

GLADDER RAIMENT FOR MAN

MUST REFORM HIS DRESS TO COMPETE WITH WOMAN.

Once His Clothes Were Gaye Than Hers; but Now, in Spite of the Haberdasher's Display, Sobriety is the Rule of His Attire—More Sumptuary Laws Won't Do.

Now does the young man's fancy turn to the fashionable haberdasher's windows. Here he sees displayed wonderful shirts and shirtings, silks for neckties, dressing gowns and pajamas which seem made for some fairy prince, so beautiful and unreal are they, so unfitted for wear in a rude and practical world.

There are fabrics fine enough to be passed through a ring in true fairy tale style and, as for colors, you see pink, greens, yellows, violets, the hues of ice cream and bonbons. Just common folks are often heard to wonder if these confections are artful dodges of the shopkeepers to hold the public before their shop windows. It seems doubtful that they are, for these become no genuine 'pon



THE BEAUTY LOVING BOUL MUST HAVE SOME OUTLET.

THE BOMB IN THE AUTOMOBILE.

Smithers Plays Waiter at the Cadiz Inn and Discovers a Short Cut to Divorce.

Five thousand dollars presents a substantial appearance when it is coming toward you, but when it goes the other way the trip is unprofitable of three-quarters of it becomes obnoxious.

I don't know where it went, and I'm sure gentleman Jarge Ringgold didn't care, but it wasn't long before the money we got from Mrs. Flamingo had also got from Mrs. Flamingo.

What did this Flamingo want of Jarge? Something all the more definite for having not wanted of good about it.

What did the perfumery with which she had tossed the \$5,000 roll in me for a trifling service? Besides, she had a private fortune of her own; her money was as good as her husband's; it was better. Why shouldn't we have some of it, and at the same time do a good deed by way of mitigation?

Just then the car stopped short with a whirring bump. "We must make the best of a bad job, my dear," said the man in front, speaking for the first. "The car has broken down; I know nothing about fixing it. We are miles from anybody or anywhere—except ourselves."

I gapped in amazement, as well I might; for the dogs were the tops of Mark Flamingo; but the vice was the vice of gentleman George.

Her face was paler than the moonlight, but she met his eager gaze unflinchingly as he pulled off his ugly disguise—trust Jarge for allus lookin' his prettiest, no matter what his ashens were.

"Who planned this outing?" he went on. "Who advised this drive?" he went on. "Who carried on for revenue? I have seen two bills of slaves sold from this house. One was from Job Tilden to a Mr. Bailey of Setauna, a negro child named Morrow, 9 years of age, of good bodily health and a kind disposition."

As the supposition became more reasonable on reflection, I recalled that but a year before I had through professional exigencies



THIS IS THE WAY TO MANAGE 'EM.

Your worst man has ever been seen wearing them in public.

Persons with a shrewd sympathy for the natural weaknesses of mankind can conceive of the ravishing bath robes and pajamas being worn in the strict seclusion of the bedchamber. Why not? The beauty-loving soul who is obliged to spend his dreary days in the shamefacedness and sobriety of the regulation male attire must have some outlet, and a man it is no hero to his valet anyway.

Have a little courage, wear a gay shirt or a gaudy scarf occasionally, and be not such a slave to tyrant fashion! Think of King Edward of England, who not only wore a rose colored shirt to the races, but carried a tall walking stick and is thought to be making a determined effort to introduce some life and color into the sad colored commonplaceness of men's dress.

This is a wise king, able in diplomatic arrangements of public and private difficulties, and it may be that he recognizes and is trying to cope with a critical situation. It is time there was a call to arms. Shall man allow himself to sink quietly into

MAUD, FRIEND OF WORKING MEN.

Railroad Mascot That Objects to Baths and Good Clothes.

POUGHKEEPSIE July 7.—Passengers on the Central New England Railroad are mystified occasionally by hearing conductors and trainmen talking about Maud.

