



HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

What the Wealth of a Pennsylvania Millionaire is Doing to Advance It.

The opening of the Drexel institute in Philadelphia marks another forward step in the enlarged provision for the education of women.

No structure for a kindred use, so complete and stately, exists today in this country. A vast expenditure of money has been attended with excellent taste and marvelous thoroughness of detail.

The range of teaching runs all the way from cooking to bookkeeping and stenography, and includes some eleven departments more or less kindred to these.

It is undoubtedly true that the demand in this country is more and more for that kind of education which can be converted quickest to some wage-earning purpose.

Whether for better or worse, we have emancipated her from the old limitations which so largely shut her away from direct contact with what, for want of a better phrase, I may call outdoor life.

She is in directories, on school boards, charitable commissions, in editorial chairs, inspecting asylums and insane asylums, and, in a word, is or is likely to be bidden to a great many tasks in which it will not in the smallest degree help her that she can handle a telegraph key or play on a typewriter.

It may be argued, indeed, that a woman's intuitions are usually better and surer than a man's most labored conclusions, and there is truth in such a plea. But the subject of intuitions is, unless some other powers are developed, not unlikely to be also the subject of emotions which, for the time being, dimine more intentions wholly out of the horizon.

Wraps and Soudries.

The slender, graceful effects in dress now considered most elegant require the rich, handsome materials which importers of French goods have brought over.

and the Jacquard brocades figured with overshot figures in color, will be popular for house dresses to be worn at parties and on high dinner occasions.

A new overdress similar to the straight Directoire of a few years ago is made up to wear with bell skirts, and in such case this straight overkirt is of different material from the underskirt.

Profits from Charity Entertainments.

There was a time in the history of charity entertainments when the charity end of them did not get much, but time and experience have taught the good women how to conduct these affairs so as to make them pay handsomely.

Last spring the lady managers of the Consumptives home paid the \$5,000 mortgage with the money they made at the series of entertainments in the Ponch mansion.

A Successful Woman Sculptor.

Alice Rideout, a young San Francisco girl of eighteen, has received the first prize in the contest of woman sculptors for designing the statuary that is to ornament the Woman's building at the World's fair.

The prize is not an empty honor, for Miss Rideout gets the contract for executing the full sized models, and will be paid about \$8,000. The groups when finished will be ten feet high, some of them forty feet long, and they will decorate the attic cornice.

Two Interesting Pincushions.

Upon the table presided over by the pretty "university girls" at the woman's suffrage bazaar in Horticultural hall are two pincushions which every woman will want to see and examine, and one of which, a little square of dark brown velvet trimmed with black lace, she will touch very tenderly, for the little old cushion was Margaret Fuller's, and used by her until she went abroad to become the Countess d'Ossoli and to meet her unhappy fate.

The other cushion is a curious example of the old fashioned "cross stitch" on one side, with a time tinted satin cover on the other. It was bought forty-six years ago at the great fair which the women held to raise the funds to complete the Bunker Hill monument, all but the top, which was danced on by Fanny Ellsler. It is filled with pins not removed since that fair.—Boston Herald.

A Reaction Against the Tall Girl.

A Twenty-third street dealer in women's shoes has felt the influence of the tall girl. "We have customers now to whom we cater with low heels," he said. "The tall girl differs from a man in not being proud of her height. She knows a little girl is more likely to be esteemed affectionate and loving by the men than is a tall girl. So she tries to get down to the loving level. Then, again, they know that the little girls have more chance of securing beaux, for the tall girl must restrict her hopes to the average sized or tall men. Short men do not like to go out with girls several inches taller, and so fall back on the petite. So, when men are having their heels made extra high, girls and women are having theirs lowered. What is true of all girls' shoes is equally true in regard to their hats. They are lowering them, too, and the flat hat is as sure to come in again as it is that the tall girl is here today."—New York Sun.

The Speaker's Sister.

