WOMAN'S WORLD.

MISS WAYMACK MAKES A GOOD LIVING AT SIGN PAINTING.

Influence of the Shirt Waist—Helen H. Gardner's Lecture to Women—The Late Kate Field—A Secret of the Complexion Shop—Woman as a Namer of Clubs.

Crowds of interested spectators were attracted yesterday to the singular spectacle presented by a woman sign painter, who was pursuing her work of decoration on the sign of a building with more grace and elegance than man ever thought of commanding.

Women artists who paint landscapes or anything else upon canvas for house decoration are common enough, but Miss Edna Waymack is the only woman in the country who makes it her business to do all sorts of outdoor advertising work, such as painting upon barn sides, signboards, roofs of houses and the like. She is not afraid of scaffold or ladder and will scale a rope ladder up a mountain side and work there at her trade for hours at a time if her contract calls for it. She is fearless in that way and enjoys her work to a great extent. She engaged with a local tobacco com-

MISS EDNA WAYMACK.

pany and with rule, pencil, brushes and bucket she assumed command of the side of a brick building at the corner of Prospect and Hickox streets and commenced her work. It was a funny sight, to be sure, and during the day hundreds of people stopped and discussed her situation. She gave the onlookers not the slightest attention, but continued her work in a purely businesslike manner until 5:30 o'clock, when she surveyed the result of her day's labor and made ready to return to her hotel.

Her working costume consists of a serviceable skirt, a jumper of blue cloth and a cap which she manages to pull well down over her face in order to keep off sunburn. Her mittens conceal a pair of dainty hands and feet which are incased in patent leather boots correspond in neatness.

She was interrupted in her work by a Plain Dealer reporter who asked her a few questions. They were answered readily and in a straightforward business manner.

"Yes, it is rather an odd calling for a woman," said she, "but it is lucrative and people with whom I come in contact always give me the best of consideration, and I have never been made the subject of any insults while upon ladder or scaffold."

She began upon her sign painting career more than three years ago, and has traveled over a great deal of the western country in company with her uncle, who is also a sign painter. This is her first appearance in this city. Her uncle is not with her here.

Miss Waymack's home is in Bellefontaine, O., but during the past few years her headquarters have been in Indianapolis.

In her conversation she shows quite clearly that she is an educated woman and with refined tastes. She enjoys her work, it pays well, and, as she put it, "Who, then, can find fault with me for doing the best I can?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Influence of the Shirt Waist.

The influence of the shirt waist is almost as interesting a study as that of the bicycle. From the first percale waist which set the ball rolling there have been created the daintiest bits of elegance conceivable. What seemed perfection last season—the charming lace and chiffon trimmed bodices—are surpassed in this year's novelty, the iridescent silks covered with Persian organdie and belted and collared with ribbon of its prevailing color tone. One's wardrobe these days, to be prepared for any occasion, heeds to consist of little more than two or three skirts, one of black silk or satin, a blue or black wool serge or mohair, and one white serge or camel's hair, with a variety of waists. Entire organdie toilets are exquisite while they are fresh, but a breath of damp air ruins them, and many women now supply only the waist of the thin material, using a skirt that will stand the fickleness of a summer's day and seaside moisture.

The desire for many waists and fronts and collarettes has developed much amateur ingenuity in designing, which has led naturally to a wish to make them at home. It is now quite the thing to take a course in dressmaking. Several classes were made up during the winter of fashionable young women, and these are to be repeated during the summer. At several resorts there are to be both millinery and dressmaking classes. Saratoga is to have a Boston milliner, whose classes are almost full at this early date, and Newport is to sit at the feet of a New York dressmaker in the dressmaking line, while at Asbury Park a well known modiste will give talks on "Selections of Materials." Other resorts have not yet been heard from; evidently, however, summer schools are not to be literary, scientific, philosophical and theological.

The women of today are nothing if not versatile, and she will put the same energy—perhaps even more, for clubs and culture cannot stifle the sex's instinctive love of frills and furbelows—in fashioning a bow or "chouing" lace and mousseline as she does in diagnosing prehistoric man or reforming the system of education.—New York Times.

