

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A CHICAGO WOMAN'S SUCCESS AT A NOVEL CALLING.

The Trimmings Seller Has—Miss Hillman—Was—Did It Quietly and Well—Parade Her Country Homes—Everyday Summer House—Tips For the Coming Summer.

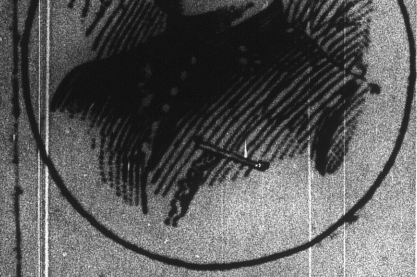
Well, I have made a good living, at least for more than six years, said Mrs. Sarah D. Kelly, when asked if a woman could make a living as a scientific packer.

"I have managed to support and send to school three children, besides laying up a few hundred dollars in the bank against a rainy day.

"My story is about the same as that of many another woman left a widow with children and no money. My husband for work and approached a man, whom I had known, in hopes of getting a job in his office.

"I was not invited, and when I finished the job I felt pretty certain that I had found my opening. I had a lot of samples printed and distributed them among several firms who made a specialty of moving.

"Of course in moving, as in everything else, there should be system. And I can say this for myself—that today I am 100 per cent a better packer than when I began, simply because I have methodized and systematized. There is one which all packers would do well



MRS. SARAH D. KELLY.

to follow. All articles not absolutely needed in everyday life should be packed in boxes.

"First ask me to tell you how I pack my boxes for the average well-to-do family. Pretty much as I do for their wealthier neighbors. Of course they are supposed to furnish all boxes and barrels necessary, but when I go through the house and see that there are not enough I order them. The next thing is my inventory book. I number on each end and

on the sides every box and barrel. In my inventory book, under their respective numbers, I give a complete list of the contents of a box or barrel from this book made out for a family for whom I have just finished packing and storing

valuables. They have gone abroad for a three or four years' stay. Then I furnished a small ledger about as much as anything else. You see, box No. 5 is on page 18, finding the place, and contains four etchings, one pair of robes, a pair of slippers, three children's dresses, a box with wedgewood candlesticks, six copies of Harper's Magazine, 1890, two bundles of letters (H. P.), the Pathfinder, Oliver Optic series, and so on, reading what appeared to be an interminable jumble of articles.

"Now this seems a motley collection, but they fitted in, and in that way saved space. When possible, I try to pack the contents of a room together, but when they don't fit in they must go somewhere else. Fragile objects should be packed in cotton, excelsior or wrapped in several thicknesses of paper or cloth, then, where possible, put into padded boxes and securely tied up before packing with other articles.

"Pictures and engravings should be carefully wrapped, first in soft paper, then in several folds of newspaper, tied heavily with twine and placed around the four sides of the box, with the glass or face next to the sides of the box. The box should be then packed as firmly as possible with miscellaneous articles, so keeping the pictures in position and insuring their safety. Books, magazines, pamphlets and all these things which have some value, but are not of great value, may be packed in various ways, and kept from year to year, may be used as filling. By this plan everything can be securely packed, and nothing need be left behind.—Chicago Record.

The Trimmings Seller Has—Miss Hillman—Was—Did It Quietly and Well—Parade Her Country Homes—Everyday Summer House—Tips For the Coming Summer.

The sailor hat is too becoming to be allowed to go out of fashion, but this season it is so loaded down with trimmings that it bears little resemblance to the original self.

Of course during midwinter the plain trimmed hats of this shape are worn by young girls, and even some of the older women, although it

never do not patronize them so much as a year or two ago.

There seems to be no fixed law as to what kind of straw is the smartest in sailor hats. The fine straws and the silks are a great many of the rough kind. The under hair is now covered with a tulle net or bound with velvet or made of a contrasting color, and the top or crown is fairly loaded down with flowers—Roses, primroses, lilacs (purple and white), geraniums and cowslips, all and many more are used, and the stiff bows of ribbon or velvet which are interspersed into the needed effect of height. All the hats have the brim turned up at the back, and flowers and leaves are put in so as to rest against the hair.

A smart sailor hat of fine black straw has a brim faced with white and bound with a roll of black velvet just at the edge. Quantities of pink roses cover the crown and are just under the brim at the back, white stiff, narrow bows of white ribbon and black velvet are put in among the roses. Another hat, the same shape, is of bias straw trimmed with red carnations and black and white ribbon bows, while at the back are knots of bright red gams, instead of the flowers.

