

WHEN OUT DOORS

Camping and Travelling Dress for Mountain Use.

The Fat Lady and the Guides—Reasons Why Shooting Suits Seem Most Appropriate—The Modera Diana Almost a Myth.

Three or four days ago I stood on the Utowana carry that leads from the lovely lake of that name to Marion river, and thence to Raquette lake in New York, and I saw this procession pass in either direction:

A half dozen or so guides, carrying their loads on their backs for all the world like so many turtles.

An assortment of children in the usual styles and sizes.

A traveler in a gray shirt and slouch hat, with a gun in his hand, and a camping outfit on his back.

A camping outfit party, consisting of a man and his wife, the short-skirted and blue-bloused, in her dannel and bending under a huge pack of camping tools and blankets.

Half a dozen fashionably-attired women with parasols upfold and anxious eyes upon the children, scrambling up the sides of the carry path to pick berries.

A wagon piled high with hure trunks, belonging to the half dozen women. As many men, also, appearing to them.

A fat, over-dressed woman, waddling hesitatingly along the road, grumbling, because there was no carriage, and attended by a maid solicitously holding a parasol over her head.

Extremes meet when the athletic guides with their easily born burdens, gazed curiously upon the fat lady, who would scarcely support herself half a mile.

I think that when women will take Karatoga trunks from Saratoga to

for woods work, but had proved appropriate enough after—as I should judge—being turned upon an inch or so at the hem. One was a simple cloth suit, with coat, skirt and hat to match and a shirt of cambric. This was by far the best of the three. Although it is summer, a soft hat is much better for woods work than a straw. Still, the white gown with blue figures, with a deep shoulder cape and sash did not look out of the way in the well-made park which might have been an inner park of some park; nor was the other, an embroidered gown, with draped bodice and elaborate hat altogether unsuitable. Many there may be who go into the woods with no intention of roughing it, and as there is no more dust than at sea, even fine gowns will not soil. Still it is better to look like an Appalachian club member when in the mountains, even if one climbs not. Shorten the old dress four inches instead of one, get a soft Alpine hat to match it, and a good beginning has been made.

For myself I would prefer to see the woods with guides, camping out in a different spot nearly every night and traveling together by boat. These extraordinary woodsmen do such wonders with the ax as well as the oar that it is a pleasure to watch them. Our guide will build a brush shanty complete and strip hemlock boughs for a bed in it in three hours. It takes about a dozen small trees to furnish the ridgepoles and uprights, rafters and beams and the small twigs to cover it. A party large enough to have two or three guides will always find one of them a "good plain cook" as well. They are kings among men, and they will charge extra price for carrying a trunk and grubbie besides, while they think nothing of carrying a boat, and that brings me back to where I began.

With a trunk awaiting one in the nearest town, one can do very nicely on such a trip with only a hand bag



THE LANE IN THE WOODS.

North Creek, by rail, to Blue Mountain lake twenty-seven miles by coach, to Utowana by steamer, across the carry by wagon, to Raquette lake, by steamer again, up the John Brown's tract inlet by skiff pulled by a guide, then two miles of carry on a man's back, then another lake, then another carry, then more lakes, then a steamer to Forge, and then a stage to the station; or to come from Raquette lake, as I did, down the Raquette and through Upper Saranac, and thence here, with at least three times as many carries—when a woman will do that, I say, it is time for someone to write an article upon camp cookery.

Traveling in the Adirondacks is wonderful and beautiful, especially in the inner reaches where steam launches are not yet. You are rowed by strong arms through lovely little lakes, one after another, and between them come frequent falls through the woods where you stroll along within sight and hearing of a tinkling forest brook, while the guide carries the boat over on his shoulders and then trots back after the baggage. They tell of one guide, who on an emergency, rowed a gentleman and his wife from Old Forge to the Blue Mountain in a single day, rowing thirty-seven miles in his boat and carrying not only the boat, but a couple of heavy bags over three miles and a half of woods path. As he had to recross each carry together the bags, seven miles with a heavy load.

The moral is plain.

One of the proprietors of the Adirondack railroad left to his daughter, a lovely woman, a good many square miles of forest land, which she herself knows by heart. She wears in the woods a brown corduroy suit, shooting jacket, with ten pockets, cap and short skirt, reaching just to the top of her extremely high shoes. It was over thirty years of age, instead of fifty, I think she might wear knickerbockers, though, as yet, I haven't seen a pair of these bifurcations in the woods. Yet they are a deal more necessary for camp life and roughing it than they are for bicycling.

