A TALK ON SLEEVES.

Two Classes Into Which All Should Fall—The Ideal of the Greek Maiden—Utility Does Not Preclude Beauty—A Dress Reform Mistake.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

IN the manufacture of women's costumes the sleeve is an afterthought. Some Eastern costumes do without it altogether. To nothing like the degree of the rest of the garment is it a necessity, and, if this were not evident enough, on reflection we should know it by the speech of art when great art has touched the sleeve. The body of the gown serves modesty, the sleeve does not; the body is essential to protection, the sleeve only to a much lesser degree; the rest of the garment is an incorporate whole, the sleeve is by itself, an extension or putting forth, a sprouting, as it were, of the garment — an afterthought. The Orientals muffle their arms in the body of the dress, but we extend the dress out over the arms, which little straw might serve as a commentary on the difference in activity between us.

The sleeve may be of a different material from the rest of the garment and a more precious one, because the arms are more independent in function than the rest of the body and have a nobler use. The legs bear the weight, but the arms serve the brain. They are, therefore, rightly honored in the character of their covering.

LIKE WINGS OF THE BIRDS.

In respect of dress the arms may be looked on as analogous to the wings of a bird. Nature provides a homely covering for the bird's legs and body, but on his wings she lavishes ornament. Like every other created thing, the sleeve has its ideals. This is not easy to believe when we look through our wardrobe, but our wardrobe is not the place to look. We shall have to cast our eye over all the sleeves made since the beginning of time to find a standard for judgment. If we do this we shall find that all sleeves can be resolved into two classes. The ideal type of one of them is to be seen in the Greek sculpture. If you will look at the noble maidens in the train in the Parthenon frieze you will see on the shoulder of each a short drapery fastened, which falls down thence and mingles with the rest of the garment, but on the last maiden of all this drapery is caught up round the upper arm and fastened in four places, whence it draws away in little puckers, as if impatient of being held and desirous of mingling again with its parent folds.

This drapery has become a sleeve. Now, one of the most important things to notice about this sleeve is the ease with which the imagination unclasps it and sees it fall back again into the garment. Fancy sees the process of creation, and sees it resolve itself back into the garment when it is not in use. Its appeal to the imagination is the characteristic of this sleeve.

THE USEFUL SLEEVE.

The other class of sleeves has a different source. It is devised directly for an arm covering, and is cut and sewed with this intent, and carries no hint that it ever was or could become an incorporate part of the rest of the garment. This is the close sleeve. When not on duty it is a helpless, demoralized cylinder, merely an arm covering out of use, and its past and future make no appeal to the imagination.

It has the right of existence, however, because it is a useful sleeve. For the best type of it which has yet appeared we must go back to primitive times, when use only was considered and fashion had not marked it for a prey. We shall find it on old Anglo-Saxon tunics. Modern artists love to paint it on the arm of Elaine, but it must not be thought that it was a sleeve of this sort which Elaine gave to Launcelot. In the days of knights and tournaments there was a fashion of wearing two sleeves, a close and a flowing one. The last could be detached from the waist and was the one the fair damsel bestowed on her favorite knight, who, riding into the lists with it displayed on his helmet, by its aid became invincible.

WHERE ITS BEAUTY LIES.

The ideal of this coat sleeve is loose enough to permit free play of muscles and articulation, and close enough to mold itself to the arm like an outer skin. Its beauty is not in itself, but consists in its ability to display the beauty of the arm beneath it. To this end it must be made of substantial but yielding material, without lining. It will wrinkle along the forearm like a mousquetaire glove, and in order to provide for this wrinkling, which time will bring into it, it should be made extra long and be rolled over into a cuff at the bottom, ready to be let down, or turned further up, as occasion needs.

Under one or other of these two types every sleeve ever made can be ranged, and every sleeve approaches beauty in ratio as it sets forth purely the idea underlying its own type. One of them, answering perfectly the slighter demands of the arm on clothing, is highly ornamental; the other is the sleeve for hard usage—the working sleeve—and is not ornamental, is injured rather by any attempt to make it ornamental, but is in taste if it serves use, beautiful if through it is revealed the beauty of the arm. If we have these ideas clear in our mind we have a standard by which to judge of all sleeves whatsoever.

A DECIDEDLY UGLY FORM.

Wait a moment. There is besides these a sort of bastard sleeve, which is not worth classifying, but must be mentioned in order to be disposed of. The Orientals are, perhaps, responsible for it, as it is found mostly on their garments. It is bell shaped. It takes the body for an apex and widens out from the shoulder, and utterly ignoring and concealing the hand and arm, carries the eye outward, like the sides of a parabola, leading nowhere. What is this fancy which the Easterns have for effacing the arm? A proper sleeve may not grow wider as it leaves the shoulder, but must be widest here, for it is here that the arm is largest. It may perhaps be as wide at the elbow, where joint room is needed, but from the elbow down the lines must tend toward the hand.

