

400 WAISTS IN TWO WEEKS.

NEW YORK SCHOOLGIRLS TO SAN FRANCISCO'S AID.

Fly Their Needles Fast and Provide Garments for Teachers Who Lost All in the Earthquake Disaster—Forty Shirt Waists Also Made in a Jiffy.

In a little more than two weeks—the closing weeks of the school term—girl pupils in certain New York public schools, aided by their teachers, have turned out about 400 shirt waists and forty shirt waists to be sent to San Francisco.

To accomplish this the efforts of the pupils in the periods assigned to needlework have been concentrated wholly on shirt waists in the sizes of 38, 38 and 40 inches—figures, by the way, which indicate that in the opinion of the promoters of the school shirt waist industry, the day of the small schoolmarm has passed.

At any rate it is certain that should there be among the 200 teachers whose wardrobes were burned up one in need of a 34 inch shirt waist she won't be able to pick it up from the collection now on its way West.

But then, as a practical woman pointed out, it's a good deal easier to make a garment smaller than to enlarge it. For, of course, the 400 shirt waists are for the needy San Francisco teachers, 200 of whom lost their positions and half that number all their worldly goods also.

Some time after May 1, when the petition for money subscriptions for destitute teachers reached the New York public by way of the interborough council of teachers which appointed a committee of seven New York principals to take such steps as they deemed necessary to further the end in view, Mrs. Katherine Blake, the only woman on the committee, received a letter from the supervisor of schools at San Francisco, asking for clothing for the women teachers.

This letter she answered by sending out a printed appeal to the public for donations of wearing apparel. Then she hit on a plan to insure at least a new shirt waist or two to every needy teacher.

Materials were purchased, principals of other schools were communicated with and their pupils in turn were confronted at the very next sewing hour with a pink, blue, green, yellow, brown or red shirt waist, newly cut out.

As the story goes, never before did the girls sew with such energy, never before show so little disposition to shirk. The time was short. Only two weeks of the school term remained, consequently into that two weeks must be crowded the making of all the shirt waists their principals' enthusiasm led them to undertake—sometimes a good many.

"It was a good discipline for some of the girls who had never dreamed of putting together a waist for themselves," said a teacher whose eyes never left the button-hole she was making as she talked. "Why no white waists? Well, water is scarce these days in San Francisco and for practical purposes Miss Blake thought it better to confine our efforts to colored waists."

"The material for each waist costs about 30 cents, whereas the waist could not be purchased made up for less than one dollar. Besides, it is probable that the clothing contributed by the public will include shirt waists and that they will be white for the good reason that it is hardly possible to buy a colored shirt waist anywhere."

"Yes, we have made the waists with long sleeves, thinking that the future owners could cut them off if they preferred short sleeves."

Pupils of the Girls' Technical High School, which includes a dressmaking department, distinguished themselves by going the grammar school girls one better, making shirt waists, forty of them.

"And I wish we had time to make 200," a graduate remarked with animation.

"It was only right that the public teachers and principals of our schools should give a lift to our sisters in trouble," Miss Blake said earnestly. "Had not the calamity occurred many of the New York public school teachers would have been entertained by the San Francisco teachers this month at the meeting of the National Education Association, which was scheduled to take place in that city."

"One, two and three delegates from every New York school expected to be present, which meant that the San Francisco teachers were ready to dip down deep into their pockets in our behalf. Now that we have a chance let us return the compliment."

"So far the public has contributed nearly \$11,000 for the teachers' relief and Magnus Gross, chairman of the committee, started West a few days ago taking along \$10,000 for immediate distribution among the teachers most needing help."

"Bundles and boxes of clothing are arriving at the Board of Education head-

quarters with gratifying frequency, but I do not know what they contain as yet. I hope they include articles ornamental as well as useful. Just think what it is for a woman to lose all her belts, ribbons and stock pins in a day, and to find herself without money to replace them or not daring to take what ready money she may have for that purpose, for fear of needing it for bread and butter in the near future.

"Yes, I do hope the contributions will include some prettinesses as well as useful things."

KILLS LETTER WRITING.
The Typewriter Does—Two Letters to Prove the Proposition.

Two letters lay on the business man's desk. It was just before the luncheon hour and he slipped them into his pocket before going out with a friend.

According to the American habit, the business man's companion expected that their talk would touch on matters of dollars and cents; but, as it happened, the letters suggested the topic.

"Look here," the business man said, taking the envelopes from his pocket after the orders had been given. "Here's something I've been thinking of this morning."

