WHEN HE SHOPS AND SHE SHOPS

A DAY'S WORK OF BARGAIN HUNTING AND A WOMAN'S.

The Quest of the Purple Necktie Contrasted with the Conquest of Three Hats and Other Things Too Numerous to Mention—Two Chronicles of Shopping Times.

The man looked at his little socks dubiously and then and concluded that it was time for a little shopping.

That is the week of a change of season," he said exactly as he noted also that he needed half a dozen hard-collared handkerchiefs and four pillows.

He wondered if he could make his hard-earned purple tie, but there was. For physically Ethel with broiled mushrooms meant something.

He recalled the offering of Bob Steers, his chum in the office. What was the good of going to a small guy on Broadway to buy your ties and paying three or four per when you could get just as good if not better at any of the department stores for 75 cents or in some one special bargain day? He turned department stores, but if he was going to pay for broiled mushrooms he might as well get used to the idea.

He he pushed the thought away from him for the time being. It was not until he was another hale in the star socks and commenced a south feeling on the cream under the collar of his evening dress that he crowded the subject to himself again.

THE MAN WITH THE LIST.

kerchiefs do until Christmas, for some one always gave him furnishings of this kind at Christmas, but concluded that as long as he had to replenish his wardrobe he might as well do it altogether and not trust to chance. Once before, he remembered, he wore his neckties until they were strings, because he imagined that a certain girl would remember the date of his birthday after he had written it clearly in her birthday book the week before and left the book lying open on her desk.

But she didn't, and he had to go and buy them himself. That was the time in his career when he determined never to depend on a woman for anything. It was a resolution he would advise every man to make and keep.

The thought of those neckties—those he did not get—set him thinking again. He would have to get a purple tie. Ethel had said so, and what Ethel said went.

That was the charm about Ethel; she made you think, brought out your best points, even those you were unfamiliar with. He might never have known that purple was his color if it had not been for her interest in him.

There was only one weak point about Ethel so far as he had discovered. She was pretty, bright, well gowned, always said something flattering and never nagged, but she was so inordinately fond of broiled mushrooms.

There might not at first seem to be any connection between broiled mushrooms

"I might as well make the plunge," he said feverishly, "if I've got to get moth balls too. I suppose they keep moth balls there. I've seen candy counters advertised."

It was about this time that he got a list from his sister. The list contained the names of sundry household and personal articles she wanted him to get. When they separated after their try at living together, she keeping house and he paying for same, he told her with tears in his eyes that if there was anything in the world he could ever do for her all she had to do was to call on him.

He recited the items of the list over to himself and tried to understand them. Of course he could ask Ethel, but she had expressed a disbelief in his sister's existence once when he had intimated just intimated that it was due to her unexpected presence in town that he could not keep an engagement to take her and four of her friends to dinner.

He wondered if men ever went to department stores. Of course Bob Steers must have gone or he wouldn't have known about the neckties, but did any one else besides Bob and himself venture?

He went to the department store region and waited around for a while looking at the four entrances of the store selected, but not a single figure met his view of the masculine persuasion. Should he go in or should he wait another day?

He might just as well wait another day,

THE DAY'S WORK

and he took off his hat and wiped his brow. What was the hurry anyway? He pressed his brown felt hat. Ethel had such a—it would flash just as thoughtlessly in the face of a scoring world if he didn't run them off for another twenty-four hours in a purple tie, and as for the things that sister wanted he'd think it over.

The next day he found himself on the sidewalk with an impression such as he had the time he was operated on for appendicitis and was just recovering from the chloroform. He didn't know what had happened but he felt queer and light.

He recalled perfectly making the plunge through the door, but how was he to know that it was a special bargain day? That must have been what it was. Of course that was it.

He'd never say anything again about a woman's lack of endurance and courage. Women he didn't know anything about them. He did when he was 23, but every day his knowledge got less and less. The very type of woman who would fall on your shoulder and weep if you spoke a cross word to her or if you were unpunctual in keeping an engagement could fight her way with elbows and fists through a crowd like that and nicely bite off the head of any strange woman who dared to intimate that she was standing on her feet.

How did he ever happen to lose his grip on things, anyway? Recollection was certainly hazy.

He recalled that just as he was walking with a show of perfect poise down the aisle he saw a sign "Fifty Cents To-day Special" and below it a purple tie, and had made for it. Just at that moment, apparently, all of New York, Brooklyn, The Bronx, Westchester and some outlying suburbs had been moved by the same economical impulse and had fought for possession of the same bit of ground and the same article that he had noticed hanging down from the sign.

