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STEEL COMBINE'S PROSPECTS

The current number of the Iron Age indicates that the domestic market for iron and steel products is extraordinarily strong and apparently insatiable. The installation of new enterprises continues and with a vigorous home market our exports of iron and steel keep up in a gratifying manner. The Russian retaliation of a 50 per cent increase in her tariff duties on our iron and steel because of the counter-vailing duty our government has imposed on Russian sugar in accordance with our tariff law, will probably have no serious effect upon our trade, as Russia has not yet reached the industrial independence enabling her to depend upon her own resources. She will continue to buy our iron and steel products through other channels.

The United States Steel Corporation is reaching out to foreign lands for more properties in its line to purchase and, if the plans adopted carry, there will be no European competition to fear. Of the three competitors in the world's iron and steel markets—Great Britain, Germany and the United States—whose combined output is 78 per cent of all pig iron and 82 per cent of all the steel manufactured, Great Britain has lost the dominant position and our country has taken it, with Germany second. Great Britain is handicapped in the race by the fact that she has to depend about a third of her ore supply from Spain and elsewhere and she confronts a growing deficiency of fuel. Our railway freights are one-fourth those of Great Britain and raw material can be transported long distances much more cheaply than in England and we have all the steel making material within our own borders in great abundance. The steel combine is in a position to capture markets and lead in international competition. Since the organization was effected there has been a strong advance in prices, but the advance began before the combine's announcement. Prices have strengthened chiefly because there is a tremendous demand at home for iron and steel products and the export demand is keeping up well. The Steel Combine begins operations with a rising market. Many have been the speculations as to its earning power and predictions of a failure to earn the fixed annual charges for dividends on \$43,000,000 but some very long heads have been constructing this combine and if it is a scheme to boom shares, sell out and quit, it is handled in an extraordinarily careful manner which would seem to indicate a tenacious purpose.

TRADE WITH CHINA

It is reported that a Chinese firm in San Francisco is negotiating for a large amount of flour to be shipped from the state of Washington to China during this year. United States Consul Miller at Chungking reports to the department of state that, last year, when confusion and bloodshed seemed to rule in China, our flour trade with that country aggregated \$5,225,000 in value, largely exceeding the trade of 1899. Mr. Miller says the increase was shown at every port and that, wherever flour has been introduced, the Chinese palate prefers it to rice and all who can buy flour do so. With the settlement of the present complications peacefully, there is no doubt that our flour trade with China will be a tremendous item in the future. It is in the rice-growing sections of China that foreign flour is most consumed. The Chinese have two modern flour mills at Shanghai, one with American equipment and the other with British machinery. This flour trade seems to have held its own very well through the tumultuous proceedings in China for the past year, a fact which suggests what a vast increase there will be if the negotiations can be satisfactorily concluded and Chinese uprisings prevented. Our cotton goods trade with China has suffered greatly, for a large proportion of it is with north China ports, much of it, indeed, with ports now under Russian control. There are large stocks of cotton goods from this country at Shanghai, which were ordered before the Boxer uprising

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Let us now warn England that she cannot dispose of the Bermudas or Canada. Followed by a hoodoo. This strange belief that a person is sometimes followed by a hoodoo, a being of evil and maliciously held by the colored brother in some sections of the country, seems to have some foundation in experience. It is the story of Sylvester Keyes, a lumber dealer of Leon, Ohio, can be believed. Mr. Keyes some years back, in some way, got the idea of performing certain physical acts, for his spiritual good. He made a practice of going to the woods and standing on his knees as a penance for his sins and for the purpose of warding off future trouble. Last week Mr. Keyes was visiting relatives north of Seneca Falls, N. Y., and happened on Wednesday night to be omitted the custom for once. He was restless all night and disturbed because of his neglect. His troubles began in the morning, going down stairs to breakfast he stepped on a tack. While eating breakfast he overturned the coffee urn and scalded both legs. In the forenoon he helped one of the men chop some firewood, and a splinter struck him on the head. He started for the house, but slipped on the ice and fell, bruising his face and dislocating one eye. Going up the steps into the house, a splinter struck him on the shoulder. Once inside, Mr. Keyes had his various wounds dressed and started for his room, but by mistake, owing to the handling of the door, he opened the door leading to the cellar instead of the one going upstairs, next to it, and fell down the steps. He then refused to move but was carried to his room and placed in bed. He believes his series of misfortunes was due to his nervous state resulting from worry and fear because he had neglected his usual performance. Mr. Keyes is probably right. If we make laws like that for ourselves we shall be punished by ourselves for breaking them. It is best to make no laws for ourselves.

