

THE ENGLISH GIRL OF TO-DAY.

The following from the London Saturday Review has a much wider range than England, and can be read with profit by girls in this and other countries, if they will shun the reprehensible and pernicious habits and fashions referred to.

Time was when the stereotyped phrase, "a fair young English girl," meant the ideal of womanhood; to us, at least, of home birth and breeding. It meant a creature generous, capable and modest; something franker than a Frenchwoman, more to be trusted than an Italian, as brave as an American, but more refined as domestic as a German, and more graceful. It meant a girl who could be trusted alone if need be, because of the innate purity and dignity of her nature, but who was neither bold in bearing nor masculine in mind; a girl who, when she married, would be her husband's friend and companion, but never his rival; one who would consider their interests identical, and not hold him as just so much fair game for spoil; who would make his house his true home and place of rest, not a mere passage-place for vanity and ostentation to go through; a tender mother, an industrious house-keeper, a judicious mistress. We prided ourselves as a nation on our women. We thought we had the pick of creation in this fair young English girl of ours, and envied no other men their own. We admired the languid grace and subtle fire of the South; the docility and affectionateness of the East seemed to us sweet and simple and restful; the vivacious sparkle of the trim and sprightly Parisienne was a pleasant little excitement when we met with it in its own domain; but our allegiance never wandered from our brown-haired girl at home, and our hearts were less vagrant than our fancies. This was in the old time, and when English girls were content to be what God and nature made them. Of late years we have changed the pattern, and have given to the world a race of women as utterly unlike the old ideal as if we had created another nation altogether. The girl of the period, and the fair young English girl of the past, have nothing in common save ancestry and their mother tongue; and even of this last the modern version makes almost a new language through the copious additions it has received from the current slang of the day.

The girl of the period is a creature who dyes her hair and paints her face, as the first articles of her personal religion; whose sole idea of life is fun and luxury; and whose dress is the object of such thought and interest as she possesses. Her main endeavor in this is to outlive her neighbors in the extravagance of fashion. No matter whether, as in the times of crinolines, she sacrificed decency, or, as now, in the time of trains, she sacrifices cleanliness; no matter either, whether she makes herself a nuisance and an inconvenience to every one she meets. The girl of the period has done away with such moral mushiness as consideration for others, or regard for counsel and rebuke. If a sensible fashion lifts the gown out of the mud, she raises hers midway to the knee. If the absurd structure of wire and buckram, once called a bonnet, is modified to something that shall protect the wearer's face without putting out the eyes of her companion, she cuts hers down to four straws and a rose bud, or a tag of lace and a bunch of glass beads.

She dries and frizzes and sticks her hair out on end like certain savages in Africa, or lets it wander down her back like Madge Wildfire's, and thinks herself all the more beautiful the nearer she approaches in look to a maniac or a negress. With purity of taste she has lost also that far more precious purity and delicacy of perception which sometimes mean more than appears on the surface. What the demi-monde does in its frantic efforts to excite attention, she also does in imitation. If some fashionable dévorgondole evidence is reported to have come out with her dress below her shoulder-blades, and a gold strap for all the sleeve thought necessary, the girl of the period follows suit next day; and then wonders that men sometimes mistake her for her prototype, or that mothers of girls not so far gone as herself refuse her as a companion for her daughters. She has blunted the fine edges of feeling so much that she cannot understand why she should be condemned for an imitation of form which does not include imitation of fact; she cannot be made to see that modesty of appearance and virtue ought to be inseparable, and that no good girl can afford to appear bad, under penalty of receiving the penalty awarded the bad.

This imitation of the demi-monde in dress leads to something in manner and feeling, at quite as pronounced, perhaps, but far too like to be honorable to herself or satisfactory to her friends. It leads to stolid, bold talk, and fastness; to the love of pleasure and indifference to duty; to the desire of money before either love or happiness; to uselessness at home, dissatisfaction with the monotony of ordinary life, and horror of all useful work; in a word, to the worst forms of luxury and selfishness, to the most fatal effects arising from the want of high principle and absence of tender feeling.

The girl of the period envies the queens of the demi-monde far more than she abhors them. She sees them gaudily attired and sumptuously appointed, and she knows them to be flattered, feted and courted with a certain disdainful admiration of which she catches only the admiration while she ignores the disdain. They have all for which her soul is hungering, and she never stops to reflect at what a price they have bought their gains, and what fearful moral penalties they pay for their sensuous pleasures. She sees only the coarse gilding on the base token, and shuts her eyes to the hideous figure in the midst, and the foul-lenged written round the edge. It is this envy of the pleasures and indifference to the sins, of these women of the demi-monde which induces such infinite mischief to the modest girl. They brush too closely by each other, live in mutual deeds, yet in aims and feelings; for luxury which is bought by vice with the one is the thing of all in life most passionately desired by the other, though she is not yet prepared to pay quite the same price.

For all seriousness of thought respecting the duties or the consequence of marriage, she has not a trace. If chil-

dren come, they find but a stepmother's aid without the help of a father; and there is no man in the world thinking that is to belong to him—a tokens of places ever pledged to make him happy—the sooner he wakes from his halucinations the better. He has simply married some one who will condescend to spend his money on herself, and who will shelter her indiscretions behind the shield of his name, the less severe will be his disapprobation. She has squandered his balance, his title; and he himself is just the inevitable condition clogging the wheel of her fortune. His wife's adjustments to him are with more or less patience as may chance. For it is only the old fashioned sort, not girls of the period pur sang, that marry for love, or put themselves before the banker. But she does not marry easily. Men are afraid of her, and with reason. They may entangle themselves with her for an evening, but they do not take her readily for life. All men whose opinion is worth having prefer the simple and genuine girl of the past, with her tender little ways and pretty beautiful modesties, to this loud and rampant modernization, with her powdered hair and painted skin, talking along as glibly as a man, and by preference leading the conversation to doubtful subjects. She thinks she is piquant and exciting when the time makes herself the bad copy of a worse original; and she will not see that though men laugh with her they do not respect her, though they sit with her they do not marry her; she will not believe that she is not the kind of thing they want, that she is acting against nature and her own interest when she disregards their advice and offends their taste. We do not see how she makes out her account, viewing her life from any side; but all we can do is to wait patiently until the national madness has passed, and our women have come back again to the old English ideal, once the most beautiful, the most modest, the most essentially womanly in the world.

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