



If the history of womankind had begun with her as she seemed in 1830, and ended with her as she appeared in 1850 and thereafter, the account would offer fine argument against the higher education of women. Fortunately history goes on, and he who will read it. The lady of 1830 was meek, ignorant, and lovely to look at, if you can forget her relaxed shoulders and wee mouth. The lady-woman of 1850 has started out to get an education. The pretty ways of 1830 are becoming memories, and I really have had to search for attractive pictures of women in the middle of the century. A little learning ever has been a hazardous quantity. Our sister of 1850 is our sister of 1839 undone—the end-of-the-century woman in rudiment.

As was natural with the first intimation that woman is not a toy, that she is a factor in world-making, a force toward the good time always coming, the immediate effect of this knowledge became the eschewing by the more intense, of feminine material vanities. Pretty curls, as soon as women began to think, were snatched from their curling place by cheek-sides and brushed flatly to the head. Pelicans and graceful schus were renounced in favor of straight lines in stiff fabrics.

Skirts, however, in the '40s and on, as if in rebellion from the reforms that were going on above the waist, largened. Between 1835, say, and 1896-97, when, as in 1830, we again are enjoying a moderation in mode and a reign of comparative taste, the outlines in woman's dress have expanded and contracted with persistent though varying disregard of the figures beneath.

The study of consecutive fashion and demeanor makes, in some sort, evolutionists of most persons. Each century, as our nineteenth, has had its crudities and vulgarities of mode and manner. Yet it will be found, I think, that enormities in dress accompany the quickening of new thoughts and the ripening of types that never were before. When woman's dress is reasonable, beautiful, and graceful, the times are in her favor a little respite is at hand. Her ideals and powers of expression are tolerably equivalent. The costume of the nineteenth-century-end has no marked absurdities; though, in the spiral of history, several gaucheries, such, for example, as the hoop and the towering head-dress, may be about to come upon us.

I feel rather called upon to ask the reader to think with me sympathetically of the charm of the present-day costume, and of the end-of-century women, because it seems anti-climatic, after the pretty maids and lovely dames of 1830 whom we viewed in Godey's for January, 1897, to recall in February the less obvious beauty of those who came just after the '30s.

The veritable showman entreats: "But wait, ladies and gentlemen; only wait until the next act. It is going to be the best thing on the programme." May I ask a would-be showman's license to bid you wait for the next number before concluding, from the accompanying text and illustrations, that book-learning spoils women?

The first argument for women's mental growth was that man could not become perfect while she was ignorant. There was slight question of advantage to her self and her sex in the use of her brain. So late as 1842 Godey's says: "All the external regulations of government, all the honors and offices of public life belong to men; but to qualify them for these high and responsible duties, they must have the aid of the enlightened moral sentiment of woman. She must be educated wisely in order that man may attain his highest elevation. He never can be wise while she is ignorant. Next in honor to the woman who 'looks well to her own household' and so promotes its best interests that her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land, and her children rise up and call her blessed," we hold that those excellent women who are at the head of our female seminaries should take their place."

There are many interesting paragraphs upon these subjects. One written 1841, quoted here, gives some information.

Within the last fifteen or twenty years more has been written upon the necessity and advantages of female education than is to be found in all literature of the preceding ages since the world began; and what a change, too, in the style of man's writings upon this subject. Instead of the mocking ridicule, or bitter satire, on every effort of female genius, every attempt to inspire the sex generally with the hope of some higher attainments in learning, and a more respectable station in social life than merely that of household drudge or pretty trifler, we now find in almost every new publication, whatever may be its design or character, the education and influence of woman in the destiny of the world considered as important subjects.

The increased facilities of acquiring knowledge will soon make it no distinction for a woman to be learned; the question will be: Does she do any good with her learning? Does her superior intelligence make her more capable of understanding her duties, more faith-

ful in discharging them? Is she a pleasanter companion for her husband, a better instructor for her children, a more competent manager of her household? If learning is of real benefit to woman, it will, it must be shown in domestic life. The issue is to be tried at home.

