

REFORMING WOMAN'S DRESS.

Miss Kate Field Says That the Way to Begin Is to Reform One's Own.

In assuming that by putting my name to a pledge I'd "help start a strong and healthy movement in favor of freedom and common sense in dress" I should be guilty of falsehood, for I don't believe that all the Sewalls, Somersets, Willards, Bartons, Stoves, Greenwoods, Beechers and Wards in creation could produce the slightest effect on woman's dress. Though Harriet Beecher Stowe did more than any one human being to break the chains of the negro, she has less power to free her sex from the slavery of fashion than the last belle of the last ballroom. Why? Because she stands for brains and not beauty, and what all women want is beauty. They associate dress reform with monstrosity, and fearing to be called "strong minded" give their corsets an extra tug to reduce the size of their waists another inch. This may be deplorable, but it is true. There is nothing so discouraging as downright fact.

"Are we to sit down and do nothing because you claim that all women are incorrigible?" asks a reformer. I have not stated that all women are incorrigible. I assert that all women want beauty and associate dress reform with ugliness. Not for worlds would I have any one sit down and do nothing who wants to give a reasonable excuse for existence, by doing something. The choice does not lie between signing pledges and doing nothing. Presuming that reformers want to reform, the question, it seems to me, is what is the best way to accomplish the purpose in view.

Let us consult the Scripture. "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" Here then is our cue. Let us begin with ourselves. Corsets are not necessarily injurious if loosely laced and only used as a support for the skirt. Greek women wore bandages about the bust that were the equivalent of the modern corset. As long as present fashions endure some sort of corset will prevail, but with the advance of science and sense lacing will become obsolete. Having reduced corsets to the minimum of harm, let us look to our footgear. Ladies, are you all wearing shoes in which it is impossible to acquire corners? Can you strike out for a walk as briskly as your men folk? Are your heels as low?

Then as to skirts. It is useless to preach the gospel of short walking skirts if your skirt does scavenger duty, or even touches the ground. Every time I order a new gown, the dressmaker assures me that short skirts are not worn; I tell her it makes no difference whatever; that long skirts in the street are filthy, extravagant, burdensome and dangerous and I'll none of them. Eventually I have my own way.

Having reformed ourselves without frightening our friends, what is the next practicable move? To endeavor to influence by example and timely persuasion women who are ready for a change, or who have some regard for our opinions. Beyond this I see no means of reaching my sex unless reformers capture the leaders of fashion. Not until society puts health and womanhood before the dictates of tradition and dress-makers will there be a radical change.

"Is it not absurd," argues the circular of the national council of women, "for thousands of intelligent women, interested in the great questions of the day and active in all good works, to accept without protest and endure without resistance these hindrances to health and usefulness?" Of course it is absurd, but the mistake is in giving intelligent women credit for intelligence in all directions, and for being active in all good works. The majority of intelligent women are profoundly ignorant of themselves and know as much about hygiene and physiology as the planet Mars knows about our presidential campaign. They are not active in work most important to them and their progeny; hence they transfer to the latter the ignorance and physical weakness of centuries.

Women who have received the "higher education" are as likely to be wanting in knowledge of how to live sensibly as their more superficial sisters; so there is little hope in adults. Their children must be taught young, and our system of education must begin with the training of the body, which is as absolutely ignored as though we were disembodied jellyfish. —Kate Field's Washington.

Old Wives and Young Husbands.

A curious fact for the physiologist's investigation is the premature aging of old women's young husbands. The young man who marries a woman twenty years his senior, by the time he is well in his forties looks sixty, while the young woman who weds the same disparity of years keeps her youth as long as her temperament and disposition permit. When the Baroness Burdett-Coutts married her very youthful spouse, Mr. Bartlett, she was a well preserved spinster of sixty odd. Now the gallant Mr. Burdett-Coutts, as he is called, looks, it is said, fully up to that, while the baroness, who is close upon eighty, looks as bright and energetic as in middle life. There is no preservation of health equal to a good heart and an ample fortune, and the aged wife of the ambitious young American is distinguished for both of these possessions. Old age can be held at bay until the very end, as Ninon de l'Enclos' career bears witness, but the conditions must be favorable and the years must be well spent. Poverty never kept any woman young; yet after all perhaps there is a good deal of justice in the averaging of time, and this premature aging of men who marry thus for wealth and position is but the double interest fate exacts from its debtors. —Boston Herald.

