

Woman's World

HE association, including many well-known men and women, which was formed in New York for the purpose of providing a lasting memorial of the late Mrs. Gilbert has decided to erect a statue of the actress to be placed in one of the public parks. The commission for modeling the statue has been awarded to Mrs. E. St. John Matthews, one of the best known women sculptors in the States. She was the only woman on the international jury of awards on sculpture at the recent exposition at St. Louis. The sketch model which Mrs. Matthews has made of the statue shows Mrs. Gilbert in the role of "Granny," which she was acting in a large part of her career. She is seated in a large armchair in an easy attitude, her hands folded contentedly across her lap. The figure is to be of bronze and will be about eight feet high. It will stand on a granite pedestal of about equal height. On the front of the pedestal the one word "Granny" will be carved. The scope of the association is thus expressed in the circular letter which has been sent to the profession and to the public. The aim of this monument is not only to commemorate the sweet, gentle and admirable actress who used her profession as a public educator, but also to perpetuate the influence of her beautiful and blameless life, that it may continue to be an inspiration and moral encouragement.

This will be the first instance in the history of the English speaking stage in which a member of the great theatrical profession has been thus publicly honored, and it is but just that numbering as it does among its members many famous men and women whose genius, nobility of character, and varied lives and happiness of heart have been a source of fine inspiration and uplifting endeavor to humankind.

Wouldn't it be funny if the coming of the crinoline should work a change in our building laws or, at least, in the fashion of dwelling places? asks The Boston Transcript. However, whether of short duration we can easily see, the crinoline has changed her mind, so we can afford to discuss the hoop skirt and its influence without getting too serious. And we should like to know how wearers of balloonlike skirts expect to find quarters where they were crowded almost to suffocation and in the suburbs and further? How else can they live in comfort? How furniture manufacturers have worked day and night for years to produce furniture that would make it possible to live in a room that was at first, and the results have been happy in many cases. Appointments that expand or collapse at the owner's will have worked miracles, almost, in restricted apartments, so that living in them has really become a joy. And now the crinoline comes, or says it is coming, and unless it too is fitted with collapsible qualities it does seem that life while it remains in use is to be made uncomfortable for many besides wearers of the alleged improver.

By Christmas owners of gems of great value will have it within their power to defy the sneak thief, for they may deposit their valuables in a vault in the heart of the city, where they may have access to them at any hour of the day or night every day in the year. Such accommodation will be afforded by the First Day and Night State Bank, which is to be erected at the corner of Fifth-avenue and Forty-fourth-street, New York. The principle interest in the new structure lies in the safe deposit vaults below the surface of the ground. These are to be the largest in the world. The promoters of the bank, conceiving that there is a demand for a banking institution which shall keep its doors open all day and all night, on Sundays and on holidays, ready to accept deposits and pay out money on demand at any hour, concluded that, however great the demand may be for banking facilities in that portion of the city which never sleeps, the demand for a safe place of easy access where valuables may be placed or withdrawn at any hour was even greater. Henry Ives Cobb, the architect, in speaking of the peculiar problems to be met in the construction and conduct of this institution, said: "To-day a society woman who wishes

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to wear her diamonds at a Saturday night function must get up before noon, on Saturday, drive her to safe deposit vault, keep her jewels in her possession until Monday morning, and make a special trip to the vault to get rid of them. When the Day and Night Bank's vaults are ready she will only have to stop at the bank on her way to the ball or opera, slip her gems about her throat, fix them in her hair or adorn herself as she desires, reenter her carriage, drive to the entertainment and upon her way home stop for a moment at the safe deposit vaults and relieve herself of all anxiety and danger.

Some time ago the papers of Europe were telling with many details a story of a most touching meeting in a prison cell between Grand Duchess Elizabeth, widow of the assassinated Grand Duke Sergius, and her husband's murderer. It was told how the noble woman, whom the Russia people adore as much as they hated her late husband, forgave the murderer, and having given him a holy ikon, promised to intercede in his behalf with the czar to spare his life. Touched by this act of true Christian charity the murderer threw himself before her feet, and, sobbing, told her of his remorse. I have now been informed by a high Russian official that the grand duchess really met the murderer, who by the way was neither a workman nor a Jew, but Prince Obolensky. When she was

led into the cell the prisoner's place had been taken by a police official, who played the part of the repentant murderer with great genius. A few days ago the story of this trick played upon the unsuspecting grand duchess leaked out, and the official has been discharged in disgrace, altho he claimed to have been forced to deceive the grand duchess, because she insisted on an interview alone with the assassin, who would not promise not to attempt to harm her. The grand duchess herself, who had spent hours every day praying for the salvation of the murderer's soul, insisted that the man who had thus deceived her should be discharged. The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, who has been most imperious and disagreeable in her manner than ever since the assassination of her brother, is soon to pay a visit incognito to London. This Russian princess was always disliked, not only by the British royal family, into which she married, but by Londoners in particular, for they felt instinctively that she disliked them. Her manners were anything but gracious at all public functions, and therefore the members of the British royal family who are in London when she arrives will wish their usual tact carefully refrain from making a fuss over her.