Helen H. Gardner's Lecture to Women

Helen H. Gardner addressed a body of club women in Atlanta the other day, and among the many good things she said about women are the following:

"We have all been born again, we women of today, and we have been born into a time and a condition and a country where, for the first time in the history of the human race, 'men, our brothers, men, the workers,' are ready and willing and able to stand beside us and say 'Push at the door of opportunity!' Push hard and well, and then, if it does not yield to your strength, tell us and we will help you. But push first and appeal to us afterward. If your own new found powers are not equal to the task, we are mistaken. We will stand beside you, but you must make your own path.' We are making it.

"Knowledge is, indeed, power, and ignorance is always and ever the twin brother of vice. Therefore no matter what profession falls to the lot of or is chosen by a woman, the first, the most important and absolutely vital need for her is a broad, solid, true and comprehensive grasp upon the facts of life as life is today and as it has been in the past. This only will enable her to lay a firm foundation for the future.

"Ignorant and undeveloped motherhood has been and is a terrible curse to the race. No woman is fit to bring up the administrators of a republic who is not herself familiar with the fundamental principles upon which the republic is based, for it is a well known fact, exceptions and geniuses being allowed for, that the trend, the bias, the color of the mentality of a man are fixed upon him in his earliest years—in the years when his mother is his nearest and most influential teacher. His sense of justice and of fairness is warped or developed then. His possibilities are born of her capacity and his development depends largely upon her training.

"What profession in the world, then, needs so wide an outlook, so perfect a poise, so fine an individual development, such breadth and scope, such depth of comprehension, such usefulness of philosophy, as does the lightly considered profession of motherhood?"

The Late Kate Field.

The late Kate Field was exceedingly brusque with newspaper women. She desired to put them on their mettle. One lady member of the press, after receiving severe treatment from Miss Field, returned afterward to tell her what she thought of her. "Very well, glad you have some stuff in you, and now will you get out?"

The newspaper woman had learned her lesson. She sweetly smiled and declared that she would not get out. She would not stir a step until Kate Field had told her when she would talk with her for publication about the rearing of children. Instantly Katharine, the shrew, was tamed, and she meekly made an entry in her engagement book for an hour upon which she would tell her views.

She always made the reporter talk more than she did herself, and got more information for her bright little magazine than she gave.

Then Kate had her vanities, no one would deny it. A newspaper woman, unable to bear her sarcasm, once found consolatory glee in counting the number of times that Miss Field's name appeared in one issue of her own newspaper. It was exactly 42.

A great admirer says: "I had a delightful experience with her. In my ambitious days, when a student at a school of oratory, I stumbled across a monologue of hers which I had the good fortune to recite in what my friends said was a fashion that was something wonderful.

"This encouraged me, a perfect stranger, to write to Miss Field, asking if she had not written something else that I could read publicly. The reply was a spur and a curb. The letter was lengthy, kindly, almost affectionate. If I had but followed its advice fully—but whoever does follow good suggestions? Later, when I met her and recalled the incident, she was glad to see me, and we had a jolly chat."—Philadelphia Times.

A Secret of the Complexion Shop.

The craze for athletics among women has created a demand among "professional complexion beautifiers" for an artificial athletic complexion, and the demand has created a supply. Just how it is applied was explained to a New York Sun reporter by an employee in a complexion shop. She told of a swell young woman who is reputed to have the loveliest pink and tan complexion of any girl in town. She rides a wheel, plays golf, rows well, and is quite an expert at tennis. She went into athletics for the express purpose of benefiting her complexion, but do what she would no exercise brought any color to her cheeks. "I've come here," she explained, "to see if you can fix me up a real athletic glow." The people in the shop began by steaming this young woman's face once every week for 15 minutes at a time, to cleanse it thoroughly, but before doing this they applied a liberal coating of almond cream to prevent the steam hurting the skin. After steaming her face they massaged it thoroughly, again using almond cream, and then touched it up all over with cocoanut balm of a brunette shade. Water does not take this preparation off.

Finally they put a little extract of Turkish rose leaves on a tiny sponge that had been moistened and rubbed her brown cheeks until they had that glow that comes to most women with a 30 mile spin in the country on a crisp, bracing day. When the girl looked at herself in the glass, she danced up and down and said: "I've got it! I've got it! It's more stunning than the genuine summer girl's complexion!" The attendants all got around her and laughed, but finally she stopped her antics and asked in an alarmed voice, "But won't perspiration take it off?" "No," they said to her, "and more than that, you can wash your face in either warm or cold water and it will make no impression."

Woman as a Namer of Clubs.