In Panama a charming model has a narrow brim bound with black velvet, the crown is encircled with roses of different colors, looking as natural as though just picked. At the left side are narrow ends of black velvet, and at the back the brim is entirely covered with bunches of pink, yellow and red roses closely massed together.

Quite in contrast to these flower gardens is a hat of the sailor shape with black brim and the crown of black and white—a different straw. This is trimmed with black ribbon velvet, and at the left side a bunch of stiff black quills. At the back under the brim are black velvet roses. The effect is odd, smart, but yet not becoming to every face, as the lines are decidedly severe.—Harper's Bazar.

Miss Hillman's View. Miss Lucretia Hillman, a resident of Jacobstown, N. J., has refused to offer a word to any human being during the past ten years, and the chances are that she will not speak again this side of the grave. Her peculiarity is not due to any defect or disease of her vocal organs, but merely a bit of spite against the tyrant man for refusing to give her a voice in political matters.

Two years ago Miss Hillman was as voluble as any of her kind—perhaps more so. She was an earnest advocate of woman's suffrage, and in 1889 she refused to pay her tax assessment, and it was not until she was threatened with incarceration in the county jail that she handed over the money. When she had delivered the cash and received a receipt for it, she raised her right hand over her head and declared that she would work from that hour to bring about woman's suffrage, and until the right of franchise had been granted to women she would not utter a word to humankind.

She was laughed at, but she kept her vow. Frequent attempts have been made to get her to talk, but without avail. She has contributed a good deal of money to the cause of woman's suffrage and feels sure that some day she will be permitted to go to the polls and cast a vote. She owns and manages one of the best farms in the neighborhood. She pays special attention to truck gardening and puts a mangum away in the bank at the end of each year. She hires men to do most of the work, but it is not unusual to see her mounted on a mowing machine behind a pair of horses, or to find her following a cultivator through a potato field.

Miss Hillman is a stalwart woman, nearly 6 feet high. She is as brown as a berry, has a step as firm as that of a grenadier, and when she gets hold of a plow she handles it as if it were a plaything. She knows all about horses and cows, and she is not to be fooled on any subject that pertains to farming.—Exchange.

Did It Quietly and Well. It is now four years since the electoral franchise was granted to all women 21 years of age by act of the New Zealand local parliament, and as the parliament in New Zealand, last for three years have been held in general elections in which the women's vote has been a most important factor. It is only just to note that there are no symptoms of public regret at the step thus taken, nor are there, so far, any indications of the change having altered in other respects the ordinary usages of society.

On the other hand, it is important to observe that the change was no new idea in New Zealand. It was not the result of female agitation, either through the press or on the platform. There were no "women's rights" leagues organized, nor was any public attempt made to denounce the selfishness of men or to signify the virtues and intellectual powers of women.

To the persons who have put themselves forward in positions of prominence in the "women's rights" movements in America and Great Britain the attitude of the women of New Zealand would undoubtedly have seemed slow and supine to an extraordinary degree. They held no meetings, they sent no petitions, they published no letters or pamphlets—either to denounce men or to praise women. What they did was to take advantage of every opportunity that was given them of taking part in the management of public affairs and of showing an active and intelligent interest in public questions.—Hon. Hugh H. Lusk in Forum.

Purchasing Country Homes. There is a curious fancy this year for an immoderate use of an ugly shade of yellow-green in the furnishing of country homes. This very artificial and untrue tint is called "frog green," and is most unbecomingly worn with the green and blue, which are very unbecoming to the human face, who occupy the rooms in which it reigns supreme. It has become

such a prevailing fancy that I have heard of persons who have replaced the lower panes of their window shades with the yellow-green light which gives the desired tone to the room. The charm must lie in the novelty of the effect, which always has a fascination with a large majority of womankind.

Nothing can be prettier than certain uses of a true natural green in the right place and in due proportion. A wall in green and white, really a frieze of pale green leaves, found very effective in a seaside cottage; exposed to the sun. The leaves were as large as a palmetto fan, and had a very airy, cool effect. The picture rod was of bamboo, as well as the mantelpiece and much of the furniture. To these were added a few white chairs, white matting and white goat-skin rug. These bamboo mantelpieces, by the way, are unusual and give the same sort of simple, rural air to a room that the use of wood with its bark upon it gives to a mountain cottage. The mantel may be of pine, stained in a color which matches the bamboo, which can be split and laid on over and under the shelf and under to every part of the pine, taking care not to have the joints meet side by side, as putting the seams on irregularly imparts the effect of carving. The entire mantel may be made of whole bamboo and when completed set against the wall, just as you would make "rustic work" from boughs. The beautiful variety of shade and the rich surface of the cane are very decorative.—New York Post.