"This is a letter from my college roommate; don't know as you ever met him, but no matter. He and I were mighty close to each other, but he hasn't been on East for a long time and our correspondence—my fault as much as his—has been very irregular."

"Don't think I've heard from him before for a year and, without saying anything against him, this letter was probably sent off to save his conscience. Well, here it is, less than a sheet of typewritten matter, and a short sheet at that, and put on a business letterhead. He dictated it and may have put in five minutes in writing it."

"No, no, no," the business man said, "it's not the point of it. This other letter is from an English friend of mine. There are nine pages in handwriting, not so easy to read as the other, I grant you, but they tell something, and they're from a man whom I've known five years for the twenty-five I've known the writer of the first letter I showed you."

"That Englishman's letter took him the better part of an hour to write; he gave thought to it and he expects as much thought to be given to the reply. And, by Jove, he'll get it."

"If you or I got a letter like that from an American we'd think that something was the matter, and ten to one, in answering him, we'd suggest that he get a typewriter."

"It seems to me," he continued, "that letter writing is becoming a lost art on this side of the ocean. We think we haven't got time for it to begin with, and even if we had the time for it we might as well confess that we'd find we had lost the knack of expression."

"The rare personal letters that we write become, by business training, about as impersonal as anything we could imagine. We're on the dead business level of the typewriter, and it's only when we're shaken up a bit by a message from another world, like this Englishman's scrawl, that we realize there are people who put some things of themselves into what they write and do not deal in set phrases."

"The lunch was served and the letters went back in the pocket.

"Which letter will you answer first?" the business man's friend inquired.

"Oh, I've answered one of them," was the reply. "My college friend wanted some information and I dictated a note to him this morning."

"I am not any better than the average American in writing, although I may be something more prompt; but during the next month I shall sit down and write myself—to my English friend and I won't be hurried when I'm doing it, either."

"His letters are altogether too enjoyable for me to do anything to stop them."

"Why don't you try that scheme on your college friend?" suggested the other.

"I might," said the business man, "but it would be only an experiment, and I know pretty well how it would result."

WHAT IF PURSES GET BIGGER?

BUILT NOW TO HOLD ALL WOMAN'S BELONGINGS SAVE MONEY.

Carfare Still Carried in the Old Fashioned Place, Although Women's Handbags Can Be Measured Only by Feet—Some of the New Traffic Squad Problems.

A red headed fat sporting a Psycho coil of hair like a doughnut with saucier fever centered across Madison Square one hot afternoon recently to the accompaniment of small boy yells of:

"Pipe the plush horse pullin' the out goin' baggage department"—and the girl was lugging only a comparatively small leather purse, as sizes in women's purses go nowadays. The dimensions of the purse



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couldn't have been, at the most, more than a few feet by a few more feet.

"It all began innocently enough back in ancient modern history with the little finger purse of one compartment, scarcely bigger than a Harlem pantry and with just room enough to hold a dab of leaky lace, which the owner insisted was a handkerchief; a sample of China silk marked all the way down from \$1.50 to \$1.99; a hair pin, and a newspaper clipping, which told how to make a simply dead swell lamp shade out of a sealskin coat. There was no more room for actual money in the purse in those days than there is now because girls have always carried their money in the Department of the Interior."

Gradually, however, the purse, like Topsy, "grewed," until now some of the reticules owned by the crowded cliff dwellers in northern Manhattan have to be taken over to Morning-side Park to be opened. Broadway omnibus lament that in the old days a young man built for two could hold two young men and nine chorus girls when urged, but that now the most that any cab that rolls up the Great White Way at high midnight can carry is two happy youths, six merry villagers and the six purses.

By piling the purses on top of the cab, however, as steamer trunks are carried to the liner piers, nine show girls can still be inserted between cab roof and floor. This method of stowing the purses met with favor until the night Joe Weber's Music Hall closed for the season, when Miss Frankie Bailey's purse was jostled off the roof of her cab with serious consequences. The purse landed on the car tracks in Herald Square and its contents, a case of ginger ale, a setting of eggs, a bass drum and a set of the acting edition of Shakespeare, were completely ruined. Also the northbound car tracks were blocked for forty-five minutes while the wrecking crew of the trolley line was jacking the purse off the tracks and over to the sidewalk, where Joe Weber and the cab horse dragged it further inland until it blocked the entrance to the Herald Square Theatre, recently rented by Lew Fields.

