

## Activities and Views of Progressive Women Folks

### A "Ship Shape Shop."

CHICAGO woman with an eye to business has inaugurated a repair shop in New York City for women's lines which might be imitated or profitably used in smaller cities. The "Ship Shape Shop," as the establishment is called, is under the supervision of Miss Gertrude White, president of the Woman's League of Chicago and a well known settlement worker, and is intended to do all kinds of wardrobe repairing for bachelor men and maids, business and professional women, husbands of absent wives, tired mothers, hotel guests, etc. The modest invitation which the shop proprietor has sent out in printed form reads:

"We would be pleased to make a contract to keep your wardrobe 'ship shape' at a stipulated price per month, sending for and returning clothing semi-monthly, on a set day and hour chosen by you."

"We suggest \$1 per month as likely to cover the expense of petty mending, mending, button-sewing, etc., and save you many a dollar by taking 'the stitch in time.' We will by telephone or mail, estimate cost work by the piece."

A look inside the shop shows that many men have availed themselves of the offer. There is no sweatshop appearance about the place and the rooms are all neatly kept. All the parts of masculine apparel are sorted and tagged with the owner's name. His various nether embellishments may go through a dozen dainty hands in the mending. Each girl has her individual task. One darns, another patches, a third is busy with repairs which require a sewing machine, others clean and press, and so on, until the mere man is renewed again.

### Gardens of Women Writers.

Women writers, when they can make money enough to indulge their natural tastes, seem devoted to gardens, reports the New York Press. Marion Harland—in private life Mrs. Terhune—has a notable summer garden at Princeton, N. J. In it she has mulinated sites and cuttings from many famous spots. She has ties from Marie Antoinette's dairy at Versailles, from Stanford-on-Avon and from Kenilworth Castle; marigolds from the banks of the Jordan; asphodel from the Acropolis, a province rose from Old Agency house at Marignac, scene of Miss Woolson's "Anne." There are roots from the homes of Burns, Cowper and Anne Hathaway, and sweet alysium growth from seeds which the author gathered in the streets of Pompeii.

Kate Douglas Wiggin has a delightful garden at Quillcote, her Maine summer home. Marlette Holley, who as "Josiah Allen's Wife" created for herself a whimsical literary spouse who has been much more profitable to her financially than many real ones, has a great garden, with ponds of water lilies, at her mountain home at Adams, N. Y. The "hardy garden" which Celia Thaxter made on the Isle of Shoals is still a thing of beauty and an object of pilgrimage.

Margaret Deland cultivates a bulb winter garden in her New York City home each winter, and sells the flowering plants at Easter time for charity. Frances Hodgson Burnett has a wonderful rose garden at her English home, Matthew Hall, in Kent, where she has accomplished a piece of vivid color painting with the rose masses that bloom from May to December. Myrtle Reed has a garden back of Paradise Flat, her Chicago home, in which there is a souvenir strip fast filling with flowers furnished by famous people, or the seeds or roots of which have been gathered by the owner from famous places.

### The New Housekeeper.

She was newly married and did not know a little bit about either housekeeping or shopping. It was a common belief that Gus, the grocer, was an experienced man and clever, so he had won her and did not even smile.

"I want ten pounds of paralized sugar," she began with a businesslike air.

"Yes, anything else?"

"Two cans of condensed milk."

"Yes."

He set down the pulverized sugar and condensed milk.

"Anything more, ma'am?"

"A bag of fresh salt. Be sure it's fresh."

"Yes, what next?"

"A pound of desiccated codfish."

He glibly wrote "desiccated cod."

"Nothing more, ma'am?"

"No."

"We have some nice horseradish, just in."

"It would be of no use to us," she said,

"we do not keep a horse."

### The Hookless Waist.

While fourteen young women of various sizes and styles of architecture tried on corsets for the benefit of the 400 delegates to the convocation of the Department of Progressive association in New York city last week, official announcement was made that hence after it will be unnecessary for any woman to call for assistance in buttoning her waist in the back.

A public benefactor who lives in Hoboken, N. J., submitted for the approval of the dressmakers a small metal device, which he said, would take the place of buttons and hooks and eyes throughout the civilized world.

More than a dozen men who did not know that admission to the dressmakers' convention last night was limited to women spent the evening in the corridor, where the man from Hoboken explained the beauties of his discovery.

