

## THE LADIES' JOURNAL.

### One Little Word.

One little word may pierce the heart  
With sorrow keener than a knife,  
And best of friends may quickly part  
With feelings of such bitter strife.

One little word may kindness show  
When all the world seems dark and drear,  
And tears of deepest anguish flow,  
One little word may often cheer.

One little word may help so much,  
The weary with a heavy load;  
A pleasant smile, a gentle touch,  
Smooth places in the roughest road.

One little word may tempests calm,  
When raging fierce within the breast,  
A kindly word may fall like balm  
And angry feelings soothe to rest.

One little word may be too late  
Before fond hopes are buried low,  
And often it may seal the fate  
Of many lives for weal or woe.

### How Austria Punishes Women.

In Austria a woman, no matter what she may do, is never regarded or treated quite as a criminal. She may rob, burn, kill—set every law at defiance, in fact, and break all the commandments in turn—without a fear of ever being called upon to face a gallows. She is not even sent to an ordinary prison to do penance for her sins; the hardest fate that can befall her, indeed, is to be compelled to take up her abode for a time in a convent. There the treatment meted out to her is not so much justice seasoned with mercy as mercy seasoned, and none too well, with justice. Even in official reports she is an "erring sister"—one who has, it is true, strayed from the narrow path, but quite involuntarily.

The convent to which Vienna sends its erring sisters is at Neudorf, only a few miles away from the city. There any woman who is convicted of crime or misdemeanor is at once transported. The Judge before whom she is tried decides, of course, how long she shall remain. He may, too, if he deems it right, give orders that while there she shall pass a day in solitary confinement from time to time, and, on these occasions, be less plentifully supplied with food than usual. In the great majority of cases, however, no instructions of this kind are given; the women are simply handed over to the keeping of the Superior of the convent, to be dealt with as she thinks best. She houses them, feeds them, clothes them, and provides them with instruction and occupation; and the government gives her for what she does .35 kreuzers a day (about seven pence) for each prisoner under her care.

So long as these women are in the convent the full responsibility for their safe-keeping and general well-being rests on the Superior; and, in return, she is allowed practically a free hand in her management of them. There are, it is true, certain regulations in force with regard to the amount of work they may be required to do and the punishments that may be inflicted on them; but these are not of a nature to interfere seriously with her freedom of action. She is, in fact, virtually an autocrat within her own domain; and there are not half a dozen women in Europe today who have so much power for the weal or woe of their fellows as she has. The only man attached to the place, a government inspector, is little more than her aide-de-camp; and as for the great officials who pay her flying visits from time to time, they are more inclined to seek advice than to give it.

The convent itself is a fine old building which once upon a time was a castle, and seems to have been strongly fortified. The religious community to which it now belongs received it as a present from its owner, who cared more for the church than for his heir. There is nothing in the appearance of the place to show that it is a prison; the courtyard stands open the whole day long, and there is never a guard within sight. The doorkeeper is a pretty little nun

whom a strong woman could easily seize up in her arms and run away with. She welcomes all comers with the brightest of smiles, and leads them into the parlor without making a single inquiry. Although we went provided with all sorts of introductions, official and otherwise, it was only after much heart-searching that the Superior allowed us to pass through the great iron door which separates the part of the convent where the prisoners live from the rest of the building.

Even here there is nothing gloomy or prison-like about the place, and, beyond the fact of the door being kept locked, nothing to indicate that they who live there are subject to any special restraint. The beautiful old stone staircase was flooded with sunshine that morning and there was a smile on the faces of half the women we passed there. The Superior led the way into a large, cheerful-looking room in which some fifty women were working. Perhaps half a dozen of them were making match-boxes or buttons, and the others were doing fine needle-work, beautiful embroidery, lace, and wool work under the guidance of a sister who looked for all the world as if she had stepped straight out of one of Fra Angelico's pictures. She passes her life going about among these women distributing to each in turn directions, encouragement, or reproof, as the case may be, always with a smile on her lips—one, though, in which there is more patient endurance than gladness. Another sister, a woman with a strong, sphinx-like face, was sitting at the further end of the room on a raised platform. She is there to maintain discipline and guard against those outbursts of temper which, from time to time, disturb the harmony of life in this convent. As we entered the room all the women rose and greeted us in the most cheery fashion with what sounded like a couplet from an old chant. They speedily took up their work again, however, at a sign from the Superior.