INJUSTICE TO HENNEPIN

The Hennepin delegation has introduced into the legislature a reapportionment bill which should become a law, but which in the present temper of the state's lawmakers seems to be doomed to an ignominious end. A combination or group of combinations seems to exist in the present legislature which has for its object the humiliation of Minneapolis. To prevent this city from securing a congressional reapportionment that would do justice to its size, a majority of the legislature appears to be ready to adopt a reapportionment scheme which is apparently unconstitutional. There can be no tenable argument for a reapportionment plan which gives one congressman to 228,000 people and another to 154,000. When the Hennepin members protested against the majority plan in the committee, the advocates of this outrageous measure could not and did not defend themselves.

The alleged arguments which are from time to time brought forward for the Daugherty bill are unthinkably absurd. This is one of these sapient contributions to dialectics: "Minneapolis is scheming to get two congressmen."

The same alleged argument would emanate from the same sources if Hennepin county had 400,000 people. If Hennepin has 228,000 people they are all entitled to representation. If to give them that representation the county should be cut in two, cut it. This is plain justice, but up rises some Solomon and says:

"I don't believe in dividing counties to make congressional districts."

What wisdom! If Hennepin had 300,000 people this same man would oppose division. Never mind about unjust representation, but never, oh, never violate the sacred county lines.

Now here is another battering ram of an argument used against justice to Hennepin county:

"If the primary election law is not extended to the whole state, the country districts thrown in with the east side of Hennepin would be entirely at the mercy of the Minneapolis manipulators."

"Manipulators" is good. If Hennepin really had some, it would be getting its deserts. The trouble is that there are too many elsewhere. But what is the meaning of the quoted sentence? If a part of Hennepin were added to other counties to form a district the primary election law would not apply, for it distinctly embraces only officers chosen wholly within the county of Hennepin. Can anybody explain how the primary election law has any bearing at all? But that is on a par with the other arguments against Hennepin's plea for justice.

The Journal does not believe that a majority of the people of the state approve of the high-handed course of the legislative majority in this matter. It is most slowly treatment of a county which, in many an election, has been one of the pillars of republican success in this state.

A SENATORIAL MISTAKE

By its action of yesterday on the Hurd bill to put the state oil inspector's office on a salary basis, the Minnesota senate has put itself into an anomalous position. It is in favor of reforming a glaring abuse, but opposed to making the reform operative at once. "We believe in reforming our successors, but we ourselves are above the necessity," says the senate. Of course, it is not the entire senate, but only certain senators, who assume this ridiculous attitude. But the action of a few senators reflects seriously on the entire body, and it may jeopardize this needed reform.

In its last analysis, this action of certain senators means either favoritism to an official or the perpetuation for party purposes of an abuse which has become a scandal. In either case the position assumed is wholly indefensible. Sound principle, and not personal favor or party convenience, should govern the action of every senator. To vote for this reform, and at the same time postpone its operation for two years, is simply hypocritical. If the fee system is bad in principle and in effect, the honest course is to change it at once. Senatorial favor to the present inspector is senatorial breach of duty to the people. Retention of the system so as to secure party revenue is no better. The republican party does not need any financial help from an overpaid oil inspector. We protest as republicans against the present scale of fees, and we warn all republican senators who oppose the early adoption of the needed reform that by so doing they only injure the fair name of the party they profess to serve. The majority of the people of Minnesota are republicans from conviction, because they believe in the fair name and the honest purposes of their party.

