

Woman and Her Work

It is quite the thing now among the girls of swiftness, and also those who are outside the charmed circle, to go in for anthropometric charts. It is a long word, and I hope I have spelled it correctly, translated it means that the girls are taking careful measurements of themselves, height, breadth depth, and girth, and are writing them down on paper with all the care and accuracy in the world. Then if the measurements are not what they should be, the girl goes to a physical culture class and brings them up to the proper mark. Lots of girls will be interested in knowing the correct measurements, according to the rule of beauty, for a healthy girl:—weight, one hundred and twenty-three pounds; height, sixty four and one fifth inches; girth, chest ordinarily, thirty-one inches chest full, thirty-four, chest empty, twenty-nine; waist, twenty-five and one fifth; neck, twelve; hips, thirty-four and one fifth; upper arm, ten; forearm, eight and a quarter; depth of chest, eight inches; breadth of shoulders, fourteen and a half; of hips twelve, of waist eight and two fifth inches. The shoulders should always measure more than the hips, and the bust measure should be ten inches more than the waist.

These measures seem to me to run largely to fifths of an inch; why quarters would not have answered just as well, I cannot see, when they are so much easier to calculate. I suppose the scale must be correct; but yet few girls who only weigh a hundred and twenty-three pounds would be satisfied to possess a twenty-five inch waist, even leaving out the fifth. Curiously enough, I see that the chart I have quoted, only gives a bust measure of six inches less a fraction, larger than the waist, while ascertaining that ten inches is the proper proportion. Of course, all these measurements are taken over the skin.

If we believe one half that we read about the methods employed to secure the beautiful Persian lamb fur that we all admire so much, I feel convinced that no woman worthy of the name could be found who could touch the fur without the feeling which overcame the first Napoleon when he saw a cat, and that we would shrink from looking at it, far less wearing it. Naturally we would all like to think the descriptions which are creeping into print by degrees, are either unauthentic, or grossly exaggerated, but I see that Dr. Rainsford of Toronto is making the result of his investigations into the matter, public, and his revelations are sickening in the extreme. I am not going to inflict anything of the kind upon my readers, as I would be sorry to cause any of them the sleepless hours and horrible dreams, which followed my own perusal of them; suffice it to say that the sight of a piece of Persian lamb fur literally makes my flesh creep, and I feel as if the wearer should be held in some way responsible for the awful price at which it is obtained. They talk of legislation to protect the birds, and in some places it has been made a misdemeanor for a woman to be caught wearing a stuffed bird upon her hat; but a thousand stuffed birds could not represent the amount of cruelty that reeks from one Persian lamb skin! And yet they say it takes twenty skins to make the shortest jacket!

Why cannot some of the reformers who are always worrying themselves about unimportant matters such as dress reform, or diet, take up this matter and beseege parliament, congress, every legislative body on the continent, until a law is enacted which makes the wearing of the tiniest scrap of Persian lamb fur a misdemeanor, punishable with arrest, and fine? The woman who wears a stuffed bird on her head can be arrested in some towns of the United States and compelled to remove it, and pay a fine; but she who wears a fur, obtained

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by far more barbarous methods is not subject to any restraint, but allowed to go on her way encouraging the terrible traffic, and creating the demand which the wretched sheep mothers die by millions to supply. Once the fur ceased to sell readily, and the demand for it languished, the trade would die a natural death; but I suppose it will be left for some leader of fashion to wave a magic wand, and pronounce the soft gray fur no longer in style; and only then will the poor Persian ewes be allowed to die in peace.

We are held responsible for so much, we women, so much more than we deserve, and even when we are in the wrong we generally err through ignorance. I heard a man, not long ago, who was old enough to think twice before he spoke once, say that we were to blame for most of the cruelty and suffering in the world. "Wimmin"—he did not seem to know the meaning of the word lady, any more than a backwoods farmer—"Wimmin!" must have fur, and they must wear stuffed birds on their heads even though they knew what it all meant in the shape of cruelty. Men were not responsible for any of it, they did not wear such things! True my friend, perhaps you don't wear them but who supplies the birds, captures, slaughters and sends them to market? Women? Oh no, men, men are in the business, and making money out of it; dirty, blood-stained money, I admit, but they love it all the same! Who invented, and who practices the frightful tortures upon the Persian ewe and her offspring? Women? No again, men, men who have invented the shocking methods and practice them ruthlessly because they think the skins are thereby rendered a little more valuable. And what do we know of all this? What have we known for centuries, until lately about such matters. How could woman, herself tender hearted and gentle, except in rare cases, imagine that creatures who were human like herself could be so base, so barbarous? Such a thought would never enter her mind. For decades past she has seen feathers and birds displayed in milliners' shops, and handsome furs in furriers' windows, and as they have been displayed for sale she has unthinkingly bought them.

We all know that thousands of animal lives are sacrificed for us daily, it seems to be a law of creation, cruel as it is, and as such we accept it for the simple reason that we can see no way to do otherwise.

But all the same meat seems to be a necessity to the human family, and anyone who should pause to ask her butcher, before choosing a joint whether that particular animal had suffered much in dying, would merely draw down ridicule upon herself without doing any good. It is best for one's peace of mind to take it for granted that the animals used for food, are killed as mercifully as possible, and ask no useless questions.

