

# TO EAT WITH YOUR KNIFE IS NOT UNLADYLIKE

*Provided, of Course, That You Do It Neatly and Do Not Close Your Lips Tight Over the Blade—This, However, Was in 1836, When Mrs. John Farrar Published "The Young Ladies' Friend"—And Her Advice Did Not Stop at Knives and Forks.*



A FAMOUS anthropologist, whose name is not yet to be divulged, sent us this book, which, he said, he had discovered one day in his search for origins.

"Ladies are said to have died out as a species," he wrote. "I, too, had thought they were extinct. I knew of salesladies and ladies of the chorus. But ladies—in the ancient prefixless connotation of the term—had wholly merged into a strange and newly honorable classification. They are now known to themselves only as women.

"You, too," he wrote us, "have remarked the passing of the lady. Read this volume and learn just what it is that makes the daily life—thoughts, habits and trials—of a real lady. Then learn why it is she has passed—if she has passed."

And we have learned much. We rejoice that she has passed. And we smile secretly to know—that she has not passed.

Yet the advice which Mrs. John Farrar gave to her trembling young ladies in 1836 is not archaic. It will be found gratefully applicable to-day. The softer sex to-day, while it has a closer youthful acquaintance with masterful man, knows not, perhaps, how to accept his challenges or refuse them with the proper amount of dignity and humility.

Puzzling predicaments are explained away with quick lucidity. The knife and fork, confusing implements, need not be the object of false pride and snobbery—or perhaps I should say, over-delicacy. The knife may be inserted into the mouth with satisfactory propriety.

Not enough is it, explains Mrs. Farrar, that devoted parents have instilled into the young female natural instincts of piety and maidenly grace. There comes a time when she steps into Society from the Schoolroom, and when she must learn to be human as well as delicate. Though her thoughts be pure and fine, she must not forget that she is essentially a creature of actions, and that she dare not neglect the physical side of her being. How many young ladies succumb to consumption, merely because they forget that because of their earthly natures they require exercise, forget that they must eat and, above all, that they must breathe.

"A time will come," says Mrs. Farrar, "when every gentleman's seat in the country will be furnished with the means of outdoor exercise for ladies, such as bowling alleys with lighter and smaller balls to suit their little hands."

If, instead of sitting a whole morning over your books and work, you would jump up at the end of every hour or two and play the graces or skip the rope, it would greatly help to keep your circulation brisk or healthy. This is a habit not only beneficial, but also as charming as the young dandy who indulges in it.

"Fishing," says Mrs. Farrar with a prohibitory smile, "is often recommended as good for calling into play the muscles of the arms and chest, as well as those of the lower limbs, but it ought to be so repugnant to the feelings of a humane and delicate young woman to make a pleasure of torturing and killing those pretty harmless creatures that I cannot tolerate the practice, much less recommend it."

When these sports are too—crude shall we say?—for the delicately nurtured female, reading aloud is a valuable substitute. Particularly commendable is the practice of laughing in certain moderation.

"Laughter is a very useful exercise of the lungs, and may be freely indulged, in proper place and time . . . but before your mother's guests do not indulge in laughter, as that is disrespectful."

Eating, too, is at best an anæsthetic necessity. But a few rules for behavior may rob the ceremony of its terrors for the softer sex. There is little reason for relegating the knife to the class of cutlery exclusively. It is capable of modest and exquisite handling.

"If you wish to imitate the French or English you will put every mouthful into your mouth with your fork, but if you think, as I do, that Americans have as good a right to their own fashions as the inhabitants of any other country, you may choose the convenience of feeding yourself with your right hand, armed with a steel blade, and provided you do it neatly and do not put in large mouthfuls or close your lips tight over the blade, you ought not to be considered as eating ungentlely."

"Where the old fashion of challenging ladies to take wine prevails, it generally begins directly after soup; if you are asked, do not refuse, because that is a rebuff, but accept the challenge graciously, choose one of the wines named to you, and when your glass is filled look full at the gentleman you are to drink with, then drop your eyes as you bow your head to him, and lift the glass to your lips, whether you drink a drop or not. If challenged a second time, accept, and have a drop added to your glass, and bow as before."