There certainly was no chivalry in women. They were brave enough, he'd admit that always, but they were not chivalrous. If anything were needed to prove this, his hat awry, his cuffs dangling from his coat, his collar unbuttoned, his perspiring brow would do it.

Well, she wasn't a fourflusher. He could look Bob Steers in the face all right. He got what he aimed at in spite of sharp elbows, frozen looks, stout, wedgy women, the impact of a solid mass of protesting humanity that apparently resented his intrusion there and the satirical questions of a blond girl, whose hair would get anywhere she started for five seconds before she could.

He had paid more than he had intended, a bell and all the silver in his pocket, but what else could he do when he had seized the tie, torn it from its fastening and made his way back to earth through the struggling crowd? Probably it had cost him all told $1, but he got off cheap, considering.

He looked at it.

It was a purple tie with glare to it and a pearl buckle, suitable for a matronly person whose waist girth was above 38.

He slipped it against the elevated restaurant pillar and it fell into the road. An automobile ran over it and a chauffeur with a pollyhoo that he would never have exhibited if it had been merely a pearl tie got down from the machine, picked it up and

The chauffeur did not look at it, but something in his face suggested pearl contact.

That night the man wrote a very affectionate letter to his sister in which he assured her that there had been such a rush on bowlegs that there wasn't a bit left in town, and as for neckties and shirts, while the stock seemed to be all right and of the proper colors and consistency, he did not dare send them without her approval, as she had forgotten to enclose samples, and the floorwalker of one of the stores said the very best of the stock was always put aside for out of town customers who wrote to them directly. He enclosed a small check.

The woman had been feeling rather out of sorts. Coming back from the country after a long summer of fun there is always a reaction. She didn't know what to do with herself. Nobody that she wanted to see particularly was in town yet. She determined to go shopping.

She took special notice of the shops where bargain sales were taking place, and having done this arranged her belt more firmly, put an extra hatpin in her hat, tied her veil instead of pinning it as

"WE HAD A LITTLE QUARREL."

MEEK MAN.

had said, "the way men do things! Do you suppose us women would stand for these crowded cars and insolent conductors? Not on your life. Municipal housekeeping, that's what it is. A man's ready enough to find fault with a woman's home, I notice. Let 'em look to themselves! I'm the president of the Hackensack Mutual Improvement of Cities and Towns Society and I've made a study of the subject."

It was discovered that the strange woman also was going to a bargain sale.

"They rest me," she said. "Kind of take my mind off of thinking so much of men's shortcomings."

The woman had a most enjoyable day. By good luck she struck the first bargain rush of the season and was, with a last flick to her hatpin, in the very centre of a crowd of shoppers before she had really time to realize her opportunity. She had first grab at the shirt waists. After snatching three or four away from other women she found one that she liked and clutched it madly, while she looked for another.

"I'll have these sent," she said to the salesgirl, "C. O. D."

"Don't send these out C. O. D.," answered the girl, curtly.

"You don't? I never heard of such a thing! Why I've bought things here for years. I shall certainly take my custom away immediately. It's an outrage to come way from 133d street, nearly in Harlem, and be treated this way!"

"Isn't baby a—" said the girl, removed. "There's no excuse."

The strange woman, who sat at her side while she fumed for way and sympathized kindly.

"If women only run these places, we'd see quick enough what we could have. It's an outrage. She undertakes to pick out the wall paper of your flats and then refuses to tell you whether a dado goes the way you like or not. Isn't it a scream?"

The women found the stranger so interesting that they took luncheon together, after she had added three thousand questions of the shopgirls and had run articles C. O. D. and three hats on approval, and quoted a bag full of samples, had a talk with the head of the costume department and tested all the advertised articles in the grocery upstairs. She had also been quite transparent in by-play demonstrations, which had new ways of fixing the belt, stock, veil and something.

On their way in the elevator the stranger called the woman's attention to a middle-aged man who had been for half an hour making frantic gestures at a shopgirl at the glove counter and having finally succeeded in obtaining her attention had said: "Yes, the same size please. It's four years since I got the last pair. Just a little quarrel."

"So like a man," said the stranger. "Telling his heart secrets over the counter to a girl that's got about as much interest in him as in the price of Consolidated Copper and 'll laugh at him the minute his poor old back's turned. Ain't they pitiful creatures around those that way? Probably's been buying her gloves number fives and having quarrels four years long for half a century. Some day when he's called on to send a wreath of white roses with a cluster of forget-me-nots in a case of immortelles he'll probably wake up from his dream."

They stood fifteen in a line and waited three-quarters of an hour for luncheon in the dining room upstairs. The stranger ordered lobster croquettes and a glass of milk and the woman a small steak, French fried potatoes and a cup of coffee, with bar-le-duc jelly and cream cheese for dessert.