Woman is a law unto herself in the naming of clubs as in other things, and may not welcome the criticism or even the passing comment of the male outsider upon her exploits in nomenclature. She may take the ground that it is none of our business, that the clubs are hers to name and run as she likes. If anybody wishes to try conclusions with her in this contention, the field is open to him. We shall not. We decline even to advance the proposition that the name of the Newark Woman's club, the Philitespoma, is not a miracle of grace and aptness and euphony and everything else that is beautiful. The foolish man asks the young mother if her babe is not a little cross eyed, but the wise man takes the cars for Syracuse and makes the inquiry by telegraph.

The Philitespoma stands for philosophy, literature, science, poetry, music and art, and all its members are suffused with these endowments as the rose with its perfume, and brimming with these golden treasures as the cell with its honey. Who is to gainsay the felicity of any of their inventions? Catch us making any captious remarks about the name of the Philitespoma. It graces the bang and side curls of the order, radiant as the circlet of Rhodope or the caronet of Ysolt. The members of the Chiropean, which is a Brooklyn organization, consider the baptismal appellation of their own chapter a finer flight of invention than that of their Newark sisterhood, but they are women, and in such an argument can very likely hold their own with their kind. It is, however, a field of debate on which the men if sapient and of wise counsel will carefully keep off the grass.—New York Tribune.

Women and the British Parliament.

As an outcome of the events to which many women of the society class in England are drawn by success for some, it is said that since it has been decided to have women in place of men as waiters on the terrace of the house of commons, the committee in charge of the matter has been overwhelmed with applications for places, a good share of which came from women who explained that they were once independent, but now were compelled to working for a living. The character of the terrace, it may be said, has changed totally within recent years. It once was devoted to men alone, and was governed by the same rules as apply to the smoking room. Now women go there in great numbers for afternoon tea, and this fact probably accounts for the decision to have women perform the function of waiters.—Buffalo Express.

Pretty Dress For an Outdoor Fete.

A kimono, or Japanese dress, makes a pretty costume for a girl of 16 to wear at a fancy dress garden party. Those of wealthy Japanese women are made of very beautiful and costly silk. Inexpensive materials, as flowered cotton crape, can be obtained where oriental goods are sold in large cities. Cotton crepon might be used as a substitute. A wide, soft silk sash is tied around the waist, and a Japanese fan is carried. The hair is brushed back in a thick roll on the top of the head and fastened with as elaborate hairpins as can be procured. No hat is worn. A Japanese parasol may be substituted for the fan if desired.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Margherita Arlina Hamm.

Margherita Arlina Hamm is one of the best known women journalists of the time, and enjoys the distinction of having traveled more in the interests of the press than any other representative of her sex. She has always been eager to accept assignments that carried her to distant places, and has gone in pursuit of news to Cuba and the West Indies, the Sandwich Islands, China, Japan, Korea and Europe. She owes the honor of having been made honorary vice president of the Writers' club of London to the fact of her having been the first woman war correspondent.

For the Curtains.

A substitute for curtain poles where thin draperies are used at windows, and one that costs only 2 or 3 cents for each curtain, is to be had in the narrow strips of wood that are used in the bottom of window shades. The curtains should have a hem for a heading at the top and below that a casing for the stick. Fasten in place with a small shingle nail at each end.

Miss Marion Stone and her sister, Miss Ellen Stone, representing the Newnham college, Cambridge, have arrived in Bombay, and are actively completing the preliminary arrangements necessary for the inauguration of a settlement for university women in India.

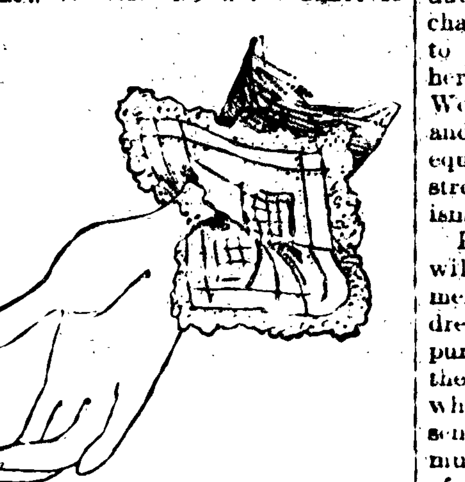
White weddings are quite the thing for young brides this season, and the most fashionable bridal gown is made of plain white satin with little or no trimming. White silk gowns with chiffon fichus are the correct thing for the bridesmaids.