Thoughtful Girls.

There is some sense in the sweet girls going rowing after all. Four of them at Dexter the other night pulled from the water a young man who had been attacked by cramps while swimming and otherwise would have drowned. —Bangor Commercial.

Many Styles of Lamps.

One cannot too highly estimate the comfort and enjoyment derived from a clear, bright light. This particularly applies to the beautiful lamps that are now so fashionable, and which occupy such a prominent place in the stock of dealers in house furnishings.

The number and variety of lamps thus displayed is astonishing, and the greatest ingenuity and taste is exercised in their manufacture and decoration. They are shown in brass, wrought iron, gold and silver lacquered, beaten copper, china, silver, gold and glass, and of every conceivable design. The number and variety of shades is simply bewildering, among which may be found "harmonies" in yellow and "symphonies" in red.

Those made on wire frames add a great deal to the appearance of any lamp. Red is a predominant color, notwithstanding the fact that it is very trying to the eyes, yellow being much more acceptable. Then there are some beautiful shades of pink, sea green, pea green, lavender and pale blue. The wire foundations are of several sizes and shapes—round, octagon and square—and are trimmed with deep flounces, of the real or imitation silk used in making the shade, or of lace of a harmonizing color.

Flat shades are of all kinds and shapes—banners, shields, tambourines—as well as flowers of every description, with a few leaves and buds. These are placed at the side of a lamp on the wall and greatly enhance its appearance. —House Furnishing Review.

Agin Wimmie's Rites.

I was at a recent celebration of our country's freedom. Of course that famous declaration regarding the equality (7) of all was read from a flower bedded and flag draped platform. After the orator of the day had finished his grandiloquence a group of excited talkers attracted my attention. I pricked up my ears, for I found 'twas the woman question, which will not down, that was causing the disturbance. Some did not like the speaker's utterances on the question. He had to say something, for it cannot be ignored at the present day, and being a young man and progressive, of course he favored our cause. This angered his conservative listeners.

One of these, a rough visaged old man, whom I will call Father Follinsby, excitedly exclaimed: "Hang it all! this wimmie's rites business makes me all fired mad! (Spits to the right of him.) Dam it all! Let 'em quit all this nonsensical talk o' votin an stick to their knittin an a razin o' families; let 'em be good Christian mothers. (Spits to the left of him.) Yes, I say, let 'em be good Christian mothers, an our boys'll come out all right; they'll do the right votin when brung up by good Christian mothers!" (Rolls over his huge quid and spits again.)

Alas! thought I, if Mother Follinsby is a "good Christian mother," aye if she is a saint from heaven—can she counteract heredity and the daily influence of that foul mouthed tobacco spitter? Echo answers, "Can she?" —Fanny L. Fancher in Boston Woman's Journal.

Boiled Milk and Infant Mortality.

It may be said that most of the experiments of physiologists tend to show that boiled milk is more digestible than uncooked milk, and that, in fact, the infants who can digest the latter better than the former are the exception and not the rule. The mortality of children brought up on the bottle has lessened for some years past in considerable proportions. This mortality, which formerly reached the figure of 90 out of every 100, has been reduced to an average of 10 out of every 100 in all the departments in which the Roussel law has been diligently enforced. In the Department of the Eure that mortality a few years ago was but 7 in 100.

These happy results are plainly due in great part to the supervision of nurses required by the Roussel law. Nevertheless it must be noted that the superiority of boiled milk has been ascribed to by most physicians, and that they more and more require the nurses whom they superintend to feed their charges with boiled milk. It may be allowable to suppose that the use of boiled milk is one factor in the diminution of mortality in infants brought up on the bottle. The only case in which there would appear reason for not boiling the milk is when the animal which furnishes the milk is well known, and there can be no doubt about its apparently perfect state of health. —Paris Revue Scientifique.

How Long to Stay in the Water.