The only argument made yesterday against the immediate application of the reduced scale of fees is that it is not customary to reduce an official's fees during his term. This argument is almost too weak for words. The present incumbent has just been appointed. He took the office with notice that the reform was urged and would be demanded. If he should not be content with a living salary let him resign. His renunciation of an office with fair pay would indicate that he had accepted that office for some ulterior purpose.

No reputable political party can afford to bear the scandal of perpetuating a plain abuse of fundamental principles. Party expediency which violates such principles always reacts upon those who employ it.

The United States has warned Denmark that she cannot sell her islands to anybody else but us as they are in our sphere of influence.

New York Daily Letter.

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL, No. 21 Park Row.

A Trust in Steamships. March 8.—Now comes a "trust" of steamships, controlling the trade between this country and Brazil. Negotiations are said to have been practically completed for a consolidation of the Red Cross Steamship Company, Limited, and the Red Cross Line. Both are incorporated in Liverpool and are represented by agents in New York. News comes from Liverpool that an agreement has been reached by which the Red Cross Steamship company is to absorb the Red Cross Line, the consolidated company to be capitalized at \$5,000,000. These two lines have long been rivals in the Brazilian trade, although it is said they have had a traffic agreement for several months. Both lines covered the same field, and naturally had a monopoly of the trade to Para, Manaus, Maranhao and Ceara. Each line has about fifteen steamships.

Relic of a Great Fire.

A queer relic of the great Hoboken fire of last June, which several North German Lloyd steamers were wholly and others partly destroyed, is now in the possession of Second Officer Emil Zander of the Kaiser Wilhelm field. It is a piece of glass, the remains of a picture of the Kaiser, his consort and his two sons had been cut from the original cardboard and pasted on the glass. As a matter of fact, the picture went all through the fire at Hoboken, and the Kaiser, who was second officer, when he visited his apartments after the steamer had cooled down sufficiently to be inspected, he found everything completely destroyed by the fire, the exception of the picture of the Kaiser and Kaiserin, which was burned to a crisp, where the figures of the royal personages appeared. At these spots the glass had become so fastened to the picture, practically melted on, without, however, injuring the cardboard. The figures alone had escaped, whereas the rest of the picture, together with the Kaiser, his consort and his two sons had been completely destroyed. Mr. Zander sent the picture to the Kaiser, who returned it after examination, and it is now a highly prized souvenir.

International Wedding.

A pretty little American girl and a Japanese diplomat were married at the city hall by an Irish alderman in the presence of several prominent English witnesses. Tochi Takakura, vice consul for the island of Okinawa at this port, was the groom, and his bride was Miss Elizabeth Baker, daughter of a prominent broker. The groom is 27 years old, a graduate of Yale university and a member of one of the noblest families in Japan. Little Miss Baker's sweetheart had looked on with favor by her family, and the lovers were ready to be wed with a bottle of carboic acid, however, and threatened to use it internally, unfiltered, her family concluded that a wedding might be a prudent thing to postpone.

Canada is complaining because Morgan, Hill & Co. have secured a tollbooth at their Dear friends, it is useless to squirm. You are on the list.

A hospital corps will attend the second wolf hunt in Anarchy county.

The peace and quiet of the vice presidency have been rudely stirred.

Mon, has ye ben out on ta lanks yet?

AMUSEMENTS

Thos. Q. Seabrooke in "The Rounders" at the Metropolitan.

In the second act of "The Rounders" Will C. Mandeville as the Duke de Paty Du Clam sings a song of ennui, the refrain and burden of which is "nothing ever happens here. It is another Central park match. The couple first met on the Mall, and clandestine meetings were a regular feature until the carboic acid crisis brought them to the mayor's office.

Millions in Diamonds. According to a well-known expert New York is more lavishly set with diamonds than any other city in the world. He estimates that \$100,000,000 worth of gems are owned by prominent families here. Of this amount the Vanderbilt family heads the list with about \$40,000,000, and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont at least \$20,000,000. The Mackay family comes next with \$10,000,000. The Astor diamonds are also enormously valuable.