According to his optimistic prediction his device, consisting of a chain running between two lines of sockets with a ring at the top, will soon be in general use and will bring a sense of care to thousands of husbands.

"One pull on the ring," said the orator from Hoboken, "and the dress is buttoned or unbuttoned, hooked or unhooked as the case may be. Any child can operate the device."

"Give me \$5 worth," said one of his auditors, and others also purchased.

Behind closed doors the corset demonstration occupied the evening session of the convention. Elizabeth White, president

of the association made a little speech, in which she said, among other things, that a corset is the most important article of apparel in a woman's wardrobe.

"And," said she, "there is no woman whose appearance cannot be improved by a corset."

After the corset demonstration five models donned imported gowns and walked about the stage that the dressmakers might see what they are wearing in Paris. There was not a sheath skirt in the lot.

"The really new thing," said Miss White, "is the 'incredible corset.' All the really modish gowns have them."

### Charm of the Hatless Girl.

We do not know—we almost fear to hope—whether it is the setting in of a new fashion, this charming custom of girls going about hating hats, but if it is let us welcome it with exceeding joy.

She is becoming ubiquitous, this girl without a hat, in the street or on the street car, in the parks, wherever she may be, she adds a beauty to the landscape and pleasure to the view. More welcome, too, will be the new-old custom of the fair sex if one of its results is the dethroning of that awful mon-

She began to watch closely the obituary columns of the daily papers and to make calls on the undertakers in the neighborhood where she lived. It was not long before she got another job, through going after the business in this way. Now she has about all she and her assistant can do. She charges from \$5 to \$10 for her services.

So far as is known, relates the New York Times, she has little if any competition, and her earnings run as high as \$125 a week, averaged, though, however, she has been cured of her mortal fondness for funerals, and feels like giving up her curious way of earning a living for something less profitable but more prosaic. She fears chronic melancholia.

### Dancing in Place of Gymnastics.

Happy are the young women who have

adopted it, and fashionable women have adopted it with enthusiasm. In public schools it is to be adopted to the needs of children. Little folks will be glad to take fancy steps, play games set to music, and do folk dances (which are now happily coming into vogue in schools all over the country) and forget the tiresome gymnastics that have fallen to their lot in the past.

### Higher Education for German Women.

A great change will no doubt take place in German life now that the Prussian government has decreed that women may have the advantage of higher education. The woman who has probably done more to bring about the change than any one else is Frau Helene Lange, and she has been ably seconded by Prof. Adolf Harnack of the University of Berlin. Women may enter all the technical schools with the exception of the art academies, and no doubt this restriction will soon be removed.

Girls will take a specially arranged course, beginning at the age of 6 and continuing for seven years. At the end of that time studies will be differentiated and those preparing for a higher course will take special studies. After four years work they will be eligible for university certificates and then for the first time there will be coeducation. There has been agitation since the 80s, but the plan as presented to the emperor by the minister of education has been considered for a year.

### Leaves from Fashion's Notebook.

Green and blue seem to be as popular a combination as ever.

The bordered hem details are ideal for house dresses. One can do as much with them, bordering which is a part of the goods, and they are so simple, but say nothing.

The best known type of lounging robe is the kimono. This is usually of lawn ditzy or batiste, broadly banded all around with white or colored embroidery, but it may be charmingly developed in a muslin or in Chintz silk.

There are in all the colors or tones of colors that were in such favor a year ago.

Most women shoppers appear to be in doubt as to whether they are an indication of coming fashions or a leftover from last season's stock.

Styles are wonderfully mixed these days. One sees the princess robe with front panel and back panel, and another to the hem. Then there is the shirt-waist with something that is very much like it, with the front panel effect brought out in modified form.

This is to be a floral season apparently.

All kinds of fabrics and ribbons come printed or embroidered with gay tinted flowers—gorgeous flowers. The latest is a silk patterned blouse, soft cream colored silk, with three large bunches of roses to the pattern.

It is quite a simple matter to get a pretty silk dress these days, for the materials seem especially adapted to the wear.

There are all the lovely rose colors which are the most popular of the year, and there are deep new violets shading into green and gold, while the blues were never more numerous.

The ideal morning gown for any time of year is one trim and neat a character, which will be well suited to the wearer.