Police Commissioner Bingham then took up the matter of transporting purses through the streets and ordered the traffic squad to hold up any cab on which was a coating of purses more than five feet deep. The exact wording of Gen. Bingham's police regulation as published in a London newspaper is as follows:

"Whereas it has come to the notice of the Lord Mayor of the State of New York that the Broadway trams were hampered a bit

for a whole week end a fortnight ago by an actress' purse crashing from the roof of a cab to the street and seriously delaying express trams to Chicago on the Broadway elevated tramway; and

"Whereas Commissioner of Bobbies Bingham has learned that said purse was the property of Miss Frankie Bailey, who is so to appear in London as one of the many stunning show girls in George Edwards' forthcoming magnificent production at the Gaiety Theatre of 'The Girl from Gilly-Gilly'—book by G. Bernard Shaw, Ned Wayburn, Upton Sinclair and George V. Hobart; lyrics by Bliss Carman, Williams and Walker, Theodosia Garrison and George Cohan; music by Ivan Caryll, Horatio W. Parker, Harry Von Tilzer, Edward Elgar and Richard Carl; costumes by Will R. Barnes and Archie Gunn (Pete Dalley please write), be it

Resolved, That women's purses piled

yard of the tonneau invariably tips the machine over backward. The combined weight of the young man and the merry villager in the vestibule of the motor usually is not enough to counteract that of the purses, except when the chorus girl belongs to Herr Conried's Metropolitan Opera House aggregation. Also the projecting ends of the purses scrape along the walls of buildings when the driver makes a turn into a narrow street and injure the plate glass windows.

One of the most disagreeable things in connection with the ever growing purse is the inconvenience and even positive danger to pedestrians. Often an athletic young woman will attempt to work her purse down Broadway without the assistance of a pushcart and will swing along, seemingly altogether unconscious of the fact that she is leaving behind her a heap of aged gentlemen suffering from compound fractures of the state.

A girl from Dyker Heights attracted attention on the golf links down that way last summer because she gave over one department of her purse to her golf clubs, but this has become so common all over the country this year that it doesn't even cause comment. Most of the department stores now have purses in stock in which there is a golf bag artfully fastened where the purse lining forms the canopy of the cooey corner. Decorations and conveniences of all kinds are now lavished within the purse. Many of this year's purses are lighted throughout by electricity and a small dynamo in the basement of the reticule supplies power for electric curling irons as well as the lights.

One of the purses now on display in the furniture department of a Sixth avenue department store was opened last week to the public and a herd of reporters was conducted through the bag by a floorwalker. The interior was brilliantly lighted and the many mirrors along the lining gave one the impression of being in Tom Sharkey's. Trim little filing cabinets for street car transfers dotted the walls between the mirrors. There were black walnut cabinets for Fifty-third street transfers, brilliant red stained woods for Forty-second street and vicinity, red, white and black cabinets for lower First avenue, green for upper First avenue, and so on. The bag was heated by hot air.

Every inch of space was used judiciously. A folding writing desk slid in cunningly beneath the baby grand piano and a single wild folding bed when let down revealed a mahogany slot machine filled with the day's supply of chewing gum. Above the chewing gum was a small shelf just large enough to hold the Henry James pocket edition of Richard Le Gallienne's complete works, and above this shelf were others labelled 'Balala Silk Sample Dept.', 'Mousseline de Sole Samples', 'Hair Combing', 'Autographs of Chauncey Olcott' and 'Beauty Hints by Bernarr McFadden.'

"There was some talk of having a com-

partment for money in this season's bags," said the floorwalker, "but at a meeting of the Purse Architects' Union last winter the general sentiment was against it. Members of the union were of the opinion that it is next to impossible to overcome the universal girl habit of carrying her carfare in her—her—well, concealing her money elsewhere."

"Have you made any investigation of the rumor," began the youngest reporter, "that some of the girls now wear—er—limb bags with a small purse fastened to the harness buckle?"

colored ears. It has entirely superseded white. In case of a decided brunette yellow may be used with good effect.

Keep the mouth closed on going from a heated room to the cold air. It rests the muscles of the jaw, and besides it gives somebody else a chance to say something.

Too Strong Competition.
From London Answers.
Country Mouse—How are you getting on with your business, doctor?
Country Doctor—Bad. Too close to London. Why, Lady Cashbags went to town and had two guineas to have a corn extracted. I'd have amputated her foot for that.

Mother Love.
From Bon Vivant.
Friend—I am afraid your hus and has a bad cold, he's continually sneezing. It's quite painful to hear him. Why don't you ask a doctor to see him?
Matron—Well, I'm waiting just a few days, because it amuses baby so to see his father sneeze.