This ugly form appears occasionally on our fur cloaks, and is one of the features which caused the supreme hideousness of that order of cloaks called "wraps." It was on many of the spring jackets in a modified form. It seems wonderful that any one should fail to observe how much more agreeable a sleeve is when it narrows, or is gathered toward the hand than when it shoots at a tangent over it.

MODIFICATIONS OF THE FIRST.

From the time of Phidias to now the sleeve which I call of the Greek type has appeared in many charming modifications, what we see on the Parthenon frieze being only, as we may say, the ultimate analysis of the idea. We may always recognize it by observing whether if loosed from its fastenings it would fall and become a harmonious part of the garment. The slashed and puffed sleeves of the Middle Ages were of this type, the variations being only different modes of confining the fulness to the arm. One of these medieval sleeves, which satisfies every esthetic demand and has never been approached since for beauty, has the fulness confined above and below the elbow by plain pieces fitting the arm and tied on, leaving the sleeve to show in puffs about the shoulder and elbow and in the spaces between the tyings. These pieces which constrain the sleeve are of heavier material, as should be where more strength is needed, and the strings are allowed to fly and be ornaments, which they naturally are.

When, in medieval days, the loose sleeve was of material whose nature is not to lie in folds, as velvet, it was slashed. A beautiful one of this kind is slashed in strips its entire length, and the strips are twisted spirally on their descent from the shoulder to their confinement in a band at the wrist. A twisted band binds them about the shoulder, and a thin sleeve is worn underneath.

MISTAKES IN THE FASHIONS.

In a fashion paper I find a sleeve with a rosette placed half way down the arm, and from the rosette ribbons are sewed in curves to another rosette a little further down on the under side of the arm. Does this add to the beauty of the arm?

Another one has a triangular puff sewed on at the top and inserted at a point half way down the arm. What meaning is there in this? Another has a zig-zag piece of material sewed its entire length. The dressmaker devised it because she wanted "something different." Still another had two puffs cut on the bias, sewed one below the other on the upper arm.

When cloth absolutely refuses to be constrained from its character the dressmaker resorts to the bias, a sign in almost all cases that violence is being done to texture. There is no use in multiplying examples. Every coat sleeve which is trimmed except at the top and bottom is mistakenly trimmed. There is one possible exception only. In a sleeve of heavy material cognizance may be taken of the elbow. Old armor had to be jointed there, and this perhaps suggests the quaint style of marking the sleeves here with a flaring cuff. But this hints at the necessity for a joint in the sleeve, which, unless in a very heavy material, like cloaking, too much strains in idea the quality of cloth to be entirely agreeable. It is an illustration of how little fashion apprehends the reason for things that a recent fashion paper shows a sleeve with this cuff, or flange, half way up the upper arm, and also recommends the style as a suitable one for summer materials.

MISAPPREHENSION OF DRESS REFORMERS.

A sleeve should never be lined. For the sake of getting the beauty of texture, if for no other reason, thin materials should be made after the loose type. When we get the ideal business woman's sleeve it will be of sufficiently stout material, without any lining; it will allow the utmost freedom of action and yet will mould itself and take all its form from the arm. There will be no mark of the dressmaker upon it, but it will be simply a realization of the utmost use

A Lace and Silk Gown.

with the utmost beauty. I am inclined to believe that when this sleeve reaches its highest asthetic development it will be woven or knit for the arm as stockings are for the legs. The best sleeve possible, sewed up out of cloth, must be clumsy compared to what woven sleeves would be. This seems an odd idea, but is no more so than that of woven stockings once was. Stockings used to be made of cloth, and perhaps might be to this day had not Queen Elizabeth tried on a knit pair and found them comfortable.

I want to call particular attention to the truth, that in this working woman's sleeve the highest ideal of beauty is reached with the highest degree of usefulness. I am the more anxious about this point since reading an article on dress in a late number of a women's journal. The writer is protesting that it is the duty of business women to adopt whatever designs in dress the Woman's Convention shall decide upon by vote, and she says: "Are we not aware that it is a mistake to make beauty the chief object of dress?" as if beauty did not follow the perfect adaptation of dress to use. And again, "A lovely woman can adorn the most absurd raiment." If this is the degree of misapprehension of the leaders of the reform dress party, the results of their balloting will be of little consequence.

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GIRLS OF CRESSON.

Emma V. Sheridan Says They Beat All Pretty Creatures on Earth.

WOMANKIND AT ITS VERY BEST.

How Pittsburg Millionaires Play Old Sledge for Five Cents.