This graceful method of seeming to accede to the gentlemen's behest avoids all appearance of unmaidenly wilfulness, and at the same time preserves to the tactful gentleman her dignity and high principles unscathed.

Detailed and highly useful advice is given for the entrance into a ballroom and preliminary preparations.

"Arrived at the place and disrobed of your shawl or cloak, let your gloves be on and, with erect carriage and firm step, enter the drawing room, either with your parents, three together or following them alone, or on the arm of a friend or sister. Look toward the lady of the house and walk up at once to her, not turning to the right or left or noticing any one until

you have made your courtesy to her and to the host. Then you may turn off toward the young people and take a seat among them, with that agreeable expression of ready sympathy on your face which encourages conversation."

The occupations of every young lady should include intelligent care of the household. She need not confine herself to petty cares, for if she regulate her days wisely she may have an exquisitely conducted household, and with all this have her mind thoroughly cultivated. Let me tell you, begs Mrs. Farrar, of a young lady of my acquaintance.

"In the household, in the garden . . . with the casual wanderer, everywhere she was superintending, directing, kind, amiable, the comfort of all around and the delight of her family; her cheerfulness was in proportion to 'That sweet peace which goodness begets ever.' She flew up and down the rocks with the lightness of a mountain roe; she sprang into a boat like the Lady of the Lake. With all this her mind was thoroughly cultivated. She had an elegant taste in the authors of her own language, understood Latin, Italian and English, and charmed me with her conversation whilst she employed her fingers in the fancy work."

The intellectual lady is a source of great uneasiness to the authoress. "Those ladies who are deeply interested in their studies and are pursuing knowledge with an eagerness that leaves them little time or inclination for the

duties of their toilette are responsible to their sex for not bringing literary pursuits into disrepute by neglecting their personal appearance. Let them consider that for many years it was a standing argument against giving daughters a liberal education, that if they became learned or literary they would inevitably be slatterns in their dress and in their conduct of household affairs.

"The connection, in many minds, is still very close between blue stockings and dirty stockings; let nothing be done to strengthen it; let them follow the example of those distinguished female writers of the last half century, who have done so much to destroy the prejudice of the other sex against learned ladies."

Sane advice is this. And that the modern young woman has followed it is evident. Examine the prominent writers of your own day and determine whether it is not a fact that they are dressed more elaborately than the society belle, and not in that careless severity of attire which was once a visible part of their mental superiority.

Chiefly is the forceful progressiveness of the lady who has written this book shown in her chapters on health and dress. Boldly removed from common conceptions is her advice to abjure the drinking of water as an unreasonable, superfluous and harmful habit. Overeating would be cured, she says with firmness, if one inverted the customary order and ate deli-

ciacies first, thus automatically destroying the desire for too much food.

"The most approved mode of treating children now is to give them their piece of cake first and then to let them satisfy their appetites with bread." Eminently practical is this plan, for in its pursuance one would soon cease to be offended by the sight of gluttony and distressing avoirdupois.

"Man is one of those animals which require very little drink," she quotes from high authority, concerning the pernicious and idle habit of drinking. "The laboring man who sweats profusely may be allowed to drink more freely, but ladies who undergo no hard toil or exposure to a hot sun are better without those frequent drafts." Certainly it is far more natural to see a horse drink up its water thirstily after a run than it is to see the lady who has been coolly borne by the willow animal indulge herself in this fashion.

Very delicately, but not at all with a lack of decisiveness, does Mrs. Farrar enter into the evils attendant upon the slavish following of dress habits. Ladies who through the use of tight garments prohibit proper breathing and circulation are committing follies. Skirts which are so tight stepping into one's conveyance causes necessarily the display of silken hosiery are more than inconvenient—they are unmaidenly.