It is built in one-piece and frequently or forty-inches flouncing which is quite long enough for a tall woman of average height. Such a skirt requires but one seam.

### What Women Are Doing.

Miss Josephine C. Delmonico, granddaughter of the man who made Delmonico's restaurant famous, the owner of the restaurant properties of that name in New York.

Miss Winslow, an American woman resident in Tangier, Africa, has set up a hospital to care for suffering and ill-treated women of all races.

She is said to be doing and amazing amount of good with a very small expenditure of money.

Miss George Tyler Bishop of Massachusetts, widow of a chief justice of the commonwealth, was originally a Quincy girl



BLUE, TAN AND PINK BROADCLOTH COATS AND LITTLE FELT HATS AND BONNETS TRIMMED WITH RIBBON.

Illustration showing two women in hats and coats, and a woman in a bonnet, possibly related to the 'Ship Shape Shop' mentioned in the text.

## Quaint Features of Life

### Pet Cat's Funeral.

MINNIE, the 3-year old daughter of James Moyer, Bridgesboro, N. J., had a funeral for her pet cat, Tom. In a coffin which her father made, the body was exhibited in the backyard. Minnie induced her little friends to bring their cats to take a last look at poor Tom.

While the cats mewed in sorrow the little folk shed tears. Tom was buried beneath his little mistress' favorite tree. The grave was decorated with flowers which neighbors had contributed.

Efforts to get a preacher were futile.

### Back to Life.

Mrs. Catherine Malone of South Newark, Conn., a somnambulist, 68 years of age, pitched her first down a flight of seventeen steps, fracturing her skull and apparently breaking her neck.

She was picked up as dead and pronounced by Dr. R. H. Wolfe. For three hours she lay thus, while her husband and children sent for the undertaker and entered upon the funeral arrangements.

Just when the undertaker arrived Mrs. Malone sat up in bed and yawned. "My head aches this morning and I guess I will have some catnip tea," she remarked. She has rallied and will recover.

### A Strange Marauder.

For the last five years John F. Arnold, a farmer of York, Pa., had been aware that he was being preyed upon by a systematic chicken thief, but everything from a trap to a rat trap was tried without avail.

The honor of making the capture has fallen to Mrs. Arnold, who discovered the marauder, a blacksnake nine feet and two inches in length, and shot it. The reptile is the largest of its kind ever known to have been actually measured in the county.

Mrs. Arnold came upon the snake in an unguarded moment, as it lay beside a fence, partially engaged in swallowing a young fowl.

Getting her husband's shotgun, she held it close and discharged both barrels with the desired effect.

This young woman, it is said, up to a year ago was a stenographer in a big mercantile house downtown. She lost her place on account of the hard times, and the consequent curtailing of the office force. She haunted the employment agencies at the various typewriter concerns for a time, but there were a thousand others doing the same thing—looking for a job. Her money was running low and she grew discouraged. Like many women she had a penchant for going to funerals, but had not been able to indulge in this morbid fancy while regularly employed. She went to a big church affair one day, and took along her notebook and pencil, thinking she would take down the addresses just for the sake of practice. As the people were filing out, a man asked her what she had been doing, and she falteringly admitted that she had been taking down what was said so as to keep from forgetting her stenography. The man in question proved to be a friend of the family of the deceased, and said that if she would write out the prayers and addresses, putting in the hymns in their proper place, that he would pay her well for the transcript. She got \$15 for this. It then occurred to her that here was a way of earning a living, better and more profitable than anything else in her line.

Asks for Penny Coffee Stands.

IN July, at her home in Brooklyn, died Mrs. Joaquin M. Lamadrid, who had maintained penny coffee stands for the last twenty years and more. At the time Mrs. Lamadrid began this charitable enterprise there was great opposition to her efforts to feed the destitute. Her coffee stands were as much disapproved by organized charity as the bread line now is.

It must be remembered that the bread line that the poet who declared that the crowning glory of a woman is her hair, came into existence, declaring their freedom from the thralls of the milliner and making life more beautiful by discarding their hats need encouragement. For heaven's sake let us all get together and praise the sex for its good sense. We should say at a rough estimate that the matrimonial chances of the girl without a hat are against the girl with a "Merry Widow" are at least a hundred to one, and that should help some if its truth can be proved. All hail to the sensible American girl and her crown of glorious hair!

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