MRS. JENNIE S. ARTHUR.

A teacher in the Toronto Public Schools for thirty years, and now retired from the principalship of the Louisa-street school.

Midsummer Fashions

NOW is the harvesting time for the woman who knows how to make a remarkably smart appearance on very little money. True, the stock in the stores has been pretty well picked over, but the keen shopper has learned by several years' experience that not a few wonderfully desirable articles left among the most exclusive goods have been reduced to a price within reach of her purse. With this end in view, she has saved her pennies during the spring and early summer, titivated her previous year's frocks to "make them do" and is now reveling in some extremely modish creation of Lame Fashion which will give her a distinguished appearance on her August vacation and not be at all out of date when the warm-weather season rolls around again.

Most surprising among the July reductions are the jaunty traveling and rain coats, and if a woman takes the pains to look carefully thru the display she is almost sure to find one garment with a new and unusual cut. Word comes from England, the home of rain coats, that old-fashioned gloria is the popular material for this convenient wrap, which is more shapely than ever before, following the lines of the figure and held in by a well-fitted strap which comes to a point quite below the waistline in the front, or, disappearing at the side seams, buttons inside the coat and leaves the front to hang in a princess line to the floor. With a simple leg-of-mutton sleeve, these coats will be of service not only for cool or dusty excursions during the remainder of the summer, but as a protection of almost imperceptible weight for heavy winter clothing.

In the matter of traveling suits, a little fashion bird has whispered that glossy Sicilienne cloth in finely mixed patterns is the material par excellence for lightweight tailored gowns, and is to enjoy a tremendous vogue next season. In choosing from the remnant of the ready-made suits a woman cannot go amiss in purchasing a bolero jacket and a circular skirt with a bias seam at back and front to prevent the sagging at the sides so common with the circular skirt of two years back.

According to a very up-to-date society journal, the most sought-after model this season in tailored frocks is a veritable "double-decker," the deep upper flounce being finished in long points and edged with braid in contrasting color. The bolero accompanying this skirt gives the effect of a shawl rather than a fitted garment, and the suit of voile worn by a member of the smart set was a light shade of American beauty red, showing high discs of more brilliant red and trimmed with wide silk braid to match the discs.

When selecting a late-season traveling hat from the endless array of bargains make sure it has a turned-up brim closely resembling a cake-tin with fluted edges, for these chic, Frenchy-looking hats have come to stay. Bunches of roses, shaded or in delicately-blended colorings, fill in the crevices, and two or three folds of velvet extending up from the bandeau tend to soften the severe lines of the hat to the face. Heavily spotted veils are worn with these pert little chapeaux, and a short chiffon veil to match the face veil, thrown from the face and over the top of the hat, gives a fair traveler a particularly trim appearance.

No well-dressed woman, in this day of machine-embroidery, can afford to be without a fancy linen suit, and even the hand-embroidered coats and skirts can be purchased at this season for an amazingly low price. In buying handwork it pays to go to the smartest linen shops. Not only are their goods of the most dependable grade, but they are now sacrificing fifty and seventy-five dollar suits as low as twelve or eighteen dollars. Many of these are soiled from handling, and require laundering, but not a few are sold below cost, as exclusive shops never carry stock over from one season to the next.

A charming linen suit has a pleated skirt with a flaring front panel of all-over embroidery and a jaunty bolero made entirely from the same machine eyelet work, showing asters in a kind of sunburst.

The bell-shaped sleeves to the elbow are slit up the side of the arm and three buttoned edging is joined by a tiny pearl buckle in the centre of each. A pointed sailor collar finishes the V-shape neck. Another very popular but simple suit has a two-flounce skirt, the edges of which are buttonholed in wide scallops with mercerized cotton. A short box-coat to the hips and the umbrella sleeves are finished in the same manner with an embroidered shawl collar the only other trimming.

One of the most reasonable lightweight suits is of coarse linen crash in white or pale colors flecked with knobs in a darker color. These have three-quarter coats with duck collars and cuffs and are selling for $10. An extremely tailored golf shirtwaist for wear with a suit of this kind is of white linen tucked over the shoulders and blousing a bit at the waistline. A puff sleeve comes to the elbow to which tucked half-sleeves may be attached by buttons, and the low-cut oval neck with a narrow turn-back collar may be filled in, if desired, with a tucked linen chemisette. Simple lingerie hats, which are to be had for a song, are an appropriate finish for such a costume, and a fad of the summer girl is to fasten a splurging wired bow of pale blue or pink or green ribbon directly at the front of the low crown.