Comparatively few are aware that Mrs. Ada Crisp Marsh, the recording secretary of the Woman's Press club and the wife of a well known theatrical man, is a sister of Speaker Charles F. Crisp. Her friends have been keeping her busy lately receiving their congratulations since the result of the contest at Washington. She is a bright little woman, full of good nature and devoted to the welfare of the Woman's Press club. She does considerable writing for the Sunday newspapers, but is exceedingly modest about her work and abominably sensationalism. She does not care much for society, and in that respect resembles Speaker Crisp's wife, Mrs. Marsh is usually present, however, at the meetings of the Goethe society, the Nineteenth Century club and in other intellectual gatherings. She lives in excellent style on Lexington avenue.—New York Advertiser.

Why Will Not Women Rebel?

The miseries of the sweeping skirts have never been more fully demonstrated than during the last fortnight of crowded and dusty thoroughfares. The amount of pavement dirt every woman who wears them takes home with her daily is very perceptible. Women with maids turn their clothing over to them and get speedily into fresh garments. Stockings and underwear are so loaded with dust that they are unfit to wear a second time without renovating. The women without maids spend an hour brushing and shaking to restore a degree of cleanliness. The bell skirts act like sweepers to gather but not hold the dirt. It is common to see women stop in vestibules and vigorously shake their skirts, leaving a cloud of dust in their wake. It is expensive, untidy, unwholesome and lots of other disagreeable things, but we all do it.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

No Danger in Good Face Soap.

A curious prejudice that some people have against soap as an application for the face: this is a great fallacy. Good soap is a great beautifier, and a great preventive of the uncomely looking "blackheads" which are such a disfigurement and are so hard to get rid of. The real cause of these unpleasant little specks is not as a rule anything more serious than this: Some people have much larger skin pores than others, and the dust collects, settles and finally forms a hard, black little substance which probably would never have had a chance of developing if the skin was thoroughly washed with soap twice a day and rubbed vigorously with a coarse towel. Do not be afraid of a red nose; the redness will soon fade quickly away and leave no trace.—New York Tribune.

Heroism of Indian Women Convicts.

A signal act of woman's heroism is recorded in connection with the loss of the Indian government marine steamer Enterprise during the terrific cyclone that recently swept over the Indian sea in the neighborhood of the Adaman islands. There is a penal settlement for India on these islands, and a band of women convicts, opposite whose prison the wreck occurred, rushed of their own accord into the storm tossed water, formed a chain by joining hands and tried to assist the shipwrecked crew, numbering eighty-three persons. Six lives were thus saved by these heroic Indian women, but the other seventy-seven members of the crew were drowned.—London Tit-Bits.

Bishop Potter to the Utica Girls.

Bishop Potter, in his address to the Girls' Friendly club of Utica, said: "I realize how different the present conditions are from those that prevailed when I was a boy. Then there were only two kinds of employment for girls besides housework—teaching and sewing. Probably there are in this city a hundred kinds of work for women. They are doing the things men used to do and doing them better. But they need not in consequence have the manners of men, talk as men talk, use slang and cigarettes or dress after the fashion of men."

A Woman Among Lepers.

Kate Marsden, writing from Irkutsk, in Siberia, says that she has ridden 2,000 miles on horseback beyond Yakootsk among the poor outcast lepers, who are hunted in the depths of the forest. She has supplied them with food and warm clothing for winter, and is raising funds to build them a hospital. She intends visiting other leper regions in Bokhara, then crossing the Caucasus mountains to Moscow and St. Petersburg to plead the cause of the lepers and prisoners before the empress.

Married and Unmarried.

According to Miss Collett, while we find 98 per cent. of the women of Whitechapel under forty-five are married, we find that only 33 per cent. of women at the same age are married in Hampstead. There are in Whitechapel only thirty-five unmarried women to every hundred married men. In Kensington there are 378 unmarried women to every hundred married men.—London Tit-Bits.

A Screen That May Be Popular.

Housewives will hail a recent invention in furnishing which is intended to take the place of cumbersome window screens. This invention is a window screen which rolls up and down like an ordinary window shade, and, it is said, offers complete protection from flies and mosquitoes, as it screens the whole window.—Exchange.

HELPMATES.

Says the Land: "O sister Sea, Hadst thou not borne the voyagers to me, Vain were their visions grand, And I, e'en now, perchance, a stranger land. So thank the glory be!"

Says the Sea: "Nay, Brother Land; Hadst thou not outward stretched the saving hand, My bosom now had kept The secret where the souls heroic slept. 'Tis in thy strength they stand!" —John B. Tabb in Youth's Companion.