"How Maud today?" is a question projected at the Poughkeepsie station by half the crews on the line. If the train stops long enough to permit of conversation a little more in detail the conductor may remark:

"We had Maud with us for a trip the other day. She's looking fine and dandy." To this maybe the reply will be: "Maud's a wise one. She's only riding on palace cars nowadays."

Maud is a plain, uncombed, bright eyed yellow mongrel, with a hair covering like a lion's mane on an old, outcast, broken down and abandoned lounge. She wandered into the administration offices of the Central New England Railroad in this city a few months ago looking dirty and ill kept.

"He looked up, and his cheeks shone wet in the moonlight—who him say from what swamp, mortification, remorse?" "He looks more," I retorted; "he wud be rid of you, want and for all time."

"Do you think, Jarge, that he hasn't it in for you for frustratin' his former plot against this pore leddy? Do you 'tink, madam, that heiver wud be content to have you live, knowin' what you do aginst him, havin' the proofs in your hand, which I messin' supplied?"

"It has all come to me grad'ul, but I know it has come sure. S'pose it shud appear to-morrow that you and Jarge while elopin' the night had met your dear 'troc' what was from all appearances the natural, all most inevitable accident that every reckless, nocturnal automobilist chances."

"S'pose a bomb, set to a certain hour, shud explode the car into the oo'ing flinders, and the blazin' gasoline shud do the rest—what time is it, Jarge?" "Just nine."

There was a deep, reverbating report, the rindin' of metal—the cart' shook, the trees rocked. Thin, with a flash and a roar, the flames licked the sky, and the air was from all appearances the natural, all most inevitable accident that every reckless, nocturnal automobilist chances.

short coat, light waistcoat and trousers, a loose neckerchief showing the shirt collar above, hair cut short à la Titus and shoes tied with strings. This simple costume in turn soon became much admired in England and was adopted by young men.

Trousers which fitted close to the leg remained fashionable until 1814, and both they and the boots which bear the name were introduced by the Hessians. In 1814 loose trousers became the mode, though they had already been worn for some time in the army and by little boys.

The Cossacks were responsible for trousers with which Wellington boots were worn. The loose frock coat or surtout was added to the list of garments by some of George IV.'s dandies, and since that time there have been few differences, only variations, in men's dress.

The ideal was at first "An honest man close buttoned to the chin. Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within." But there was some latitude as to the color of the broadcloth in the first fifty years. Dress coats were of Prussian blue with gilt buttons and for half dress the coat might be of dark purple or brown, cherry color or olive green, with waistcoats of salmon color, scarlet and emerald.

Nowadays all such mild indulgences are sternly repressed and the ideal of a well dressed man is neither more nor less—it could scarcely be less than that "his clothes never seem too new, but are never too old, while his perfectly kept linen always gives him an air of freshness."

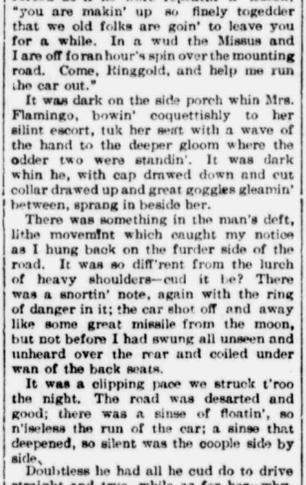
When women first began to force the entering wedge into business and professional life there came into being a threatening cult of the masculine appearing woman; but it is significant that this creature is now almost extinct, though the vanguard of the business woman has become a mighty host.

The pastor's wife who occupied her husband's pulpit officiated in a picture hat with huge white feathers, and even the merry Suffragettes, though few things dismayed them, refused to storm the House of Commons in trousers, while the ordinary woman leading a thoroughly business life in close association with men indulges in such pleasant fripperies as lingerie blouses, bracelets and curls.

When women first began to force the entering wedge into business and professional life there came into being a threatening cult of the masculine appearing woman; but it is significant that this creature is now almost extinct, though the vanguard of the business woman has become a mighty host.