A brown corduroy is unsuited to some complexions. What say you, then, to a suit in the English chokwing of any tint you want the skirt, made to clear the ground by four or five inches, the head covering a checked fur and after, with checked patterns over tan shoes? One of the prettiest woods dresses I have seen is so made, and its complete simplicity emphasizes the value of accurate fitting and tasteful details, even in the simplest dress.

The latter half of August and first week in September is the best time in the year for roughing it. If a woman must go unprepared, she may with comfort wear a well-gown, expressing her trunkful of fetching hotel frocks from point to point by rail.

In a wooded campsite by Forked Lake I met three pretty girls whose costumes were not especially designed

for wooded travel articles. Of course, blankets and heavy things generally go in a "pack." A guide will grin cheerfully under a pack as big as two trunks. And in a woods dress there must be pockets. This is why I think a corduroy or tweed shooting suit the

best outfit possible. Pockets are en regle in a shooting jacket. Besides, the guides wear them.

I had heard a great deal before coming hither about women who kill deer, but I confess I have seen none of them as yet. I hope to do so. But here, as in England, I fancy the women go to hunting regions because the men are there. The game is human, snared, or caught or killed, it is most easily by a pretense of interest in its quarry, its tastes, its habits. KLEIN OSBORN.

Every Town Has Them.

The Syracuse Courier has classified a new type of miscreant people whom it calls "Berkmiks." It says they belittle the efforts of the generous and public spirited by their cantankerous criticisms. They find fault where no fault exists. They suspect other people of ulterior motives, of esoteric purposes, when their liberality exceeds by which they themselves have been able to gain a little praise. They are, in some instances, led around by the nose by brainier men, who use them as tools to pull chestnuts out of the fire. They do more to embarrass progress and the development of a progressive spirit than a swarm of seven-foot-year locusts.

A Poor Catch.

"Are you getting many bites?" asked one man of another, who was angling in a New Jersey stream.

"Pretty," was the laconic reply.

"Are you catching many?"

"Not one."

"How's that?"

"They fly away."

"Fly? The fishes fly away?" repeated the questioner in amazement.

"Who is talking about fish?"

"I am."

"Well, I'm not."

"What are you talking about?"

"Mosquitoes"—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

DIDN'T MIND HIM

How Mr. Whitney Refused to Come Home for the President.

Miss Rockefeller's Engagement—What Col. Denby is to Do in China for the New York Merchants—Miss Willard's New Role.

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The phenomenon of the time in New York is the political weakness of William C. Whitney. This does not mean that his power is gone—he could even secure the gubernatorial nomination, but it would require great effort by a 75 means. But there have just come to light circumstances, yet to be made public, which promise to be as embarrassing to Mr. Whitney as circumstances can be. As is well known, Mr. Whitney and Mr. Cleveland, once warm friends, were reputed subsequently to be a trifle estranged. This estrangement was the result of the Standart Oil company by allying the democratic party with its fortunes. The first intimation of trouble was in letters from southern democrats warning the president that Mr. Whitney's power with the party was being used with effect by such populists as Tillman, Simpson and Kolb to prove the existence of corruption influence. Mr. Whitney was then in Europe, but his political lieutenants lost no time in meeting this attack. They at once started to "boom" him for governor, and succeeded in delaying the tariff bill through their influence in the senate. This was done as a show of strength for the president's benefit, and it need hardly be stated that Senators Gorman, Brice, Hill and even Cameron were not slow in taking advantage of an opportunity to further their peculiar ends.

Now, the one thing in all this is the fact that Mr. Whitney's followers were instrumental in delaying the tariff bill. In the house it is an open secret that Mr. Whitney and Mr. Havemeyer have pretty much the same coterie of schemes to carry out their aims. Senator Cameron, in the senate, is said to be very much in the confidence of both Whitney and Havemeyer, and to be largely friendly with the democratic leadership generally. His personal sympathies are more with democratic senators than with republican ones.