Do Horses Ever Cry?

Did you ever see a horse cry? Many people believe that horses do not weep, but those who have had much to do with these faithful creatures know that on several occasions they will shed tears, as well as express sorrow in the most heartbreaking manner. In the west, where the hardness of the ponies causes the riders to almost overlook the necessity of providing for their needs, it is quite common when the weather is extremely cold to leave an unblanketed pony tied up for two or three hours when the temperature is nearly zero and while its owner is transacting business. In this case the suffering is evidenced by the cries, which are almost like sobs, and unmistakable tears freeze onto the cheeks like icicles. When a horse falls in the street and gets injured, the shock generally numbs its senses so much that it does not either cry or groan, but under some conditions an injured horse will solicit sympathy in the most distinct manner. I remember a favorite horse of my own which trod on a nail long enough to pierce its foot. The poor thing hobbled up to me on three legs and cried as nearly like a child in trouble as anything I can describe. The sight was a very touching one, as was also the crippled animal's gratitude when the nail was pulled out and the wound dressed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Wherein Men and Women Differ.

Some cynic has said that a man talks to show how much he knows, but a woman delights in telling what she doesn't know. However that may be, there is certainly a different character to the personal confidence of men and women.

The outward current of a woman's life will often flow as smoothly over dead and buried hopes as a river ripples over a drowned body. She will volubly relate her small trials and triumphs, but the deep experiences of her heart are seldom brooded abroad. But let a man meet a disappointment in love, for instance, and he becomes first moody and morose, then he takes to inflicting his woes upon his friends, who often find it difficult to know how to console him, not to mention a brutal lack of interest in griefs of any but of the briefest narration.

On the whole, perhaps the woman's way is more agreeable, since her hearers are not put to such severe tests of friendship.—Philadelphia Times.

Dangers of Compulsory Arbitration.

Competition may be killed by compulsory arbitration or it may be carried to the most harmless extent and through the honest efforts of a jury to decide what skilled experts are not able to decide. The objectors to compulsory arbitration have sometimes said that it would result in slavery for the workingman. The advocates make light of this. But really and seriously, is it not slavery when a man who wants \$3 per day for his labor can be compelled at the point of the bayonet to work for \$1.50 per day? There would be no fear it seems to me of capital going out of the state or out of the country under the regime of compulsory arbitration in industrial affairs, for it would gladly seize upon the results of such a regime to compel a rise in prices to secure a combination which the law insisted upon.—Carroll D. Wright in Forum.

The Diamond Market of the Future.

"Chicago," says a diamond expert, "is soon to be the greatest diamond market in the world, because Chicago is today the largest retail market, and wholesale dealers must follow the set of the current. Nearly \$2,000,000 worth of diamonds were sold in that city last year. It is a saying in Europe that a lady without a title does not wear them, but here everybody wears them. They do not indicate great wealth—merely taste for that kind of jewelry. Before the Prussian siege Paris was the center of the trade. Just now London is. The best diamonds sold are from broken sets in Europe, from Brazil and a few selected stones from Africa."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Eccentric File.

"There is at the executive mansion a so called 'eccentric file,' on which all letters from palpable cranks are put. Most of these contain threats and warnings. This file has been kept ever since the episode of Guitan, who wrote many such notes before he shot President Garfield. An entirely sane office seeker the other day sent a lock of his own fiery red hair with his application for the place, saying that he understood that character could be divined by a person's capillary traits."—Boston Transcript.

A Remark For Denver People.

The following will be appreciated by Denver people who are familiar with the white conical shaped ash receptacles the city law compels them to have: Five-year-old Henry brought home from Sunday school the lesson paper, on which was depicted Job offering up a sacrifice. His mother asked him what the picture was. "Oh, nothing," was the prompt reply, "but Job standing by his ash pit."—New York Tribune.

A Natural Query.

Freddie—Ma, didn't the missionary say that the savages didn't wear any clothes? Mother—Yes, my boy. "Then why did he put a button in the missionary box?"—Life.

A Well Known Artist.

Stranger (addressing an old bricklayer)—Uncle, who's building this house? "Mr. Hirschbegg he build de house, but Queen Anne she drawed de plan."—Reformed Messenger.

