

happiest of your life, but it will not be, for your happiness will increase until you become a patriarch.

#### SHE BELIEVES IN LEGISLATION.

Miss Frances E. Willard writes to the *American Woman's Journal*: "We have already legislation concerning the sort of garments that men and women respectively must wear if they would keep outside the rigors of the law. Surely if men proposed to walk the streets with coat skirts trailing after them six or eight inches or a foot, the law would deal with them as a monstrosity, and nothing in the world but the newness of the idea would prevent its being recognized as reasonable to tell women that they shall wear skirts in the street that do not thereby become a part and parcel of all its parasitic deposits. The law already declares how we must dress in order to be presentable in public places. Let it go a step further, and forbid women to mop the streets with trailing dress skirts or to deform their figures by compression of the floating ribs. If ever there was a legitimate subject of legislation in the interest of public propriety, public health, and an improved humanity, this is one."

#### Notes.

There is not much enthusiasm over the impending revival of hoopskirts.

The almost forgotten year of 1830 is now held responsible for many absurd fashions.

It was predicted that cat's fur would be used for trimming, too, and the same is in evidence.

Japanese China, "purchased when we were in Japan," is one of the prevalent fads.

Purple is very much the fashionable color, but it does not necessarily go with fine linen.

An exchange makes the important announcement that "tall girls are the society favorites."

Eccentricity continues to mark the use of the pages of a note sheet in social correspondence.

Models of the spring hat will soon be here from Paris. Then the magpies will retire in disgust.

A two-dollar rubber plant in a ten-dollar jar is an evidence of the foolishness of the day.

Girls in these days who do not envelope their heads in veils have, in a majority of cases, "a complexion worth looking at."

#### WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

LONDON, April 10, 1893.—In my preceding article on English villages and their folk, I gave some account of seven English villages, and these in merest outline. Seven hundred is truly nearer the number I have personally visited. Each one could furnish through leisurely study, for brush or pen, abundant material for a winsome volume.

Some writers would have us believe that English villages were things of the past; that rural England had completely gone to decay; that the smoke of factory-stacks hung like a pall over the remains of all that is mellow and old

and good; that the thunders of the mills had drowned all the dear old country sounds; that commercial England with hard and cruel hand had effaced almost the last vestige of the erst sweet and charming countryside; and that brick and iron, stone and steel, coal and Brummagem, varied now and then by nobleman's demesne or gentleman's seat, were the characteristic features of an English landscape.

As goodly a proportion of English as American people have come to accept this as true. But it is astoundingly false, as any one who will really saunter, not rush, about England may know. Books are largely responsible for this. English fiction, like American fiction, of from a half century to a century ago was replete with pictures of village life and character. When Charlotte Brontë laid down her pen, and the labor of George Eliot—who was to the early Victorian age, at least in degree, what Shakespeare was to the Elizabethan—was done, mastership in this school of delineation seemed to cease.

Neither America nor England has since produced a lasting work of fiction upon rural scenes and lowly folk. Novelists have wallowed in altruism, psychological phenomena, subtleties of crime and its detection, hideous salaciousness, positive and comparative religion, the heroics of agnosticism and infidelity and in the shredded and be-draggled warp and wool of ultra-intense metropolitan life. So those who rely on intelligent fiction to reflect reality have felt that the English village and its folk had surely passed away.

Again, the great world of activities has come constantly to intelligent attention, through the press, the reviews and through statistical volumes, largely to the exclusion of the great underlying world of fact and sentiment. In America the stupendous affairs and progress of our great cities have almost obliterated the memory of some of the sweetest old nooks in all the world—the historic and beautiful hamlets of New England, of the eastern and even of the southern and middle states. Yet they are all just as they once were, prettier and tenderer for their pensiveness and increasing age. Here, similarly, everything is London, Leeds, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Hull, and that host of practically new manufacturing towns and cities of Yorkshire and Lancashire.

The American commercial mind and the English commercial mind have heard for a quarter of a century of naught else than their ingots and spindles, pottery and looms, fabrics and ships, lock-outs and walk-outs, depression and their tremendous trade superlatives of every hard and harassing description.

But the material and literary fact still remains that all the thousands of ancient English villages, and with not a half hundred exceptions, are here just as they were at the beginning of the century, and just as we have pored over them in the best old works of English fiction. Not only this, but hundreds of modern villages with winsome olden architecture in the habitation of Elizabethan and even earlier Tudor times, enriched with luxurious parking and intelligent floriculture, and windows filled with ruddy English faces, have been added to the mossier olden stock.

Even in the congested districts of Lancashire, Yorkshire, northern War-

wickshire, Staffordshire and Shropshire not an ancient village has passed from sight, save where a town or city has grown within and around it; and, where factory towns are so thick that clusters of chimney-stacks crowd every acre of the horizon like giant spears above some mighty encircling camp, there between still stands the ancient hamlets, more witching for the grimy fellowship of trade; and endless solace to eye and heart of those who ceaseless toil.

Therefore when the lively American who "does" England in a week tells us that the rural England of literature is no more, he tells us what perhaps some Hyde Park orator, railway station porter or traveling salesman has told him, but still something which he does not know; and when the London literary dilettante falls upon and disposes of rural England in a single breezy magazine article or smart review, he commits for a needed stipend of ten or twenty pounds little short of literary crime.

Such as these and better still all those who love the truly beautiful and winsomely picturesque in any land, without seeking Quixotic quests among political and social problems, should certainly pass at least one summer among English villages. Hundreds can be found even along the lines of railway. Leaving these at any station, by coach, by trap, upon bicycle, or more advantageously and fuller of elation than all, on your own good legs, every fine old hedge-bordered highway will furnish you an astounding revelation in every half-day's drive or walk.

What wondrous journeyings into the past are thus afforded. What splendid pages of history are thus reopened—for it has been in and about English villages rather than in towns that English history has been made. What challenges are prompted to the great and the immortal to come from their wraithlands and walk beside you where they once dwelt. And how you find that all you knew of books has inexpressibly lacked in the true color and feeling until you thus wed presence and actuality with the toneless tale of words!

The wealth of number of these olden villages in Kent alone would confound the Dryasdusts and the iconoclasts of rural England. It is with a thrill of delight that you wander through Saltwood, peeping out between leafy hills upon the glorious sea; Lymington, mossy and still beside the most ancient church of southern Kent, so ancient that in its walls are actually seen every specimen of ecclesiastic architecture from Saxon to Perpendicular, so ancient still that St. Edilberga, one of its patron saints and daughter of the Saxon King Ethelbert, who reigned more than 1,000 years ago, lies buried within; Erith with its unique old houses, its winding lanes of green, banks of chalk, shadowy combs and tender uplands; Cobham, leafiest, snug-gest and prettiest of all Kentish villages, with its lordly park, its stately-towered churches and brasses of 600 years in memory of the noble Cobhams, and its "Leather Bottle" inn made famous in the immortal pages of *Pickwick*; beautiful old Shorne, girdled with massive elms and richest orchard bloom; and a hundred more, set along the lane-girt downs, clustering in the woody Weld, or nestling among the Kentish orchards and hop-gardens, with their rows of cottages with white washed walls, dormer windows, thatched roofs and garden fronts each a maze of fuschias, pinks,