The Standart Oil company being a factor in the situation unknown to most onlookers, it seemed essential that Mr. Whitney should return from Europe and help straighten matters out. This, it seemed, he could easily have done, and the long, irritating delay, which, even to this day, has never been clearly explained, would have been avoided. Nor can it be asserted that he had no intimation that his presence was vital to the confidence of Mr. Whitney. On the contrary, he was made aware in no uncertain way that if he returned he could play the role of the savior of his party. Only he could settle the claims of the two great trusts by making them cease an unseemly strife. Both the Havemeyers and the Rockefeller's obey Whitney's slightest behest.

But for some reason Mr. Whitney would not return. Instead, he caused the plainest announcement to be made that his tour abroad had been interrupted by illness in his family, and that he was detained in London by the state of his daughter's health.

Yet the administration waited. Still there was no sign. The fight went on. The weary delay continued, distracting the country, and in desperation Mr. Cleveland was compelled to write his famous letter to Chairman Wilson. And there was one thing in that letter which has yet to be fully appreciated by the country. When Mr. Cleveland mentioned trusts and their peculiar methods, it was supposed he had snarled in mind. But the few who have known the details given above saw that Mr. Cleveland was speaking of the Standart Oil company, and giving the plainest notice to Mr. Whitney that he must either give up his trust or his party. It is now nothing more nor less than a severe breach between Mr. Whitney and the president.

Some democrats are wondering how it will end.

Steve Brodie's Luck.

That famous New Yorker, Mr. Steve Brodie, is once more the pride of his beloved bovery. The stab that laid him low only disabled him temporarily.

The bridge-jumper is the latest of a series of accidents. The old time Bowerly is passing away and under the new sensitive powers of the police has become comparatively respectable. It is no longer dangerous for the exploring haysed to venture upon that thoroughfare, and the tourist who has heard of its wilds is always disappointed when he sets foot upon it.

Now Steve Brodie is the old guard of this departed greatness. He has a wonderful collection of pictures of the sporting characters of the past and present, and he has, too, an assortment of trophies unequalled among the wonders of the gathering miasma. He exhibits with pride a dab of Mitchell's blood wiped up from the floor of the ring after his battle with Corbett. He owns a bit of the sock worn by Sullivan when he beat Ryan and the pair of gloves with which Corbett made himself champion of the world. Nor is this by any means a list of the most wonderful of the Brodie trophies. Most persons will learn with interest that these relics he acquires a money rather than the excitement of the ring and that Brodie has a snug little fortune in them.

A Rockefeller Episode.

For some time now a rumor has been circulated among the friends of the Rockefeller family to the effect that

MORALS OF TODAY

The New Woman as Exemplified in the Heavenly Twins.

Virtue and Innocence to Be No More—Are Old-Time Restrictions Dying Away, and is Immorality a Right of the Individual?

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Civilized countries have not generally gloried in their offenses against the moral law. When they tripped they did not call a crowd to witness to their fall, nor vaunt it as a better way of going than uprightness. Still, keeping themselves clean, did they induce others to besmeer themselves with mud, nor did they endeavor to show that this mud was a beautiful and wholesome substance, and that to besmeer with filth was much the same thing as to crown with roses and be diademed with rubies. Respect for virtue has hitherto obtained even among the backsliders of those countries where society was founded on certain well-defined ethical principles. And if this has been true of the backsliders, how much more, then, of the practically innocent? It is different with our English folk at the end of the nineteenth century—we of the self-laudatory age in which we openly advocate immorality as among the rights of the individual, and as openly deride those old-time restrictions by which social order and purity have hitherto been maintained.

Turn where we will, not one of the former landmarks dividing the permissible from the forbidden has been left in its place. In the home and in the streets, in the press and in parliament, are preached doctrines which upset all existing arrangements and introduce a new rendering of the decalogue. The virtues once made obligatory are now nowhere in the field. The mutual interdependence of the various members of the community and the disciplined interaction which makes the general good of more account than individual desire have given place to an unchecked egotism which destroys the very rootwork of organization. The good of the community counts for nothing at all and the desire of the individual sweeps the board. The due subordination of inferiority—the frightful influence of education and the authority of knowledge—the headship of man and the fitting functions of women—the grace of patience—the modesty of humility—the reticence of maidenhood—the courage of self-restraint—respect for the law—loyalty to the nation—all forms of obedience in short, have vanished from our code. Instead of that self-respect in self-control which used to be the virtue practiced by pagans like Marcus Aurelius and Christians like Sidney and More and Melancthon, we hear only of the right of the individual to live such kind of life as he shall deem best for his own happiness. But we disguise this apotheosis of Self, under the name of democratic evolution, of the New Hedonism, of neo-radicalism, of the duty we owe ourselves in our own development, and the full use of our liberty, and when we throw off all restraint and abandon our appointed duties because they bore us, then we call it stepping out of the doll's house into the wide world of self-culture. And we applaud that act of unbridled egotism as if it were as heroic as it is in reality base.

