**The "Bear Flag" a Myth.**
The "bear flag" is a myth. It never was "carried at the head" of anything, never represented any sentiment. It was once run up on a pole as a joke and never used again. The bear was painted on it with berry juice and looked more like a hog. In short, the story is a fairly good example of those "historical incidents" most dear to the popular heart—and has all the discrimination of a pet pig.—San Francisco Examiner.

**Just What He Wanted.**
Steamship Clerk—Do you want a saloon passage?
Col. Winterblossom (from Kentucky)—Well, I should say I did. You didn't suppose I would go any other way, did you?—Detroit Free Press.

# Bob Burdette On Modern Legs

## CAUSE OF THE NEW WOMAN RESTS ON THEM.

### Robert is Sure That the Emancipated Woman is Here With Both Feet.

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Sisters, the pallor in the East tells us that the Herald—daily edition—of the dawn is speeding up the slopes of the Orient; a little while and the rosy fingered hours will paint the day red. Emancipation is on its way by Adam and Eve's express. Yea, it is even now here, with both feet.

How do I know this? How does the cautious prophet become dead certain of anything? By keeping his eyes open, taking both papers, and waiting patiently until the event has prophesied itself. That's how.

A day or two since I was trying to bring order out of the eternal chaos which ever rules in the jungle which I call my den, debating within myself whether to go on with the regular order or go out and set fire to the house, the shorter and sometimes more profitable, and certainly under any circumstances, least expensive method of cleaning house. A hasty but hurried investigation revealed the depressing fact that my fire insurance had lapsed some twain years erst. I sighed and went on with the task of restoring a semblance of order inside. The women folk sighed twice to my once, so I was also outsighed. Singed copies of this will be sent on application. A ten cent stamp must accompany each

She Can Wriggle Through the Mazes of the Serpentine.

request, not necessarily for publication, but to make a little noise with. Where there is absolutely no sense, there should be some sound.

Well, emptying a box containing much antique literature, a large assortment of fleet-footed spiders with sinister countenance, and the cliff dwellings of a colony of irascible mud wasps, there tumbled an old bound volume of Godey's Lady's Book. Dear old Godey. There was the old familiar colored fashion plate folded at the beginning of each number. A lady with a head the size of a hazel nut, and a cloud compelling bonnet as large as a clothing hamper, with a whole conservatory of fabulous and highly colored flowers, all in full bloom, swarming over and under and around it. The lady had a mouth not quite so wide as her nose. A long and gracefully curved neck trailed its sinuous length from her head until it gradually tapered into a pair of shoulders which sloped downward until they lost themselves in what was left of the body after the neck and shoulders had been formed. From a waist not so large in circumference as the thinnest part of the neck, swelled a vast, wide-circling skirt. Legs, or semblance or suggestion of legs the lady had none. Barely visible at the front of the skirt a wee, tiny point like the vertex of a triangle peeped timidly out into sight and faintly suggested that the rest of a foot was concealed somewhere behind it. There is never any suggestion of more than one foot. Hooked at the picture, and naturally thought of Sir John Suckling's "Ballad Upon a Wedding:"—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light."

Although I want you distinctly to understand that nothing so coarse or vulgar as a petticoat went with that sort of a fashion plate. No, sir-ee, ma'am. We didn't wear such things in those modest days. Not a mother's son of us.

Well, lifting mine eyes from that fashion plate of long ago and looking out of my window upon "Anno Domini 1895" wheeling and galloping, and striding, and driving, and tallyhoing past, the prophetic vision came upon me. I heard the deep, rotund chest tone of woman—none of your weak, piping, masculine falsetto—calling out of to-day into the depths of to-morrow that woman is free—free—fer-ree! Emancipated all the way. Ay, from the ground up. That is where she has begun. At the ground. With her understanding. It is the epoch of legs. The ballet girl may put on her longest dress with the most sweeping train. She is no good. She is in evidence—and very expensively—an hour or two every evening in the season, maybe. But the end of the century woman cavorts all day long, and it doesn't cost a cent to see her take her pedals out for an airing.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out—"

Oh, they did, did they? Well, back in the bleak, desolate days, when she was the sub-lave of the tyrant man, maybe they did. But they don't steal out now. Steal in and out, hey? They come charging out like a pair of reciprocal cuirassiers, clad in good stout leather, with soles as thick as a Philadelphia pie, and they leave a track in the dust like a snowshoe. "As if they feared the light." Fear nothing!