The destiny of the human race is thus dependent upon the condition and conduct of woman. And now, when her condition is so greatly improved, her standard of conduct must be proportionally elevated. We do not mean by this that she is to strive to do man's



"THE BELLE OF THE BALL," 1844.

work. She has a wide, a noble sphere of her own; the whole world of domestic and social and moral enjoyments and duties is open to her. In education, literature, religion, she is the companion, in truth, often the mentor, of the stronger sex. Yet Nature and Providence have assigned to her the quiet and retirement of private life while discharging her important trusts, a station she should consider a privilege.

They harped on woman's duty and respectability, mentioning only in brief, matters so ephemeral as her pleasure and happiness. The picture on this page of this issue shows that woman in 1837 had come to discredit the becoming hair-puffings and side face curls of the years just preceding. There appears, also, an attempt at hair decoration which presages the close, unbecoming bonnet that distinguished the '40s. What the fashion did not accomplish in the way of rendering women's necks unlovely by dragging the little curls away, was done by the bonnet with the valance.

Between 1837 and 1840 nothing of rare interest eventuated in woman's clothing. Fashions continually were getting away from the tasteful lines and colorings of the early '30s. Parts of costumes were big or little without reference to others. And, as will be seen by consulting the pictures, in a season when some women were dressing with pitiful severity, others were tricked out with ribbon-bows and miscellanies. One woman was wearing her hair head-tight, and her neighbor was arranging hers with a fringe to cover the ears. It is not possible to speak of the fashion of this century after 1830 as distinctly that or this. Women have followed, and yet are following, vagaries in design. So when one refers to the woman of 1840 or of 1850, or what not, he surely means one representing the majority of those who acted or dressed similarly.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey, writing of women's clothes, says that the ladies of 1840 wore "hesitating sleeves and anyhow bodices." It was in the '40s that the congress boot flourished generally, as it does yet in rural districts. Queen Victoria, it seems, bought and wore them with delight.

They were constructed variously of morocco, prunella, cloth, silk, satin, according to the season. Congress boots have elastic side-pieces which are said to insure fit and comfort. Shawls were the rage in the '40s. Primly folded across shoulders that erstwhile had been uncovered, they were ugly dress accessories. Those large cameo broches, of which all our great aunts now have one or more, their

were used to fasten shawls, large and small.

Women at that period were wearing their waists immoderately tight, and the "agony" of it was referred to by many of the fashion writers of the day. Some of the pictures in this February issue show petty belt-measures were. Caps in the '40s were worn by women young and old. There were many models from which to choose, some really pretty, though the tendency of them was to add years to the appearance of women. For full toilette, small head-dresses that were all of lace, or of flowers and lace, or only flowers, were chosen. The large "cot-tage" bonnet was put on for out-door use.

I must not forget to repeat that high-gowns by this time were worn commonly, replacing those which, earlier, invariably had been low. Dress colors were bright; to-day we would think them offensive. One frontispiece shows a woman in a garnet skirt and coat, a peacock-blue bonnet, and peacock-blue gloves. Pea green was prized. Thackeray speaks of Lady Crawley's "brightest pea green" as her gown for great occasions, such as the visits of Lady Crawley's rich aunt, Miss Craw-



"THE BRIDE AND BRIDESMAID," 1846.

ley. Parasols were smaller than bonnets, and were used only in the hope of shading the face.

In 1842 trains came in for a time, but they were not worn to balls. It was thought that trains were suitable only for the promenade and for half-toilette.