Many of the dramas and much of the literature turn on this new outbreak of egotism devoid of principle and stripped bare of self-sacrifice. The sympathies of the public go with the neurotic divergences, who cannot find happiness in duty nor rest in love, and who will not seek it in employment, the neurotic divergences, who weep because every one's happiness because she is bored and boredom is the living sin which excites crime. The second Mrs. Tanqueray is "understood" and "trot" comprehend at tout pardonneur. Greatitude or consideration for others does not enter into the picture. In the apotheosis of Self what place has any form of human virtue?

This upsetting of old principles gives a phantasmagoric aspect to life, at once bewildering and distressing. Is there really no such thing as elemental morality—no difference between right and wrong, for the simple reason that nothing is right but what we make it—nothing wrong if we desire it?

Are the virtues which Christ taught never scarcer ones put up by age and authority the better to subdue youth and insubordination? or were they the expression of the higher law of life and the truer wisdom? Filial obedience, for example, is there such an obligation, or are parents the enemies and tyrants of their children, who are therefore in their right to defy and oppose them? Is it true that the reason why grandfathers and grandmothers are generally regarded as enemies is because they are a common enemy in the son of the one and the father of the other? At for mothers and daughters, we have it on the testimony of one who speaks with authority—the former are unapathetic, restrictive, coercive beyond reason, and the latter are therefore justified in their rebelliousness—are in their right when they demand the dangerous liberties embodied in the symbol of the latch key. The purity of maidenhood, bound up in its ignorance of certain feminine arts, and its motherly woman, regarded as a girl's most precious possession, of which only devils would rob her, and purity in ignorance has come to be a broken idol. Open the book-stands of moral filth to the young girl, hitherto guarded from defilement. Let her mind attain itself to these key-words of impurity which the modern woman writes for the enlightenment of the modern girl—let her dabble in the obscene trappings which our women elaborate out of the depths of their own diseased imaginations. Let the grand distinction between the sheltered maiden and the waster of the streets be broken down and under the delusive plea of the "protective power of knowledge" let the lady-girl learn besides all that the gutter-bred has mastered from the "flaming" in the apotheosis of immorality, now fashionable, this mental defecation has its own place of honor and the premature initiation is one of the rare of the fr.

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Are the virtues which Christ taught never scarcer ones put up by age and authority the better to subdue youth and insubordination? or were they the expression of the higher law of life and the truer wisdom? Filial obedience, for example, is there such an obligation, or are parents the enemies and tyrants of their children, who are therefore in their right to defy and oppose them? Is it true that the reason why grandfathers and grandmothers are generally regarded as enemies is because they are a common enemy in the son of the one and the father of the other? At for mothers and daughters, we have it on the testimony of one who speaks with authority—the former are unapathetic, restrictive, coercive beyond reason, and the latter are therefore justified in their rebelliousness—are in their right when they demand the dangerous liberties embodied in the symbol of the latch key. The purity of maidenhood, bound up in its ignorance of certain feminine arts, and its motherly woman, regarded as a girl's most precious possession, of which only devils would rob her, and purity in ignorance has come to be a broken idol. Open the book-stands of moral filth to the young girl, hitherto guarded from defilement. Let her mind attain itself to these key-words of impurity which the modern woman writes for the enlightenment of the modern girl—let her dabble in the obscene trappings which our women elaborate out of the depths of their own diseased imaginations. Let the grand distinction between the sheltered maiden and the waster of the streets be broken down and under the delusive plea of the "protective power of knowledge" let the lady-girl learn besides all that the gutter-bred has mastered from the "flaming" in the apotheosis of immorality, now fashionable, this mental defecation has its own place of honor and the premature initiation is one of the rare of the fr.

Our Veterans Diplomat.

The return of our minister to China, Col. Charles Denby, to his post in Peking, has attracted more attention than when he threw off all restraint and abandoned our appointed duties because they bore us, then we call it stepping out of the doll's house into the wide world of self-culture. And we applaud that act of unbridled egotism as if it were as heroic as it is in reality base.

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