

Activities and Views of Progressive Women in Various Walks of Life

Golden Anniversary of a Servant.
OWN in New Jersey, a few miles from New Brunswick, there is to be a unique celebration to-day in honor of a servant who has been employed at the old Price homestead for fifty years.

During that long stretch of time, Mary Groom, the servant, has not been ill enough to give up her daily duties, has taken few of the vacations allowed her, and has never asked for a raise of the wages originally agreed upon—\$10 a year. A jewel of a housekeeper, surely, deserving the tribute of affection which family and neighbors owe.

The servant has had some remarkable qualities which have spread her fame throughout the countryside. The last time she asked for a day out was twenty years ago, when she went to New Brunswick, eight miles away, to spend the day. She has not been to New York since the civil war. Then she came to make inquiries about one of her children who had gone away as a drummer boy. She went by stage coach to New Brunswick and took the train from there. She has never asked for an evening out since.

The Price farm has been in the family for more than 100 years. It's a good long time to remember back just how they got Mary, but Mrs. Price says that she recollects that there was a neighboring family that had had Mary for two months and was moving away, and that they recommended Mary to her when she was looking for a girl for general housework. Mary had landed at Castle Garden in a sailing ship with her three children, Patsy, Mary and Bill. The voyage, she says, took forty-two days.

The Prices put Mary's three children up at the farm and there she reared them and helped to rear nine little Prices, of whom seven are living. The first baby the Prices had after Mary came and whom Mary used to mother is 49 years old himself now. He has built his own home on part of the farm, and is one of those who will be at the celebration. Mary treats him and all the others as though they were children yet.

The red-cheeked Irish girl who started in to wash dishes and bake the bread in the Price home half a century ago is somewhat bent now, and the fifty years have frosted the jet black hair she brought to the farm, but even if she is 75 years old she is hale and hearty enough to get up at 5:30 each morning and get the breakfast just as she did the first morning after she took the place. She cooks as well as she did then, and around her in the little kitchen are many aged implements of her art, including one pan in which she has baked bread for forty years. All of her three children have grown up and gone away, and so have many of the children born on the farm, and whom she helped to rear, but Mary has gone on cooking and baking bread for the grandchildren and the great-grandchildren to eat.

Cars for Women, Cars for Men.
The reservation of rear cars for women in the Hudson tunnel during rush hours and the prospective adoption of the plan in the subway and street cars, which under favorable conditions may develop into an ultimate segregation of the sexes on transit lines. How the open cars on Broadway, first installed for smokers only, were invaded by women who upheld their right to use them is a matter of local transit history. It is unlikely that forcible measures will be necessary to keep men out of the special women's cars. But it is profitable, the World thinks, to speculate on the contingencies which might arise through an eventual disassociation of the sexes in local transportation. There is no doubt that women would derive most benefit from the change. Men passengers would be seriously inconvenienced if banished from the women's cabins of ferriesboats. As it is, the reservation of a single tunnel or subway car for women reduces by one-seventh the number of seats men passengers can occupy to their exclusion, and that extent increases the number of male stragglers. To reserve alternate surface cars for women would distinctly augment masculine discomfort unless the other cars were reserved for men.

Presenting the Bachelor.
If half of the schemes proposed by matrimonial enthusiasts are carried the bachelor, like the buffalo, seems fated to become extinct. For several years the proposal to tax bachelors has been more or less constantly brooded, observes the New Orleans Times-Democrat. Last week a Wisconsin legislator gave notice that he would introduce a bill providing for the establishment of a state matrimonial bureau as an adjunct to the bachelor tax, with the view, of course, of making his capture more certain. And now comes the Chicago Dressmakers' club with the demand that the desperate quarry, driven to the license office by these furious huntmen and huntswomen, shall be required to take a civil service examination and to furnish satisfactory evidence of his ability to pay the dressmaker's bills before the license is issued.

Clearly the lot of the unmarried male eligible is in the near future to be an unhappy one if his barriers have their way. Every avenue of escape may be cut off. Like the unfortunate innocents of white-hot, who proved their innocence by drowning and confessed their guilt by swimming when subjected to ordeal by water, he is to be driven to marriage and then denied the doubtful sanctuary by the license clerk unless the commercial agencies vouch for his ability to pay the dressmaker. If the proposed regulations be adopted, and it may come, the Chicago dressmakers' club with the demand that the desperate quarry, driven to the license office by these furious huntmen and huntswomen, shall be required to take a civil service examination and to furnish satisfactory evidence of his ability to pay the dressmaker's bills before the license is issued.

Children & Bleating.
Mrs. Gaski flared up in domestic wrath when she read in New York what Olive Fremstad had to say about the impossibility of combining married life with an artistic career. She said things. It is understood that Mrs. Louise Homer, who is the mother of twins that flourish in health and celebrity, within a day or two came to Mrs. Gaski's support.

Mrs. Gaski says: "Mrs. Fremstad is wrong in saying that wifehood and motherhood are an obstacle to art. I have found both of them essential to the development of my art, and a great aid to it. I could not fully express my emotions until I knew the emotions of a wife and mother."

"Mrs. Fremstad says that children are a hindrance and not a comfort. My greatest comfort, my rest from the strain of acting and all the exactions of my artistic life I find in my daughter. Before she was born I traveled with a maid. Now how much happier I am with my own daughter for my companion."

A Woman Who Does Things.
It is a joy to discover a person who dares to do the thing everybody ought to do and who also dares to do it first, says the Carle Magazine, telling of the work of Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, of Kalamazoo, Mich.

Some few years ago a meat-inspection bill was introduced before the Michigan legislature as the result of constant campaigning on the part of Mrs. Crane and her Kalamazoo club women. The farmers in the legislature discovered that meat inspection would cut off their small slaughtering and they were up in arms at once, side tracking the bill at the first reading. News of the defeat reached Mrs. Crane at 4 o'clock in the morning, and she, catching a 4:30 train for the state capital, she arrived before the opening of the morning session. Then she proceeded to win some of the opposition and through their efforts the bill was brought up for a second reading. It was again on the point of defeat when one of these newly acquired champions called for a five-minute recess to permit Mrs. Crane to discuss the bill. Mrs. Crane talked to the point, making the purport of the bill clear and emphasizing the great need of it. During the rest of the day and night she interviewed farmers, everywhere convincing them of the reasonableness of the proposed law. The next day when the bill was finally read, it was passed by an overwhelming majority. Which

He Took the Hint.
BECAUSE he found that it would not be possible for him to secure a much desired pastorate as long as he remained single, the Rev. Edward Barber of the Methodist Episcopal church south, without waste of time, took to himself a bride.

He has been in charge of a church near Laurel, Md., and came to Baltimore to attend the annual conference, and to see if it were possible to get a Virginia appointment. "Brother," said the presiding elder, "if you were married, you would fit that place; but unmarried you had better not have it."

Mr. Barber got into communication with Laurel and in a few hours Miss Alva Mildred Welsh, 18 years old, was enroute to Baltimore. They were married and the bridegroom got the charge he wanted.

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Lizalie, who is only 35 and heart whole, takes care of other persons' children for a living, and is as full of jingles as Griffith is of gold. She was willing to sing for

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