This, too, was the period when no lady felt dressed if she was without a lace handkerchief held gingerly betwixt her thumb and first finger. Lace mitts were in favor. Gloves, from season to



"THE BRIDE AND BRIDESMAID," 1846.

season, were long or short. One of the cuts shows women in evening dress, of which one-button gloves are a feature. It will be noticed, without doubt, that skirts, since the '30s, have lengthened. The largeness of them, which the cuts show, was produced in various ways. One was of wearing many cambric petticoats, another by putting hair cloth flounces upon silk or wool foundations; yet another mode was to

stiffen the ruffles with steel hoops. The great hoop, or crinoline, of recent vulgar history, which was the natural result of this skirt-expanding, we shall not consider until next month. It comes a little beyond the date 1850. Of children and their dress there is room to say little. Girls look as if they were melancholy nuisances, and they certainly did go about with their pantalettes showing. While boys, as I see them, were young prudes or divils in garments that were more or less grotesque. Men have worn the modern pantaloons since 1830-1832.

How Two Girls Made Money.

"A country girl who is determined to go to Paris to study art is laying aside, for this purpose, each dollar she has earned," writes Ruth Ashmore in an article on "The Girl in the Country."

"She found that there was no one else in the village who could make as good bread and biscuit as she; that those who had to buy complained of the baker's bread. She made no effort at sending her bread to a Woman's Exchange, as she knew that such places were always overstocked, but she went through her own town—a very small one—and asked for orders. She is making money because there has never been a sad loaf of bread or a heavy biscuit sent out from her kitchen. She will supply a neighbor with hot biscuits at tea time, and she has learned to make dainty rusk, especially for invalids, who enjoy these light, sweet dainties. Her prices are reasonable.

"Another girl, ambitious to gain something, got her father to let her have a bit of ground, and to give her the money that he would otherwise have bestowed upon her for a wedding dress. With this she was able to buy plants and to hire a boy to help her; and during the summer, while the boarding houses around demanded them, she served the freshest of radishes, the crispest of lettuce, the earliest corn, and the largest tomatoes; and she says now that she thinks she will double the size of her garden next summer."

Prince Bismarck at Home.

It is impossible ever to have been within the Bismarck family circle without seeing proofs that the Iron Chancellor is not all of iron. I have seen him with his own children—now all men and women—and with other children. His affection for his own needs no testimony; he has always shown it. His affection and pride in his eldest son and successor, Count Herbert, are alike part of his nature. I have seen Prince Bismarck also with troops of children who came to Friedrichshagen to visit him. His manner to them was charming. His outstretched hand upon the heads of those nearest to him; the kindly caress, the sympathetic greeting—these are all so many traits of personal character and of a true gentleness of nature which the outside world, thinking only of his life of storm and stress, might not expect to find. But there they are.—George W. Smalley in Ladies' Home Journal.

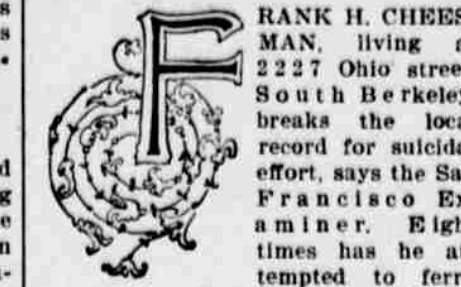
How One Prejudice Was Conquered.

Five years ago no well-known woman in the West End would have ridden a bicycle through the streets. This machine was then generally considered to be vulgar. If any clubman had ridden to his club on a bicycle and chained it to the railings, as hundreds do now, the committee would have disapproved of his conduct, and he would have been a marked man among his fellow-members for life. One winter several Parisian women of doubtful status com-

HAS COURTED DEATH.

TRIAL SUICIDE IN MANY WAYS BUT STILL LIVES.

Methods of His Lethal Experiments—The Cause Was Unrequited Affection—But He Afterwards Married the Girl.



FRANK H. CHEESMAN, living at 2227 Ohio street, South Berkeley, breaks the local record for suicidal effort, says the San Francisco Examiner. Eight times has he attempted to ferry the Styx and only his last call to the grim boatman seems likely to attract old Charon's sullen attention. Cheesman's persistence in seeking a ready exit from the stage of life is consistent with the varied methods of his lethal experiments. Some of his failures were unique, notably when he interrupted the circuit of a live electric wire and survived the deadly voltage of an alternating circuit of innumerable ohms. He has also swallowed poison and jumped from the promenade deck of a Southern Pacific ferryboat. Last Saturday he shot himself through the lungs, narrowly missing his heart, and the doctors diagnose his symptoms as fatal.