While the net afternoon frock, undoubtedly the season's favorite, has had a long run, charmingly dainty little gowns are still to be found in this snowflake material. Its chief beauty is the fulness with which it is made up. One unusually attractive model has the skirt drawn in very full shirrings about the hips. The full baby waist is trimmed around the shoulders and in a circle midway between waistline and arm, with a double row of tightly-gathered liberty ribbon headed with a double fold ruching of the net. This trimming is applied also at the middle and elbow of the half-length puff sleeves and around the foot of the skirt.

Another very handsome net frock is indescribably exquisite with an applique of princess lace down the front of waist and skirt. An edging of the same lace finishes the bell-shaped sleeves, which are slit up the side of the arm to show a fan-like under sleeve or rows and rows of Valenciennes lace. Princess lace, which is decidedly the smartest trimming of the season, is nothing more or less than an Irish applique lace edging on a plain white net.

Hardly less a favorite than the net gown is the simple handkerchief muslin frock. These often show a bit of hand embroidery at the front of the bodice and skirt and are wonderfully dainty when the seams are joined by Valenciennes insertion. The sleeves for these very dainty and bewitchingly youthful gowns are pert little puffs reaching half way to the elbow.

In putting the finishing touches on her wardrobe, the busy shopper must not forget the all-important scarf for evening wear. For this use nothing is more elegant than a spangled Assyrian shawl in black or white net, glittering with gold or silver pallettes. An all-enveloping hood is another very becoming protection from evening's chill. This may be built from a large lace veil, lined with mousseline. Gathered near the edge it leaves a lace ruffle around the face, and is caught to the left of the coiffure with a butterfly roset of liberty ribbon. The back of the hood is held in place with a splashing bow and a big bow fastens the lace ends about the throat in the front.

English to G.

One of the young Chinamen who have some smattering of English, and are opening what they call "Anglo-Chinese" schools in Shanghai and the neighboring towns, is very modest. He advertises that "English is taught as far as the letter G."

ADDITIONS TO SUMMER WARDROBES—AN EVENING HOOD OF LACE AND MOUSSELINE.

Six Most Famous Women

WHO are the half-dozen most famous living women? If the most famous are those who, thru strength of personal character, have become best known to most people, then the three most famous women now alive are the Queen of England, the Dowager Czarina, and the terrible old Dowager Empress of China. Each of these three is known to all mankind—of whatever color, or habitat, save only the savage races—because of her own individual character. The unthinking might complete the half dozen by the addition of the names, say, of the Empress of Germany, the young Queen of Holland, and, perhaps, the Dowager Queen of Italy, perhaps "Carmen Sylva," the writing Queen of Roumania. But these estimable royal ladies will hardly do for entrance in this list, since they are known to the world only by reason of the accidents of birth and marriage.

The names of two American women should be written in this list. After the consort of King Edward and the mother of the Czar, no white woman is a titne so well known to the races of teeming Asia because of what she stands for, personally, as the Vicereine of India, Mary Leiter Curzon, as clever as she is lovely, and famous, of course, thruout all civilized lands. The other American name in this glittering half dozen should be that of the only woman, living or dead, who has ever established a faith. Mary Baker Eddy, the mother of "Christian Science." Who is she whose name might complete the list? It would be hard to find one whose fame approaches in universality that of these five, but there are many more women, whose celebrity in art, philanthropy, literature, science and reform is almost world-wide to choose from.

An Obscure Duke's Daughters.

Known to more people of more races than any other living woman, except, perhaps, the monstrous old Dowager of China, are Alexandra and Dagmar, as they were christened—daughters of old King Christian of Denmark—who was not a king at all when they were born, but simply an obscure nobleman with the formidable title of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sodenburg-Glucksburg. Life has run along strangely different lines for the two gentle Danish girls. Their father, as you remember, was so poor that he even had to give drawing lessons to eke out the family income, and the daughters had to help make their own bonnets and gowns; you may also remember the gypsy woman who told their fortunes and declared that Alexandra would some day wear the double crown of queen and empress, that Dagmar would rule a vast empire and that a third sister, Thyree, would bear a title approaching the queenly, tho she would never rule. The three girls laughed at the prophecy, but it all came true. Thyree marrying the English Duke of Cumberland and her older sisters, by a fate most ironical, marrying men who were to reign over people bound to be eternally at odds—one to be the head of the most advanced constitution monarchy in the world, and the other the last autocracy remaining in Europe.