"Another fruitful source of pain and dis-

ortion is wearing tight shoes. Shoes that are too narrow make the foot look like something rolled up and stuffed into them, and render the foot tottering, as if the soles of the feet were round instead of flat. The foot of the Venus de Medici is double the width of the sole of a French slipper, and distorted indeed would be any statue modelled after the proportions allowed to the feet of the fair ladies that parade Broadway."

Delicately does Mrs. Farrar enter into an examination of the human skin and its needs. The habit of suppressing perspiration is one of grave danger. True that one hates to see drops of moisture on the clear brow of a lady. But indelicate as perspiration is, the lack of it explains why it is that so many more ladies than gentlemen die of consumption.

Neither is the value of the bath to be underestimated.

"In the most civilized nations of Europe great attention is paid to the health of the skin, and all the arrangements of domestic life include the means of copious and constant bathing. Large provision is made for washing in the sleeping rooms of the English, and travellers are not thought unreasonable if they require more than a quart of water for their morning toilet." How happily does this dispel a host of misconceptions in respect of the European.

Her chapter on nursing is illuminating. What a charming picture does she draw of the

efficiency of the young female engaged in that most womanly pursuit—the soothing of the invalid's fevered brow. Her chapter is filled with succinct bits of scientific advice. Common sense buoyed up delicate kindness. Common sense is followed by careful treatment. Dressing of blisters, for example, is a simple first process entailing the use of a pair of sharp pointed scissors and cloths.

Leeches, says Mrs. Farrar with justice, should not disgust our tender sensitivities. They are valuable implements in the science of medicine and not at all infelicitous. "Their ornamental stripes should recommend them even to the eye, and their valuable services to our feelings. When they come to us from the apothecary they are perfectly clean, though slippery to the touch."

Those of this book's readers who have been young girls will appreciate the true insight that is shown by the chapter on manners and social usages. The smile, unlike breathers, is noticeable both when it is and when it isn't. Doubtly noticeable is it, to the wearer, at a soiree. This homily solves the problem:

"A smile, to have an agreeable effect, must be the natural consequence of a kind, social feeling, and it must be followed by the repose of the risible muscles, and these alternations should pass over the countenance like the light and shadows on a field of waving grain in summer."

Then, too, the proper mode of bowing perplexing to some who have not been naturally gifted with this gracious art.

"Some girls have a trick of jiggling the bodies (I am obliged to coin a word in order to describe it); they shake all over as if they were hung on spiral wires, like the green of a Dutch toy. Some do it only on entering a room, others do it every time they are introduced to anybody. It must have originated in embarrassment, and being adopted by some popular belle, it became a fashion in New York and spread thence to other cities." Never jiggle.

Then there is the unhappy habit which has been observed in some young ladies of nibbling. Nibbling is very bad.

"Some persons have a senseless trick of nibbling everything they can lay hold of of mice. The corners of fire screens and of drawings, gloves, pocketbooks, fans are all fast to this kind of mouse, and I have heard of a person who is so dreading in this particular that when she is going to a friend's house there is a general putting away of everything she can gnaw."

In short, says this charming and broad-minded democrat, "in this privileged land, where we acknowledge no distinctions but where are founded on character and manners, she a lady who, to inbred modesty and refinement adds a scrupulous attention to the rights and feelings of others. Let her worldly possessions be great or small, let her occupations be what they may, such an one is a lady, a gentle woman."

## The Man Who Had the Habit

THE man who always acts as toastmaster was seated at dinner with his immediate family.

"Papa," began five-year-old Willie, "may have."

"Hush, Willie," corrected Mamma. "Papa hasn't introduced you yet. Now, Papa."

The man who had the toastmaster habit had clinked his tumbler with a fork, and arose from his place.

