WOMAN'S WORLD.

SHE TOOK UP HER FATHER'S BOOK WHERE HE LAID IT DOWN.

Women's Brain Power—Women Writers In Conventions—The Debutante's Bouquet—Utility of the Sash—Practical Architects.

Miss Annie Paulding Meade is the daughter of Admiral Richard Worsam Meade, U. S. N, and granddaughter of Commodore Richard Worsam Meade, U. S. N., and Admiral Hiram Paulding, U. S. N. (Midshipman Paulding of Miss Sewell's story).

A year or two ago Admiral Meade wrote several lectures to be read before the National Geographical society and the Army and Navy club at Washington, of both of which organizations he was a member. He had been asked to deliver these lectures in various other places and was preparing to do so at the time of his final illness and subsequent death.

MISS ANNIE PAULDING MEADE.

His daughter, who was deeply interested in her father's work, has taken up the lectures where he laid them down and is arranging for a series to be given in this city.

The names of the admiral's complete lectures are as follows: "The Caribbean Sea, the Mediterranean of Our Western World," "A Winter Voyage Through the Straits of Magellan" and "Commodore John Paul Jones, the Sponsor of the Stars and Stripes on the Ocean."

All of these lectures are illustrated by fine stereopticon views, many of which were made from the admiral's own collection of photographs.—New York Tribune.

Women's Brain Power.

Sir William Turner, at the meeting of the British Medical association at Montreal, once again brought forward the old assertion that, because the brain of a man weighs absolutely more than that of a woman, therefore a man is possessed of a greater amount of brain power than is woman. This theory until recent times was on all sides conceded to be true and was regarded as a convincing proof of woman's intellectual inferiority, says a writer in the New York Medical Record.

The Russian Professor Darkchevitch took up the cudgels in defense of the weaker sex and demonstrated to the satisfaction of the majority that the fact of a man's brain weighing slightly more than a woman's was worthless as a testimony of his superior intellectual capacity. Professor Darkchevitch contends, from the result of his researches, that the sexes as regards brain power are on an equality and backs up the argument in support of his theory with many convincing illustrations. For instance, Skobeleff's brain weighed less than that of 40 individual common soldiers, yet no one would dream for this reason of making the assertion that these men were the superior of Skobeleff in ability. Liebig's brain also was under the average weight.

The opinions on this matter are diverse and various. A large number of persons still hold to the views of Sir William Turner and with him conscientiously believe that the lesser weight of woman's brain implies in itself the possession of less mental power. On the other hand, many side with Darkchevitch and say that her cumulative and retentive powers are fully equal to those of a man. The question may here be asked, Has woman's intellectual inferiority ever been clearly proved? That it has been is probably the opinion of most persons. From an anatomical and physiological point of view, also, she is by many authorities relegated to a position lower than that occupied by man. The supporters of the theory of woman's intellectual inferiority point out, too, with triumph that in scarcely any branch of science, art or literature has she ever reached quite the front rank.

This is all true enough, but it must at least be granted that the cause for a part of her failure should be put down to her comparative lack of opportunity, and the fact should be taken into consideration that up to the present time, from the conditions of her life, she has been heavily handicapped in the race for fame. May not also the difference in the brains of men and women be looked for not so much in the ponderosity as in the quality? A woman's brain from the nature of things is to a certain extent of another type. The natural role of a woman differs widely from that of a man, and she is provided with or has evolved brains suited to her situation. Nevertheless, in these times it often happens that a woman from the stress of circumstances is prevented from fulfilling her natural mission and is compelled to compete with men. She has shown her capability successfully to do so, but in the action must necessarily lose many of her feminine characteristics. The wisest course to take will perhaps be to leave the final settlement of the question in abeyance until the evolution of the new woman has been more fully accomplished.—Exchange.

Women Writers.

The great army of professional literary women is getting ready for two February conventions. The first is the annual meeting of the International League of Press Clubs, which meets in New Orleans, and the other, which meets the following week, on Feb. 18 and 19, at Washington, is the congress of press women, held under the auspices of the Woman's National Press association.