The pastor's wife who occupied her husband's pulpit officiated in a picture hat with huge white feathers, and even the merry Suffragettes, though few things dismayed them, refused to storm the House of Commons in trousers, while the ordinary woman leading a thoroughly business life in close association with men indulges in such pleasant fripperies as lingerie blouses, bracelets and curls.

"I'VE JUST HAD MY HAIR SHAMPOOED."



SLAVES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The Old House in Which They Were Sold in Town of Hanover.

From the Boston Herald.

A relic of slavery days in New England in the middle of the eighteenth century, the old, timber house on Winter street, West Hanover, the only house in that town where slaves were kept for market, is now being demolished.

The house is one of the best known landmarks in Plymouth county and has stood for nearly 200 years. It was used as a tavern in its early days and later for a residence. Of recent years it has been abandoned to the elements and has rapidly fallen into decay.

No one knows the exact date of the building of the house, but historians agree that it was long before the incorporation of the town of Hanover in 1727.

The Hon. Jedediah Dwellley of North Hanover, who has spent much time in gathering facts concerning the early history of the town, says: "While there was more or less buying and selling of slaves (as in the middle of the eighteenth century nearly all the wealthy families owned one or more) this probably was the only place where the traffic was carried on for revenue. I have seen two bills of slaves sold from this house. One was from Job Tilden to a Mr. Bailey of Setauna, a negro child named Morrow, 9 years of age, of good bodily health and a kind disposition."

One of Mr. Tilden's slaves named Cuffee served as a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and according to an old payroll he was stationed at Hull, March 1, 1777. He was with Col. Bailey and died at Valley Forge. He was known as Cuffee Tilden, and was so inscribed on the printed rolls.

The books of the First Congregational Church of Hanover record the marriage by the Rev. Benjamin Bass on February 8, 1781, of Jack and Billa, servants owned by Job Tilden, and also the death of a negro boy owned by Job Tilden, February 12, 1780. There are many other brief records of slaves kept in different families in Hanover.



FINES EACH CURL \$1.00 FRENCH HEELS \$2.00 LERIE BLOUSES \$5.00 ORNAMENTS \$1.

Men should wake up and strive ere it is too late to adjust matters to a more even balance. Women should be taught that they cannot eat their cake and have it too. Men, being as yet in the majority as employers, should lay down strict rules for the women employed by them.

Foolish furbelows should be rigidly fined and plain serviceable dress as like a man's as possible should be enforced. Then people might see something like equality of the sexes.

But, alas!—day! sumptuary laws were ever futile and women notoriously slippery in evading them. Men have for ages been striving to keep women in order in this respect. They have tried ridicule, shame, sorrow and fierce denunciation to no purpose. But in olden days if woman "dressed too fine" man had one redress now denied him. He could go and do likewise and could usually get her one better.

The great privilege was his of making himself the most noticeable and magnificent object in creation. But pride goeth before a fall. He became so besotted with his ego that he felt himself able deliberately to cast aside all illusion producing adornments, all the romance of flowing curls and the mysterious grace of stately flowing garments—and now look at the foolish creature. One is almost tempted to think that he deserves to be tottering as unsteadily on his pedestal as we now find him.

But there is a gleam of hope. Because he has clothed himself for a hundred years in such sobriety, his no reason why he should always. Let him try the potent medicine of long ago and see if this aggressive tide of femininity cannot be stemmed.

Of course he will feel very foolish and theatrical at first, but when he has once observed the thrilling effect produced by a swaggering velvet cloak and a feathered hat upon the feminine half of the population, he will think the game is worth the candle. Sirs, outdress them! it is the only way to keep them in their place.

READY FOR THE ENCOUNTER.

From The Star.

