that you receive your indebtedness is unalterably recorded upon your slip of paste-board. And no one goes out unless he delivers up his passport and otherwise makes good. In such wise are the sheep separated from the goats, and yet but a single street divides them. Strange as it may seem, one place is always jammed to the doors, while at the other seats may be had in plenty.

Assimilating Foreigners.
And yet it is not difficult to grow familiar with the salient East London types. The city is really cosmopolitan in character, for all the principal countries of Europe have long been contributing to its population in a stream of immigration, which adds quite 10,000 to its numbers every year. This to an American is scarcely an impressive number, as applying to immigration, but the fact is, nevertheless, notable when we consider a yearly assimilation of 10,000 foreigners by a growing city of nearly 2,000,000, and the complete success of the assimilation except as affecting the incoming Jews. Sir Walter Besant declares that the power of England to absorb an alien population is even greater than that of the United States, by which, of course, he means proportionately greater. He is certainly mistaken, I think, but he indicates, with much point, the fact that for all the inflow of foreigners, continued now through many years, there are, apart from the Jewish quarter, practically no foreign settlements in East London. And, furthermore, the children of the aliens are soon, as he insists, English through and through.—Scribner's.

World's Geography Class.
It is not to be denied that this expansion of our knowledge of the world is a sequence of our victories in the Spanish war. Whether trade follows the flag, certainly knowledge does. What the geography is doing for the school-boy, the newspapers and magazines are doing for the adult. "Nature will be reported," says Emerson, and certainly never was this so true as to-day. A hundred agencies—mainly commerce, invention, travel, benevolence and disaster—are conspiring to bring in touch all the nations of the world and to demand the fullest knowledge of all by each. There are those who think that this absorbing interest in the actualities of material events is being cultivated at the expense of great creative art. But an epoch of large wealth has been usually the precursor of a period of great art. When this period comes, perhaps the result will be all the more significant and valuable that the people of the earth will have reached a sympathetic understanding through the widest knowledge.—The Century.

The things that make life worth living are the things that we don't possess.