"Some five years ago," he said, in his best banquet manner, "an interesting event occurred in this house. It was prefaced by considerable excitement and not a little anxiety. When the worst was over, my good friend, Dr. Soakum administered a brisk but good-natured spanking to a very red atom of humanity, and a voice new to these premises was heard in shrill pipings. This voice has since grown in strength and range as its owner has developed in stature, and it affords me great pleasure to say that it has made this house cheerier and happier by its varied tones. The atom of humanity has expanded and thrived, and we have it with us to-night. Again I say that it is with great pleasure that I introduce my son, Willie. Now, Willie, what was you were about to remark?"

"Papa," said Willie, "may I have another piece of steak?"

"No, my boy," said the man who had the toastmaster habit, "but you may have another baked potato."

## Last Call for Old Five Points.

Continued from page one.

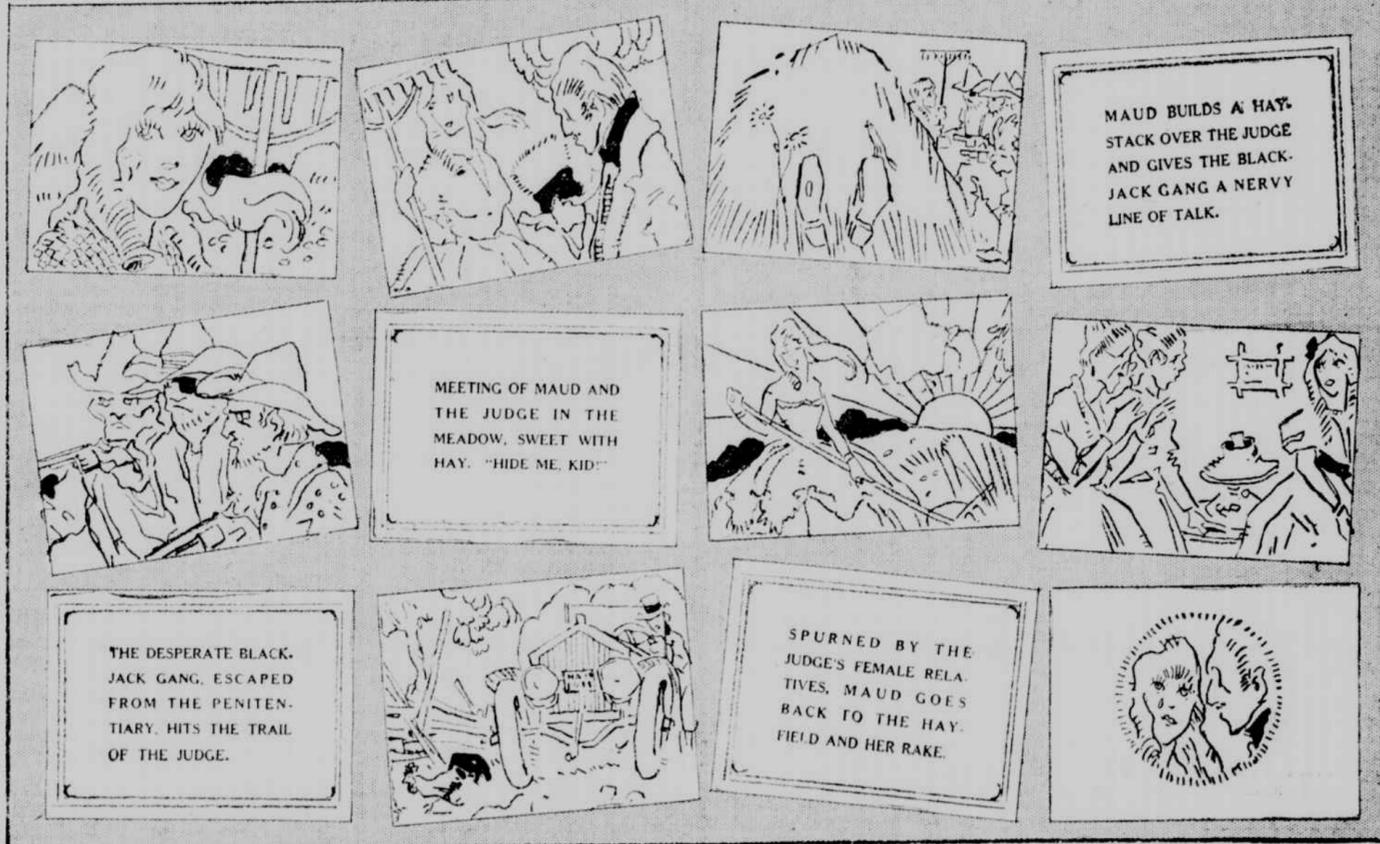
the chuckle of a million of counterfeit Jim Crows in one inimitable sound!"