The Alexandra is known to the world chiefly because of her sweet and womanly qualities her personality is as strong as her sister's. The English Queen has been no better wife, no better mother than some other royal and imperial consorts. But Alexandra has always shown perfect taste, complete balance under the most difficult conditions, and perfect breeding, while the lack in those qualities has been almost painful on the part of some crowned women; indeed, most of the royal ladies sometimes lose their poise, but Alexandra never has. Besides, she is counted the best dressed gentlewoman in all Europe.

The character of Dagmar, rechristened Marie Feodorovna when she married the present Czar, is as different from that of her sister as can be imagined. Alexandra is a born queen, and has always been so, from her childhood up, and has never had to grow to her own force of character, her indomitable will and her over-mastering intellectuality. For this empress, unlike the empresses and queens of the western world, was not born of imperial or even royal parents. Wives of Chinese emperors are rarely or never chosen for their rank, but according to their comeliness from the Celestial viewpoint. When an heir to the throne of China is of marriageable age, many pretty Tartar girls—thousands, sometimes—are summoned to Pekin, where the older women of the imperial household study them, sending the less attractive ones away, gradually, till only a few remain. From these the primary wife or empress and a few secondary wives or concubines are selected. It was in this way that the dowager empress selected the wives and concubines of the present spineless Celestial emperor, and no doubt she was selected by the same method when the late emperor, Hien Fung, was ready to marry. He died more than 40 years ago.

She who now rules over China's 400,000,000 souls was only a secondary wife. Yet, in benighted China, where the woman of ordinary character, no matter what her rank, is only the depraved toy of man's passion, she so managed affairs as to rise to the head of the state and to keep the place thru all the vicissitudes that have beset China since then. She was first in the empire thruout the Taiping rebellion, when Chinese Gordon was in the Chinese service; she managed everything when the French and Chinese were at war; she was supreme during the war with Japan and thruout the Boxer troubles; and tho Japan whipped her fleets and armies and she had to flee from the Celestial capital when the allied armies to-day no American actress possesses fame that is really world-wide.

ADDITIONS TO SUMMER WARDROBES—RIBBON-TRIMMED NET FROCK FOR AFTERNOON.

hagen, she was soon back in Russia, and her influence over her son has been strongly apparent ever since. Her recent frequent exhortations to him to be firm and brave, as his father would have been, to show himself to the people, are just removed from the current news. Maria Feodorovna has never been friendly with the young Czarina. The dowager is 68, her gentler sister, Alexandra, is 61.

Chicago Girl Vicerine.

The late Levi Z. Leiter was a multi-millionaire when the then "young, but very important Mr. Curzon," attached to the British embassy at Washington, met and wooed his daughter Mary, but the foundation of the Leiter fortunes was begun not many years before at Chicago in retail trade of the pettiest and humblest. When Leiter had got enough money together to suit him he sold out and the family removed to Washington. There he and his wife set about the task of marrying their three daughters, Mary, Daisy and Nannie, to young foreigners of title, with all the directness that had characterized the Leiter quest for wealth. The first Leiter home in Washington was the old Blaine mansion. Later a new one was built, in which social functions such as Washington had not seen before for display, were held. At these gatherings, despite certain evidences that elaborate functions were also new to the Leiters themselves, the best old world blood, as represented at the new world capital, was glad to worship before the shrine of beauty and dollars. This is not written captiously, for when the Curzon-Leiter engagement was announced, it was spoken of as a real love match, and so, doubtless, it was. At all events, the marriage has been highly satisfactory, both from the domestic viewpoint and as an international match.

Lord Curzon's talents—he wasn't a lord when she married him—have enabled him to raise his wife to a plane nearer that of royalty than any occupied by any other American-born woman, while the Leiter wealth has enabled him to support the state of Indian viceroy as he could not have done without it. But that tells only a part of the story on behalf of her who was Miss Leiter. More than once when the imperial airs assumed by the viceroy toward the Indian princes—during the famous Delhi durbar especially—have seemed likely to bring about a serious break of relations, his clever wife has stemmed the storm by paying those same princes and their families just the attentions that she alone could pay, and in a way that completely quenched their resentment. And, tho certain of the English ladies in India have occasionally chafed a bit at the vicereine's almost imperial attitude toward themselves, the wise governmental heads in London have smoothed the threatened resulting difficulties over and all has been well. This tactful, adaptable, resourceful daughter of a man who began life selling small goods on Chicago's streets has certainly earned her own fame, and she deserves it all.