A thorough bath of the entire person should be taken at least once a week during the year, and oftener through warm weather or where the employment is such as to render it a necessity. But it is not well, even in sea bathing, to drench and soak the system, as is often done by those who are professedly in search of health. Nor should immersion in the water be continued for too long a time. From five to ten minutes is sufficient for children, from ten to twenty minutes for women, depending upon their physical vigor, and from fifteen to thirty minutes for men—the latter being as long as a robust man should remain in the water daily.

There is one advantage in sea bathing which should not be overlooked, and it is that the air is always of the purest and most inspiring. This is a factor which should not be overlooked, since for all the purposes of life, health and strength pure air in abundant quantity is the correlative of the purity which comes from the bath, while both combined tend to vigor, long life and happiness. —Good Housekeeping.

When Woman Feels Justly Proud.

Perhaps the time when a woman most feels that she is the full equal of any man is when she has begun to feel at home on a bicycle. —Ram's Horn.

Mrs. Wharton, of Kansas City, has gained fame by the courage she has displayed as fireman on the locomotive run by her husband.

SUMMER TYPES.

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER. Though you regard him as a pest, Who might find something else to do, He is ambitious at his best, And has an end in view.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT. The small boys now are often seen To be in a kerfuffle, From putting of the apple green Into their little stomachs.

MISS SMATTERER. She speaks, he understands her not, Although he is no fool; You see, the only laugh she's got She learned at boarding school.

THE PATIENT ANGLER. Though fishing be an idle sport, It teaches one to wait; For fish are very hard to court, And slow to take the bait.

MISS NARRAGANSETT. Her bathing dress, to make a stir, Sticks to her like a brother; That's why, although it pleases her, It doesn't please her mother.

FLY PAPER. I marvel not, my sticky friend, You look so fresh and new, For I can see from end to end There are no flies on you.

THE CURSE OF ADAM. It's nice to feel whatever is best; Yet one is oft convinced that it is wrong. Those who most often go away for rest Are just the ones who idle the year long.

THE RUSTICATING MAID. Though the country may have charms to please, It gives not a chance to spoon, For the only man she ever sees Is the poor old man in the moon. —New York Evening Sun.

He Approves Them.

As the park policeman came up the gravelled path the gentleman who sat with his back to a clump of bushes raised his hand warningly and inclined his head like one listening intently.

The obliging officer granted himself a special dispensation to walk on the grass and approached noiselessly. The gentleman on the seat still strained his ears to catch the sounds from beyond the intervening screen of foliage. He was rewarded.

"Sir?" "Oh, come now." "You forget yourself!" "Yes, when I think of you." "Flatterer!" "Where truth is flattery, who wouldn't speak it?"

"There now, why not?" As the lounge and the policeman peered through the branches they saw an arm stealing around a waist and heard a suppressed "Ah-hi!" Then the young man said, "Do you know I used to scratch my wrist with pins all the time until you took to wearing suspenders!" —Detroit Tribune.

Making the Most of It.



—Life.

Johnny Reasoned from Analogy.

"Sister Blanche likes you," said Johnny Squidig to Mr. Dinwiddle as the latter waited in the parlor for his adored one. "Indeed?" replied Dinwiddle, much gratified. "Here's a quarter for you, Johnny."

The boy placed the coin in his pocket, and the young man asked: "What did she say about me, Johnny?" "Well, I heard her say you were very fresh, and I know she likes fresh things, because she scooped the clock awfully this morning because her eggs at breakfast weren't fresh."

When Miss Squidig reached the parlor Mr. Dinwiddle was not there. —Pittsburg Chronicle.

The Usual Excuse.

Two ladies who had not seen each other for years recently met in the street. They recognized each other after a time and their recognition was cordial.

"So delighted to see you again. Why, you are scarcely altered." "So glad, and how little changed you are. Why, how long is it since we met?" "About ten years." "And why have you never been to see me?" "My dear, just look at the weather we have had." —Tit-Bits.

A Question of Time.

Featherstone—Briggs tells me that you won at poker down at the seashore the other day.

Ringway—In one sense I did, but in another sense I did not.