There are 22 women in England who are acting as certified sanitary inspectors; and it is worthy of note that their districts are in better order than others which are under the control of men.

Mrs Fannie Reese Pugh is editor and proprietor of the Hearne (Tex.) Advocate.

How to Wear Your Handkerchief.

There is a right and a wrong way to carry one's handkerchief, as to do everything else. Just now the only proper way is to tuck the little square of linen and lace in one's sleeve at the wrist, allowing it to fall and partially conceal the hand, somewhat after the manner of the pretty wrist flounces on the new sleeves. Do not commit so



marked a breach of good form as to tuck your handkerchief in any part of your bodice, but if you want to get the full ornamental value from its pretty border of point de venise or Irish lace no more effectual method could be devised than this newest fashion. The single consideration, however, that it is a new idea is perhaps having most weight with the majority of women, who are rapidly converting the fashion into a fad.—Chicago Tribune.

Reduced Allowance to Mrs. Stanford.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford has been receiving a family allowance of $10,000 a month from the estate of her deceased husband, Senator Leland Stanford. She did not want so much money as that coming to her every month, so, at her request, the allowance was recently cut down to $2,500.

The argument presented to Judge Coffey to convince him that there was good and sufficient reason for the reduction of the allowance was that the income of the estate is now only $120,000 a year, as the result of the recent payment of the Stanford university bequest. The monthly allowances would amount to the full income of the estate.

According to the petition, the estate on Jan. 17, 1894, was inventoried at upward of $17,500,000. Jan. 23, 1894, Judge Coffey signed an order for the $10,000 monthly allowance.

The bequest of $2,500,000 to Stanford university was settled April 29 of this year, Mrs. Stanford paying the amount in railroad bonds. Judge Coffey granted the request on the presentation of the petition, and the new order is in effect from May 17.—San Francisco Examiner.

Don't Swish.

The world in general has become pretty well familiar with the swish of the young woman in the silk lined skirt. It is going to hear more of her this summer, for every girl must have her shirt waist skirt lined with the seductive looking taffeta. But it is not with the taffeta, but the taffeta's noise, that this paragraph has to do.

An authority on the subject speaks out in church regarding the habit so prevalent among these well dressed persons of making their dresses talk. He says it is the worst sort of form to compel every one in your vicinity to listen while silk lining loud mouthed betrays its presence. It is quite, he says, in keeping with those who violently perfume themselves, and to whom Spenser paid his respects centuries ago when he said:

All if not safe; all is not sound.

The swish is debarred from good society. One can walk in one's clothes without making one's clothes shout, and that is what the summer girl is expected to, and of course will, do.—New York Commercial.

A Versatile Woman.

Mrs. Bertha M. Donelson of Nashville originated and developed the plan of the woman's department of the centennial of 1897. She drafted the constitution and planned the entire work for both city and counties, organizing throughout the state county boards of women commissioners. Mrs. Donelson is a woman suffragist, a White Ribboner and a Daughter of the American Revolution. Together with her husband and cousin, she organized the Ladies' Hermitage association, a patriotic organization for the preservation of the Hermitage as a memorial of General and Mrs. Andrew Jackson. Mrs. Donelson is familiar with organized work, has made a study of parliamentary law and is a fine presiding officer. To the woman's board she is invaluable, bringing to it rare enthusiasm and administrative ability as marked as unusual. Her election as chairman of the executive committee in 1894 was a compliment, she being the youngest member of the board.—Boston Woman's Journal.

Woman Suffrage In the Church.

The great Methodist Episcopal church is meditating a more liberal and enlightened policy toward its women. The Pennsylvania conference has voted to accept women as lay delegates, and at no distant day the general conference (which once denied admission to Frances Willard) will grant a place to women as voting delegates. This will, of course, lead speedily to the ordination of women to the Methodist ministry. The importance of giving women their rightful place in the government of the church and in its preaching and pastoral services can hardly be overestimated.

When women help to formulate the expressions of religious faith which contribute so powerfully to mold personal religious convictions, then the church will be humanized, and, whether it be a man or a woman who ministers from the pulpit, the genius of the church, the spirit of the religion he or she teaches, will be broadly and highly, strongly and tenderly, bravely and purely human and divine.—Caroline J. Bartlett.

The Ballot For Women.