There are many women's press clubs in the country, and a majority probably are enrolled in the league. Among the more influential of these are the New York Woman's Press club, the Scribblers of Buffalo, the New England Woman's Press club and the Illinois Woman's Press association, which represent together more than 500 active members.

The Woman's National Press association is the oldest of its kind in this country, having been started in 1882 by Mrs. Rose Breandle, Miss Briggs, Mrs. M. D. Lincoln, Mrs. Nettie Sanford, Mrs. Lydia Tilton, Mrs. Juliette Babbitt and others. It grew steadily and has today a membership of 150. It had a fine exhibit at the World's fair in Chicago and is a prominent member of the National Council of Women. The congress which it holds is intended to bring women writers together, to organize the literary profession so far as the same is possible and to create an esprit de corps. The congress will be important, as the management has received messages of concurrence and co-operation from nearly every state and territory. Among those which will be represented is the Western Association of Writers, a society of many hundred members, which has become a power in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan and other central states.

From the returns of the two organizations it is estimated that the women writers of the country now exceed 20,000, including in this total editors, reporters, publishers and translators, while the number of men is about four times as great.—Margherita Arlina Hamm in New York Mail and Express.

The Debutante's Bouquet.

What used to be a pretty and significant compliment, a debutante's bouquet, has gradually degenerated into a positive incubus. Time was when a girl who made her bow to society was able to hold in her two hands all her floral tributes in honor of the occasion. If by any chance she could not wear or carry all that had been sent her, the somebody whose flowers had been slighted had every reason to feel aggrieved. As years went on, though, many somebodies had to feel slighted, as it became a physical impossibility for the debutante to bear the burden of all her bouquets. They waxed not only in number but in size. It became the vogue to have them stacked up on a stand designed especially for the purpose, which, placed behind the girl, formed an effective background. Still the bouquets grew larger and more numerous, and instead of one stand several were necessary. Nowadays no debutante dreams of making use of the flowers sent her, even as a background. The bouquets are heaped upon piano tops, mantelpieces, bookshelves and every other available space, being confined not to one room or even to one floor, but overwhelming the whole house. An unwritten law that the several bunches should be kept intact makes it impossible to arrange the flowers with true decorative intent. As one guest put it after leaving a recent presentation:

"Such masses of heaped up flowers remind me of nothing so much as a funeral." The incubus of the thing is shared by the sender as well as the debutante. It is the duty of every one who knows a girl about to make her debut to send her flowers, but there are times, especially when one considers the fate that will befall them, when he would willingly forego the privilege. About the only persons who derive any real benefit or even satisfaction from the debutante bouquet habit as practiced today are the inmates of hospitals—the ultimate destination of most of the flowers that appear at social functions.—Philadelphia Times.

Utility of the Sash.

What a boon the sash is, by the way! If she who has but one plain black evening dress to her name will make half a dozen sashes for it, she can almost boast half a dozen brand new expressions of her costume.

Let her make one sash of black satin ribbon about five or six inches wide, cut the bottom ends in swallowtail forks and then powder the two lengths of ribbon with moonlight spangles. At her waist the ribbon is most suitably sewed in two big, poppy shaped rosettes, with centers of close massed spangles. In shell pink chiffon another sash can be selected, made very wide, and the ends for a space of 12 inches up ornamented with little spaced chiffon ruffles. Make a third sash of green liberty silk, the ends knotted and holding small clusters of flowers. Pale gray crepe de chine, fringed with violets, is a model sash and can, like a good green salad, be tossed up at home.

Besides getting all the effects possible by the use of many sashes on one dress, an excellent air of novelty is achieved by clipping out the sleeves of an evening gown and filling in the throat. It is rarely that one sees nowadays a body at once sleeveless and decollete, for the rule seems to be, if the neck is high, then no sleeves, while if long sleeves are worn, then the neck must be open. It is a pretty notion at the moment to wear sleeves of some transparent goods, lightly spangled, to do away with all puffs or ruffles on the shoulders and finish the sleeve tops by broad black velvet bands.

Practical Architects.