"I've decided not to take any of those hats I had sent on approval," she confided to her vis-a-vis, "so I feel as if I could treat myself."

"Awful rich cooking," said the stranger. "That's the worst of having men run a place like this. It takes a woman to do it right. I expect I'll pay for this with acute indigestion and won't be able to finish my paper on hygiene and sanitation to-morrow for the club."

At the door of the department store they shook hands warmly.

"Happy to have met you," said the stranger. "I've enjoyed my day. In fact I ain't had as good a time since Adam's grandmother was a protoplasm, as my husband would say."

"It has been simply perfect," said the woman, "if it wasn't for having to go home in the crowded cars."

The stranger sighed.

"That's the worst of having men mixed up in moonicipal affairs—filthy streets, crowded cars, no schools to speak of; but the time 'll certainly come when women 'll show 'em that it's possible to go out in public without having your toes trod on and your temper spoiled."

"JUST LOOKING."

RIDE ASTRIDE AND ARE HAPPY

THE LUCKY HORSEWOMEN OF NEW MEXICO.

Only One Woman of Albuquerque Clings to the Side Saddle—The Others, Riding Across, One of the Pleasurable Sights—Girl Equestrians For Governor's Escort.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Sept. 24.—At the head of the parade at the New Mexico Territorial fair on Thursday, October 10, of which 1,500 mounted Mexicans are to be a feature, will be the Albuquerque Mesa Riding Club. This organization, composed of fifteen pretty girls ranging in age from 11 to 14 years, each mounted astride of her own pony, will meet Gov. George Curry at the railroad station on Monday, conduct him to the fair grounds and act as his escort throughout the day.

The members of the club will wear a distinctive costume of blouse and bloomers made of blue duck and trimmed with white braid and a Mexican sombrero of straw. The bestowing of the right of line upon these girls is an evidence of the admiration which the people of New Mexico have for the horsewomen of the Territory.

The Mesa club's members are to be seen as individuals at any hour of the day on the streets of the city, galloping back and forth on errands or visits. In the early morning, in the evening, or on moonlit nights they are encountered in twos and threes and fours on the adjacent mesas racing like the wind, with loose reins and short stirrups, over the smooth, hard roads.

To the stranger the spectacle presented by these girls and other horsewomen is one of the most attractive features of life in the Southwest. The absolute lack of self-consciousness on the part of the daring riders, the grace and rhythm with which their lithe bodies move as though a part of their mounts and their superb health, glowing cheeks, flashing eyes and unrestrained laughter as they clatter over the streets and roads constitute a delicious ensemble.

Whatever New Mexico may have to learn in order to qualify herself for Statehood she stands preeminent in her exposition of healthy and happy young womanhood. Other Southwestern cities may do in part what Eastern cities are now thinking of doing, but Albuquerque has accepted enthusiastically and unreservedly the practice of women riding man fashion. More than 100 women and girls may be seen every day riding astride through the streets of Albuquerque. A great many more women of middle age ride thus occasionally and are most earnest advocates of the custom. A woman mounted on a side saddle is as much a curiosity here as one riding across is in the Eastern States. At present there is but one woman in Albuquerque who habitually rides in the old style.

The echoes of the discussion in the East of the subject of riding astride are listened to here with unrepressed glee. The women of Albuquerque are unable to comprehend why their sisters of the East cling tenaciously to the unnatural, uncomfortable and dangerous side saddle.

"It must be their horror of cutting loose from a time honored convention," said one blooming matron, whose young daughters are, like herself, fearless horsewomen. "That is perfectly silly. I sometimes feel like going East and giving them a public lecture and an object lesson.

"But what would be the use? They are already aware of all that I could tell them. I have been East myself and know that many ladies there ride across in their private riding clubs and in the open at their country clubs.

"The insinuation that there is anything suggestive of immodesty about a woman riding astride is unworthy of any well balanced man or woman. There is nothing any more embarrassing about a woman mounted man fashion on a horse than there is about one riding a bicycle. At one time it was considered immodest for a woman to sit crosslegged on a chair.

"The total abandonment of the side saddle has made life in Albuquerque approach the ideal for horsewomen. I know of no rapture equal to that of galloping over the hard roads with hair flying in the breeze and a torrent of cool mountain air rushing into the lungs.

"Every muscle of the body is brought into active play, and much greater benefit is secured than by spasmodic gulping, as in artificial deep breathing when in repose. With an expanse of sky that seems limitless, with a perspective of seventy-five miles to the mountain peaks in the southwest, with the purple haze of the hills, the glorious profusion of vivid sunset colors, and the swift rushing, exhilarating atmosphere, it comes very near being heaven. We don't stop to admire—we just drink it in, with our bodies comfortable and our minds serene."