Cheesman's first attempt on his life was sensational. He threw himself from an upper-story window in this city, involving himself in two possibilities of successful suicide. He hoped in the first instance to perish on the wires of an electric light intercepting his descent to the pavement, which he imagined would mangle him sufficiently if the wire should break. It happened that the wire was tenacious and Cheesman was rescued.

His next adventure was a plunge from a ferryboat, reckoning on the chronic lethargy of the Southern Pacific to achieve his purpose. But Cheesman could not sink. It is the custom of the Southern Pacific officials to arrest people who jump from their ferryboats and turn them over to the police. This was the procedure on this occasion, but Cheesman, while on his way to the station, drew a knife from his pocket and stabbed himself three or four times in the neck. This time his lack of precision as an anatomist saved him.

After his wounds were dressed they locked Cheesman in a cell, and half an hour later he was found hanging by his suspenders to the grating in the ceiling.

When he recovered his breath sufficiently to explain Cheesman said he wanted to die because Edie Lambert would not marry him.

A few months later the old craving came upon him again and he poisoned himself in the basement of his parents' home in Lorin. Again the doctors interfered, this time with the pump, and Cheesman came up smiling once more out of the valley of the shadow.

But Cheesman was still unsatisfied. His desire for death may even be regarded as insatiate. A little while after the poisoning episode he climbed upon a windmill loftier than those at which his prototype of La Mancha tilted, and, probably imagining himself an alshp or a thunderbird, leaped head foremost into space. Death at this time was inevitable, but a big dog passed opportunely and Cheesman landed safely on the animal's back.

The object of these evidences of an insane regard, thus emphatically impertuned, concluded about this time that Cheesman was in deadly earnest and that he meant what he said when he averred that he would not live without her. Consequently, on Sept. 28, 1892, Frank H. Cheesman and Edie Lambert were married.

In books the romance of life usually ends at the altar, but in real life it is different, and the Cheesman tragedy was no exception to the rule of realism. He began a new series of tragic episodes by trying to shoot his wife. Failing to do so he knotted a handkerchief about his neck and in the presence of his wife tried to choke himself to death. Mrs. Cheesman summoned assistance and her husband made record of his seventh failure.

His wife then left him and Cheesman came to San Francisco, where he found a woman whose throat he tried to cut. He was arrested and sent to the Ukiah insane asylum. He was discharged six months later and shipped on a man-of-war, but deserted at San Diego and returned home.

He had a lucid interval for seven months, during which he worked at the trade of house painter in Oakland. He was paid off last Saturday night and went to his home in South Berkeley. He carried his suicidal tendency with him, and with a revolver for the eight time, attempted his life. Dr. Rowell was called and located the bullet in Cheesman's lung. The doctor says the wound is serious.

Italians in the United States.

There are about 1,000,000 Italians in the United States. One-third of them are settled in the principal cities. Half of these are laborers. Fifty per cent are illiterate. They are hard and steady workers, very saving and anxious to improve themselves. When they have no chance to work at their own trade they will accept any other kind of work and any wages. The Italians hate begging. Has any reader of this ever been stopped by an Italian and asked for a "nickel"? In the record of charitable institutions there are very few Italian names.—La Luce Evangelica, Newark, N. J.

GEM OF AMERICAN SCENERY.

In the Cascade Mountains of Oregon—Little Known to Tourists.