This is what Dickens saw at the Five Points, and when it is analyzed it reduces itself to a matter of dirt, darkness, congestion and unsanitary conditions. Crime there was, of course, but crime that was engendered of these conditions, and now that they have been removed, the crime has been blown away like a fog. And it is so in all contemporary accounts of the wretchedness of the Five Points. The dank alleys, crowded sleeping rooms, gloomy streets and ubiquitous rat holes made up about nine-tenths of the horror of the place. The other tenth was crime, fights, robberies, and not infrequently murders. But if you will go down to Mulberry Bend now and look at that little, ramshackle jetty cringing in the sunlight, the relic of what was once the terror of New York, you will see that it looks like a possible badman whose bluff has been called.

At Police Headquarters the chief inspector recalled the days when the Five Points kept the force in that district busy all night and most of the day. "But that's all been done away with," he said, proudly, "we've done all that."

And doubtless the police did have much to do with the purging of the Five Points, but the thing that the little old one remaining at Five Point squints at most resentfully is the sun as it beams over the ruins of what were once the worst houses in the country—when they were in the dark.

## MOVIES THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN



### I—MAUD MULLER

By John Greenleaf Whittier and Arthur H. Folwell. Picture Scenario by C. B. Falls

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadow, sweet with hay.  
She raked the fragrant crop until  
The Judge came, panting, down the hill.  
He doffed to Maud a silken lid  
And whispered, breathless, "Hide me, Kid!"  
"The Blackjack Gang I sent to jail  
Is out again and on my trail!"  
"Lie down!" cried Maud. "I'll save you, Judge.  
Quick! Hit the hay, and don'tcher budge!"  
The Judge, outstretched upon his back,  
Became a rich alfalfa stack.  
With such a gusto, where he lay,  
Did Miss M. Muller pile the hay.  
And then with pistols' bang-bang-bang  
There came the dreadful Blackjack Gang.  
"Hast seen, you girl, a Judge pass by?"  
"No," said Maud, and it weren't no lie,  
For the Judge, like the boy who attended sheep,  
Was under the haystack fast asleep.  
"They've gone," said Maud in a joyful tone;  
And the Judge, old dear, exclaimed: "My own!"  
He married Maud in the far-off town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,  
But the gay life palled, and a vague unrest,  
And a nameless longing filled Maud's breast,

Besides, the Judge's female folk  
Regarded Maud as an awful joke.  
They made her feel, from the very start,  
As a fifth wheel feels on a four-wheel cart.  
One night, when the Judge gave a formal ball,  
She fled the house in an old plaid shawl.  
(Fled through the night, and, of course, you guess  
'Neath the old plaid shawl was a rich ball dress.)  
She left a note (it was found next day)  
Which said she had gone to finish her hay.  
(A heartthrob film; the house all light,  
And Maud, alone, in the pitiless night.)  
The morning comes, in her ball dress still  
Maud rakes the hay on the sun-kissed hill.  
She stops and looks, then looks again,  
For the Judge comes chugging down the lane.  
He runs to meet her, arms go round,  
And a hunch you have that Maud is found.  
(An effective picture, standing there  
With the breeze aplay in her ample hair.)  
The Judge, unmindful of female kin,  
Cries: "Nix for me on the Might-Have-Been!"  
"I've burnt my books on tilts and torts;  
I've left the bench, and I've canned the courts."  
(And then, at the finish, a fade-out view)  
"I'll stay and rake hay, Kid—here—with you!"