Everyday Summer Gowns. Gowns suitable for all purposes will be of cheviot, serge or tweed in plain or mixed colors. The stock jacket, worn with a cotton or silk shirt waist, or merely a false front, is the favorite way of making these gowns. The collar that buttons or may be reversed is another jacket more suitable for a stout figure, leaving the short bolero for the slender. Mixed goods do not require trimming, and the plain fabrics are lightened with rows, scrolls or hand braiding of hercules or a softish braid. The trimmings in Lennox as former braid, the material and figure—cross and lengthwise rows on the skirt, in V panels, on the wrists or covering the jacket only, or completely covering the latter garment.

Small braid covered or large braid buttons are now being used to give the gown a more refined and elegant appearance. Indistinct plaids are liked in woods. Cheviots wear well and are selected for rough traveling suits. I would advise having material intended for hard wear sponged. If one can afford silk for lining the skirt, it will prove light and keep its shape better than anything else. Plain tulle waist are very pretty, any of the women materials just written of. Select gray, blue, brown or green effects in a figured goods.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A KINDERGARTEN EXPERT.

The Lady Who Has Been Re-elected President of the National Association.

Miss Lucy Wheelock, the well-known kindergarten expert of Boston, has been honored by a re-election to the position of president of the National Kindergarten Association, which has been holding its annual session in St. Louis.

This distinction has been won by years of active service in the kindergarten field and is merited by the success which she has achieved.

Miss Wheelock, although born in Vermont, has been identified with educational interests in Boston ever since she graduated from the Channing Hall school, where her own education was acquired, and where, when a young girl, she gave evidence of possessing unusual literary ability.

Toward the close of her course she began to feel an interest in the teaching of little children by kindergarten methods. She took a course of instruction to prepare herself for this work, and received her diploma from Miss Elizabeth Peabody.

A kindergarten had just been established in connection with Channing Hall school, and she was placed in charge, a position which she has held now for

about 15 years, making herself most widely known of late years as a teacher of training classes, in which line she has few superiors.

Young girls who are preparing for kindergarten work come from all parts of the country to enjoy the privileges of her instruction.

When Channing Hall was consolidated with Berkeley Hall last year, arrangements were made whereby Miss Wheelock's connection with the school was to be kept up. A house was purchased at 284 Dartmouth street especially for the training school, and most of her work is done there.

In addition to her regular teaching, Miss Wheelock is well known as a lecturer and writer. She has contributed largely to educational journals and religious periodicals. She has also translated a number of stories for children from the German.

Her love for children led her to give considerable time and attention to Sunday school work, and she is well known among Sunday school workers both by her writings and lectures.

Miss Wheelock's philosophy of the kindergarten is: "It offers itself as the child's rightful kingdom, where he may be trained to look upon the 'plain, suffering face of nature' and to enjoy the good gifts of the Creator, which are presented to him in their type forms through the kindergarten gifts."

The three hours spent in genuine child work come as a timely attraction to the little one whose eyes are wearied and whose nerves are overstrained by the unmeaning toys and injudicious attention lavished upon him at home.

"In this garden of children he lives a simple, happy life of growth. He attains possession of himself and his powers by constant doing and learning to walk in the way of peace."—Boston Globe.

Solid black lace lingerie is the very latest and most surprising of all concepts in this line. Of course it comes from Paris, the place where all chic ideas originate, and it is really very dainty and pretty. A petticoat of this novel fancy is quite a dream in black. The foundation is of some light, flimsy black stuff, upon which are placed, one above the other, the faintest ruffles of the most airy black lace, wrought in fancy designs. The entire skirt is literally as light as a feather.

Black satin corsets, embroidered in tiny Dresden buds, are worn with the black underwear, of course, and the light, black underdresses of raw and spun silk and the beautifully embroidered black silk stockings go to complete an extremely stylish and comfortable suit. It is all quite expensive, but in Paris it is extremely popular and is now coming across the water. The spun silk "shades" are as light and dainty as possible and can almost be put in a matchbox. What did you next see upon military?—New York Tribune.