Concubine Enthroned Herself.

The grim, slant-eyed old Dowager Empress of China owes her fame wholly of the Occident marched to the defence of the legations, she is still the power above all in China. The pitiful emperor himself, as all the world knows, dares hardly even to breathe without her assent. This grim, cruel, bloody and really terrible woman, now 71, a veritable female incarnation of the old Chinese antipathy to the foreign devil, exerts more real power over more of her fellows than any other woman who ever lived. Her subjects are almost as numerous as all the people who dwell in the countries of Europe. Possibly she is known to more human beings, living in her own day, than any other woman has been since the beginning of time, tho the western world knew little about her before the Boxer troubles.

Founded a Religion.

Christian Science, the only religious cult ever founded by a woman, has spread with more amazing rapidity than any other faith has spread in all the religious history of the race. When its founder, a poor New Hampshire farmer's daughter, born Baker, christened Mary, and, thru marriage, bearing successively the surnames of Glover, Patterson and Eddy, was 44, and the edifice used by the mother church in Boston was dedicated the Church of Christ (Scientist) she was not known outside of New England. Yet, to-day there are almost a thousand churches and societies using the Christian Science form of worship, and their membership is said to be nearly a million, scattered thru 75 of the world's countries, tho naturally the great majority live in America. Mrs. Eddy was by no means a pioneer in mental healing. Indeed, her opponents declare, she herself was treated in the middle sixties at Portland, down in Maine, by one Dr. Quimby, a professor of "spiritual science," in much the same way she and her followers have since treated others. However that may be, it was Mrs. Eddy and no one else who gave the system body and permanence. "The light of science," she says, came to her in 1866, just one year less than four decades ago. Ten years later, in 1876, she organized the first "Christian Science Association" in Lynn, Mass. She founded the first regular Church of Christ (Scientist) in 1879. Meanwhile, ever since the death of Dr. Quimby, she had been "healing," first in an obscure way, later in Lynn, where she called her system the "science of divine metaphysical healing," and still later in Boston, where, in 1881, at 60, she established the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, from which, in its eight years of life, about 4000 healers were graduated. As her nominal fee was $300, some newspapers have figured that her gross receipts must have been $1,200,000, to say nothing of the sale of her books. Just how much she has profited financially, from the institution and the various "science" publications knows, but she is surely a very rich woman. In Concord, N.H., where she has lived in retirement since 1889, the newspapers rate her wealth as more than $1,000,000. During all her career as a personal healer, Mrs. Eddy's church grew slowly, but after she had given the costly plot of ground for the mother church and her followers had Perhaps Mrs. James Brown-Potter has played in more countries than any of her countrywomen, tho her abilities are not to be compared with Mrs. Fiske's or Mrs. Leslie Carter's. But none of these are to-day to be written about on the same page with Sarah Bernhardt, child of France; Eleanora Duse, daughter of Italy, or Ellen Terry, Englishwoman. The world was kinder to Terry in her youth than to either of the others. Duse, child of low-grade Italian strollers, traveled from place to place on foot, and sometimes barefooted at that; often she had to act under the skies, the poverty of her father and mother, with whom she tramped, being such that they were almost never able to engage a theatre, no matter how mean, and were lucky when they could afford even a tent.

As a girl, Bernhardt was "long, lean, thin and skinny." Even as late as ten or fifteen years ago her personal appearance was often ridiculed. Her first audience laughed at her. She lost one of her early engagements thru slapping the leading lady; she tried singing in fairy extravanganza and failed; she boxed the ears of the leading actor at the Odeon and was discharged again; from the beginning her course was stormy and erratic, but she won before reaching middle life, and now, at 61, many consider her the world's leading actress. Her "affairs" have been many; her husband, M. Damala, is not famous for any deeds of his own. Ellen Terry married young, but was separated from her husband for the sake of her art. She is 58, Duse is the youngest of the three, being only 44. She married a nobleman, but they separated, and her unfortunate attachment for D'Annunzio, the decadent novelist and poet, has embittered her later years. Bernhardt has a son. Terry a daughter; Duse is childless.