The universality of the custom of across riding has added greatly to the popularity of Albuquerque as a winter resort. Eastern women who ride are made welcome, but if they want to follow their home style of equestrianism they must bring along their own horses and trappings. Their special wants are not catered to here.

Every winter women come from cold climates to New Mexico, not a few of them solely because of its blessed privilege of untrammelled horseback riding. And it is no longer cause for surprise that the visitors carry themselves so well, for it has come to be understood that they have been taught to ride both ways in their home cities.

The habit and equipment of the New Mexico woman who rides are simplicity itself. Only the slightest concession to a dying custom is made by the ultra fashionable. These ride thoroughbred horses, with McClellan army saddles. The seats are dished considerably more than those of the standard for men, and are built to order to fit perfectly the physical conformations of the owners. They are made of hardwood trees, covered with hard leather, and are therefore luxurious only to the practised rider. The costume consists of a divided skirt, riding breeches, leggings and spurs. Boots are sometimes worn, but, though admirable for riding, they are inconvenient for walking.

The younger girls content themselves with ponies, bloomers, a cowboy saddle and a whip. Thus equipped, they have perfect control of themselves and their animals. At a very early age, they learn to catch their own ponies, to rig their saddles and to care for and hobble their mounts. Women do not ride with the knee clutch, nor do cowboys. Some years ago, at an exposition in New Orleans, an international equestrian contest took place in which every competitor rode according to the custom of his native land. Gen. Charles King of the United States Army, in reviewing the performance, awarded the palm to the American cowboy style of riding.

It is this style—simply sitting on a horse—in which the young women of Albuquerque are the greatest adepts in the world. Formerly it was the custom of Eastern visitors to say: "These are not horsewomen at all. You ought to see our exhibitions at Madison Square Garden."

"We can see better at a circus any time," was the answer. For charm and gracefulness the across riding of the Albuquerque young woman is cowboy riding raised to the tenth power.

As a matter of fact, no other style of horsewomanship is adapted to this country. It came naturally from the cowgirls of the ranches, some of the younger generation of whom can rope forty calves in an afternoon.

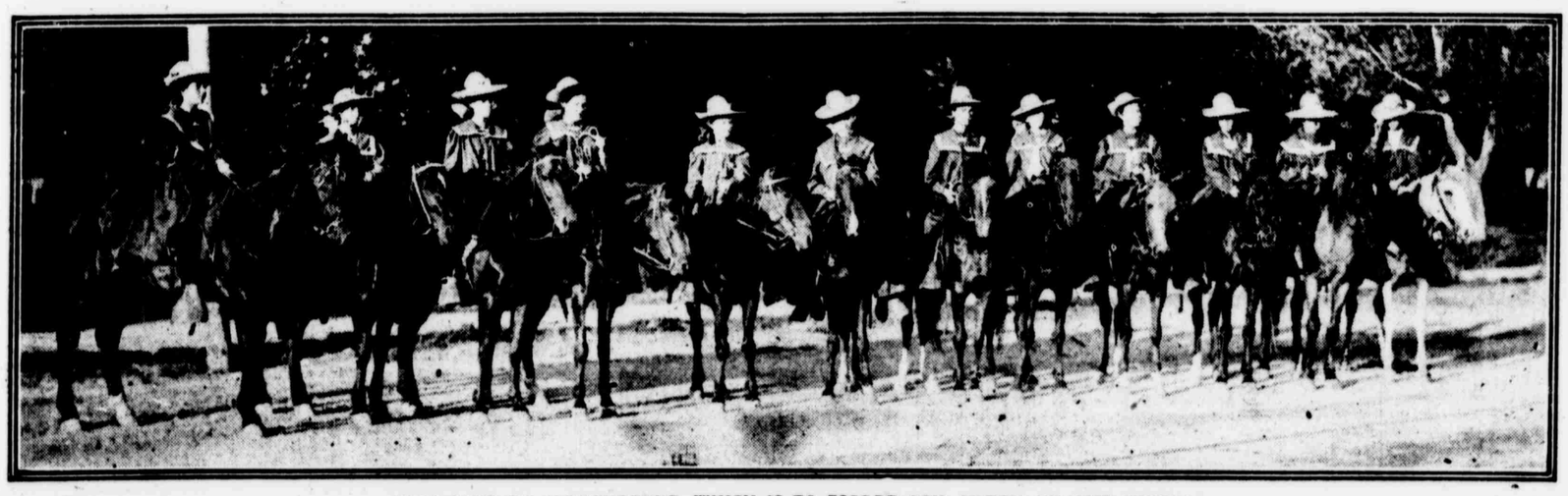
The only plausible objection to it is that the practice of riding astride tends to make the rider bow legged and fasten upon her a rolling, ungainly gait. This is true to a limited extent of the cowboy and the cowgirl, who practically live in the saddle, but it does not hold good with those who ride intermittently for pleasure and health on narrow shouldered saddles.