Featherstone—What do you mean? Ringway—The proprietor of the hotel was in the game. —Clothes and Furnishings.

Quite Orthodox.

Waggles—The mosquito reminds me of a professional singer.

Jaggles—How's that? Waggles—When it has got through its song it presents you with its bill. —New York Evening Sun.

True Love.

"I love you. Will you be my wife?" "Will you promise to snub that odious Miss Van Astor all this week?" "I will."

"Well, then—yes." —Chicago News-Record.

A Fear, Alas! Too Often Justified.

It is not her husband's loneliness that brings a woman back to his waiting arms; it is the fear that he isn't lonely. —New York Herald.

Mishap to a Geologist. A geologist noticed some small, sleek; He hammered his thumb, Which made him swear sump, And that, he well knew, wasn't noise. —Detroit Free Press

ALMOST A SEA TRAGEDY.

The Story of a Newly Wedded Pair and a Bathing Suit.

They had been wedded a week and this sweet day they were down by the sea, where the billows beat musically upon the silver sands and fall in rhythmic cadence upon the sentient shore, changing ever, as if it were a living thing.

They had wandered away from the crowd in the earlier morning, but as the hour approached when Neptune holds his reception to the bathers they mingled again with the throng and shyly tried the wetness of the waters.

She was so blushing, so timid, and he was so brave, so daring. He met the waves face to face and breast-thrust them, and when she screamed as a breaker dashed upon him, he said to her: "Tut, tut, Mamie, it is nothing."

She leaned upon his strong right arm and clung to him fondly, as he took her out into the briny and boisterous surf, and Strong limbed and lithe and lissom, he was a picture even in his bathing suit and well might Mamie feel that George was a prize package.

Once more they essayed the billowy depths, and George had made a mighty effort against a wave to prevent himself and his fair bride from standing on their heads before a thousand eyes upon the beach.

She screamed in merry glee, but when George came up clutching at himself and growing deadly pale she screamed in wild affright.

"Oh, George! George!" she cried. "Sh—sh—," he hissed through the seething salt water.

She would have screamed for help, but he caught her. "Keep still, keep still," he whispered hoarsely as a great wave engulfed them, and she kept still.

"What is it? Oh, George, what is it?" she moaned as he dragged himself along on the bottom with only his head visible.

He stooded himself as he best could and looked at her dreamily for a moment. "Mamie," he murmured, "do you love me?"

"Oh, George," she cried, "more than life itself," but she did not touch him, for she was fearful.

"Well, dear, if you do," he said, "skip across the beach and bring a closed carriage here. I've ripped my bathing suit up the back and if I move six inches I'll fall out of it."

And Mamie skipped. —Detroit Free Press.

Got What He Wanted.



"Oh, let me drink of thine eyes; Oh, let me drink; oh, let me drink!"



"Drink, then, and shut up!" —Life.

Not Very Lasting.

The friendship that exists between the different European countries is not very lasting. England and Turkey are friendly at present, but either or both of them may be seeking other allies before a week passes.

These diplomatic notes remind one very much of the note a bachelor who, wanting a wife, wrote to a young lady. He applied for her heart and hand, and wound up as follows: "Have the goodness to send me a reply as soon as possible, as I have another young person in my eye." —Texas Siftings.

Laying On of Hands.

Judge—Do you plead guilty or not guilty to the charge of stealing those trousers? Prisoner—I simply did what I was asked to do, your honor.

Judge—What do you mean? Prisoner—I obeyed a sign that said "Hands Wanted on Pants." —Clothes and Furnishings.

Economy Is Wealth.

"He's an economical man." "How does he show it?" "He wanted a sign prohibiting fishing on his place, so he took a board out of an old bale he had with 'Use no hooks' painted on it, and put that up." —Harper's Bazar.

Married Men Preferred.

Old Editor—Where is Scribbler? Assistant—Gone off to get married. Old Editor—Well, I'm glad of that. He won't kick so about staying here nights now. —New York Weekly.

A Metamorphosis.

When in her bathing suit she trod The ocean's sandy bed, Young Cupid, without snail or nod, Just turned his back and fled. —Washington Star.

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