The Old, Familiar, Colored Fashion Plate.

Light? Bless your simple soul, son, when she puts out her flat-bottomed shoes and bestrides her spinning wheel after dark she lights a lantern and hangs it on the wheel that she may see and be seen. Fear the light, quotha! Ay, marry come up. Turn the calcium on me, please.

With this era of the legs will long be remembered in history. Does my lady care to waltz? Not particularly. She has learned that man is not a necessity in a ballroom. She can do the skirt dance, or wriggle through the bewildering mazes of the serpentine much better without a partner. The little girls on the street who dance to the lascivious pleasing of the tinkling street piano, kick their way to and fro, from wall to curb, in many a fantastic and far-reaching caper. The dancing master can give the patient but sudden mule points in the zebra-legged one's own specialty. And if the dancing master of to-day could drop into a minuet of your grandmother's time, he would produce much the same effect which a

Legs? They Are What the Cause of Emancipated Woman Stands Upon.

misanthropic hornet does when he voluntarily takes part in the closing exercises of a camp-meeting.

Does my lady sit down for a little light conversation? She languidly sinks, with most sinuous Delsartean grace, upon a sofa carrying a deck-load of cushions, and displays straightway an expanse of slippered foot, clocked ankle and adjacent anatomy that makes a bashful man so nervous he instinctively hides his own feet under his chair, and forgets what he was going to say. She rides to the hounds—or is it "awfter the 'ounds?"—with a display of legs that makes the long-limbed dog take second place, although he had two to her one to begin with, and you would naturally suppose she started out heavily handicapped. And as though leg was the soul of the animate universe, last summer the equestrian woman had a fad of having her saddler's legs clipped; just his legs; which, contrasting sharply in color with his silky body, gave the poor brute the aspect of having his trousers rolled up like a wading boy.

Legs? They are what the cause of emancipated woman stands upon. When the short walking dress ceased to be a novelty she put on the divided skirt and rode straddle. You can see her, here and there, in the land, ambling along the avenue like a heavily draped clothespin, while that noble animal, the horse, which she bestrides, plainly intimates to the spectators that it isn't his fault and that he greatly regrets having left his blinders at home on the coach harness. The divided skirt was fairly knocked out by the golf costume, which was easily shortened for basket-ball, until at last she laid hands upon the knickerbockers, which had been the monopoly of the masculine youth, put them on and straddled her bike like a little man. And out in Chicago she put side pockets in them, wore them to school, and taught the young idea how to shoot and walk until the school board, so sensitive and conservative are the men of the wild and wooly West, sternly bade her put on her ulster or take off her knickerbockers. She put on the ulster.

But what's the use of talking? Brother man, we may as well submit gracefully. We have lost the distinguished garment of our sex. But it is our own fault. For centuries, our fathers before us, and we after them, have made bitter and sarcastic sport of woman's gear, no matter how often or how she radically changed it. She has never yet been able to please capricious man. Man, who wears a sheet-iron collar, cast-steel cuffs, an inflexible breastplate on his shirt, and a stovepipe hat as graceful and comfortable as a section of a pump log, and then makes fun of woman's most ill-considered and uncomfortable dress. We proved again and again, by her very dress, her physical and mental inferiority to man, and her utter incapacity for doing man's work in the world. Again and again, not for one or two years, but for generations, we urged her to adopt the very dress she is now beginning to wear.