It Scattered Them.

Cholly—Fweddy, we can't get through this crowd. Fweddy—Wait a minute, Cholly. Here comes a lady with a parasol. We will follow her.—Truth.

A Striking Resemblance.

He was the son of a worthy citizen and had just returned from college. His father was a brusque, matter of fact man, who had no liking for anything pronounced, and he noticed with sorrow that his son returned with the latest thing in collars and various other insignia of dudsdom. The old gentleman surveyed him critically when he appeared in his office and then blurted out, "Young man, you look like an idiot." Just at that moment, and before the young man had time to make a fitting reply, a friend walked in.

"Why, hello, Billy, have you returned?" he asked. "Dear me, how much you resemble your father!"

"So he has been telling me," replied Billy. And from that day to this the old gentleman has had no fault to find with his son.—Brooklyn Life.

And They Parted.



He—If the devotion of a lifetime— She—Say no more. I kin never be yours. I am a simple Duffy, an you are a De-Ho-vender. The world is censorious an would say I married above my station. Go! I kin respect you as a brother; that is all!—Life.

His Wants Were Few.

Tramp—Plesse, mum, would ye be so kind as to let me have a needle and thread? Mrs. Suburb—Well, y-s-s, I can let you have that.

"Thankee, mum. Now, you'd oblige me very much if you'll let me have a bit of cloth for a patch."

"Well, here is some."

"Thankee, mum, but it's a different color from my travellin' suit. Perhaps, mum, you could spare me some of your husband's old clothes that this patch will match."

"Well, I declare! I'll give you an old suit, however. Here it is."

"Thankee, mum. I kin find it's a little large, mum, but if you'll kindly furnish me with a square neck mebbe I can fill it out."—New York Weekly.

The Last Straw.

"Orville," asked Mrs. Ardup, "are times so very tight?" "Awful, Rachel! Awful!" replied Mr. Ardup. "There's absolutely no money to be had."

"Then we'll economize," rejoined his little wife cheerily. "You were about to go to the barber's. You needn't go. I'll cut your hair myself."

And the wretched man went out and made an assignment.—Chicago Tribune.

No Harm Done.

"Mary Ann," said Mr. Quattle, "if you're determined to let Josie marry that long legged squirt of a Pete Lockwell that comes here three or four times a week, by gum, I wash my hands of the whole business."

"It won't hurt your hands any, George," was Mrs. Quattle's hearty rejoinder.—Amusing Journal.

A Stumper.

"Yes," said Cawker to his youngest, "the teacher was quite right in saying that heat expands and cold contracts. That's what makes the days so much longer in summer than winter."

"Then, papa," was the next query, "what makes the nights in winter so long?"—Truth.

He Was Color Blind.

Gushington—Did you give her the poem you wrote about her? Chum—Yes, and she has never been at home to me since.

"How was that?" "I made a mistake in the color of her eyes."—Texas Siftings.

A Mean Man.

"I hate hunting with Dawson, he's so parsimonious." "How so?"

"He never shoots at a second bird until he has extracted all the shot from the first to use over again."—Harper's Bazar.

A Feast.

Wee Miss—We couldn't eat all the cake you gave me for my garden party. Mother—You said you had invited 16. Wee Miss—Yes, but eight of zem were dolls.—Good News.

How He Became a Freemason.

The goat, the goat, the bearded goat, The horned, the hooved, the hairy goat; As I'm a slinger of some note, This night I rode the Masonic goat.

He was a beast of wondrous size, With lengthened limbs and glazy eyes, And beard that swept the carpet clear, And horns that touched the chandelier.

Ye gods! if there's a time we feel Minglings through our noodle steel, 'Tis when we through the mysteries float Upon the dark Freemasons' goat.

Three times was I compelled to ride The beast around the temple wide, And when I tried the fearful mount My heart's pulsations all could count.

Twice did I make the circuit fair, With hold on horns, on tall and hair, Till on the third attempt and last, When I presumed all danger past, He pitched me clear of horns and head And left me far below for dead.

But when I rose with courage frail The goat had vanished, head and tail, And I was stabled by one and all The liveliest Mason in the hall.

—Concha County Herald.