IN SWEET WOMAN'S WORLD.

The Rise and Fall of Petticoat Rule in Edgerton.

THE MAYOR'S ADORABLE BABY,

And the Fair Justice's Encounter with a Dirty Tramp.

The Reasons for Failure as Explained by the Women Themselves—Too Much Strife and Contention—The Men Drank Too Much Hard Cider—Masculine Minds at Work Once More—Reforms that the Women Would Have Instituted.

Political revolution has swept and devastated utopian Edgerton; her petticoat dispensers of civic regulations have been deposed and vanished from her councils; the cradle is no longer swinging in her assembly rooms, and the voice of the child interrupts not the deliberations of her high officials. After a stormy and disastrous career her female municipal administrators have laid down the yoke of service and gone back to their babies and their sewing machines, and woman's suffrage has received a staggering blow.

Edgerton is or was originally a flourishing little Kansas village of some 400 inhabitants like thousands of other little hamlets unknown in song or story. By law women are allowed to vote and hold office in the municipal corporations of Kansas. In 1889 Mr. A. G. Brown, the prosperous manager of an elevator, was nominated as the candidate for Mayor. For reasons best known to themselves the women of Edgerton refused to have this man to rule over them, and exercising their political prorogative they rose up in their majesty and defeated most ignominiously the would-be Mayor. Then it was that the Edgerton village became a part of the history of the country. "The past was a dream, and life began." The man became incensed after the manner of men, vowed vengeance on his defeators, and bided his time. To be beaten by a man is annoying; to be humiliated by a lot of chattering women is exasperating. But when the regular spring election came about for the next year Mr. Brown found sweet revenge in getting out a woman's ticket, where every officer from the Mayor down was a mother's daughter, except one farm laborer of the typical village loafer species. Of course the object in placing this man's name on the ticket as one of the candidates was simply to annoy and insult the ladies whose names were used in connection with his, but when sweet woman makes up her mind not to be annoyed or insulted by anything, however trying, Job himself is double discounted in patience under affliction, long suffering and sweetness. The ladies accepted the nomination, much to their tormenter's surprise, still more to his surprise, by an unexpected coup d'état, they substituted the unfeeling man's wife for the labor candidate, and all were elected by a considerable majority.

The man, Brown, was furious, but his rage availed him nothing, for even his own wife became suddenly inspired with nerve and courage, and despite his fury determined to serve out her term. The women elected were: Mayor, Mrs. Maggie Kelly; Police Judge, Mrs. Jessie Greer; Members of City Council, Mrs. Mat Ross, Mrs. Sarah E. Stewart, Mrs. W. S. Ewart, and Mrs. Minnie Holden. Matters were somewhat complicated by the inopportune arrival of a son at the house of the Mayoress two weeks before the election, which delayed for a little the inauguration ceremonies; but, despite the fact that it is rather confusing to a woman to be a Mayor and a mother in the same minute and for the first time, Mrs. Kelly qualified very soon after the election, and plans for wonderful civil reform were evolved and discussed.

Another embarrassment under which the sweet woman officials struggled were the domestic relations of the Police Justice, Mrs. Greer, who was the wife of the leading town druggist, and lived in the back part of her husband's store. Those who know anything of the habits of the village druggist are well aware that, while the fair Police Justice was in a position to become cognizant of the main cause of most of the iniquity which might fall under her jurisdiction, and which she might be called upon to condemn, still her sentences would in many cases implicate her own husband as one of the accessories to crime, and that might be supposed to bias her judgment to less righteous decisions than those of her great prototype Portia. The only case which came before the gentle Justice, the details of which was printed in the Chicago *Herald*, were somewhat as follows: A man of the genus tramp, species tipsy, arrived in town considerably exhilarated with red-eye, which he reënforced from time to time with potations of a mysterious fluid known as crab-apple cider, indigenous to the precincts of Edgerton. When his manifestations of hilarity became too pronounced to accord strictly with the culture of the Edgerton youth, the boys locked him up in a blacksmith shop for the night, in lieu of a better place, and brought him the following morning to the bar of justice in a tidy, clean parlor, where a trim little woman, inwardly quaking but outwardly serene, said to the tattered, frowzy, confused specimen in a disgusted tone:

"What have you to say for yourself?"

"Nuthin'."

"Where did you get your whiskey?"

"In your husband's store." (An improvisation, of course, under the inspiration and excitement of the occasion.)

Struggling with a threatened attack of hysterics at this crushing reply, she said loftily, "You ought to be fined, you nasty brute."

"Ain't got no money," laconically answered the offender. Then, after ascertaining that there was no place to lock him up in, owing to the unfortunate demise of the City Marshal and the neglect of the Board to appoint another, the Police Justice, triumphantly equal to the occasion, ordered the boys to take the prisoner to the town pump and duck him in the horse trough until he was clean, only releasing him on condition that he should leave town, which was about as sensible a decision as a whole court of men could have arrived at after their customary deliberations.