That women make practical architects has often been demonstrated. They know better than most men what a house needs, says the Chicago Record, and also how to arrange everything in the most convenient manner. When a woman draws up the plans for a house, the gas fixture is not placed in some back corner behind a door, where nobody would ever think of looking for or wanting a light; the wall lines are not so broken up with doors, windows, etc., that there is no room for the necessary furniture; the doors are not hung in such an awkward manner that they must swing against the windows or gas fixtures; the space for the dresser is not left on the side of the room farthest from the light; the closets are not like dark pockets in a basement, but arranged to be well ventilated as often as needed; the dining room is made large enough so that it will contain a sideboard as well as a table and chairs, and it will not be necessary for all to rise from one side of the table in order that the waitress may pass to the other side, or else hand things across the table, as occurred lately in an apartment building designed by a man; the mirrors will not face the light; the pantry will have a window and will not be placed in the center of the house; the registers or radiators will not occupy the only wall space large enough for the bedstead or the sofa or the sideboard; the doors will be wide enough to admit of any article of furniture made, and the halls will be large enough so articles can be wheeled through them from one room into another.

Theory and Practice.

Among other applicants in answer to a recent advertisement for a waitress was a young girl whose dress, demeanor and speech were such that the prospective mistress could not but wonder. The girl, however, seemed willing and anxious to do all that was expected of her, and the bargain was on the point of being closed when she said, "There's one thing, Mrs. Blank; I should like to have from 8 until 11 every evening to study art." "What?" gasped the astonished Mrs. Blank "From 8 until 11 every evening to study art," repeated the girl. "You see, I'm an art student. I've only just come to New York, and I have no money to pay my way through any of the schools or even to live upon, so I thought the best thing would be to enter domestic service (the latter day philanthropists are always advising it, you know) and study art between 8 and 11. That's not very much time, and you'd be perfectly willing, wouldn't you?"

"I'd be willing enough," said Mrs Blank. "But you couldn't do it. We never dine until 7, and my former waitress was never through her work until 10; often later." Whereupon the girl said she guessed she'd look for another place; surely there was some household in New York where they'd let her study art between 8 and 11. It is a question whether this incident (a true one, by the way) reflects more upon the impractical theories of latter day philanthropists or the provincial notions of art.—New York Sun.

Young Indian Poetess.

Among the few Indian women who have achieved distinction is the poetess of the Iroquois, Tekahionwake, the daughter of Chief Onwansyshon, formerly the head chief of the Mohawk division of the Iroquois Nation. This young Indian woman is better known as Pauline Johnson, and she has literary talent of a high order. She says of herself that she had from a child a desire to show the world that one Indian woman had some ambition. It is, however, in the role of Indian interpreter of the laws and customs of her people that she has made money and success. She wears a native costume with a history, her barbaric decorations being hundreds of years old. Scalps taken by her people dangle from her waist, and her necklace of bears' claws is something unique and fearful, with a tragic story attached. Pauline is a Canadian and a protegee of Lady Aberdeen, who sent her to England, where she was the sensation of London drawing rooms.

Pauline Johnson has published a book of verses, and she contributes outing and folklore stories to the magazines. Her work is always invested with the charm of woods and fields and is never commonplace.—Washington Star.

Toronto Favors Women.

The first woman ever to hold the office of president in the Toronto Christian Endeavor union is Miss Lottie E. Wiggins, who was unanimously and enthusiastically made president at the election of officers held a few weeks ago. Miss Wiggins was formerly secretary of the union, an office she held for three years, doing the work so faithfully that not a dissenting voice was heard from the 8,000 members.

The general impression that women have only recently been employed in business houses is not correct. Miss Emeline E. Woodbury, who has just died, was for nearly 50 years the bookkeeper in a Boston business house, and she succeeded another woman who had held the same place.

The secret of beauty on a cold day is warm clothing. A substantial flannel petticoat and a long sleeved woolen vest will do more to cure a red nose than all the lotions known to complexionists and chemists.

An effort is being made by the Federated Woman's Clubs of Michigan to raise $10,000, the sum needed to complete the woman's building of the University of Michigan.

Would you be very smartly dressed? Wear a velvet stock with a bow matching the velvet of your hat and have the short ends trimmed with knotted fringe.

There are 18 young women in the homeopathic training class at the Homeopathic hospital in Buffalo.