LOTS OF FUN AT A FARMERS' FAIR

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

CRESSON, PA., Sept. 6—When the usual extra locomotive was hitched to the railway train, and the two big machines puffed and snorted their way up into the Alleghenies, an uninformed traveller asked what all the fuss was about.

"Seven heavy millionaires got on at Pittsburg," was the reply, "and it overloads the train."

We told the truth as to seven of the passengers being Pittsburg millionaires, the aggregate of their possessions reaching 66,000,000, by conservative estimate, and the smallest possessor owning about 3,000,000. This one was a minor millionaire in two senses, for she was an heiress aged 13. The seven were not all in a party, for it was by chance that they rode on the same train, and they were traveling up to Cresson, the wealthiest village of its size in America for four months in the year.

SHE HEARD ABOUT GALLITZIN.

I drove over from Cresson four miles to Loretto yesterday, and there saw a man who had journeyed up into the mountains in a very different style. His name was Demetrius Gallitzin, and he used to be a genuine Count until he renounced his title to become a Roman Catholic priest. Throughout all this region his pioneer and life work of founding a church, a convent and a monastery at Loretto is familiarly admired. He began nigh a century ago and has been dead half as long as that. Was it a slip of my pen to write that I saw him yesterday? Oh, no. He was in a glass-topped coffin in an accessible crypt under his monument, and visitors usually go down there to see the remnant of his body. The true tales of his toilsome climb to this forest height of half a mile above the sea level, and his hard mode of living, sound strangely to a listener who has been drawn up the grades by two locomotives.

A curious illustration of the hurry of these later times in America was afforded to me only a few minutes ago.

"The light was just right on the Bend this afternoon," remarked an enthusiastic woman from Philadelphia, referring to the famous Horse Shoe, which she had rounded just before reaching Cresson from the East.

NO TIME TO FOOL WITH BENDS.

"Confound the bend;" exclaimed her utilitarian and impatient husband. "What a nuisance and loss of time it is to double on yourself like that when you're travelling."

"But think of the scenery, and you're in no hurry."

"But think of railroading in a half circle. Besides, I'm always in a hurry."

It would be a pity, however, if that celebrated loop could be straightened out of railway ride over the Alleghenies; and it would be a good thing if the male American could rid himself of all sense of haste when he is off for recreation. The same man will play euchre by the hour with his old cronies on a veranda, and really be as lazy as any of them, but anything like hinderance or delay vexes him.

Cresson is a suddenly beautiful revelation to the traveler who passes by on the railway that skirts it. He has been gazing at the rugged scenery for miles, when there comes into view, like a picture flashed by a magic lantern, a wooded slope of green turf, with half a hundred roofs peeping through the foliage. Some of the ornate gables belong to the big hotel, but the rest are on cottages owned and inhabited by

RICH AND MODISH PENNSYLVANIANS.

In the foreground is a spring, whose purity is traditionally curative. A fountain is throwing the same sort of water into the air. Very numerous children are playing on the grass. Lawn tennis is in operation picturesquely. And yonder is a specimen Cresson girl.

Ah, but sweet womankind is kind indeed these days in the Alleghenies. She is as fresh and sweet as a wild rose, all in pink; as feathery and cool as a thistle blossom in lavender; as white and sleek as a wet pond-lily in tailor-made piquet, or as dainty as a daffodil in yellow. She is a corn flower, all crisp ruffles of real genuine blue; she is a crisp carnation in red; she is a blessing of feathery green like a bundle of the ferns that are so plenty hereabouts. She doesn't get red, shiny and gaspy. Her cheeks are cool and pink, as seen through the crisp cloud of net that puts her down a delicious vista of white, like the daintily flushed heart of a pale tea rose. Other bangs in other September resorts, especially at the seashore, may get stringy, wet and ugly in the humid weather. The Cresson girl puts her vision of a hat on a vision of a head, and through the big spaces in the hat curls hair that is crisp and nice.

BUNDLES OF FLOWERS EVERYWHERE.

At a baseball match whole rows looked like daisy chains, with here and there a spray of golden-rod or a lot of green. It was the girls. In the lighted grounds of an evening men wander dreamily bearing bundles of flowers on their arms. Each bundle is a girl. The windows of the cottages are banked with bloom. It's the girls. The carriages are turned into caskets crowded with lace, ribbons and furbelows. It's the girls. They trail crisp muslin and dainty silk skirts over the plank walks, and the skirts are as crisp and as dainty at the finish as they were at the start.

How do the girls do it? Only the Cresson girl can. She buys some heliotrope from a juvenile pedlar of wild flowers, thrusts it through her trim belt, and makes sweetness all along the veranda she treads. Her collar does not wilt, no matter how hot the day. Her shirt front is immaculate, while the men cannot manage cheviot. Her white gloves are only less white than her dear little nose, no matter where the thermometer is kicking itself up to. To be sure, she carries a parasol if she goes beyond the wooded park, but, dear me, that is only to get the effect of being followed about by a special halo. The parasol is all transparent and of no good in the world except for the halo. Her dear little tootsies are shod in white or in dainty colors, and she trips over the damp places with never a spot. How does she do it? Oh, she's a Cresson girl. Nobody knows how but she does it.