But still I am not a strong woman, and I do not believe I could exist very long without meat, much as I would like to be a vegetarian. I know there are hundreds of others who feel as I do, who would almost give their hearts' blood to lighten the sufferings of the animal creation, and who do all in their power towards that end, but alas, our efforts are feeble indeed when contrasted with the gigantic cruelty of man. Do we on this side of the water at least, slaughter the beautiful and wild creatures of the forest for what we are pleased to call sport? Sacrificing thousands of gentle harmless lives in order to gratify the lust of killing which seems to dwell in men's hearts? A thousands times no! The lives that are taken for us are for food and clothing. And when we did begin by slow degrees to find out the lengths to which man's cruelty led him, and the way the birds were killed, who was the most active in protesting against the wearing of birds, feathers, and stuffed birds men or women? Pick up any woman's paper, or glance at the woman's page in any periodical, and the question

will be answered. Look at the societies which have been formed lately for the protection of the birds, and see the activity with which women have thrown themselves into the good work, and the accusation of wilful cruelty will be easily refuted. Oh it makes me fairly boil with indignation to hear men call us cruel. I could write on the subject for hours! But I fancy it would be more judicious to stop in good time; only adding that I do hope that some of my sisters in humanity will turn their attention to the Persian lamb question, and endeavour to do as good work in that direction, as they are doing for the protection of the birds.

We read of fur dresses last season, but scarcely believed in their existence outside of the fertile imagination of the fashion writer; but there is no doubt now that entire costumes made of fur are really worn by women who move in sufficiently exalted circles to make the wearing of such a garment appropriate, and most important of all, whose purses are long enough to afford what is really the ne plus ultra of extravagance in dress. It is an absolutely luxurious fancy, and must be uncomfortable to carry around, I should think, but then a fur dress is so far out of my reach that it might well represent the sour grapes which that old time philosopher Reynard did not want.

Of course only a few of these queenly gowns have been exhibited for sale even in reckless New York, but strange to say those few have found immediate purchases. Probably the reason for this is the novelty of the thing and the fact that the woman whose husband could afford to present her with a set of jewels or a pair of carriage horses, as a little Christmas souvenir, was only too glad to be helped out of his dilemma of—"What shall I give her this year?" by a gentle hint from Madame, that a fur costume was the correct thing this season, and if she found one in her stocking or lying beside it, when she awakened on Christmas morning, she would be the happiest woman in the world. Few women however princely their dress allowance would care to invest the large sum required for a fur gown, in any one costume, because it is authoritatively stated that we cannot indulge in this latest fancy, without spending a sum so near a thousand dollars that it is scarcely worth making a distinction, as well call it a thousand at once—but if it is a present—why that, as Kipling says, is another story. Sometimes the dress is of mink, sometimes of the beautiful broadtail, and sometimes of Persian lamb, but whatever the fur, the dress is rich, and splendid in appearance beyond any costume that the genius of the dress-makers has yet given to the world, so the wearer probably gets the full worth of her money. Such dresses nearly always consist of a skirt and coat basque, the skirt quite plain and rather widely gored. If it is of mink the stripes all converge towards the waist, and give a grace and slenderness to almost any figure, that no other material could possibly impart. Some of the broadtail skirts have vandykes of ruby red, or pansy purple velvet let in at the foot, and these dresses have a velvet



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waistcoat over which revers of the fur roll and button, or turn back, as the wearer goes in or out of doors. The very natural inquiry suggests itself to the mind of where these wonderful garments are worn, and what is the proper time of day to assume them, for surely the woman of the upper ten does not wear her fur garment indoors like the family cat. We are told in answer, that they are intended to be worn only in very cold weather, and for shopping, driving and paying short calls. I fancy the temperature of the house called at, and the wearers feelings would largely regulate the length of the call.

I don't think there has ever been a season when there was such a rage for fur as there is now, the very bride who takes upon herself the flowery yoke this month arrays her sweet self and her maids in as pretty costumes as possible, and scarcely considers that her gown is up to date if it does not show a border, or trimming of fur somewhere. The bride who has plenty of money to spend takes her vows in a costume of elegant ivory satin trimmed with silver fox, or ermine, while her maids wear snow white gowns similarly adorned, white felt hats bordered with fur, and carry big white fur muffs. The bride who cannot afford fur makes herself and her attendant nymphet almost as charming in simple dresses bordered with the ever beautiful, and never very expensive swan's down.

The Poland jacket is one of the very newest varieties of the Eton coat, and it you had your seal cape made into a little tight Eton, which is entirely out of style now; you can be in the height of the fashion with very little trouble. Just rip out the sleeves and cut off two and a half inches at the wrist; then take the garment to a furrier, and get him to use the tops of the sleeves for a full pouched front, and make sleeves of either silk or velvet, using the pieces cut off for cuffs. If silk is used the sleeves should be nearly covered with mohair braid of a good quality. The result will be a polish jacket of the very latest style.

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What he Meant.

If legal phrases are sometimes puzzling to the untutored mind, certain colloquial expressions may be equally puzzling to the legal mind. An example is given in London Law Notes.

At an examination before Lord Mansfield a witness exclaimed, "I was up to him."

"Up to him," said his lordship. "What do you mean by being up to him?"

"Mean my lord? Why, I was down upon him."

"Up to him and down upon him," said

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his lordship. "What does this fellow mean?"

"Why, I mean, my lord, that as deep as he thought himself, I stogged him."

When his lordship still insisted that he did not understand what was meant, the witness exclaimed:

"Law, what a flat you must be!"

"If he had only said 'on to him,' said his lordship later, 'I should have tumbled to him.'"

Peterborough, Oct. 23, 1896.

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Swallows and Pigeons

Some time ago the experiment was made of letting loose at Compiegne a swallow belonging to Antwerp in company with a number of pigeons. The swallow immediately made a bee line for home, and arrived there in one hour, while the pigeons required three hours.

A Very Good Man.

Allington—Is Pierson, the millionaire, a good church member?

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