Old Cannon Balls Found. Curious relics of revolutionary days are being constantly turned up by men employed in excavating the new custom-house site at Bowling Green. To-day two solid shot, fifteen pounds each, were discovered and with rust, were unearthed. They were buried long before the days of Washington, according to several experts. Bowling Green is historic ground and all sorts of queer things have been brought to light since the city and the Steamship port began three weeks ago.

IN THE NEW ERA

Professor Woodrow Wilson contributes an admirable paper to the Atlantic on "Democracy and Efficiency," embodying a discussion of the new era which has come upon us. He is a student of things, and his paper is and for which no polity has been prepared, and the new duties and responsibilities which command us and leave us no alternative but to obey if we would not be stragglers in the new era. He impressively sums up the new tasks thrust upon us. "We might not," he says, "have been our duty, had the Philippines not fallen to us by the fortune of war; but our duty, our responsibility, is to play the part we now see ourselves obliged to play. The east is to be opened and transformed whether we will or no; the standards of American civilization are to be set by other nations and peoples which have stood still for centuries through, are to be quickened, and made part of the universal world of commerce and of ideas. The world is to be made a-making by the advance of European power from age to age. It is our peculiar duty, as it is also England's, to moderate the process in the interests of liberty, to impart to the peoples of the world the spirit of the road of change, so far as we have opportunity or can make it, our own principles of self-help; teach them order and self-control in the midst of change; impart to them, if it is possible by contact and sympathy and example, the drill and habit of law and obedience which we long ago got out of the strenuous process of English history; secure for them, when we may, the free intercourse and the natural development which shall make them, at least, equal members of the family of nations. The new era, the professor says, may give to ourselves the responsibility of leadership instead of government by mass meeting, a trained and thoroughly organized administrative service, instead of administration by private nomination and blindly elected; a new notion of terms of office and of standards of policy.

FREE HOMES

Rufus Rockwell Wilson, in an interesting paper on the Hon. Galusha A. Grow and the homestead act, of which he is the author, contributed to The World Work for March, after referring to the issue of the first part of Dr. Freeman in 1885, says:

"During the thirty-eight years that have since elapsed there have been 1,000,000 acres of public lands have been entered, and more than 4,000,000 people have obtained free homes under the operation of the homestead act, while a true far exceeding in area all the territory originally granted to the United States. And the homestead still has a long future before him, for, of still land still remaining open to settlement, Montana has 70,000,000 acres, Nevada 50,000,000, New Mexico 55,000,000 and Arizona a little more than 53,000,000. The long procession which Dr. Freeman headed has not yet halted; it still moves on, and its march will probably continue until the last available acre of public lands has been handed over by the government for the use of its citizens."

Foyer Chat.

The sale of seats for the Sousa concerts at the Lyceum theater opened with a rush yesterday. Everybody seems to have heard of the unparalleled success of Sousa in Europe and on his tour of the continent this season, and all are anxious to see and hear the famous band that created such a furore in the musical centers of Europe.

Next Sunday night "Arizona" opens a week's engagement at the Metropolitan, with matinee Wednesday and Saturday. This is sufficient for those who witness Augustus Thomas' original made-for-the-stage look over the files of the New York papers and note the comments made during "Arizona's" unparalleled run at the Herald Square.

The Brave Tin Soldier

BY EDITH WYATT. Copyright 1901 by S. S. McClure Co.

Fritze Gross was a good-natured, bustling young Jewish baker, living in a boarding-house on Lincoln avenue, when he was not on the road. He was a traveling salesman for Fred Einstein's clothing house, a plump, ruddy German Jew, rather small, unwrinkled in fact, but with a keen eye. Mrs. Einstein and her sister said he was just as full of fun as he could be, and they not only laughed at his jokes, but believed in his stories. These were always various instances of his own courage; their scene an office or a railway car; their circumstance the offer to the spirited Fritze of some distinguished statement made by another man. Their event the coming and out of the other man in such terms as, "I'll pitch you down stairs if I hear some talk like that." "I say," said Fritze, "I'll get you down stairs right away, kvick!"