And now that she puts it on we kick harder than ever, brethren, it does no good. For

They Bade Her Put On Her Ulster or Take Off Her Knickerbockers.

now, behold you, she can kick back. That is the gall of it. We have foolishly let the genius out of her bottle, and she isn't all smoke, after all. She is "onto us." It is not denied that she smokes cigarettes. Not under the rose, but whenever and wherever she sees fit. It is whispered, in large, clear print, that she tipples more than her grandmother did. It is in evidence that when the governor of New York fainted on Decoration Day, in all the crowd of both sexes on the reviewing stands, the governors of neither of the Carolinas being present, the only pocket pistol to be found was in the pocket of a young lady, and it was loaded to the muzzle with good old brandy of the "drinkerdown brand." And it wasn't in one of the hidden pockets which last year's woman carried concealed on her person, either. Because it was found inside of half an hour. It came out as promptly as the flask of a candidate. Yea, more promptly, for there were candidates on that stand for every office in the United States, from President down, and not a flask among 'em, save in the pockets of this woman. Here sister; take the trousers. By years, yes, generations of brave endurance and patient persistence you have won 'em nobly; wear 'em with honor. Put 'em on! You can't put 'em on over your head! Such is the strength of habit. You see, you have some "manny" ways yet to learn before you acquire them. Farewell, oh fellow man, a long farewell to all our bifurcated and distinguished greatness!

Who steals my purse—and many a time
while we have slept
Hath she done this—steals trash. 'Tis something, tho' oftener
Nothing. Especially after she goes through it.
'Twas ours, when it had anything in it;
'tis hern.
Now that 'tis empty as last year's bird's nest.
But she that filches from us our good pantaloons—
Not to trade off for plaster paris gods to some wandering dagoes,
But to bedeck her lithe, emancipated walking things—
Robs us of that which not enriches her,
So far as grace of figure and celestial bearing is concerned,
But makes us poor indeed, the while the biting wind
Sighs bleakly 'round our bare and shrunken shanks.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

**Queer Evidence in a Divorce Suit.**
An interesting feature of the divorce suit of Elizabeth Stewart against Dr. John A. Stewart was the introduction of a novel entitled "A Search for a Heart," written by the defendant in China. The novel tells of love affairs of the hero, Hugh Blair, and goes into details of adventures, and contains passionate utterances.

Mrs. Stewart claims that the book is really an autobiography of the defendant, the various characters discussed being given fictitious names. She recognizes people she has known, and with whom she alleges the doctor was intimate. She alleges that Hugh Blair is none other than the doctor himself.—San Francisco Chronicle.

# French Modes of Midsummer

## PARISIAN MODISTES WORKING ON NOVELTIES.

### Difficulties in the Way—The Bishop Sleeve and Valois are Successes.

There is a crisis in dress. The late style has exhausted itself and need is to start fresh on a new. Which is not as easy as saying Jack Robinson, or as making a novel garment out of an accidental miscut, though the majority of folks may so think.

For much is to be considered. There must be, for one thing, an understanding between the dressmakers and the manufacturers, so that harmony shall exist between the material and the form. Much also is to be sensitively felt; for if a style is to run the legitimate cycle of a style, which is to say a course of two or three years, it must reflect social conditions. Various things have been tried and abandoned. The moment is difficult.

Fashion all spring has been turning over and over the modes of the past hundred years or so, to see if among them are any that may serve as a point of new departure. A number have been set up to try what the public would have to say to them; models of the Louis XVI., and of the 1830-40 period mainly. And thus far these tentative models have been the only novelties of the season.

REJUVENATING OLD STYLES.

Among the principal revivals have been fichus, turbans, long shoulder seams called 1830, and flowered material.

The fichu came from the wardrobe of Marie Antoinette, which wardrobe, of the Trianon period, was early in March laid before Parisians in a play at the Porte St. Martin, exquisitely reconstituted by Doucet. Everybody said of these costumes: Behold the new styles! It is Doucet that has fanced the mode! But it was not so. The movement Louis XVI. dwindled down

July Promenade Toilets.

to the fichu, and this soon merged into a variation of the little shoulder capes familiar for two years past. Clearly it is not a reminder of Marie Antoinette that the public wants. The long shoulder persists, particularly in evening dress, but it always suggests 1830, and has not yet reached the stage of annihilation. Its sole significance appears to be a reaction from shoulders that have been too high. The turban idea, of more interest, is developed in certain hat trimmings, where the band is drawn tight under an overhanging crown, and tied at one side with an unpretending bow and a feather thrust into the knot, like that worn by Marie Antoinette in a familiar portrait by Lebrun. Also in an evening coiffure, with chiffon tied in a rosette on one side of the head and a scarf passing thence across the top to end in another knot on the other side, a mass of curls being pushed forward of the rosettes over each ear, in a way suggesting a portrait of Lebrun herself. As to the flowered fabrics, they possibly give more sign of permanence than the rest, though it would be rash to predict a conquest for what has been tried so many times and has hitherto failed.