It would be hard to find a more prosperous-looking set of women than these convent prisoners; to see them one would never dream that they were supposed to be undergoing punishment. They are perfect models of cleanliness and order their hair is carefully dressed, their cotton gowns are quite spotless, and so are the bright-colored fichus they all wear. Physically they seem to be just about up to the average; but intellectually, so far as an outsider can judge, they are considerably either above or below the great mass of their fellows. Some of the faces are almost idiotic in their stupidity; others are quite startlingly clever—keen, sharp, and sagacious. Although a few of the prisoners looked depressed or sullen, the great majority seemed not only contented but happy, happier by far than half the working-women one comes across in the outside world. There was a touch of something quite pathetic in the expression of more than one who was there; it was as if they had at length found rest and peace after much sore tossing, and were grateful.

### Beautifying the Arm.

For the girl whose arm will not stand complete exposure in evening dress there is made a sleeve that fits close on the inside of the arm from the wrist to the hollow under the shoulder, and on the outer side of the arm is loose and puffed to the elbow. This sleeve is made of transparent material, and is laced up the inside of the arm, the flesh showing between the cords, while the draping on the puffs softens the elbows, though the transparency of the material allows the general contour of the arm to show. The bodice is made with a pointed yoke, lacing along its edges to the rest of the dress, and exposing slightly just that part of the neck which cannot help being smooth, no matter how thin the girl may be.

John Bright was never at school a day after he was fifteen years old.

### How Turkish Women Dress.

In not a single respect is a Turkish lady's attire similar to that worn by the women of the Occident. Amazingly little is known, in fact, about the wardrobe of the women of the harem, and the average Canadian woman has little idea regarding it save that all Turkish women wear trousers and a veil.

The two most interesting and important points are that the Turkish woman wears no corsets and no stockings. She has nothing whatever in the place of corsets, but instead of stockings knitted woolen socks. Often these are open-worked very skillfully and have a mixture of silk threads. Some are elaborately embroidered in colors and in gold.

The very first garment the woman of the Orient puts on is a long-sleeved chemise of Broussa crepe gauze. This is made exactly like the seamless Holy Coat of Treves, and its neck is cut out and hemmed in a close roll.

The trousers are made most often of chintz or cretonne, and are vivid and startling in pattern and color. They are put on immediately after the chemise, and are about four inches longer than the leg. They are fastened by a drawing string at the waist, tied in front, and they hang down over the ankles.

The entarri, a garment taking the place of the trained skirts of the West, comes next. It is of cotton, wool, silk or satin, perhaps of rich brocade, perhaps of brilliant tint, but of whatever material it may be made, it is bright and gay. It consists of four breadths.

Next in order comes the sash and the jacket, the latter being only worn in warm weather. It is shaped like what we call an Eton jacket, and buttoned to the waist line with small jewels or gold buttons. The sleeves are sometimes elbow sleeves, always loose and often left flowing below the elbow. The curious thing about this jacket is that while it is well fitted in the back, all the portion that should cover the breast is cut away, leaving the entire bust exposed.

While the other portions of the costume worn by Turkish women are wonderfully picturesque, the most pride of all is taken in this jacket. Velvet, silk or satin are the materials used for it. The wives of the richest Mahometans have it embroidered with seed pearls, turquois or coral, and always with gold and silver threads.

Exceedingly important, too, really the most important article in this attire, is the yashmak, or Turkish veil. The Turkish woman wears no hat, but she nevertheless is not debarred from the usual feminine prerogative, for it is invariably in order for her to query whether her yashmak is on straight. In fact, a woman shows whether she has style or not by the way she wears this veil. It is a law of the Prophet that Mohametan women shall never be without it when outside of their homes, and this law is rigidly adhered to.

One valuable use the veil has. It etherializes by its folds the entire face, a very necessary thing when the feminine custom of painting the whole countenance is taken into consideration. Without her veil the Turkish woman looks rather ghastly when she is in full regalia. Her eyebrows are blackened with kohl, her lips are crimsoned, her cheeks are dyed carmine, and the rest of her face is whitened with arsenic paste or some similar compound.

### The Way the Baby Slept.

This is the way the baby slept:

A mist of tresses backward thrown  
By quavering sighs where kisses crept  
With yearnings she had never known.  
The little hands were closely kept  
About a lily newly blown—  
And God was with her. And we wept—  
And this is the way the baby slept.

— James Whitcomb Riley.