While no one exactly believed these stories, yet, somehow, Fritze Gross was adored by them; and whenever he was in Chicago he went to the Einsteins to swagger and laugh with the expensive Fred and his many family friends and to play with his children. They called him Uncle Fritze, and they were all notably fond of him; but his best friends among them were Selma and Becky, the eldest children, two very pretty little girls, one 13 the other 10 years old.

Selma was dark and large, with a clear, olive coloring, eyes dark and glowing and smooth, black hair, hanging in braids, swept back from a brow calm with all the lovefulness of childhood and the domestic affection of her home.

Becky's hair was curly, and hung loose about her shoulders and down around her waist. She was much lighter and thinner than Selma. Her dresses swung gracefully around her straight and trim figure, and trippingly little feet, beautifully shod. Her skin was very white and her eyes blue and sparkling with the fierceness of a rather spoiled puppy.

Selma and Becky, Fritze Gross liked to bring presents of Roman sashes and gauze fans and jeweled buckles. He liked to have them down town, to sit at little tables in smart little cafes and eat pink-and-white ice cream. But especially he liked to take them to the matinee.

It was delightful to him to sit in the lighted theater, with the gay music of comic opera sounding in some familiar air, and to see Selma and Becky blooming and happy on either side in light summer silks, holding flowering leghorn hats in their laps.

In the winter he would take them sleigh-riding and skating. As soon as the ice was frozen over in the park he and Selma and Becky would start out with skite bags, late in the afternoon, after school was over. Before they could reach the North Pond would be covered with skaters—little boys plunging madly, young girls gracefully dipping and whirling, men swooping and striding, swishing skirts and showing hats and caps, dark coats and jackets, starting and flying under the blue winter sky, among the brown-and-white slopes, and the pillaring black trees, under the cold gray sky.

Fritze Gross would wear a jaunty purple tippet and a toboggan cap, and from his dress and manner of beating himself and of magnificently breathing the gale, one might have supposed the moderate winter gaities of Lincoln park invested with all the conditions of Canadian or Russian snows.

He dashed around, noiselessly buckling ladies' skates, and whirling delighted, shrieking children about the pond, and showing off, cutting figure eights in the ice and skating backward with his scarf floating in the breeze.

When Fred Einstein came to war on, sometimes, Fritze Gross would go on one foot and tell him of different masterly scenes of ice ponds, one, in particular, of a fooling-on-the-moon, at Humboldt Park, who clung to the railing, and who, and was told by Fritze Gross to "Get out of this park—get out already."

Fritze omitted his foe, replying, in a low, whining way, "Cold day, sir."

"Get out of this park," let you, and go take a few skate lessons."

One very cold winter the lake froze so far out that the people took to the ice, and skaters crowded to the lake shore. It was at this time that Selma, Becky and Uncle Fritze, very lively and noisy, started out in the afternoon, to skate on the lake.

It was a fine, cold day. Across the lake, gray paths and roads of the park, glittering with little white pockets of snow and blue splinters of ice, they walked out on the ice, and there their afternoon spread before them.

The sky was blue and dazzling with streaming winter sunlight. In its unfathomable heights hung and floated snowy masses of soft, billowing clouds, and underneath, a cold, cold horizon the veiled waters spread cold and gray, and the north wind met the city's smoke-bug shores, in hoary, sweeping line.

A little breeze blew from the land; the air was cold as steel in the nostrils, and it seemed to the children they could hardly wait to strap their skates and get off, flying over the frozen surface. They seized each other's hands and their feet darted, along the curve of the little sandy beach of their start, and out toward where a few other people were whirling, black specks against the white plain. They landed on and on—the fresh wind blowing behind, the shining air in their faces, the free scope ahead, all exhilarated them, and they had gone perhaps a mile when they saw across the dazzling ice before them a crowd of people.

The ice had broken there, and at a little distance from its edge a crowd of people stood, or slowly skated, looking at the gulf. Fritze and Selma and Becky sat down on the ice and took off their skates, noisily for the benefit of the crowd:

"It is best—best to avoid all danger. You little skids too far, there would you be on kvick? Vat you'd your mamma say to me then?"