A Brilliant Woman. Mrs. Donald McLean, the regent of the New York city chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, is described as a brilliant woman of fine executive ability, and under her regime the Daughters of the American Revolution are earnestly winning new honors. It is said that she suggested the letter to Senator George F. Edmunds on the Venezuelan arbitration question which called forth his answer, thus placing the Daughters of the American Revolution on record as the first organization of women to secure official recognition in a matter of international arbitration. To her are due the credit and development of the idea of founding a chair of colonial and Revolutionary history at Barnard college. She comes of a long line of Revolutionary stock and is the daughter of the late Judge John Ritchie, who also served in our national congress. She was born in Frederick, Md., in a house directly opposite Barbara Fritchie's home.—Woman's Journal.

A Boston Organization.

An interesting organization in Boston is the Needlewomen's Friend society. It is a veteran among women's organizations, having celebrated its fiftieth birthday recently. Its object is to help women in lines of purely feminine work, and work which they can do in their homes. Many women have entirely supported themselves by their peddles with the aid-tances of the society. It has a saleroom at 149 Tremont street, where are kept constantly on sale all varieties of household linens. Very fine work is done on children's and infants' clothes. What is called "Friday work" has been instituted for the older and more indigent of the society's beneficiaries. Sixty women are employed. They come on Friday to obtain work and return it on the next, receiving 50 cents for their labors. Their delight and gratitude at being able to earn this small sum of money regularly are unbounded. The ability with which the work is completed is shown by the fact that the receipts during the past year have been more than \$5,000, and the society has \$41,000 in invested funds. The treasurer of the organization is a man, Charles G. White. Mrs. A. Davis Weld is president.

Glass and Paper Clothing. It is not generally admitted that a lady's bonnet is among the most persistent articles to be found. But when ladies take to bonnets of glass they are surely going a step in the right direction. With a glass roof over her head the wearer may be at peace, even in a summer shower.

A Venetian glass manufacturer is turning out glass bonnets by the thousand, the glass cloth of which they are composed having the shimmer and brilliancy of color possessed by silk. No water can penetrate this cloth.

A peculiarly strong and light material for clothing is found in the paper used by the Japanese for underclothes. It is a thin, finely crimped or grained paper, and the clothing is sewed and hemmed as if it were of cloth. It makes a garment strong and exceedingly flexible.

A French paper has been giving reports on the testing of this material and asserts that it is particularly light and tough. When an endeavor is made to tear it by hand, it offers almost as much resistance as does the thin skin used in glove-making. Even when wet the paper is hard to tear.—Youth's Companion.

The Rage For Red. Some persons say that red is Satan's color. If this be true, Satan seems to have marked most of this city's women for his own this season. Never before has there been such a craze for red in every imaginable shade. It has extended to the women's pocketbooks in more ways than one. Leather merchants are bringing out a great variety of chate-laine bags, purses and card cases of flaming hues and are selling them fast.

Some of the articles are plain; others have plain silver or gilded trimmings. Bright greens and purples come next to the reds in favor when it comes to leather novelties.

The craze for red seems to have extended literally from our heads to our feet, for rumor says that we are to wear red shoes, bright "cockcomb" red, and not only red, but purple and green as well. It is hardly credible that we are to be afflicted with any such barbarous innovation in dress, but if it is to be the seaside summer resort will be just the right kind of a place to try their shocking effects.—New York Sun.

Weak Discoveries. All sorts of exquisite little neck decorations will take the place on summer toilets of the stiff military or stock collars, standing and falling ruffles of India muslin, silk canvas, lace, chiffon, etc., and little turnover collars and pique points of white batiste and lace, which give such a dainty touch to the frock for city gowns is a band of linen batiste not more than 1 1/2 inches wide. This is laid in tiny folds with very narrow Valenciennes lace on each edge. In the front and just at the back are points of the linen, with a medallion embroidery in each point and lace at the edge. Wide white organdy collars trimmed with lace are a fad for French gophers' gingham and colored dainty dresses, and Valenciennes lace and insertion figure largely in the decoration of all thin gowns for the coming season that are made for special wear. For more ordinary uses very fine Irish laces and linen insertions are used, and some of the designs in these trimmings are exquisitely dainty and threadlike.

The Instep's Curve. A high instep is supposed to be a mark of aristocratic descent, and possessors of the Andalusian mark believe it a sign that their ancestors never bore burdens.