Yet some of these otherwise delicately reared young girls occasionally perform surprising feats of endurance. Two little daughters of an Albuquerque physician last week rode twenty-two miles into the mountains and back in a single day, and the daughter of a lawyer recently rode sixty miles without great exhaustion or apparent ill effect. These are exceptional cases. The young girls rest when tired, though their mounts usually weaken first.

In all New Mexico scarcely a physician now raises his voice against the prevailing practice. The profession is practically a unit in advocating the safety, benefit and harmlessness of the custom. Further, their own wives and daughters almost invariably ride thus, with the consent and approval of the head of the house.

The only caution heard is to avoid excess. Of course, there are certain women for whom horseback riding of any description is a hazard, but for such no other precaution is necessary than that usually taken by a man before entering upon a course under the Muldoon or the Keating system—a thorough examination by a physician.

Life for women and girls in Albuquerque is very full and free and satisfying. Is the dawn of a similar bright day at hand for the horsewomen of the East—in the open and unhampered by convention?



MESA CLUB OF ALBUQUERQUE, WHICH IS TO ESCORT GOV. CURRY OF NEW MEXICO.

EXERCISE BY PRESCRIPTION.

Doctors More Careful Nowadays About the Physical Training of Patients.

New York physicians are beginning to write an entirely new kind of prescription which cannot be filled at the ordinary drug store and as a result an entirely new kind of pharmacy has come into existence. It is a place where the doctor's prescription for a mixture of this and that form of physical exercise in just the proper proportion may be filled.

For the modern prescription for exercise is entirely different from the old advice, "You need exercise, take it," which was given to the patient. To-day in advising exercise the medical man is getting to be as definite as he is in prescribing drugs.

In many cases the physicians have themselves studied physical training, and when they get through with an examination they prescribe specific exercises and combinations of exercises which will strengthen this or that set of muscles and so help the patient's lungs or heart or relieve certain forms of stomach trouble or other organic weakness.

Often one set of exercises will help the patient while another might be hurtful for him. A certain number of hours of activity might be good, but a longer time bad. Consequently the physician, writes out a prescription and then sends the man to the new kind of laboratory, the physical training drug store, so to speak, to get it filled. Such a prescription might well read as follows:

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Free movements, light drill	¼ hr.
Light chest weights for back, leg and waist muscles, breathing exercise	¼ hr.
Recreative games	¼ hr.
Aqua in shower, graded temp. 75 F. to 60 F.	3 min.
Rub down	5 min.

Met. Sig. Take each afternoon and rest ½ hour before dinner.

DR. UPTODATE.

The patient then is advised to take this prescription, or the letter which embodies it, to a gymnasium, preferably one in charge of a medical man. Possibly the prescribing physician will write privately to the gymnasium director that the man's heart is weak and to see that he does not depart from the mild dose of exercise indicated.

The gymnasium man then takes hold of the patient and sees that he gets just the sort of work he needs to build him up and to give him physical tone. From time to time the physical pharmacist tests the effect of the daily medicine and if indications are wrong, consults with the physician as to changes in the treatment.

1907 A RED LETTER YEAR.

Right to Vote Won by Women in Four Countries of Europe.

Women all over the world are beginning to look upon 1907 as a red letter year for their sex. Their first notable step ahead this year was the granting of parliamentary suffrage to the women of Norway. Then Swedish women were made eligible for municipal office; next came the granting to the women of Denmark of the right to vote for and serve as members of boards of public charities, and now the British Parliament has just passed the bill making women eligible as town and county councillors and aldermen.

In 1888 when the county councils were instituted in England it was thought that women were eligible, and three—Lady Margaret Sandhurst, Miss Jane Cobden and Miss Cons—were elected by the voters of London. Beresford Hope, who had been defeated by Lady Sandhurst, contested the election on the ground that women were not eligible. The litigation was prolonged and meanwhile the women were allowed to serve. One of the duties assigned to Lady Sandhurst was the supervision of twenty-three infant asylums. When Mr. Hope finally succeeded in ousting her one of the leading London dailies sarcastically remarked:

"It is to be hoped that the gentleman will find himself equal to mothering all those babies."