He kept his own skates on, however, and with great difficulty balanced himself, to the admiration of all, by sticking one skate point into the ice. While they were standing looking at the black, lapping water, they saw skating toward it, a few yards from them, a little boy. He was lunging forward, swinging his bowed arms, his cap pulled down over his eyes to protect them from the glare. He was going as fast as he could. They all cried out to him, one common voice of horror. But his impulse had been too strong. He turned a questioning little face to them as his skate runner slid over the verge, and he was gone.

A woman in the crowd began to wring her hands and groan.

Men and boys glanced nervously at each other and the water, and they all with one accord moved nearer to it. A womanly Uncle Fritze had unbuckled his skates and thrown off his coat; his ruddy face had turned white. He ran along the ice to where the little boy had fallen, his high shoulders twitching, his purple tippet floating behind.

Here he turned, half faced the crowd, raised his chin proudly, and waved a reassuring hand to Selma and Becky. Everybody shouted and he dived. Whether he reached the little boy; whether some undertow held them down; whether they came up under the ice, no one ever knew. In a sight of the watchers they did not come to the surface again.

"It was a comfort to the little boy's mother to see the Einsteins, and weep with their bereavement. Fritze Gross had no relatives; but remote kindred were proud to mourn him.

Black Man Has No Choice. Indianapolis News. A negro miler of Camden, Mo., who killed a white miler in self-defense, he said, was lynched by a mob. The negro then, if his statement be true, had the alternative of being killed by a white man or a hundred. There is little choice between such alternatives.

Is Sure of a Customer. Pittsburgh Dispatch. The desire to secure that additional island of business has been the chief motive for the business refuse to use coal stations, the navy will have to go to the Isle of Pines and get wood.

May Turn the Tables on Us. Louisville Post. If the hanging and the hanging cases in the north and west, it may become the painful duty of the people of south to hold indignation meetings to denounce their northern brethren.

MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL'S CURRENT TOPICS SERIES

PAPERS BY EXPERTS AND SPECIALISTS OF NATIONAL REPUTATION.

AMERICAN LIFE A CENTURY AGO.

III.—BONNETS THAT OUR GRANDMOTHERS WORE

(By Alice Morse Earle, author of "Costume in Colonial Times," "Home Life in Colonial Days," "China Collecting in America," etc.)

We learn from the newspapers of 1801 what headgear was for sale—"straw, vellum, cane, willow and chip bonnets; maids' village straw bonnets; women's and gaudy bag, gipsy, Volney, Leghorn, Norway and Oxford straw bonnets." These straw bonnets were worn in winter as well as in summer, chiefly in the morning, and were tied on the head with a crimson silk handkerchief. The working in straw has ever been a work of women, as was also its invention. Mrs. Isaac Denton of Beeston, Leeds, England, in-

craped, stuffed, pomatumed, powdered and curled, that few women had any hair left. Mrs. Tallien had thirty wigs of various colors and shapes. This fashion lasted but a few years, varying with cropped heads. While the fashions of the town followed the modes of Paris in the country simple modes prevailed: An English traveler, Mr. Lambert, wrote thus in 1813 of the dress of New England women.

Their light hats is tastefully turned up behind in the modern style and fastened with a comb. Their dress is neat, simple and genteel, usually consisting of a printed cotton jacket with long sleeves, a petticoat of the same, with a colored cotton apron or pinolite without sleeves tied tight and covering the lower part of the bosom.

Peter Parley gives an almost identical description of women's dress at that date.

Graceful Fashions Lately Revived. There is no doubt that the fashion for woman's dress of the year 1830 was charming, stuffed, powdered, and curled, that few women had any hair left. Mrs. Tallien had thirty wigs of various colors and shapes. This fashion lasted but a few years, varying with cropped heads. While the fashions of the town followed the modes of Paris in the country simple modes prevailed: An English traveler, Mr. Lambert, wrote thus in 1813 of the dress of New England women.