The City Marshal counted it among his duties to provide his own lock-up for prisoners and furnish food for them at the city's expense, and the dilemma of the Police Justice for want of a place in which to confine his first prisoner appealed to Miss Mollie Turney in such a way that she announced herself as a candidate for the office of Town Marshal. Miss Turney is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. May Turney, proprietress of the leading hotel in the town, and the enthusiastic candidate was inspired with the idea that she could lock tramps in the cellar and feed them on the refuse from the hotel table. When questioned as to her motive, she said: "All that the Town Marshal has to do is to look out for the sidewalks, light the lamps, and sweep out the Town Hall when we get one, and I could do that as well as a man." However, upon learning that her duties included the arrest of drunken men and possibly more dangerous offenders, she lost her relish for the office she had so ardently sought.

And as time went on one or two of the Council women, following their liege lords, moved to other cities, another resigned because her children were so little they needed her, and finally, for various reasons, after electing a full town ticket by a good majority, the women found themselves unable at any time to organize a Government; thus the petticoat rulers were pronounded a failure, and, most humiliating of all, were succeeded in many instances by their own husbands. Mrs. Kelly, the pretty ex-Mayoress, says it was all because the men were so mean and the babies so little. She was the last to send in her resignation, and, be it known to the credit of man, it was done in opposition to her husband's desires. She is a quiet, sweet little woman, devotedly attached to the inconsiderate youngster who insisted on being born at such an unseemly time. She said to the reporter that she had had quite notoriety enough over this affair, but she is a woman, and once started on the theme she freed her mind concerning the horrid men who acted so that the women were forced to resign. "We would have gotten along well enough if we had been let alone, but the men insisted on turning out in troops and laughing at us in Council meetings, whether we held them at my house or at my husband's store. Of course, while baby was so small I wanted the meetings held here at the house. Of course, if we had held them there I would have taken him with me and had a cradle for him at the meeting. He is too young to leave. The men said I was prevented from attending the inauguration on account of him, but it wasn't true. He was almost two weeks old and quite well when I was elected, and I qualified as soon as I found out the other ladies were going to accept their offices. Some of the other ladies had little children, too, and had to bring them to the meetings. Of course it was a little awkward at first to preside over meetings and talk of town affairs, but my husband was a real help, as he had been Town Clerk before and knew all about it. We were going to fire him out though as soon as things got to running, and he thought it was best, too, as it didn't do to have too many offices in one family, and, besides, we wanted only women in office—Town Clerk, Town Treasurer, Town Marshal, and all. We were going to build new sidewalks, clean out the hard cider dens, and see that no whiskey was sold in the town. Oh, we laid out a plan of improvement and reform that would have made this town a model, but the men wouldn't have it. They said they paid the taxes, and they wanted things run as they always had been, and no nonsense and additional expenditures. And rather than have a quarrel with their husbands, on whom they were dependent, of course the women resigned. My husband wanted me to stick it out, and I suppose I would have done so if he had insisted. But I was tired of the wranglings and the notoriety, and the baby was so small and the men were so mean and I was the last one left, so there was nothing else to do. If the men had let us alone it would have been all right. We would have given this place the first touch of genuine reform it has ever had. I just told the men if they did not keep away from our meetings and quit bothering us I would pinch that blessed baby and make him scream bloody murder until they all ran out."

Mrs. Greer is also a young and prepossessing woman, and, like the ex-Mayoress, less than 23 years of age. She explained her resignation by saying: "When I was elected to the office of Police Judge and qualified, I proposed to fill the position. There is more lawlessness in this town than you think. The boys either club together and send for whiskey or buy it here, and then they fight and become disorderly. I proposed to put a stop to this, and would have done so; but some of the Council women did not qualify, and my husband wanted me to resign. The wife of the previous Mayor was elected on a platform providing that the two restaurants in the town be closed on Sunday. These restaurants were the rendezvous for the crab-apple cider fraternity and were usually overflowing with loafers. Of course the women were in favor of closing the disreputable places, but the men insisted that strangers and farmers coming into town on Sunday must have something to eat, and made such a riot over it that we withdrew and left the men to fight it out among themselves. Her husband, she said, was all right, but family duties required her presence at home more than the City Council needed her.

Other ladies gave similar reasons, and evidently "the rights" they had longed for and fought so strenuously and determinedly to obtain were distasteful to their delicate sensibilities, and the municipal cares of even 400 people weighed heavily upon their conscientious shoulders, and there endeth the first chapter of petticoat rule. The women, true to their better nature, fought for reform and waged war against intemperance and dirt; true to their gentler nature, took refuge when the conflict raged most fiercely, scared little deserters, each on the breast of the man who had sworn to love, honor, and cherish her.

WHAT WOMEN ARE WEARING ABROAD.

A Glance at the Costumes at the Grosvenor Gallery Reception—The New Fabrics and the New Colors for Gowns—Bonnets.