PICTURESQUE MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

Alpine climbers would smile at the Cresson method of mountain pedestrianism, but they would have to acknowledge, at least, that it embodies luxury and picturesqueness. The heights are here, with acres upon acres of forest, in which primeval characteristics have been permitted to remain. Scattered here and there are springs of iron, alum, magnesia and other chemicals. And, oh, glory to ease! the paths are as comfortable as wide, solid plank walks can make them. Think of that, ye tender-foots. A tramp through the forest wildwood, with untrammeled nature overhead and around, but with miles of as good as a city sidewalk to step on with your corned and bunioned feet.

However, if money smoothes the ways of the wilderness for the Cressonites, it polishes their manners, too, and that without rendering them toplofty. I speak of the average. Once in a while one sees a woman who is manifestly pained by a dread that everybody will not comprehend her high social quality. But she is happily exceptional to the general politeness and good breeding. I have mentioned a 13-year-old heiress to three millions. She doesn't betray in any way a knowledge of her wealth, but is as jolly a romper and as thorough a little democrat as any child on earth.

THE PITTSBURG MILLIONAIRES.

As for the men millionaires—the old chaps who have made their great fortunes by their own successful efforts with a Pennsylvania's natural resources—they are good-humored, unpretentious, lovable, brainy coterie. Eight of them were getting photographed the other day, in an open field with trees for a background, and they were as frisky as colts while the operator was posing them in a group. No starter on a race course ever found it harder to get a field of restive horses into line than did the photographer to arrange a tableau with these men of millions. They joked and skylarked like collegians on a frolic, and had a right merry time of it.

Don't we do anything active at Cresson? Yes, we did the other afternoon—by proxy—when a team of young Cressonites played baseball with a team from Altoona. Our champions lacked two of a full set, and so the Altoona fellows lent us a couple of their best players, filling the gap in their own team with poor substitutes, notwithstanding which they wiped the dewy green sward dry with our beaus by 17 to 3. But in a german our team would outscore that Altoona party a thousand to one, and all the girls would bet on it.

NOT QUITE SO PICTURESQUE.

We can get ruder and more promiscuous rural experience if we choose to go to a little distance for it. Some of us went, by way of exploit, to a farmers' fair two hours off by rail. Of course we made the excursion on a clear day which developed into a cloudy one. The rain sozzled dismally and the grounds were soggy. The homespun crowd which we had expected to see wasn't there, but the slot machines were in place. We slotted till all our coin was gone. Then we changed bills into nickels and slotted more. It was expensive because so many machines were out of order. When your nickel is once gone you can't recover it. I suppose somebody else gets it, and this we considered hard. I had never seen a phonographic-automatic-put-things-in-your-ears machine before. We dropped in several nickels, wound it up several times, and finally got it started. I had been holding the things in my ears all the time while Mollie and Mrs. Marigold dropped in 5-cent pieces. All of a sudden I heard a band begin to play. I knew the

A Wedding Gown.

others were wondering how much it would cost before I heard anything, so I informed them that it had started. They both jumped when I spoke, and somebody came running to the window near by, and a man in the path below looked up toward me—I thought my friends didn't hear, the band was going it so hard, and I hollered louder yet that they needn't drop any more nickels—that the thing was working. They made frightened signs at me, but they didn't speak loud enough, and I told them so. Then they fell upon me, and dragged the things out of my ears, apparently killing the entire band right on the spot. A deadly quiet reigned, and I began to suspect. Mrs. Marigold said I ought to be ashamed of having shrieked in public. Then she put the things in her own ears and yelled that it was elegant. It was something awful to see that delicate, modest little woman gesticulating with her head and keeping time with her feet, and smiling with her face, and yelling with the top of her voice. Mollie did the same thing. You can't seem to help it.

A REGULAR MONTE CARLO.

Has Cresson itself no wicked dissipations? Well, it is without an open bar, even in the big hotel. That may be a deprivation to some men, but the mothers, wives and sisters deem it a happy lack. Of course, it isn't a prohibition summer colony, because if you don't see what you want to drink you ask for it—and get it. So you can be bibulous if you desire to and are not demonstrative about it. Besides, Cresson is a desperate place for gambling. Why, it is a daily sight to see quartets of men—who have grown old and rich in the speculative marts of the country, and who can't overcome their awful love of taking the chances—playing old sledge at 5 cents a corner. The women, too, are inoculated with the same shocking spirit. I have seen a table surrounded by matrons and maidens—creatures ordinarily correct in feeling and conduct—raptly playing six-hand euchre for a half-pound box of caramels.