There are 100,000 women workers in New York city who support families.

TEXAS SNAKE STORY.

A Rattler and a Mexican Afloat on a Plank For Hours.

"I have heard of many men being placed in odd predicaments," remarked Captain Jenkins, "but one of the most peculiar situations that ever befell an individual was assuredly that of an ignorant Mexican a good many years ago near Indianola, Tex., at the time the town was so nearly destroyed by a tropical hurricane or cyclone. I have heard the story many times, although it happened so long ago. It was during the extreme height of the cyclone. Houses in Indianola were going to pieces like so much paper, boats were being wrecked, and it looked decidedly bad for the individuals who were located in exposed portions of the coast. It was about this time that a little Mexican settlement on one of the coast islands adjacent to Indianola began to go to pieces, the water having risen over the top of the sand dunes and the waves smashing the loosely constructed buildings of the settlement into kindling wood. Jose Baretti, one of the inhabitants of the settlement, was separated from the remainder of his family, and, clinging to a long plank, was driven into the inner bay over the ruins of the settlement.

"When the day broke, he was out of sight of land. The waves had calmed down and the storm was gone. As he cast his eye about in the early dawn, to his horror he found the other end of the plank occupied by an immense rattlesnake. As soon as the snake observed the Mexican he began to writhe and coil in an odd sort of manner, and apparently to make attempts to reach the poor fellow, whose hair was then standing on end in a manner wonderful to behold. The hours went by. The snake kept up his antics, but for some reason did not get any nearer the Mexican. The unfortunate fellow was afraid to leave the plank, knowing that he would drown, and at the same time he was in horrible fear of meeting death in a more terrific manner from snake bite. He lay on the end of the plank with his eyes fixed on the rattler. In fact, they both eyed each other, and this they kept up until midday, when a fishing smack came sailing along on the lookout for castaways.

"The Mexican was seen from the boat, and in a short time was hauled on board more dead than alive. He pointed weakly at his hissing companion. The sailors on the smack killed the rattlesnake and found that he had jammed his tail through a small knothole in the plank. The immersion of the buttons of the rattle in the salt water had caused them to swell, and he was unable to remove his tail from the hole. To this fortunate circumstance the Mexican owed his life. The fact that the coast islands contain many rattlers accounts for the presence of the snake on the plank."—By the Bye in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Ran and Caught the Car.

A short man with a fat, red face ran out of the Erie railroad depot at the foot of West Twenty-third street the other forenoon and chased a crosstown car which was midway between Eleventh avenue and the ferry. He was a fast runner and held his hat in his left hand as he gained on the car. The passengers on the rear platform, in a spirit of mirth, encouraged him:

"Don't give up. You'll make it. Make a spurt, old boy. This is your last chance to get a car before two minutes," one of them said.

At Eleventh avenue he caught up, and, perspiring profusely, sprang upon the rear platform. He appeared happy, and when he handed his fare to the conductor he said: "These Bleecker street cars that run down Ninth avenue do not go often, so I ran to catch this one." The conductor rang up the fare, and in a matter of fact way answered:

"This car goes to Thirty-fourth street ferry. Get out and wait for a Bleecker street car."

The sprinter got off as some of the passengers cried out:

"You can run anyway. It is better to run and lose a car than never to perspire at all."—New York Commercial.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

HERE'S FUN.

How to Play the Laughable Game of Bobbing For Caramels.

Making taffy of any candy is, to be sure, great fun, but eating it is always far better. In this game the difficulty is to get the candy.

Buy some fresh caramels. They must be quite soft. Thread a stout needle with some fine white sewing silk, tying a large knot in one end. Draw the needle through the center of the caramel until the knot catches on the other side. Unthread the needle, leaving the caramel attached to at least a yard of silk. Then tie a good knot in the free end.

Enough caramels should be prepared beforehand. When you wish to play the game, gather the players in a circle, giving to each a caramel hung to the silk.

The one who after placing the knotted end between his teeth, with his hands folded behind him, first succeeds in drawing the caramel into his mouth wins the game.

Of course there is a trick about it, but a very simple one. Just work it out. One little hint. Everything depends upon having that knot firmly fastened in the beginning between your teeth.