The opening of the Royal Academy, or of the Grosvenor Gallery, is always an occasion of imposing display in dress, and fashion is quite as eagerly criticised and admired as art itself. Among the impressive toilets worn at the recent exhibition was a tan-colored silk, trimmed with bands of jewelled embroidery in topaz tints. The skirt was deeply wrought with the sparkling decoration, and the bonnet consisted of bands of rolled velvet of a darker shade of tan, with mauve-hued double stocks in the extreme front, arranged as a coronal. Tan gloves were accompanied with boots of precisely the same kind and shade of leather.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward was attired in a striking and harmonious combination of mauve and dull green, and Miss Phyllis Broughton wore a dress of gray cloth and velvet, fastened with a brooch flashing her name in diamonds and brightened with distinctive beauty with a bunch of glowing carnations in the girdle. Another dress which created quite a sensation was of dark vivid mauve cloth, bordered all about the edges with little wheels wrought in gold, finished with a girdle about the waist fashioned of gold wheels, and sleeves caught up on the shoulder with Louis Seize knots in gold embroidery. The hat was of creamy Tuscan straw, with a profusion of cowslips upon the brim.

Two slight young girls in simple dresses revealed the possibilities of black and white for unique and striking effect. The dresses were of black cloth, with white sleeves and white Medici collars and vests, the latter crossed by zouaves of black velvet embroidered with white silk. One particularly pleasing gown of mingled simplicity and elegance had a closely fitting skirt of gray and white flowered bengaline cut in deep points half way to the waist and trimmed with white scroll braid, the bodice folded over a vest of the pleated silk, and fastened in some way, known only to the woman who wore it, under the arms, and had full sleeves with deep white cuffs.

Gray and heliotrope seemed to have ingratiated themselves very decidedly in public favor, and "Eiffel" red was much in prominence, with all its *vieux rose* and terra cotta relatives. One gown, indeed, was of flaming red cashmere, striped narrowly with light green velvet, and was worn with an immense lace hat weighed down with a whole garden of roses; and a striking tailor gown of gray, rough-surfaced tweed, flecked with red, had wide bands of red velvet as a decoration and was accompanied by a toque of tartan silk and a poppy-red parasol. Velvet sleeves and flower bonnets were conspicuous by their absence except in isolated cases; but almost every woman wore real flowers, conventionally arranged, but curiously mixed as to color and kind, and carelessly thrust in girdle or bodice.

Married ladies are wearing a great deal of black over color, especially in guipure piece lace—not the flouncing. The approved choice in patterns is the coarse meshed lace, either plain or figured with large spots. The transparent fabric is not hemmed, but borderers it at the edge with narrow black velvet, drawn through the meshes in straight rows or in Vandykes. The silk petticoat beneath may be of any becoming color and bordered with a ruche or frilling.

A color combination rejoicing in novelty which is much in vogue this season is comprised of two colors which formerly rarely smiled as they met. It is only the persuasive tact of the true artist that establishes harmonious relations between them, for they have little in common, and are yellow and gray. Felix has recently used them as a medium to express one of his happiest inspirations. The materials used by this master in the art of dress are yellow speckled crepe chiffon, intermixed with rich gray and white brocade in a thistle design. The brocade is revealed in a panel at the side, the yellow falling over it en cascade; a belt of yellow and gold at the waist, and on the bust a fulness of the yellow caught with an ornament. But the charm of the effect was due to the carefully selected shades used in the two colors.

A new color for dresses is "anemone," which is old rose idealized into delicate beauty, and is particularly effective in velvet, which material is now so much used for petticoats of gowns designed for important dress occasions.

In wash dresses the newest materials are the thick white duck and heavy linen used for men's waistcoats. They lend themselves readily to the plain style of skirts so much in vogue, and are accompanied by smart little Louis XV. coats, with silver or steel buttons, and full vests of thinner material in white or colors. Crêpe cloth is a useful fabric in cotton, and white sateen is considerably employed, and with excellent effect. Those peculiar to this season have open-work stripes, like lace or interwoven designs in species of brocade, which reproduce their floral designs in the natural hues of the flowers. Plaids of the Mackenzie and Macduff tartans have found their way into washable materials so skillfully dyed that their brilliant hues the laundress may not dim, however vandal-like her inclination. The skirts of these dresses are plain, or finished at the foot with tucks or rows of inch-wide ribbon or velvet sewed all round. Where they are full no foundation skirt is needed. A few are made with kilts, others are gathered or hooked on to the bodice at the back, but a favorite style is to leave the front and back plain, with a large square pocket on either slip.

Surplice waists are well suited to wash gowns, gathered on each shoulder and crossing on the chest, the ends concealed by the waistband. The V shaped opening at the neck is filled in with a colored shirt or plastron, and the full sleeves are puffed to the elbow or frilled to the wrist in Bishop style.