EMMA V. SHERIDAN.

THE FASHION ILLUSTRATIONS.

Hints That Will Help the Home Dressmakers in Their Efforts.

The wedding gown shown on this page is of white faille, with a pinked ruche of the silk around the bottom of the trained skirt, studded with small sprays of orange blossoms. It is a princesse gown, the skirt being mounted on the lower edge of the short bodice, with the seam concealed by a band of pearl passementerie; a similar band trims the collar. A spray of orange blossoms is fastened at the front and the long veil is of tulle, hemmed at the edge, and attached with a wreath of orange and myrtle. It is designed from *Harpers Bazar.*

The mourning dress is of henrietta cloth and English crape. The henrietta cloth skirt is three yards and three-quarters wide at the bottom, and for a space two yards wide around the front and sides is faced 14 inches deep with crape; the top is fitted smoothly by darts at the front, and closely pleated at the back; it is mounted on an alpaca foundation skirt. The coat-bodice has a slashed basque. It opens with crape revers and collar on a vest composed of a crepe corselet with a pleated henrietta vest above. The sleeves are buttoned at the waist.

The morning house gown is of red camel's hair, trimmed with pinked frills of red, underlaid with white frills. The front is fastened diagonally with a button-hole fly and buttons. A white ribbon belt is fastened in the back seams and tied across the front. Folds of white surah are in the neck.

A lace trimmed frock is shown on this page, taken from the *Ladies' Home Journal.* It has, as a finish at the top, a silk cord, and at each side are loops and ends of black gros-grain ribbon that seem to hold up the draping of the flounce. The bodice is a pointed basque, arched well on the hips, and having the appearance of being much deeper than it really is because of the lace skirt that is added to it, and which falls quite full, giving the appearance of a marquise coat. The collar is a high one, rounded in front, and finished with a very narrow frill of the lace; while a jabot of lace comes from the collar and extends to below the waist line. A cape effect is given by the arrangement of lace on the upper part of the bodice, where it comes to a point in the back, makes a raised cap on each shoulder, then comes down in a frill to the point in front. The sleeves are almost plain, and fit the arm rather close. The embroidered chiffon could be used in place of the lace, but as it is very delicate and will not stand much wear, and is quite as expensive as the lace would be, preference is given to the former.

BADGES for lodges and societies at McMahon Bros. & Adams', 52 Fourth avenue. su

WOMEN AND THE LAW.

The Sex Should Be Thinking of the Constitutional Convention.

MANY REFORMS THAT ARE NEEDED

Relics of Barbarism Still Existing in the Marriage Ceremony.

WHAT A TEXAS WOMAN DISCOVERED.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Women know so little about law that when in the course of business they run up against an enactment manifestly unjust to them, they seem to suddenly wake up to the idea that they have some stake in the country and some rights that the lawmakers should be bound to respect. A woman in Texas has found out a thing or two recently, as she relates, that it would be well for many to know. She owned in her own right a valuable lot, and she desired to borrow money upon it to build a house. On her visit to a money lender, the first question was: "Were you born in the United States?" Not having that felicity, the negotiation, much to her surprise, was ended. Inquiry brought out the fact that an "alien law" recently passed in Texas was to the effect that none but a citizen, or one who had declared his intention to become a citizen, could loan money on or own any real estate in the State of Texas.

With this law confronting her, she says, she saw plainly that she must declare her intention to become a citizen if she wanted to retain her property, or borrow money upon it. She then went to the proper officer to be naturalized. The first question here was: "Are you a male 21 years or upward?" Of course the answer could be nothing but "no," with the additional remark that as the Legislature had passed a law confiscating her property if she did not take out papers, and become a citizen she was anxious to do so.

HAD TO DEPEND ON HER HUSBAND.

Her application was met with smiles of derision, and the clerk told her that in the great State of Texas women were not naturalized as citizens; that, if her husband was a citizen she was one too, and if he was not, then he would have to take out papers and make her one in his name. To this she replied that she had earned this property by her own labor; that it was recorded in her own name, and that she paid the taxes on it. The law did not allow her to hold the property unless she became a citizen, and the law would not permit her either to declare intentions or to take out papers as a citizen. After a vast deal of trouble and considerable expense in lawyers's fees, she succeeded in securing the money she desired. Such an experience opened her eyes to the inequality of the law, and she endeavored to have it shown up in the newspapers, but not one of them, as she relates, would publish an item upon the subject. This shows they have very one-sided ideas as to what constitutes fair play in the Lone Star State.