THE EVER GROWING PURSE IS TO PEDESTRIANS.

ONE OF THE MOST DISAGREEABLE THINGS IN CONNECTION WITH THE INCONVENIENCE AND EVEN POSITIVE DANGER

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"Sir," answered the floorwalker with a blush as buttoning his princesse frock coat

around him haughtily. "I am not here to answer questions that would tend to incriminate me."

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.
Wedding rings in some localities are still worn in the nose.

In the Southwest a favorite Sunday afternoon amusement for children is easily contrived. One tarantula and one scorpion dropped into a large glass preserve jar will keep children amused for hours, and even grownups do not scorn this entertainment.

Waxed berries are a beautiful summer decoration. The same can be used to start the fires in autumn.

Practising swimming motion on piano stool or divan is recommended for those who cannot get to the seashore.

A mountain climbing suit is suggested for those who live by the sea. The mind and muscles thus get all the benefit of a change without extra expense.

A real bargain is a good investment; and slightly soiled loaf sugar may now be bought at a great reduction.

Pocketbooks are worn empty at certain seasons.

Those sensitive to draughts should note that pink cotton is now used in Paris for flesh-

WESTERN FREAKS OF DRESS.

THE LATEST COMBINES TROUSERS AND WAISTCOAT.

Long Coats and Low Shoes That Astonish New Yorkers—American Negligee Dress the Best in the World—Proper Modes to Follow—Expensive Haberdashery.



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Women Ploughed and the Pastor Got His Back Pay.

That's One of the New Ways of Raising Money for Church Purposes They Are Trying in the West—The Old Bazaar and Guessing Contest and Quilting Match Have Ceased to Be Effective.



WOMEN WHO HELPED.



BLOWING FOR THE CHURCH.

Problems of church sustenance we have ever with us. The matter of raising money with which to pay the preacher is no trifle, particularly in small towns of the West, where the number of churches increases more rapidly than the population.

For instance, the directory of one Western town, a typical community in a farming region, that plains, shows that there are people and twenty-four church or religious organizations, not counting Sunday schools; one for every 200 men, women and children. The highest salary paid a minister in the town is \$1,000, with a parsonage in addition.

From that the scale drops down to an average of about \$600. Several of the churches have pastors who have other lines of business and so charge the church nothing for their services.

Even so the church goes behind. The aid society cannot give enough suppers to keep up with the expenses.

The women have tried bazaars and fair and guessing contests; they have plowed quilts and have done other things that are supposed to get church money legitimately. Still there is usually a deficit to be made up at the end of the year.

A new plan. It was to earn the money by plowing cotton.

A cotton planter notified the members that owing to the difficulty of securing help he would pay the members of church and Sunday school one cent a pound more for picking than he had been offering the laborer. The offer was accepted, and everybody turned out for two days of hard work under the beating sun.

The proceeds were enough to pay the preacher all the back salary due him and to build an addition to the church.

A church in eastern Kansas has gone into the farming business in earnest this year. On May 15 the members gathered at the farm of a member who had offered land for an experiment.

They came with ploughs, harrows, corn planters and check rows, and included representatives of every sort of residents of the community. More than a hundred men, women and children were on the ground bright and early. A marshal was appointed and he organized the helpers so that no time "hook" was wasted.

"Every man must work as if he were working for himself," was the order, and promptly at 7 o'clock the ploughs started.

The women and the older men erected a tent on the edge of the field, and here was prepared a bountiful lunch, and later in the

day dinner was served. The women had brought rakes and hoes, and they planted in the corners and the ends of the rows where the machines could not reach, being determined that not a foot of the field should be wasted.

The women were not satisfied even with this work. There were not enough men to drive all the plough teams, and the women gladly seized the opportunity to do work with the plough.

This is introduced a novel feature that had not been expected. The marshal organized them as he had organized the men. The women at work are shown in the picture.

By early evening the last furrow had been turned, the harrows had smoothed the ground and the planters had placed the last kernel in its place. Then the pastor, who had driven a team on the corn plant, all the afternoon, called the gathering together and held a brief service.

Again during the summer other work will be done, and the indications are that the field will be one of the best producers of the community. More than a hundred for the corn at more than market price, and a harvest home will be enjoyed that will gladden the heart of every member of the congregation.

So long as the churches depend on agriculture for their support it will be easy to maintain them in the prairie States, and there is no reason why they should not prosper. The land is plenty and the fields are broad.