The daintiest of tailor gowns are made of the finest, lightest homespun manufactured in Shetland, and in the natural browny-white color of the wool are cool and soft. The skirts are heavy, of course, perfectly plain in front, with the concentrated fulness at the back arranged to make the weight as light as possible. There is a smart little jacket buttoned over the bust, and showing above and below the colored silk skirt or chic little waistcoat of white buckskin trimmed with fancy gold and silver gimp. Plain traveling gowns are of small check tweed, with round basqued jacket bodices, as neat as the proverbial pin, and made up on tailor's linen, which is light in weight and cool, with something of the soft frou-frou of silk.

Cross-cut materials are used for skirts, and striped materials are arranged in one long piece for the skirt in such a way as to form diagonal lines in front, which at the back become straight. Buttons, that have so long been ignored, are now restored to favor for use as well as ornament, and bodices for day wear fasten with them at the back. French dresses have neither pads, steels, nor even drawing strings, and frequently the straight back, gathered to the bodice, is allowed to fall carelessly without being caught to the foundation. High collar bands are replacing the Medici rolls, and skirts and bodices are manipulated with unseen and indescribable union, which is one of the important features in the season's fashions.

The "Mephisto" is the most daring thing in bonnets, and is made of black tulle with a jet bandeau, increasing in height toward the front, and caught together at the back with two upright wings of jet or feathers. A few pink roses or some other brilliant flower rest gaily above the jet coronal in the place where they ought to be. A huge brown basket of brown rustic straw is heaped with lilacs or laburnum, tied on with a brown velvet bow and tip-tilted in some jaunty way, to do service as a shade hat; and the Trianon hat, another oddity, is of transparent black lawn crinoline, without even an apology for a crown, but is wreathed with roses tied on with black velvet strings, and has an aigrette of Roman berries and leaves.

Worth has evolved another tea gown that is nothing if it isn't delicious. It is yellow, but such yellow—softened, purified, sanctified. The gown begins, if, indeed, it may be said to have a beginning, with a deep pleating like flouncing falling from the shoulders of blond, in which a gold figure glistens. A full diaphanous sleeve beneath this, almost fitting the arm, is fastened at the wrist, but every movement sends the fluttering outer sleeve into some new revelation of beautiful outline. The gown is of yellow cashmere, crossed in front surplice fashion, and crocheted on all its edges with gleaming tinsel thread. A girdle of gold confines the graceful sweep of the stuff, which falls thence in indescribable lines of beauty, scintillating with the brilliancy of its drapings of gold-wrought tulle. If the dress could be adequately described Worth would be Worth no longer. The master's handiwork may not be pictured by his journeymen.

Velvet, brocade, and lampas dresses are made in long severe redingotes, with underskirts of light material and fancy fabrics—white, black, or colored satin, embroidered, slightly gathered or draped, or white, black, or cream lace, arranged in the same way. Large sleeves, forming a boss on the shoulder, are getting common and are no longer considered elegant. They should be made only very full and mounted high in the armhole, with the pleats frequently set in groups of three, composed of two or three different materials; for instance, the upper part velvet, the lower part silk, and cuffs of embroidery, as if, indeed, so imposing are their dimensions that one could not carry them out in one material.

In this, old-fashioned subtlety subtleties still prevail, which are indeed intrinsically and and artistically beautiful, in silk, but in wool seem dingy and faded. Reseda, *fleur de tilleul*, *vieux rose d'orient*, *bleu de vitrail*, and *rouge laque* are among the shades most frequently selected by women of taste. In trimmings there are embroidered galons, bands of velvet, coarse cream guipure, and wonderful gleaming embroideries in raised gold and shaded silks.

Transparent materials are the rage, and a fancy striped canvas showing Pompadour designs is one of the most effective selections among them, particularly when made up in a revival of the old-time three-flounced skirt with a long jacket bodice trimmed with lace.

Panels are coming in again and promise to be prevalent during the present season, very beautiful ones being brought out in grenadine in a design following closely the pattern of rich point lace, carried out in black, cut and uncut velvet on a colored silk ground. There are several ways of using them, but they are usually put in on the side, with their borders overlapping the draperies. Lace and embroidery are also employed for those panels, which will effectually relieve the monotony of the universal plain petticoat.

The budget of fashion hints would scarcely be complete without mention of the newest thing in tennis hats, which follow the prevailing mode in being considerably broadened as to brim in front, apparently at the expense of the brim in the back, which is very narrow. The crown is higher at the back and ornamented with a large bow, and the hats are designed to be worn well back on the head.

VARIOUS MANIFESTATIONS.

The Education of the French Girl—Not so Free as the American—Dress Reform in England—Pockets for Women's Gowns.