In South Carolina, which is held up as the model State in which no divorce can be secured, it may be supposed that domestic felicity is assured, that men and women knowing that marriage for them meant a sentence for life accommodated themselves to circumstances, and in case of mistake, settled down to the acceptance of a bad bargain, the parties taking each other literally and truly "for better or for worse," as the church service prescribes.

WOMEN GET THE WORST OF IT.

The hardship of this law falls upon the women in most cases. They are utterly dependent upon their husbands for everything. Food, clothes and the comforts of life can be doled out to them either liberally or scantily, at the husband's option. Wives in that state are held subordinate by both church and law, as were the negroes before the war. One woman who before her marriage had inherited a plantation from her father and some houses in a neighboring town, which produced a good income, said she was as poor as the wife of any laborer at a dollar a day.

Her husband collected and pocketed the proceeds of her estate for his own gratification, while she lived a sad and narrow life, with only the hope of heaven to give her comfort. "To go to God in prayer, to cast her burden on the Lord" was all the advice she got from her pastor. The church commanded her to be obedient to her husband—her lot in life, sad as it was, had been ordained for her by decree of Providence for some wise and mysterious purpose. So said her spiritual teacher. There would be a lot of comfort in this, if she could acquire the faith of St. Lawrence, who got himself up to the point of dispising everything in the world that was delightsome, and suffered sorrow patiently as a forerunner of eternal bliss. Millions of people sing

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

but it is not borne in upon the most of them to submit cheerfully to misfortune and smile where there is cause for tears.

WOMEN OWNED BY MEN.

Although our spiritual teachers are continually teaching submission and promising no end of compensation in the future, it would seem more to the purpose to stir up such agitation as would move men's minds to repeal laws that are manifestly unjust and injurious, and in which are exhibited the barbarism of past ages. The idea of ownership by a man, and subjection upon the part of a woman is presented in the marriage ceremony by the question of the parson: "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man." This, which is only a form of words in these days, when a woman has the right and power to enter into such contract of her own free will, is a survival of the old civilization which held that wives and daughters were owned by men. What marks this question as most absurd is that even a widow must have a man to give her away. The Infanta of Spain, Philip's daughter, of only 7 years was bargained for by the Regent of France for the wife of Louis XV. The conditions of the contract then made by Philip, who was a rigid Catholic, were, first, "that the Bulla Unigenius should be forced into the unanimous acceptance of the clergy of France, and secondly, that the conscience of the young King should be confided to the care of a Jesuit confessor." These conditions being complied with, the poor little girl was sent to Paris to be educated for her position. For some reason the proposed marriage became distasteful, and the Infanta was sent home to her father, much to his wrath. Another bride for political reasons was selected—no love about it. The ill-fated Marie Antoinette was traded off in the same manner for state reasons, and marriage was thus degraded as a matter of diplomacy. To this day royal daughters are held in ownership to be bestowed in marriage as best suits the interest and schemes of those in power.

WORDS THAT DO NOT COUNT.

Another part of the church service that forms a constant subject for jest and ridicule is that in which the man, prompted by the minister, without generally either consideration or sincerity, says: "With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." Everybody knows that as a rule they do nothing of the kind with their worldly goods. In fact, in many of the States he not only does not endow her with anything, but takes from her the ownership of every dollar and deed she possesses. The chivalry of Kentucky embodied that right for men in their recently adopted new Constitution. In that State and notably in the Southern States, a wife is, as Blackstone puts it, "a perpetual minor." Her husband owns her. Shakespeare put the common law of England in his day upon the subject into the mouth of Petruchio when he says of his wife Katharine:

She is my goods, my chattel; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything.

The men of Kentucky say the same thing in their law, as do those of other States today. They go to the altar and announce before high heaven and witnesses there assembled that they give their goods, their houses and barns, and household stuff, and horses, and fields, and the whole business to the bride; and they do not mean a word of it, for they have it salted down in the laws that the property of the wife, her lands, and houses, and barns, and goods, become theirs to use as they please.

In the discussion of the married woman's property bill in the House of Lords, Lord Frazier in his speech against it, said that he, for one, couldn't see why women wanted to have money in their pockets to spend as they pleased. Perhaps if he had to go to Lady Frazier and ask for pocket money every time he wanted some, he would be able to see it.

THE CEREMONY NEEDS REVISION.

Another thing in the marriage service that needs to be revised is that requiring the woman to obey her husband. That is a relic of the same old barbarous conditions that were under the old common law, and that in practice have been largely outgrown. If a wife is to solemnly pledge herself to obey her husband she cannot be called a free woman. The failure of many marriages can be traced back to the tyranny that exercises coercion under cover of this promise to obey. In this matter of marriage the church service needs revision as much as does the Westminster Confession of Faith. It is

A Morning House Gown.

surprising that ministers do not see that they impair the solemnity of marriage when the form used requires promises that have no binding force on either of the contracting parties.

