

But the end of the Century Woman cavors 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 sul-lave of the tyrant Man may-be 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! Light? Bless your simple soul, son, when she puts on her flit 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.

Why, 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 skit 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 noble points in the zebra-legged one's own specialty. And if the dancing



THE OLD, FAMILIAR, COLORED FASHION PLATE.

master of today could drop into a minute of your grandmother's time he would produce much the same effect which a 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 daisarian 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 'awster the 'ouns?—with a display of legs that make 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 saddle'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 waiking 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 heavy 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 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 woolly 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 distinguishing 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 mental and physical 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 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 "drinker-down" 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 pocket 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! Oh good Saint Centipede, not that way! 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



THEY BADE HER PUT ON HER ULSTER OR TAKE OFF HER KNICKERBOCKERS.

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 white 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 hers,
Now that 'tis empty as a 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.

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WHERE GOLD GOES.

[Rochester Post-Express.]

The desire of the great banks of Europe is to accumulate gold, and they have been very successful.

First—Bank of England: On the last day of May this institution had \$180,237,013 in gold coin and bullion. This was nearly \$20,000,000 more than it had at the beginning of the year. As compared with a year ago there is a gain of \$35,000,000. As compared with two years ago there is a gain of \$60,000,000.

Second—Bank of France: At the end of May this bank had \$400,527,550 in