Girls are girls the world over, according to the adage, and flowers are flowers, but French girls and American girls have about as much in common as field clover and forced roses. Anything in the shape of originality, assertiveness, or decision is discouraged promptly and effectually in the French maiden. Even great beauty is considered almost undesirable, and a French mother derives greater satisfaction in hearing her daughter's modesty praised than her physical charms discussed and admired. The giddy French mother wisely wears the gorgeous gowns and jewels on her own petite person instead of denying herself the actual necessities of the toilet, after the fashion of American mothers, to allow the daughter to outrival the Queen of Sheba in beauty and richness of attire, and the consequence is that the woman becomes an actual personality only when she obtains a husband to protect her. Failing in this, she becomes a sister in some holy order. Hence arises the saying that, with one or two exceptions which serve to prove the rule, every French woman of good family devotes herself to religion or to—a husband. The system of education which is supposed to evolve this peculiar specimen of girlhood differs materially from the American college and coeducational institutions, and is calculated very nicely to retard physical, mental, and moral development. A lady, relating her experience in one of these schools *for demoiselles*, writes of the four meals a day, composed chiefly of sweetmeats. There was a breakfast at 9 of bread and butter, an egg and some cheese, cake and coffee, with or without milk, according to the propensity manifested toward corpulency. At lunch there was cold meat or fish; three hours later a second lunch (*gouter*, light lunch) of *tartines aux confitures*, being thin slices of bread and butter, with preserves; and dinner at 6 of soups, sauces, entrées, and a variety of delicious dessert. Little meat was allowed, as its tendency was to detract from one's delicacy, and potatoes were tabooed lest they produce obesity. The general beverage was wine mixed with water. Then the studies—a taste of French, a bit of geography, a homœopathic dose of arithmetic, algebra studied on the Christian science principle, and a hint of history. This over, the more important work of the day begins. First, an hour's lesson on how to walk up and down the stairs, to rise from a chair, to pour coffee, or manipulate a fan or handkerchief. Then another hour devoted to the esoterics of carriage entering and leaving. A carriage would be drawn up to the door, and a procession of girls one after the other mounted its steps with dignified grace on one side, and tripped lightly down the steps on the other, after seating themselves in the most approved fashion for a brief interval inside. Each evening after dinner was devoted to the giving of sham balls, where disconsolate girls sat about in dreary state entertaining each other with conventional platitudes. The school was outside the city, in the centre of extensive grounds, whose sacred precincts the unhallowed foot of man never trod, for even the dairy and the butchery were on the grounds, lest the sight of so much as a milk vender's manly form or the sound of a butcher boy's whistle should disturb the fair recluse who was warned, should anything so dreadful as a man appear, to retire to the innermost recesses of her chamber. One live Vassar girl transplanted to that safe retreat, with her wholesome Star-Spangled-Banner soul, would have the effect of dynamite on its orderly discipline.

But the effect of the discipline seems, indeed, undesirable, according to the theory of M. Jules Simons, who warns mothers against the danger of putting their daughters into such boarding schools, where children, kept like prisoners within the walls, are likely to develop the tricks and vices of criminals—intrigue, deceit, dishonor. In conclusion, he gives a bit of advice which perhaps may be followed with advantage by American mothers as well as French. "With regard to the education of girls," he writes, "I know very well that there is only one code of morals which is the same for nations and for individuals, for men and for women. But there is yet another code of morals which must be always obeyed, especially by women, namely: the duties which lie beyond common duties. In order to teach them this code of morals we must not look to any manual or professor. I put girls into a high school in order to make them educated women, but I look to their mothers for making them honest women. You may, if it is absolutely necessary, put your daughter into a school away from home, but you must never leave her to herself. Visit her, think of her, write to her. Ask her about her thoughts and feelings; write to her mistresses, make friends with her friends, and remember that neither God nor man permits you to leave her alone."

A Dress Reform League is in process of organization in England under the direction of Mrs. Sophie Bryant, whose platform emphasizes the following points:

First, that compression of the waist is inconsistent with the maximum of health and strength.

Second, the limbs, both arms and legs, should have the freest play that is consistent with the accepted principles of woman's dress.

Third, that clothing should by its lightness and convenient mode of support make the smallest demand on the muscular strength, and thus leave the individual free to employ her physical forces in work more useful and interesting than that of simply carrying her clothes.

All these reforms are to be brought about with very little change in external dress, for the present fashions adapt themselves very readily to a style of dress in accordance with the principles of health, and are at the same time conventional as to bodice and draperies. A conference of all those interested in the movement is to be assembled at an early date to decide upon the name and principles of the league, as well as its method of procedure, of which the above is simply a provisional statement. The dress reformers who have sailed for England will find fields ripe for the harvest and disciples waiting to welcome them with outstretched arms and petticoats ready for division.