The legal and civil disabilities of women are a violation of human rights, an odious abuse of power on the part of the strong, with the cruel axiom carried out in action—"might makes right."

Woman is today fitted for civil liberty by the progress she has made and by the duties that have been thrust upon her by changed conditions, which compel her to labor outside of domestic life for her own and her children's support. Women are just as capable of judging and determining the use of just and equitable laws as are men, and have as strong a love of country and a patriotism as exalted and as pure.

Possessed of the voting power, women will stand before the law equal with men. They will be able to not only redress their own wrongs, but to vote for purer men. If women go to the polls, the better class of men will go—those who are now conspicuous by their absence, who have by their neglect turned municipal governments over to a class of men with whom they would not intrust their purse for ten seconds. Under such conditions every evil has been festered that will drag down and ruin the youth of the land, for sons follow the father's example oftener than the mother's counsel when they pass from under their control.

English municipalities are better governed than those of America. There women vote, and the ballot is a symbol of dignity as well as of liberty, for it alone can give real citizenship.—Elizabeth Lyle Saxon.

The Overskirt.

Occasionally on some of the latest gowns appears the overskirt, either real or else simulated by trimming. This week a city modiste completed a very handsome black grenadine gown made up over black moire, the watered silk showing with peculiarly rich effect through the meshes of the semitransparent black material. The bodice portion was made with a short point front and back. The underskirt of the black moire was closely gored on the front and sides and about one-third of the length just here was left plain. Below this, about seven inches above the knees, a deep Spanish flounce of the grenadine shirred at the top and finished with a deep hem was set upon the skirt. This flounce was made of straight breadths of the grenadine and extended to the back, where it met straight box plaited breadths of the moire lined grenadine, the grenadine here covering the entire watered silk underskirt, from belt to hem. The chief novelty of the gown was the addition of a rounded apron overskirt edged with a plaited chiffon frill that covered the plain moire silk on the front and sides at the top of the skirt disappearing at the back under the wide box plaits. The bodice trimming showed a combination of chiffon, black lace and jet ornament put on to simulate a yoke and a Spanish girdle.—New York Post.

Laura M. Johns.

Mrs. Laura M. Johns, organizer for the National American Woman Suffrage association, has completed her tour of Arizona, and has visited New Mexico on her way to Idaho. She has done good work in Arizona, having spoken more than 50 times during her organizing campaign, and established clubs in all the important settlements of their most intelligent and progressive women and men, which means good results for the future. The Tucson Daily Star says:

Mrs. Johns has made a host of friends for herself and the cause she so heroically and eloquently represents, and the present and future Arizona is and will be greatly indebted to her for the principles planted in the minds of the people, which will soon come to full fruition, as they have in Wyoming, Colorado and Utah. When this good time comes to Arizona, this brave, eloquent, indefatigable worker in the cause of justice to her sex will be crowned the "suffrage queen of the new orient."

The Newest Sweater.

The newest sweater is made with a deep pointed V shaped yoke, which is outlined with little knots of the wool. The sleeves are decidedly puffed, though it is said that before long the sweater is to discard entirely this frill of fashion and that the sleeves in sweaters for both men and women are to be made alike—small. Sweaters in two colors are much more the vogue than in one. Beige and white and fawn and dark blue are new color combinations.

The sailor collar is now as much worn as the one which is straight, merely rolling over a little at the top, and, of course, every well regulated sweater buttons on the shoulders.—Chicago Times-Herald.

It Didn't Frighten Her.

Miss Kingsley, the African traveler, gives an amusing account in The Young Woman of the beginning of her love of adventure. She was at the Canary islands, and hearing "very dreadful accounts of the dangers and horrors of traveling in west Africa," she felt she must go, out of mere female curiosity. She continues: "I asked a man who knew the country what I should find most useful to take out with me, and he replied, 'An introduction to the Wesleyan mission, because they have a fine hearse and plumes at the station and would be able to give you a grand funeral.'"

Minnie Hauk Honored.

Minnie Hauk (Baroness von Hesse Wartegg), the celebrated American prima donna, has been received as an honorary member of the Academy of Santa Cecilia, Rome. This is an unusual honor, granted to few artists. Santa Cecilia is the oldest musical academy in the world, having been founded by Palestrina. The queen of Italy is its special patroness. Mme. Hauk celebrated the great event by singing a selection of modern classical music by the greatest masters of Germany, France and Italy. The audience was select, invitations being issued to a favored few.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

SHE HELPED THE WIDOWS.