It is really worth while to stop and watch the monkeylike workings and twistings of the other faces if you do get the "booby" prize yourself.—Chicago Record.

A Story of a Boy and a Dog.

Six-year-old Carl stood at the garden gate poking his little toes into the soft, black soil and holding Rover fast by the ear. Carl always did that when he was thinking, and Rover stood very, very still, knowing that he might expect to hear something wise when Carl had held that big, shaggy ear long enough.

"Rover," said Carl, and Rover wagged his tail to show that he was listening, "I went to Sunday school Sunday, an the teacher said, 'Carl, who made you?' an I said, 'I dunno,' an she said, 'God made you; God made everything.' Now, Rover, if God made everything, then why did he make me a little boy an you a great big dog? I'l grow to be a man an wear long pants, but you'll still be a dog. It ain't fair, Rover. It don't give you a fair show. Why, Rover, you know more'n I do right now. Don't you 'member, when I fell in the river an John couldn't swim an didn't have a rope an couldn't do anything but holler, how you jumped in an brought me to where he could pull me out?"

Rover took a step nearer and laid his head against Carl's breast, while his sensitive body quivered just as it did when Carl fell into the river.

"Well, I've been thinking, Rover, may be the same God did make you an me, an I guess he knows his business.

Seven British regiments have been given permission to add the word "Chitral" to their colors.

FRIGHTENED AWAY.

The First Man He Met In the Alaska Goldfields Scared Him Off.

"No," said a man who was sitting on a box in front of a grocery store, "I can't say as I know very much about Alaska."

His companions looked at him in astonishment. It was the first time he had ever admitted not knowing much about anything.

"I reckon, then, that you're not thinking about going to dig for gold," said one bystander.

"No."

"Mebbe, though, as the stories of sudden wealth keep pouring in you'll change your mind," said another.

"It won't be possible. I've been there."

"And came back without getting rich?"

"Yes. I didn't much more than cross the boundary line before I turned around and struck for home."

"Scared?"

"That's the answer."

"What of—polar bears?"

"No."

"Supplies give out?"

"No, I had plenty of food. What changed my plan was seeing a man digging a hole. I had these ideas about gold being found anywhere and everywhere, and I went up thinking to get some points about mining. I asked him in an offhand way whether he had struck any pay dirt yet, and he turned around and glared at me and said, 'Young feller, what do you think I am digging this for?' I told him I thought he was digging for gold. He glared at me again and said: 'Gold nothing. I'm doing this for fun. I've been living here for four years, and there's one thing that my curiosity has never been satisfied about. I'm going to dig this hole good and deep so as to allow plenty of room, and then find out just how far down this climate will make the mercury go.' "—Washington Star.

His Answer.

"Tell me, am I not fair?"

The speaker leans back in her seat and smiles coquettishly.

In truth the question seems superfluous.

As she sits there with the afternoon sun transfusing her glorious tresses into a stream of liquid gold, her eyes as blue as the heavens, fathomless as the sea and dancing with excitement; her lips of coral wreathed with a roguish smile, she is indeed transcendentally beautiful.

But the man seems blind to her loveliness. He regards her with a frowning brow and eyes that smolder with anger.

Timidly she repeats her question.

"Am I not fair?"

Her companion's face grows black as thunder.

"Fair!" he cries bitterly. "Fair, when you open a jack pot with a ten"—

Rage chokes his utterance and with a passionate gesture he dashes the cards to the floor.—San Francisco Examiner.

Valid Excuse.

She—How is it you were not at Westend's reception?

He—I staid away on account of a personal matter.

She—May I ask what it was?

He—Will you promise to keep it secret?

She—Yes.

He—Well, they failed to send me an invitation.—Collier's Weekly.

Imitation slates, made of compressed wood pulp, are used for roofing in Christiania. They are made waterproof by a secret process.

The population of Egypt is now about 9,000,000 and probably exceeds that of the period of its greatest ancient prosperity.

Living in Paris in late years for persons of moderate means has been greatly simplified by the Bouillons Parisiens, which have succeeded the Duval restaurants. One can get a good dinner at these places for a small sum—far more than one finds at more expensive places in London.

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