The servant girl problem is agitating the Philadelphia housewife to some purpose just at present, and two projects are in process of incubation for bringing about a satisfactory solution of the puzzling question. The first is under the auspices of the Women's Exchange, in coöperation with the New Century Club, and the scheme of domestic reform is to be initiated by the establishment of a registry office, where opportunity will be provided for drawing up contracts between housekeepers and their servants, so that the rights of each shall be protected and the proper relations existing between them be thoroughly understood. The girl will be required to agree to the performance of all regular domestic duties peculiar to her occupation, and the mistress agrees to the amount of wages paid and service expected, and all is signed in the presence of the President. Application blanks for both employer and employee, and inquiry blanks providing for admittance to the privilege of the office, will be prepared, and, upon fulfilling their requirements, servants will be admitted free of all expense, while ladies may enjoy the advantages of the institution by paying $3 annually or $1 per visit of inquiry. Servants will be expected to state whether they last were at service and the cause of their dismissal, references will be examined and verified, and it is believed that not only better servants will be thus secured, but also that the protection afforded them will be influential in elevating them to greater excellence and better living. The funds requisite for establishing such an enterprise on a substantial basis are already more than half subscribed, with a fair prospect of securing the deficit before July 1, when the subscription closes.

The Arch Street Employment Company, together with a committee of ladies appointed at a meeting in St. George Hall, have a plan for establishing a training school and lodging house for domestic servants, and the ladies of the committee have conferred with the two organizations interested in the registry office for the purpose of forming some sort of an amicable understanding in the interests of servant girls. The two societies refuse to recognize the movement in which this private enterprise is concerned on the ground that it is a business scheme rather than philanthropical in purpose, and consequently the ladies are halting a little to consider the advisability of completing their project or holding it in abeyance until the registry office proves to be a failure, as they predict it will from its conditions, which they pronounce impracticable.

Some one has invented a patent kind of an arrangement to prevent pocket picking. The pocket can be placed in the ordinary way, in any side or back seam, unlocks at the waist somehow by a little arrangement concealed beneath the dress, and cannot be tampered with in any way. All of which is wonderful, no doubt, and may be extremely practical if some one will follow it up with an invention enabling a woman to find her pocket and get into it herself, a lady exclaimed recently, as the seamstress ripped up an old gown which she had worn two years as a seeing a pocket cunningly hidden away where no one would ever dream of looking for it. The only way a woman can find her pocket now is by taking off the dress, hanging it in a strong light, praying for patience when she begins the search, and taking the day for it. Such a modus operandi is hardly convenient in a street car or at the theatre, so she half rises and tumbles her draperies over in a frantic sort of way, her face becoming crimson with embarrassment as her efforts prove unavailing, and at last she accepts gratefully the handkerchief proffered by some sympathetic observer, and gives up the search. Now, some kind of electric contrivance that would set a messenger call bell whizzing in a pocket, and keep it sounding until the lady discovered its whereabouts would be useful indeed, but the safety clasp to prevent the pocket from being picked is almost as necessary as locking up naughty pictures from blind boys. No one could find the pocket to pick, not even the woman herself.

The ungratefulness of womankind for the politeness of men in public places is agitating the discussion of journalists on the other side, and it would seem from the testimony of the travelling Briton that the English matron forgets her manners quite as often as her American sister. A gentleman who contributes his share toward railway revenues says that he always chooses, when possible, the corner seat in the railway carriage, and in this position is obliged to open the door for ladies, as they leave. It involves a complicated set of manœuvres destructive to continuity of thought and distracting to one's interest in book or paper; and yet he declares that not fifty per cent. of the women he serves ever deign so much courtesy, in return, as a single "Thank you." For some years, too, he lived in the suburbs of a Continental city, and crossed a river each day in a ferryboat. Stepping into the boat from the jetty involved a minimum of danger and was a ticklish bit of effort, consequently it was the custom for a gentleman to render any woman passenger a bit of assistance in guiding their embarkation. Some ladies would accept his assistance with gracious recognition, quite as many accepted without thanks or acknowledgment of any kind, and the other third would sail by and leave him standing awkwardly with his hand extended in space. It is the old street car question over again. The rain falls on the just and on the unjust, and women in general are accused of ingratitude and rudeness because of the few in particular who are ungracious. One sometimes wonders if it would not be well to remind erring sisters of their manners by printing in letters of gold sapolio advertisements: "Every woman should return thanks for a seat with a bow and a smile."

It is very stylish just now to wear a diamond bracelet in the hair, arranged in such a way that only the gems may be seen. It may confine the catogan braids or coils in the neck, or flash high in the coiffure, with a pouf of hair drawn through. Some jewellers claim that earrings are fast losing popularity; children rarely are allowed to have their ears pierced, and young girls object to the relic of barbarism, which renders the jewelled bracelets and pins all the more elaborate and expensive. As the bracelets are worn with long or evening gloves, their use in the hair is quite desirable for one must display one's diamonds if one is so fortunate as to possess them.

THE RIDING ACADEMIES.

Odds and Ends of Work Keep All the Masters Busy.

The riding academies begin to show pretty plainly the signs of the approaching summer. Class work has been stopped in all of them, and the time of the riding masters is taken up in giving private instruction to beginners or in road lessons in the Park. All the academies, however, report very good business. Whether the Park is unusually enticing this season, or whether the people of New York are becoming more enlightened on the healthy exercise of horseback riding is difficult to determine.