Apart from this childishness, it is certain that to crumple such a prettily arched foot is not averse to contemplating its neatness in a well fitting stocking and strapped slipper. The new stockings show embroidery on the instep, instead of the familiar "clocks" on the ankle. It is noticeable that the instep is embowered in a different shade of color from the tint of the stocking itself.

These dainty pieces of hosiery should be laundered separately and not put in the wash to take their chances of staining and swimming and being stained with the colors of other stockings.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Promising Young Woman. Miss Lillian Gordon Flyn of Boston has just passed the examination of the Royal College of Music in London and received the degree of associate. Although she is only 16 years old, she has already received a medal for proficiency as a pianist from the associated board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, and also the degree of licentiate from the Royal Academy of Music.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A SUMMER TOBoggAN.

An Easy Way to Make a Jolly Good Slide Without Snow or Ice.

Although spring is well on its way and grass has taken the place of snow and ice, there is still fun for the boys and girls who are fond of coasting.

It is a very simple matter to make a summer toboggan. Take a long, stout plank or board eight inches wide and place one end of it on the top of a high fence or platform, allowing the other end to rest on the ground. At proper intervals under it place stout supports to keep it firm and steady. Then take an



inch board a foot square and nail cleats on the outer edges in such a way that when it is laid on this long board the cleats will slip over the edges of it. Rub the top of the long board thoroughly with soap. Place the toboggan board or slide at the top of the long board, sit down on the slide, let go all hold, and go flying to the ground.

There is great sport in this little toboggan. More ambitious boys can build from the top of a shed or from a tall stone wall, placing a number of planks end to end, bracing them securely and thus make a very much longer and more exciting slide than a one plank slide. Try it.—Chicago Record.

Saved by a Fish Bone. In one of the holiday parties that camped last summer on the shore of Lake Geneva there was a boy who was never long out of mischief. If a popcorn was found under the table or the girls' tent, or if there was gunpowder in the camp kettle, or if the hammock broke down suddenly under suspicious circumstances, every one said quite promptly, "That's Jimmie again," but ordinarily Jimmie wasn't there to hear the remarks that followed.

But, like other boys who play jokes, Jimmie sometimes found himself joked. One day he crept out on the pier behind his little sister with the intention of frightening her.

"Boo!" he shouted. But instead of jumping away and screaming, as Jimmie had fondly expected, she pitched over backward, and in trying to catch her Jimmie had his footing and fell into the water. There was no place to cling on the slippery, slimy sides of the pier, and down, down he went.

But Jimmie was as quick to think of other things as he was of jokes. The day before he had heard his uncle telling about a man who saved himself from drowning with a hair.

Jimmie had on a soft felt hat, and as he came to the surface he quickly pulled it off, placed it upon the water rim down, and with his arm around it pressed it slightly to his breast. The air in the crown served to buoy him up while he yelled lustily for help.

When the other members of the party came running to the rescue, they found Jimmie floating comfortably and steadily himself against the pier.

"Don't hurry," he said quite calmly. "I'm using uncle's life preserver."—Chicago Record.

The Doll's Funeral. When my dolly died, when my dolly died, I sat on the step and I cried, and I cried, and I couldn't eat my jam and bread. 'Cause it didn't seem right when my dolly was dead.

And I braked 'em every as she could be. For she parted my head, and "Oh," said she, "I think that the pretty hat gone and then I braked out ahead, and I cried and cried.

And all the dollyes from all around came to see my dolly put under the ground. There were Lucy Lee and Mary Clark brought their dolls over and dressed in black. And Kimmie's folks and Mrs. Lon. Came over and brought their dollyes too. And all the time I cried and cried. 'Cause it hurt me so when my dolly died.

We dressed her up in a new white gown. With ribbons and lace all around. And made her coffin in a box. Where my brother keeps his spelling books. And we had some prayers, and a funeral, too. And we all went back to the house again. But all the time I cried and cried. 'Cause 'twas right when my dolly had died.

And then we had more jam and bread. But I didn't eat 'cause my dolly was dead. But I did some craps on my dollyhouse door. And then I cried and cried some more. 'Cause I thought that the pretty hat gone and then I braked out ahead, and I cried and cried. 'Cause 'twas right when my dolly had died.

Ethel's Ebbings. Three-year-old Ethel had been punished by her mamma for some slight delinquency by having her little hands mildly slapped. After the resultant tears had been dried Ethel put her ear to her doll's lips, as though listening to something the doll had to say, and then said in a whispering tone: "No, dolly. You must not say that mamma is naughty for punishing me."—Philadelphia Times.