Not every one has a flower garden, but every one who spends even a part of the summer in the country has the freedom of the roadsides, pastures,

meadows and woods; the wild gardens which belong to every one and to no man, where every one is free to gather and no one to forbid. Of course, by courtesy and custom that this freedom extends to the field and woods, and perhaps the unacknowledged recognition enhances the privilege of lawless gathering. The long, narrow roadside flower beds, and looking for rarer and more effective things along fences and hedges and in shadowed and solitary places. If one has acquired the habit of wild flower gathering, and the knowledge of what to gather and how to bring her gleanings safely home; and the still further knowledge of the best decorative effect to be got from them, she has reached a possibility of great satisfaction and everyday happiness.

Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox has told her friends that the American society girl impressed her more than ever during her recent stay in New York. The straightforward, easy manner of the younger girls when confronted with strangers, more especially men, was in marked contrast, she thinks, to the shy and awkward manner of many London debutantes. Lady Algernon is cultivating the dainties of the season. Miss Ivy has already had the advantage of being privately presented to Queen Alexandra when Her Majesty was on the royal yacht at Gibraltar recently. Lady Algernon has now persuaded her socialist sister, the Duchess of Sutherland, to give a ball at Stafford House in honor of her debutante niece, and this function will be a most brilliant event of the season. Stafford House, which for many years past has been given to charity concerts and bazaars, has not been the scene of private hospitality on a really big scale since the famous Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, one of Queen Victoria's bosom friends, ruled there in state. The present duchess does not care for London entertainings and prefers her northern estates. Stafford House has the biggest hall and the most stately rooms of any house in London, and the marble staircase is even more valuable than the celebrated Italian one in Mrs. John Mackay's house in Carlton House Terrace.

English girls are now taking a leaf out of the books of the Japanese sisters and learning the mystery of muscle, nerve and sinew at the hands of Japanese professors of jiu jitsu. The London Daily Express. Several schools for the teaching of Japanese wrestling have been opened during the last few months, and the newest of these is the Oxford-street establishment where the Yukio Yama club. The underground jiu jitsu academy in Golden Square has, however, the distinction of being not only the first school of its kind in London, but the first in Europe also. There, for a couple of guineas a term, pupils learn the secrets of the deadly science by which a dainty little lady who knows jiu jitsu can overcome a Goliath who does not, in half a dozen different ways in as many minutes. The English girl is reported by Professor Uyemichi, who is at the head of the school, to be the aptest of pupils, and there are now, in fact, many girl graduates of the college of Japanese wrestling who with a quick turn of a wrist made supple by jiu jitsu, can coolly overthrow formidable male adversaries.

"Japanese girls as well as boys learn jiu jitsu," explained the professor, "but the English girls make the best pupils. They are so enthusiastic and so determined to learn. Jiu jitsu aims at all-around development of the body, and not at extra big muscles. Superior size and weight are of no account, as they are in your British boxing. That is why it is good for women, and why I am teaching it to British women. It is all balance and quickness. These qualities will always win, and women are always quick. When a great storm sweeps thru the forest, the heavy and sturdy trees suffer most. The smaller plants, possessing plenty of elasticity, can withstand the storm because they offer less resistance. It is the opposite force. It is so with jiu jitsu. It is the only system in the world which could enable an ordinary woman to defeat a strong man. Jiu jitsu does not call for the exertion of any strength. It is based on a knowledge of anatomy and of the weak points of the human body, and that is how weak woman fortifies with jiu jitsu is more than a match

against muscle, for mere muscle. Jiu jitsu has not had all its own way in the country. There have been skeptics who scoffed at the idea that mere agility could never match itself against muscle, and the professor related with glee how one of the scoffers came one day to watch a lady friend receive a lesson. The lady challenged him to a round, and in the twinkling of an eye had her adversary ignominiously sprawling full length on the matting with her knee on his chest.

In England they are trying the experiment of having philanthropic ladies and gentlemen go on lecturing tours from prison to prison. These lectures will certainly be beneficial if they are all as appropriate as the one lately delivered to the prisoners in Holloway Jail by a lady lecturer. The subject she chose was "Public Holidays and How to Keep Them." It is said that the prisoners showed an engrossing interest.

When Candor's Dreadful.
Controller Groat of New York was talking about candor. "Candor is all right in its place," he said, "but out of place it is unpeppery dreadful."
"This fact was impressed on me the other evening at a dinner. A little girl, the daughter of the hostess, at the end of this dinner was brought in for the dessert, and placed beside a maiden lady of about 50. The maiden lady was a little sentimental. She talked in a sentimental vein to the child, and finally, leaning forward, she said: "How pretty your eyes are, dear."
"Thank you," said the little girl. The lady laughed. Then she said: "Can you tell me the color of my eyes?"
"The little girl answered promptly, in a clear voice audible half a mile: "Green, middles, yellow, whites and wed wime."

The Higher Education.
From The Washington Star.
"Do you expect your son to become proficient in the classics while at college?"
"No," answered Farmer Cortnessel.
"Football?"
"No. All I want is for 'em to give him a good hazing, an' maybe take some of the conceit out of 'im."

Reflections of a Bachelor.
When it is a peckabo shirt seeing is believing.
A homely rich girl can get married to a poor man as quick as a pretty girl to a rich man.
The more frills a woman has on her clothes the more she puts on her company manners.
College education is such a failure for some boys that they don't even know anything about athletics when they come out.
A man's idea of a good summer vacation is where he can wear his old clothes, a woman's where she must wear a lot of new ones.



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