M. Durland, proprietor of Durland's Riding Academy, Sixtieth street and Boulevard, says that there is a larger number of persons than he has ever before known who intend to take their own horses with them to the country. Some of these already own horses, and are keeping them at some of the riding schools. Many more are buying their horses now. A good many horses are taken to one of the schools for a short training before they go to the country, so that the business at the academies keeps up to the standard, and will for a few weeks yet, but it is of a transient character, and not like the regular work of the winter.

The long-anticipated and much-talked-of moonlight ride for the gentlemen of the Central Park Riding Academy took place last Wednesday evening. Forty-seven were in the company that rode, first by twos, then by fours, and then by eights, up through the Park and the avenue to Gabe Case's place at Fleetwood. Not a man was out of line, and they rode like a trained battalion of cavalry. At Case's one of his old-time spreads was served. The ride home ended about midnight.

At 3½ o'clock Tuesday afternoon last Troop A of Cavalry, Capt. Charles F. Roe, the only such organization in the National Guard of this State, left Dickel's Riding Academy on West Fifty-sixth street for its annual parade and inspection. Some of the wealthiest young men in the city are members of the troop, and they all have to take care of their own arms and to learn to groom and keep their own horses. The boys were put through their movements by the inspecting officer of the National Guard. Eighty-six men turned out. This inspection and the troop's part in the parade on Decoration Day wind up the season's work for them, as they do not go into camp this year.

M. Emile's Boulevard Riding Academy, Boulevard and Sixtieth street, is about the only one of the academies to keep open evenings. M. Emile is kept very busy giving lessons to beginners and taking classes out for road work. He has not yet determined what his plans for the summer season will be, other than following his usual custom of taking a string to Long Branch.

Messrs. Antony & Runk of the Fifth Avenue Academy, and their able corps of riding masters, are employed all the time with new pupils and road lessons. They will not remove their stable for the summer.

HOW PRETTY! HOW PRETTY!

The Bathing Suits This Year are Dreams of Beauty—The Girl with the Perfect Form in All Her Glory—Skirts of China Silk and Tights—All the New Styles.

Now doth become apparent the method in the madness of the Delcarte devotee, the school of beauty graduate, and the sweet girl athlete. Verily shall they receive their reward when the season opens, for the new bathing dress is as sweetly clinging and briefly delicious as a shy maiden's first kiss on the lips of her lover. Such a Frenchy, fluttering, *chic*, caressing little costume it is before it is wet; such a demure, confiding, adhesive little wilted dud when once it comes back from the embrace of old Neptune. A maid swathed in the spray of her fountain or fair Venus wrapped round with the foam of the ocean would be quite overdressed in a crowd of those bathers, like a girl in a sealskin raglan at a lawn party. Just a suggestion, or rather two suggestions, of trousers at the knee—a tilting, tantalizing kilted frill for a petticoat, a sleeveless bodice, tight fitting and *décolleté*, with a strap for a shoulder, and a pointed girdle, all made of—"tell it not in Gath, breathe it not in the streets of Askalon"—China silk. There's nothing thinner you know, except tulle, and that won't stand wetting. And then it is worn over the kind of stockings that fasten up with one garter—so united are their interests at the top—which is buckled about the waist. They are silken and shiny semi-transparent and fit closer than the very cuticle, indeed, one dimpled darling was lamenting while she waited for the precious parcel at the hose counter, that so many bathing house dressing rooms were up flights of stairs, "for, don't you see," she explained, "you haven't room to bend your limbs, and it pulls on your ti—stockings so going up and down that they get wrinkled at the knees and you can't pull 'em up on the back like other stockings, 'cause they fasten 'round the waist."

There's a great deal of style to the dress, fortunately, since there's so little material, and the naughtiest, witchiest thing about it is its color, which, to be swell, must be black as a pall. That's the way the smart girl will be dressed—first in silk tights like a coryphee, then short, full trousers gathered on rubber bands, with soft depending frills, and pulled up just as far out of sight as she dares; a full little tunic, low at the neck, and cut out in an opera V, the fulness laid in multitudinous tucks by dainty needlework, and confined with a Josephine girdle pointing upward to the neck, brought down just beneath the bust and fastened at the back. The effect isn't quite as startling as the description, for it is designed to be worn over a tight lining and bathing corsets, which lend a modifying conventionality to the wearer's figure. If the girl would be very smart, the dress is ornamented only with dainty stitchings and hair work all in black, and the silk gossamer cap or 'kerchief she wears on her hair will be black as well. By the way, the cap, too, has undergone a complete metamorphosis, and comes out this year as a jaunty Tam o' Shanter with a fluted brim which protects the hair and picturesquely and becomingly shades the face. When the dress isn't all in funereal tints it is finished with white embroidery or van dykes of white lawn worn turning up at the bottom, down at the neck, and forming the girdle. How the slender beauty with famous Murray Hill extremities, stepping so poetically from full round calves to delicate ankles that, when she stands with her heels in marching position, a glimpse of daylight flashes between, above, and below the fulness, will emphasize, idealize, realize the possibilities of the costume when clothed about with shining, woven, seething damp China silk and dripping lovelinesss. How the dimpled, curving arms will be outlined against the sombre hue of the bodice, and the whiteness of the warm, soft neck be intensified by its framing.