A Little Girl Who Was an Angel to St. Louis Tornado Sufferers.

Little Vera Giannini is one of the heroines whose practical benevolence has lent a softer, softer tint to the horrible picture of St. Louis' tornado.

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs A. D. Giannini and the granddaughter of Fanny F. With her mother she is paying a visit to St. Louis.

When stories of disaster and distress consequent upon the tornado were discussed in the Faust household, Vera heard plans formed for the relief of the sufferers.

There were two widows in South St. Louis who lost their furniture and clothing, which comprised the sum total of their earthly possessions. One of them

VERA GIANNINI.

had buried her husband four years ago, and when the tornado came she had just paid the last installment of the undertaker's bill. Little Vera thought she would relieve the widows. She did not have more than a few silver pieces of her own, but with these she opened her subscription book. Members of the family did not attempt to resist the appeal of the little 9-year-old maiden, and it was not long before she had raised $40, which she divided between the two beneficiaries of her thoughtfulness.

"I just thought I could do something," said Vera, "and I used the money where I knew it was sadly needed. Do not ask me the names of the widows. It might make them feel badly."—Cincinnati Post.

Folding Kites.

A novelty from France is a folding kite. Folded up it looks somewhat like a small rolled up umbrella, opened out ready to fly its shape is like that of the kite commonly known as the bow kite. It has a single upright stick, which is 30 inches in length. The bow is formed of two light steel ribs, one on either side of the stick, which are raised into place and bowed into form as the ribs of an umbrella are raised. There are braces running from the ribs to a metal band which slides on the stick, like the sliding ferrule on the handle of an umbrella. When the bow is raised and in place, it is held there by turning a little metal button attached to the kite stick under the band, to which the braces are attached. As the ribs are raised their inner ends, where they meet at the stick near the top, bow up into a light metal holder which projects slightly on either side of the stick and which holds the two parts of the bow in line.

The kite is covered with light muslin. There are used in covering the kites muslins of various colors, so that some of the kites are red, some blue, and so on. The tail is of string with little particolored bunches of muslin cuttings attached along its length, as little bunches of paper are sometimes attached to string kite tails. At the end there is a little bag in which may be placed a marble or other weight if more ballast is required in a high wind.—New York Sun.

She Wants a Doll.

Mrs. Governor Bushnell of Ohio has received the following letter from a bright little West Virginia girl:

MALDEN, W. Va., April 27.

MY DEAR MRS. BUSHNELL—My name is Tressie Hudnall. I am 13 years old. I reside in the mountain state of West Virginia. My address is Malden, Kanawha county, W. Va. I belong to the Christian Endeavor society, and we are trying to get up a doll bazaar, and would you be so kind as to send us a doll to be used by the society? Our little mountain state is coming to the front; but, as a matter of course, little girls cannot vote, but our papas can. If I cannot thank you on earth, Lord grant that I may do so in that land of sunshine and flowers. If you don't send me a doll, please answer immediately. From your little friend, TRESSIE HUDNALL.

Mrs. Bushnell has sent the little girl a beautiful doll.

A Game of Tag.

A grasshopper once had a game of tag
With some crickets that lived near by,
When he stubbed his toe and over he went
In the twinkling of an eye.

Then the crickets leaned up against a fence
And laughed till their sides were sore,
But the grasshopper said, "You are laughing at me
And I shan't play any more."

So off he went, though he wanted to stay,
For he was not hurt by the fall,
And the gay little crickets went on with the game
And never missed him at all.

A bright eyed squirrel called out as he passed,
Swinging from a tree by his toes:
"What a foolish fellow that grasshopper is!
Why, he's bit off his own little nose."
—New Orleans Picayune.

Mabel's Wish.

Mabel was constantly catechising her mother as to her own babyhood. Her mother answered all her questions patiently, describing her babyhood in such glowing terms that Mabel one day hugged herself enthusiastically, and rocking back and forth exclaimed, "Oh, I wish I could have been there to have held myself a little while!"—Youth's Companion.

Her Name.

"The little girl next door has such a funny name," said Herbert in a tone of disgust. "What is it?" asked his mother. "Consuelo!" he replied scornfully. "Why didn't they call her Venezuela, or Nicaragua, or something sensible a fellow can understand?"—New York Times.