Tho she will sing no more, Adelina Patti, Spanish by birth, but winning her first renown in America, is probably known to more people at 62 than Melba, Nordica, Calve, Eames, Ternina, Sembrich or any of the younger, more robust song birds who now hold the stage and exchange their golden notes for the gold which lures all humanity. Tho Patti, like some other among the famous women, has been much married—her present husband, Baron Cedarstrom, being the third, (or is it the fourth?) and each a man whose only distinction has been his union with the wondrous diva—she has had no children.

Red Cross Celebrities.

There was a day when the name of Florence Nightingale—named Florence because of her birthplace, tho her parents were English—would surely have belonged to the most famous half dozen. It was of her that Longfellow wrote:

The speechless sufferers turn to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls—

because of her inestimable service to the soldiers as nurse in the Crimean war. Her work furnished the impulse that led to the formation of the Red Cross, now performing blessed services on the far eastern battlefields. When a grateful England subscribed $250,000 for her, she built with the money the Nightingale Home for Trained Nurses, in London, and so established a new and beautiful profession. She is still living at 85. Mme. Oyama, wife of Japan's great field marshal, Japanese by birth, like her husband, but educated at Vassar College, is the most eminent woman in the Red Cross work to-day. Tho brought into world-wide notice thru the war in the far east, her fame is also due to her because of her own personality, and the race has granted it freely.

The former Empress of France, Eugenie, living at the age of 79, survivor of almost every vestige of the order of things of which she was a part, is almost forgotten, but her fame survives, and she deserves at least a line or two in this rapid survey.

Science, Philanthropy, Salvation.

The scientist would surely present the name of Mme. Curie, co-discoverer, with her husband, of radium, that mysterious element which is revolutionizing many long-established scientific notions. And from the scientific viewpoint, who shall say he is wrong? Mme. Curie has won fame young—she is only 37, and she is pretty besides. Her path to fame, tho full of endeavor, was not racking; in her Polish home she was surrounded by incentives to scientific research, and her husband, who loves her more even, perhaps, than their beloved joint discovery, is constantly working by her side in their laboratory. The Curies never really strove for fame, only to do their work, nor for money. Fame they have won, but money has not, and probably will not, come to them. Miss Helen Gould, known not only for her wealth, but for the way she gives it away, has fame of a sort that carries with it a feeling of universal regard and respect, since she is devoting her life to the best uses she can devise for the millions that came to her by inheritance. Nor should the women of the Booth family—Eva Booth, head of the Salvation Army in America, and Mrs. Ballington Booth, co-head of the American Volunteers—be left out of the list of candidates. Even if they cannot find a place among the first half dozen, their fame has been won by endeavor of the sort tht helps those who need help most, and it will last, perhaps, long after some of the others now well known to the world shall be forgot.

Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mme Adam.

Certainly no other living woman can reach the standard set in fiction by Mrs. Humphry Ward or in editing by Mme. Juliet Adam, editor of the French Nouvelle Revue. Mme. Adam is surely the most famous woman editor in the world; tho her periodical is not read by the masses, even in France, it is familiar to every chancellerie in the whole world. Mme. Adam is 75 and her life has had its thrills. At 15 her parents married her to a notary, whom she deserted after he had indulged in numerous pleasantries at her expense, trying to sell her, body and soul, to a Turkish Pacha for money, being the most interesting. In Paris, after that, she became a close friend of George Sand and was married the second time to Edmond Adam, a senator of France and a good man, who, dying left her his money and a memory so prized that, tho she was widely sought as wife for her wealth, if for nothing else she remained a widow. With this wealth she established her periodical as a rival of Le Revue des Deux Mondes, and the most famous salon in Europe. Most of the famous men of France have been figures in her salon; many of the famous political essayists, poets and novelists wrote first for her Revue. She was the friend of Gambetta; she suggested the Franco-Russian alliance; she got Pierre Loti into the Academy and she kept Zola out. She has been at the front in many of the most strenuous movements of France, and while not entitled, perhaps, to be named among the six most famous women, she certainly stands high in the list among the world thinking men and women.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is younger and destined, apparently, to reach greater fame than any other woman writing now alive. Mrs. Ward's path to fame has been without the difficulties of one who seek it have to overcome. Born in Australia, her father a clergyman, Dr. Thomas Arnold—her uncle Matthew Arnold—she was taken to England when a young girl and there married T. Humphry Ward, himself a man of letters, and now art critic for the staid old London Times. Possibly Marie Corelli's books have been more widely read than Mrs. Humphry Ward's and those who prefer "The Sorrows of Satan" to "The Marriage of William Ashe" might vote Miss Corelli the more famous of the two. The