Then there's the sweet girl who thinks the black dresses are fast and horrid, and who will conceal her charms, or at least a portion of them, with white surah made in a plaited bodice, with a little zouave of silk passementerie in vandykes in front, a kilted skirt with the passementerie points turned up at the bottom, and a girdle of the same pointing up and down into the fulness about the waist. If she is very righteous and her arms are thin she will have a little puffed elbow sleeve coming nearly down to the elbow, like the new evening dresses. If her neck is plump and pretty the collar will fall back at the throat in serrated edges and she will forget to take off the Roman gold beads or little chain about her neck. If she is a Cape May girl she will be down prone on her face in the sand with her feet in the water and the waves washing that little kilt about at will, or sit in the sand with the tide tossing the abbreviated petticoat up into her lap after the orthodox Cape May fashion. Then while she looks into your face with her big, melting Southern eyes as innocent and saintly as a seraphine on a church window, you will discover that the little trousers are vandyked, too, in silken points against the long shining stockings. But if she is an Asbury Park or Far Rockaway girl and will only sit on the sand and smile soft nothings at you from under her scarlet sun-hade and the wind doesn't blow, you'll have to take it for granted that the Vandykes are there, and that the trousers are held up where they belong by rubber shirrs so tight they fairly cut into the flesh. So embarrassing if they slipped down and showed beneath the skirt, you know. If she is a very nice girl she is inclined to appear in black stockings, even if the dress is white, but if she is very slender and shapely, and has the kind of childish "I want-to-be-an-angel" big blue eyes, she will dare appear in stockings to match her dress, and you can confidently surmise that she pays $15 a pair for them, and doesn't buy them in the regular stock at the hose counter.

Again, there's the æsthetic girl who wouldn't wear the ordinary common affairs sold in the stores, and has something made up of fine French flannel or silk on the Grecian order, draping classically from one shoulder to form the little petticoat, and girdled high beneath the bust. She is doubtless the pet of some physical culture synod, with a soul educated to a lofty conception of the human form divine in general, and her own attractive personality in particular, and she is inclined to do away with the bathing corset and even to leave the tunic open on the sides in Doric fashion.

When a girl is gotten up on the general plan of a Titian Venus she can afford to have heroic and advanced ideas on the subject of modesty that a knock-kneed girl wouldn't exactly appreciate. The Grecian dress is apt to be of creamy white or some subtle sigh-away shade, done off about the borders with the key pattern of needlework seen on old altars and friezes in a contrasting color, and the girl who wears it is usually of the type which confers a favor on creation every time she walks or bends her supple, willowy figure in gracious curves of beauty. She poses rather than swims, and every one is quite satisfied that she should follow out her inclinations except a few old cats or the feathery misses, all elbows and angles, who think it is "perfectly shocking and unprincipled."

And the jolly girl, that dear, delightful, dimpled, happy-go-lucky girl, that buys her bathing dress on a bargain counter or anywhere it happens, doesn't mind about the fit, but does mind very much if it isn't of the brightest scarlet known to man. It's hardly just to call it a scarlet dress, though, since the most of it is black—that is, the stockings are that color. You can see her as far up the beach as you can see a lighthouse, but you are glad she's there. You know she'll come fluttering down the cliff like a flamingo on wings and skim along the beach like a veritable Aurora, make up all her dimples just to bid you good morning in a way that brings the sun out if it hasn't shone in a week. You know she'll take a header into the first big wave that comes rolling in, and emerge panting and prettier than ever. The dress has trousers and a blouse with no skirt at all. Don't be horrified; the trousers are a combination of skirt and trousers. If the garment wasn't banded down at the knees with two straps it would be a petticoat. But because it is thus confined it is the most taut, tidy little costume imaginable, and as modest and conservative as a nun's robe. No naughty skirt frolics up over her back when she's in the water, no tossing and lifting as she runs, no fluttering and flopping if the wind blows. She can swim like a man, climb the craziest cliff on the coast, or sit on the sand until sunset, and that petticoat never plays her false a minute or betrays any confidences. If she hasn't a garment of that kind she probably wears a sailor blouse and kilt, still in scarlet, with black stripes and short trousers beneath. Such a splendid full, brown throat is revealed where the collar turns back, such lithe, sinewy, slender legs beneath the black stockings, such merry, tender eyes, such firm, white teeth, and such a smile, gentle, winsome, womanly and sweet. You never saw a jolly girl that didn't smile like that and have those white, small teeth, but the