Mrs. Alice Scatcherd, of Leeds, who was a delegate to the International Council of Women held in Washington, said that the law of intestacy in England is unjust to all women. There if a man dies without a will his male relatives get a larger share than do his female relatives; if a woman dies without making a will her male relatives get a larger share again than her female relatives. If a man dies without children, and he has no near relatives, it would naturally be supposed that his money would go to his wife; not so—she is only allowed one-half. Who gets the other half? The Crown. But if a wife dies without making a will and she has no children or near relatives the husband gets the whole of it. This partiality and inequality are as plainly set forth in the intestate laws of this country.

NO EXCUSE FOR THE LAWS.

Women have great need to know something of the laws which have been made for them. Through the loving care of good husbands they are largely protected from the hardships imposed by the survival of statutes that are now a disgrace to civilization. But where is the sense of allowing laws to remain that every fair-minded man knows are unjust and that seem to be only for the interest of mean men and rascals? In Mrs. Devereux Blake's report upon the "Legal Condition of Women in the United States" she says that in spite of all the prating about home being the sphere of women, in a large part of the country a married woman has no legal home. After her husband's death the widow may remain 40 days in her husband's residence—so runs the law in more than half the States. In the knowledge of all are tragedies in real life that surpass the most vivid pictures of fiction, that have been caused by the "inhumanity of man." Conscientious and considerate husbands protect their wives from the hardships of the law, but such hardships should not exist. Such laws should be blotted out.

In the South a woman may be deprived of every cent she has in the world by her husband, and submit to see her own property squandered by him on immoral companions. Self sacrifice is ever the preaching to women. It would be better for all if they would let that go a little, and study up the making of equal and impartial laws. It would be for the interest of all women if the good sisters would let the heathen rage for awhile, to let the Indians have such a taste of "wholesome neglect" as would force them to work rather than be forever on the beg, and take up the time in such study of the law as would prepare them for the coming Constitutional Convention, when the repeal of unjust laws could be urged with good effect. Notice may be given right here that there should be representative women in that convention. It needs the wisdom of both men and women to make marriage and divorce laws that will be fair alike to husband and wife.

The woman question is on in both church and State, and has got to be settled. The discontent which brings about great reforms and changes is in the air. Public sentiment is such now that there is great hope and happiness in store for the future.

BESSIE BRAMBLE.

TORTURE TO WIN A BRIDE.

The Cannibal Butocudos Lover Must Let the Ants Eat His Arm.

[Philadelphia Press.]

On the lower Amazon dwell the cannibal Butocudos, who distort their features with the biggest ornaments of a certain kind known. In babyhood both men and women have their lower lips and the lobes of their ears pierced with holes, in which are thrust pieces of wood. As they grow older these wooden adornments are made bigger and bigger until an adult ordinarily has ear lobes that hang down to the shoulders, and a lip that projects six inches or more beyond the nose. One must suffer to be beautiful, as the French say, and such is the inexorable fashion among those anthropophagi. In that country a young man who desires to take a wife must first submit himself to a frightful ordeal. He draws over each arm up to the shoulder a loose armlet woven of palm leaves.

Then, under supervision by his elders, he plunges both arms as far as he can into a nest of fierce devouring ants. The insects at once attack the intruder, of course, and, according to the terms of the trial, he must stand without moving for an hour, submitting with absolute stoicism to the bites of the enraged creatures. If he endures the test, he is entitled to a bride; otherwise he must wait for a year and then undergo it again. There are still tribes descended from the ancient Incas which bandage the heads of their children so that they assume a conical form. Funnily enough, the brain does not seem to suffer any injury from this treatment.

PIGS ON THE BOAT.

Scene on a Hudson River Steamer That Is Familiar to Travelers.

ONE WOMAN TAKEN DOWN A PEG.

Hints for Home Decoration and Entertainment for Fair Readers.

KEEPING HAIR CURLED ON DAMP DAYS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

"I blush for my sex," said a woman recently, "every time I take a trip up or down the river between New York and Albany. Before the boat starts the desirable seats in the forward saloon of the upper deck are appropriated, always by women, and are rigidly kept until the home dock is reached. As, of course, the number of such seats is a very small proportion of the thousand and more passengers which the boats carry, it follows that very few persons get any chance at them at all. It is all right to take them for awhile, but to keep them for nine hours is down right piggishness.

"I have seen women sit for the entire trip in these great luxurious chairs, with the river scenery spread out before them through the glass oval or the forward end of the saloon, and read continuously, while other travelers to whom the panorama was a novelty they have, perhaps, come far to see, stretch and crane their necks for passing glimpses.

"One of these greedy creatures was nicely circumvented on the trip down last week. She had read almost without looking up since we had left Albany, but toward 1 o'clock she got hungry. She put down her book and glanced about. People were standing everywhere and she felt her seat would not be safe to leave. She leaned toward her next neighbor, another selfish woman who had not stirrred from the start.