It is said that from the late Dr. Tanner, the Irish M. P., had asked in the House of Commons whether it were true that the Duke of Cambridge had resigned his position as commander-in-chief, a Major Jones of Penzance was so outraged that he challenged Dr. Tanner to a duel, and the following telegraphic correspondence took place:

"I met Mr. Bryan, and verily is my hobby. If he had not my position, I could not have been successful. He and his wife entertained me and Don on my trip West. Well, Pod," he said, "you certainly have added to my life. I have had my share of the good things, and I am glad I ran. Don't tell Mr. Bryan. You have had the privilege of addressing me as Bryan."

FREAK WAGER MADE HIM RICH

"PYTHAGORAS POD" RECOVERED HIS HEALTH BY IT ALSO.

His Journey to the Coast With a Donkey Recalled by the Return of the Former Brooklyn Man—Best Thing He Found on the Long Trip Was His Dog Don.

Mr. Woodward, who as "Pythagoras Pod" saved a \$5,000 wager he made on Bryan's election in 1896 by riding or walking with a burro from here to San Francisco, starting with a capital of 50 cents, has found that financially it paid to be a freak for 840 days and two hours. Mr. Woodward now is a mining man as a result of the notoriety he got then, followed by an application of the zeal that he showed in his ride, and has been here for a few days promoting a Leadville scheme.

Mr. Woodward left town on Saturday for his home in Kansas City. "I was a freak for a year," he said to a Star reporter at the Hotel Marlborough the day before he left, "but I attribute my success since then to the fact that I had the grit to do what I did. Most people called me a fool; my family didn't like it, but there was method in my work. I'm beginning to get the results now."

Mr. Woodward is a Brooklyn boy and was graduated from West Point in 1887, but didn't stay in the army long. He resigned and became a newspaper reporter. He also wrote stories and had a good deal of success. He is a son of the late Judge Woodward of Brooklyn. His father was class poet when he was graduated at Hobart and his mother was the poet of her class at Vassar. He had an attack of nervous prostration the summer Bryan was nominated the first time. Then he got better and was one of the most enthusiastic of the silver propagandists. He had read Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" while he was sick, and also Robert Louis Stevenson's story of a journey with a donkey. His family wanted him to go to a sanitarium but he decided to take all outdoors as his sanitarium and hence made the trip to the Pacific Coast.

Woodward was so sure of Bryan's election that he told Benjamin Lillard of this city that he would bet \$5,000 on it. He asked odds and finally it was agreed that if McKinley won Woodward should have the alternative of proving that he could ride to San Francisco on a donkey's back within a year. He had to wear a stovepipe hat, start with less than a dollar, put goggles on himself and "the other donkey." He was to carry a pack on his back.

It took months for him to get ready and he had just 31 days to complete the journey. He blocked Broadway for three hours from Fourteenth street to Twenty-third when he started out. He sold papers at a dollar apiece to get the money to pay for his burro. The burro tangled up the Broadway cars, tumbled his rider into the street and when he got to Poughkeepsie rolled down a flight of steps, injured two men and put the city's police force out of business. There Woodward swapped him for another donkey and on that animal he made the journey, walking about 2,600 miles of the 4,996 he traveled.

Woodward earned his way by selling photographs, lecturing, writing for newspapers, touting for a patent medicine and other stunts along the way. In speaking of his experiences yesterday he said: "It was a hard trip, but it made me. Once I nearly died of thirst in the Salt Lake desert. That reminds me of my dog Don, half mastiff and half bloodhound, which I picked up in western New York. He saved my life. A few faithful animals never lived. I had picked up a young fellow in Iowa and had four more burros and the dog. We had less than a quart of water when we got lost in the Salt Lake desert on our way to Federa Springs near the Granite Mountain.