THE MANUFCTURER'S DIFFICULTIES.

Often enough in the last hundred years the manufacturers have pressed figured stuffs upon the public, but never with any permanent success. The fault has not been with the dressmakers, nor conscientously with the public. Western taste has not been able to assimilate them.

In England there is to be noticed an effort to put flowered silks upon the fashion by artificial forcing, but the movement will come to naught for the simple reason that they cannot be worn. The only opportunity for them is in the court trains, and court trains are not worn every day. The ordinary dress of English women is more severely given over to form and style at the expense of decoration than that of Paris, and a tailor gown made of brocade would be nothing short of an infamy. Evidently the unpopularity of flowered fabrics is not understood or else the recent appeal to English women would not have been made to help on the industry by wearing flowered vests. The form of men's dress is even more antagonistic to decorated stuffs than is that of the women. It is about as nearly an outer skin as it is possible for dress to be. Men look no more pretty than women do with a tattoo spread over the abdomen, and even the high patronage of the Prince of Wales, which has been solicited, cannot make such an idea acceptable to fashion. If it is tried one of two things will happen; either it will be dropped as soon as the novelty ceases to amuse or else it will modify the form of men's dress, developing the vest into a long skirted waistcoat such as was fashionable when men did formerly wear brocades. Which it is likely to be there is no need to ask.

The form of garment that suits decorated

Afternoon Seashore Gowns.

fabrics is loose and flowing. It is sufficiently unconstrained by fitting not to suggest a cuticle and to allow the qualities of the texture to be displayed for themselves. Thus the decoration will seem to enrich the fabric and not the person. Such garments as those the orient has shown us, and the aesthetic idea in them is at the opposite pole from that arrived at by western dress.

EASE AND COMFORT IN DRESS.

Still there is a growing taste from Paris just now for the comparatively loose and flowing. Blouses, full sleeves and large skirts are the fashion. The latest skirt rays out like a whirling dervish. Therefore, flowered fabrics have at this moment more than usual hope of success. Is there then a struggle on between the western ideal of form and the eastern ideal of deco-

Morning Costume.

ration? I know nothing about it; those that live will see, but I may venture an observation.

The field from which fashion draws its inspiration is immensely larger than it was. Once Paris fashion catered to a small number in a limited area, and the mass of the world wore a costume that has never changed; once a social incident that concerned France alone could color the mode; but now fashion labors for the round globe and all womankind upon it, and to a clientelle that looks upon France not as the center of the world, but as a province of it merely, on whom local occurrences in France have correspondingly diminished influence. Neither Marie Antoinette nor Louis Philippe reminiscences interest greatly this larger clientelle, which asks rather what is it that is interesting the world? At any rate, this much is clear, Paris has seen this spring both these epochs many times brought to light and poked back again, and only those remaining out that reflect the Orient.

Flowered fabrics, turbans and dervish skirts are of the East, the East that today is in all men's minds. They speak of Egypt, of Chitral expeditions, of Slatin Bey, escapes from the Soudan, of Japanese victories, of geographical parcellings out of Asia to the West.

THE LATEST FANCIES.

At last the gigot sleeves are in a fair way of disappearing. Poor old leg-o'-mutton, it has hung on well; it had its virtues, too; it was susceptible of a great variety of effects; one could distinguish in a fashionable assembly the Worth gigot, severe and simple, and like an old Venetian sleeve; the Morin-Blossier gigot, which bobbled over deliciously at top, and was

1830 Dress.

gracefully slender below; the Rouff gigot, which broke out into wonderful butterflies or bows; the Felix sleeve, etc. One, at least, of the new sleeves that would supplant it has not this versatility. When everybody has got a bishop sleeve, everybody will have got one, and all will be said and done. Or, so it seems, for it is all of a width to the wrist, and is there confined into a band. However, there is no knowing what the dressmakers may do when it comes to the pinch, for their resources are inscrutable.