"'Will you keep my seat for me please, I want to go to dinner?'

"'Certainly, just pile your things in it and I'll take care of it.'

"So she got up and put down shawl and bag, book and a bundle of grasses she was burdened with, as a final precaution, laying her umbrella across the arms of the chair. And with a confident smile she went away.

"When she had fairly disappeared a woman, whose bearing showed intelligence and breeding, came forward quietly from a position where she had long stood and began to take off the luggage which filled the chair.

"'That seat is taken said its guardian reaching over quietly.'

"'You mean' corrected the usurper gently but firmly, 'that it has been taken for four hours by the owner of these things. Now I am going to take it for one hour, and then I am going to give it up to somebody who, like myself, has been standing.'

"And she continued putting off the things carefully, seating herself comfortably when she had finished.

"The guardian glared, but had not a word to say, and everybody waited for the return of the chair's first occupant.

"Presently she came, making her way determinedly through the crowded cabin. When she finally reached her former place,

A Mourning Dress.

and saw her belongings on the floor and the chair occupied, she turned to its guardian with a look of indignant inquiry.

"'I couldn't keep it,' was the answer to the look, 'she took it against my protest.'

"'If by 'she' you mean me,' here broke in pleasantly the woman who had dared, 'I certainly did take it against a protest which was without any authority that I could recognize. This lady,' she went on, indicating the claimant, 'has no continuous right to this especial place, and as she has enjoyed it for four hours reading all the time it is bare justice that she should resign in favor of one who has never seen the Hudson river by daylight and who has been standing for a long time in an effort to do so.'

"The claimant scowled and muttered something about the rights of travelers, but she was clearly worsted and she very soon got herself out of the neighborhood. The woman who took the seat was as good as her word. After keeping it perhaps an hour and a quarter she stood up and signalled a pale little woman who looked sick and tired and gave her the place."

One of the features of Mrs. Whitney's recent beautiful ball at Newport was the lawn decorations. A superb maple tree, which stood out quite alone, was hung with fairy lamps of various colors, several hundred being used on the tree, and the effect of these many lurid stars twinkling in the heavy foliage was indescribably beautiful. At a recent ball in England a cluster of trees on the lawn was lighted with much the same effect, electricity, however, in colored balls being used.

Another pretty notion at one of the recent Newport fetes was the manner of seating the guests at table—the occasion being a large luncheon. A large square-cornered table was used with four round tables touching it at the corners. Each table was decorated with flowers of one sort—white water lillies for the long table, and alamandias nasturtimus, passion flowers and lavender sweet peas for the others. As the ladies entered the room fans were presented to them, each bearing a cluster of flowers to match those at the table at which the guest was to be seated.

It has been a caprice of this summer to sit for one's silhouette. The proper gown to pose in must have a deep pointed V, with a white lawn stomacher crossed over and knotted. Then with the hair done high and a black velvet band around the neck, milady's profile may match one of the eighteenth century silhouettes, which are still regarded as triumphs of profile art.

A pretty foot warmer to throw across the foot of the bed is made of white Eiderdown flannel worked in green flax, with a bunch of loose straggling grasses. A white wool fringe knotted with the flax is on both ends. The foot warmer is about 30 inches wide.

An American girl, the Hon. Mrs. William Carington, of England, who was formerly Miss Juliet Warden, has, in her lovely country home in Old Windsor, a uniquely fitted room. It is her own bed room and is most correctly done after the Chinese style. A frieze running around the apartment is set about with tiny metal bells, a thousand in all, whose musical tinkle rings faintly out at every vibration of air through the room.

Finely powdered Peruvian bark, it is now announced, will keep bangs in curl in moist weather. It should be lightly applied with a powder puff, only, however, to blonde or brown locks. On black hair it shows, looking like fine dust. But as black hair ought never to be worn in curly fringe this qualification does not detract from the value of the suggestion.

A pretty hall chest is one of the things which may be successfully produced at home. If you live in a seaport town the chest of some ancient mariner is easily procured, otherwise one of similar style and make must be fashioned for you by a carpenter. As it need only be made of soft wood the cost is not great. After it has left the carpenter's hand it may be decorated with the applied ornamention in scroll design, which is now obtainable ready to put on, and afterward treated to a coat of stain. Old oak is the most satisfactory, or it may be ebonized if preferred. Polished brass corners and hinges may be added and a row of brass nails set around the edge with good effect. The convenience of those chests for hall use has been accepted. They beautifully conceal rubbers, mackintoshes, a storm shawl and various unsightly but useful impediments of the hall rack. If, in addition, a seat is desired, a strip of dark leather, with a light pad beneath it, may be set on across the middle of the l