Crater lake, in the Cascade mountains of Oregon, is easily the jewel of the northwest, says Science. It is hoped that means of reaching it will be perfected in the near future, so that it may be visited by the thousands of tourists and others who now content themselves with the Grand canyon of the Colorado, the Yellowstone park and the Yosemite. It can now be reached by good wagon roads from Ashland, Medford and Klamath Falls, but there are no regular conveyances or stopping places. Crater lake is a beautiful sheet of indigo-blue water, about six miles in length by four and one-half in breadth. It occupies the crater or caldron of an extinct volcano and is completely surrounded by a precipitous wall varying from 1,000 to something over 2,000 feet in height. A remarkably perfect and symmetrical cinder cone, with a crater at its summit, forms an island—Wizard island—which rises 840 feet above the surface of the lake. The lake was sounded by Maj. C. E. Dutton in 1886 and found to be 2,000 feet in greatest depth. Its surface temperature is 59 or 60 degrees F. The altitude of the rim of the crater varies from about 7,000 to 8,200 feet. Crater Lake mountain is covered with a magnificent forest of conifers, arranged in well-marked belts or zones, from base to summit. The monstrous cones of the red bark fir with their bright red seed wings and exerted bracts are among the wonders of the vegetable kingdom, while the dark hemlocks with their drooping branches draped in the long hanging beards of a blackfish lichen rank among the giants, some of their trunks measuring seventeen and one-half feet around. The Columbia blacktail deer is common on the mountains and furnished our camp with fresh meat. Large trout abound in Klamath lake, at the south foot of the mountain, and afford excellent fishing. Klamath lake is also the resort of thousands of ducks and other game. Hence the sportsman, as well as the tourist, naturalist and lover of the grand and beautiful in nature, is sure to find the Crater lake region a place of unusual interest. For scenic beauty and grandeur Crater lake with its deep blue waters, walled in by towering cliffs and rugged crags, ranks among the gems of American scenery.

BEATING FATHER TIME.

The Mormon Bishop Was Frightened at the Speed.

From the Chicago Record: Speed was once demonstrated on a western road in a fashion to curl the hair of at least one old Mormon bishop. The churchman considered it a phenomenon, and got off the train as quickly as he could. He had bull-whacked across the plains in the early days, and, strange to say, had never ridden on a railroad train until the time when he entered upon his trip from Green River to San Francisco. The speed was, therefore, a revelation to him. He had never before seen anything so swift, and he was scared. About twelve miles from Ogden he asked the conductor for the time of day, and was told that it was 7:35. He impressed this time forcibly on his mind. Now, for a wonder, the western connection at Ogden was quickly made, and after the lapse of but a few minutes the San Francisco-bound travelers were on their way Californiaward. Ogden had been left behind only a few miles, and the train was whooping along at a behind-time rate of speed, when the old bishop, frightened and trembling, dared to ask the conductor what was the time of day. If you have traveled westward you know that at Ogden the time changes, and San Francisco time, one hour earlier, is adopted. The conductor had San Francisco time and he said:

"It is 7:10—ten minutes after seven."

The old bishop, previously haunted by a dread of impending destruction because of the horrible rate of speed at which he was being whirled through space, rose with a wild cry and made for the door.

"Lemme off!" he cried. "It was 35 minutes after 7 an hour ago, an' we're goin' so fast we are goin' faster than time can count itself. Lemme off!"

Had he really been going as fast as the old man had believed, he would surely have been beaten to bits as he jumped from the train. As it was, he was only rolled something like a half-mile, and was carried back to Ogden on a handcar.

Broad Minded.

"I'm generally disposed ter side with the kickers," remarked Meandering Mike; "but I mus' say that I can't rile up ez much ez some o' the folks that wants ter rub out ev'rythin' this government's been a-doin' so long, an' start over agin."

"That's a nice way fur a down-trodden victim of capitalistic oppression to talk," exclaimed Plodding Pete, contemptuously.

"I tries ter be fair. I'm agin wealth. But some o' them fellers is jes' ez much set agin workin' ez we are. They've inherited wealth through no act of their own, an' I can't bring myself ter hate a man jes' because he happened ter be born rich."—Washington Star.

Results Disproved It.

"This is all rot about pure grit winnin' success."

"How so?"

"I sank a fortune in a grindstone factory."—Detroit Free Press.

The Collecting Fad.

Alice—I hear Jeannette is getting a collection of rings.

Anita—Oh, is she engaged again?—Yonkers Statesman.