ANOTHER SLEEVE NOVELTY.

Another new sleeve, with more seeming possibilities in the way of design, is that which has been transformed out of the doubled ruffle. It is enormously wide, and is particularly beautiful when accordion plaited. The blouse should be plaited, too, and as the edge of the blouse falls in a balloon, and drops to the elbow like a line with the edge of the sleeve, the effect is somewhat that of a cape. In a delightful gown for Trouville is seen this idea in modification. The skirt is of alpaca, pale mauve, the blouse of mauve mousseline de soie, accordeon plaited, and falling over the belt all round, and the sleeve is an accordeon plaiting of the mousseline, that falls to the elbow and is confined round the armhole with a huge puff of deep violet satin, wide over the arm and growing narrower underneath, sling shape. The upper edge of this puff is set in the arm seam, violet belt. The neck has pearl-embroidered mauve passementerie set in and shaped in a sort of gusset form, with a point in back and front, building it up to the ears, and over this turns a muslin needleworked Valois collar, with very original effect.

Close caps are at the tops of many sleeves, which throws the fullness down low on the arm in 1830 style, and as it gets more and more the fashion to cut shoulder seams very long, these caps furnish a good way to lengthen down a shoulder made too high.

NECK DECORATIONS.

That opera bouffe neck garniture that consists of a magic bunch under each ear has died the death from excess. When uch gearing come to be hung like sausage in the shops at a few sous apiece its day is done. Elegance has supplanted it with the Valois, that is to say, with a turn-over collar. Cuffs may be worn or not, but the collar is obligatory; it is the latest chic.

The burning and difficult question, of how many godets to put in one's skirt can be shortly answered by side plaiting the skirt all around, or by gathering it all round, as some extreme elegantes do who wish to be "1830" throughout; or by plaiting it round the front and sides and having five godets in the back or, finally, by having it plain in front, a wide box pleat each side and godets from thence round. Width is the only real necessity.

THE NEWEST FABRICS.

Everything is unbleached and the talk is all of "string" color. A model dress has the skirt of string colored canvas and a bodice and gigot sleeves of string colored taffeta, the bodice front cut away in the lower part so as to leave only a yoke that fastens across over a bouffant blouse front of mauve gauze. High neck, with white needlework collar and cuff.

Alpaca is much worn, but mostly for skirts alone by fastidious people. It makes a useful skirt; it looks like silk and is much more durable. But near the face it does not look so well, like all reflecting material it is unbecoming and that without being beautiful in texture. When jackets are made of it, they have facings of silk or velvet or even cloth. There is no more useful or fashionable dress for general wear than alpaca skirt and muslin blouses. But do not choose black; a reflecting surface is particularly horrible in black. All tints can be had and white alpaca is being very much worn.

ADA CONE.



## RECORD OF THE COURTS.

Circuit Court, No. 2, Chief Justice Bingham—Gregory vs. Rittenhouse; motion for security of costs sustained. Gilbert vs. Conger; motion to set aside judgment of condemnation sustained. Baltimore & Ohio Railway Company vs. Kehl; judgment by default only, waiving all damages. Stratton vs. Gitt; judgment on motion.

Circuit Court, No. 2, Justice Cole—Copeland & Durgin vs. Lansburg; judgment by default.

Equity Court, No. 1, Chief Justice Bingham—Henderson and others vs. National Sanitary; reference to auditor ordered. Desmond vs. Leitch; sale ratified nisi. Campbell vs. Porter; F. J. Hellinger allowed to intervene. Pennsylvania Railroad Company vs. Brown; payment of solicitors from fund in registry ordered. Anglo-American Savings and Loan Association vs. Spalding; F. S. Siddons and William H. Sholes appointed receivers.

Probate Court—Proceedings in estates, as follows: Barbara Ofenstein; will and codicil fully proved. Selwin T. Jones; order dismissing petition of Martha Jones. Rueben S. Parks; final notice issued on motion of Ellen S. Parks, administratrix, appointing August 9 for settlement. Bishop W. Perkins; final notice issued on application of Louise E. Perkins, administratrix, appointing August 16 for settlement. Robert B. Hine; Mattie M. C. Hine gave special bond and qualified as executrix.