WALKING DRESS AND EVENING DRESS, 1821.



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ing, though overdone. The leg-of-mutton sleeve was graceful, but a little too large; the shoulders were prettily displayed above a line of fine lace, but the line was too horizontal. In evening dress it made the gown appear to be slipping off the shoulders. The shape of the neck was left wholly exposed, and the hair was drawn up to the top of the head and down in front in a strained mode. The wide, full dress skirts were a little too short, for they displayed the ankles; the lace collarettes and capes were straight. The bodice was too plain and the straight waist lines were poor. Still, the whole dress was pretty, and the modes all derived the revival they have had during the last few years—a revival which is, after all, rather surprising, for it extends even to the details—for instance, ermine and chinchilla, the fur of 1830, and osprey feathers and silverettes, and point applique and similar laces. Our modern adoption of these modes was not in extreme. Our leg-of-mutton sleeves were not stiffened with whalebones nor stuffed with down pillows. Our skirts were longer, and we had beautiful and useful capes, instead of scarfs and shawls, and we had not the same ungainly form of hair-dressing.

One curious and yet graceful ornament of the fashion of 1820 to 1840 we did not revive. I refer to the ferroniere, or band around the neck, from which depended a jewel or ornament over the middle of the forehead, as may be seen in scores of portraits. With the smoothly banded or ringleted hair it gives to every countenance a curiously submissive look, as if the jewel were hung on a slave-tie, is, I believe, an oriental fashion. This ferroniere was often composed of fine gold Venetian chain; sometimes also of black velvet ribbon, of fine vines or artificial flowers, and a pelaraine was worn tight-drawn over the forehead.

By 1837 the style of the gown was slightly changed. The bodice became pointed and the waist smaller; the sleeves also were smaller, and a pelaraine was worn tight-drawn over the forehead. The skirts were longer, and the girdle was a general skip-

Heavy beaver hats, with rolling brims like men's hats, were worn in full dress, and hats of velvet and satin, but the most characteristic headgear of the first quarter of the eighteenth century was the turban; it outlasted changes of all sorts in other details of the costume. Nine-tenths of the women's portraits of that day, in youth and old age, display a turban. Great scarfs of gauze and net adorned or formed these turbans and strings of beads festooned them. Gold fringe was a favorite decoration. The soft, white turbans of crape and gauze were very becoming to young women.

A very odd and characteristic headgear was the calash. It had been invented to wear with the pampadours and powdered heads of the eighteenth century, but remained in favor till 1840. It was shaped like a chaise top, and stuffed with cotton or whalebones and could be pulled over the face.

Wigs and Other Styles for the Hair. We have from letters and diaries of the day occasional glimpses of the fashions. Eliza Southgate Browne, a very spirited

young girl of 17, wrote at that time during her visits to Boston and New York frequent and interesting letters to her mother, and she opened the year 1800 thus:

"Now, mamma, what do you think I am going to do? I have had a new wig made, one just like my hair and only \$5. I must either cut my hair or have one. I cannot dress it as I wish. Mrs. Coffin bought Eleanor's and says she will get me one. Just like I have much time it would save—in one year we could get it to me having one, do send me over a \$5 bill by the next assembly. Do send me your receipt this, for I am in hopes to have it for the next assembly. Do send me word immediately if you run me over to have it worn, the hair had been so turned, so

WOMEN'S DRESS IN 1821.



WOMEN'S DRESS IN 1821.

ness of costume prevailed—a forerunner of the modern and more elaborate modes that were established and beloved in the year 1840, she opened the year 1800 thus:

"Now, mamma, what do you think I am going to do? I have had a new wig made, one just like my hair and only \$5. I must either cut my hair or have one. I cannot dress it as I wish. Mrs. Coffin bought Eleanor's and says she will get me one. Just like I have much time it would save—in one year we could get it to me having one, do send me over a \$5 bill by the next assembly. Do send me your receipt this, for I am in hopes to have it for the next assembly. Do send me word immediately if you run me over to have it worn, the hair had been so turned, so

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