"My companion, Tom, was almost crazed. He demanded a drink. I told him he would drink only when I did and we would divide a little of the water between us. He demanded it all. He started to draw his gun. I got mine out first. It was the first time I ever drew a gun on a man. We finally divided up two more water. I then insisted on giving Don a drink. We had turned two of the burros and Don loose to find water. They came back an hour later and had found none. Yuna were drawn and I was almost dead. I had a board which said that Federa Springs was two miles away. I gave Tom all the water we had left. I remember walking for about half an hour in the blazin' sun. The next I knew I was drinking at a hole in the ground with the burros and Tom and the dog, and a stranger who had come East in a stagecoach. There was plenty of water and I never looked back again. I drank and drank and fell back exhausted. I was until he feels like that. That suffering saved my life by his warnings in Nevada when two desperadoes tried to kill me. I wandered all over the country, coughing it up to my nose, and losing my health. Don went with me. Out in California one time I met a man who was kind to Don and me. Don liked him. The man wanted him and was a man of good repute. I let him have Don until I should send for him. Don liked his new home and I have never sent for him. He's still my dog. I hear of him from time to time and some day I hope to see him. Once we went 130 miles with my burro and I was almost dead. He watched over me while I slept.

"I could always lecture to Don, even if I had no other houses. I remember that in Concord on my first night out I had just three persons at the lecture, all deadbeats. Of course things improved as I went on and got notoriety and Mayors of cities used to ride my burro out of town and all that."

"I landed in San Francisco with \$125 in my pocket, all of it earned on my way. I weighed 130 pounds when I started and gained forty pounds on the trip. I was so much improved in my health that I started roughing it. I worked on ranches. I went to washing gold and mining. I worked in wineries, in paper mills and lumber camps. I knew my way around the country. I started there in that business. I worked on the famous 101 Ranch in Oklahoma. I wrote articles and stories.

"Gradually my old-time friends saw that there was something behind being a freak. I had the real purpose of recovering my health and studying the West in all its phases. I know now, and do not turn my back on that so-called foolish episode. It made me.

"If you write anything about me just bring out this phrase, that grit and pluck, no matter what is at issue. Always say, I want to get my pile so that I can write. I have written a lot of verse. It may be foolish, but some day I want to see a book of poems with my name on it. I have already written two books which have gone pretty well, but verse is my hobby."

"I met Mr. Bryan, and verily is my hobby. If he had not my position, I could not have been successful. He and his wife entertained me and Don on my trip West. Well, Pod," he said, "you certainly have added to my life. I have had my share of the good things, and I am glad I ran. Don't tell Mr. Bryan. You have had the privilege of addressing me as Bryan."

READY FOR THE ENCOUNTER.

From The Star.

It is said that from the late Dr. Tanner, the Irish M. P., had asked in the House of Commons whether it were true that the Duke of Cambridge had resigned his position as commander-in-chief, a Major Jones of Penzance was so outraged that he challenged Dr. Tanner to a duel, and the following telegraphic correspondence took place:

"I met Mr. Bryan, and verily is my hobby. If he had not my position, I could not have been successful. He and his wife entertained me and Don on my trip West. Well, Pod," he said, "you certainly have added to my life. I have had my share of the good things, and I am glad I ran. Don't tell Mr. Bryan. You have had the privilege of addressing me as Bryan."

"I met Mr. Bryan, and verily is my hobby. If he had not my position, I could not have been successful. He and his wife entertained me and Don on my trip West. Well, Pod," he said, "you certainly have added to my life. I have had my share of the good things, and I am glad I ran. Don't tell Mr. Bryan. You have had the privilege of addressing me as Bryan."

"I met Mr. Bryan, and verily is my hobby. If he had not my position, I could not have been successful. He and his wife entertained me and Don on my trip West. Well, Pod," he said, "you certainly have added to my life. I have had my share of the good things, and I am glad I ran. Don't tell Mr. Bryan. You have had the privilege of addressing me as Bryan."

"I met Mr. Bryan, and verily is my hobby. If he had not my position, I could not have been successful. He and his wife entertained me and Don on my trip West. Well, Pod," he said, "you certainly have added to my life. I have had my share of the good things, and I am glad I ran. Don't tell Mr. Bryan. You have had the privilege of addressing me as Bryan."