

THE HISTORY OF THE TROUSER

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO THE PRINCE OF WALES, AFTERWARDS GEORGE V, GAVE HIS ROYAL APPROVAL TO THE CYLINDRICAL LEG COVERINGS.



THIS year is the centenary of the adoption of the long-leg covering known first as pantaloons and then as trousers.

Like the name of the man who designed the pyramids, the name of the man who designed the first pantaloons is forgotten; but the monumental achievement of his brain has impressed itself on the world from the Czar of Russia to the meanest digger in the meanest ditch in the United States.

As with many other inventors, he found it impossible to push his great device, and perhaps his genius never would have been appreciated by the world if the great son of George III had not bent his mind to the task.

He was the admiral of all England as the Prince of Wales. He was Beau Brummell, "Friend George," and mighty proud of the honor, except on occasions when he happened to be peevish. He had achieved the brilliant invention of a new shoe buckle, and he had been chased over a garden wall by a husband who did not appreciate his royal presence. So his glory was effulgent enough, but his seeking more laurels still. Without his indefatigable mind, and needed large subjects to fill it. The long pantaloons did it.

In 1802 the pantaloons were without honor. The exquisite laughed at it and the common man despised it. If any famous person had dared to suggest to any of the My Lords of that day that they exchange their knee breeches and silken stockings for this hideous garment—but nobody dared to suggest it.

George, however, was hard pressed. His serene conviction that he was the leading beau of the age was being clouded at times by sarcastic remarks about him by the other beaus, who never could be brought to consider George seriously as a "real swell dresser." With the exception of the magnificent effort in the shoe buckle line, George had not succeeded in originating any new mode, but had been forced to content himself with wearing what some other beau had first made fashionable.

Gout a Possible Factor. Historians who have studied the weighty subject of his reign add that George and many of his courtiers were afflicted early with gout, which is not unreasonable when one considers some of the quiet and elegant dinner parties that he loved, like the one of which Thackeray tells, when George, then Prince Regent, his brother and other equally refined and kindly gentlemen conspired successfully to make the gray-haired Duke of Norfolk blind drunk.

This gout, which usually swings and protuberances on the noble legs, making them unpleasant objects when incased in tight and thin silken stockings. As for as his pride in his legs was concerned. Therefore, by becoming the patron of the pantaloons, George at one blow could easily satisfy his ethical pride as a beau, and his manly vanity as the most beautiful male human object in his realm.

The pantaloons could have found no more powerful supporter. For it was then the badge of democracy, the garment of the same culotte of the French Revolution, and it was only a great exponent of royalty who could have dared to press its claims. Although the pantaloons had won adherents throughout France, it was not until the French Revolution that it was made a matter of fashion rather than of politics. In that bizarre period Frenchmen dressed their hair and their wives, and their dogs, and their legs, according to their political and religious beliefs.

The young long-haired democrats of France were about as unlovely objects as one might imagine. Their faces were ignoble bags, shaped in the unimpressive form of sausage casings, hanging on limbs like signals of distress and flapping dolefully as the wearer walked. They were "high waisted," ending well above the ankle and showing a waste of stocking-clad ankle.

Sympathy with the aims of democracy induced many young persons of ideals to garb themselves thus atrociously. But the cruel deeds of the Revolution had aroused such general horror that even if the fashion had been beautiful, it probably would have met with scanty success as a symbol of the Red Terror. Being strikingly, completely and hopelessly ugly, it did not make any way at all outside of France worth mentioning.

Jefferson brought the pantaloons back from France after his terms as Minister there and wore them as being in strict keeping with his notions of Democratic simplicity. Naturally they had some vogue in the United States after that. But the majority of those who wore them in both America and England were them not as articles of fashion, but rather protests against the arbitrariness of fashion.

The noble George changed all that. His beaus helped him loyally. Before George had been on the throne long, a Duke, in ordering a pair of the garments, told his tailor, "If I can get into 'em, I won't have 'em." Probably he did not intend to be taken too literally. But certainly the pantaloons have grown to be an object of solicitude in the kingdom, and buckles with each other to see who could wear the most beautifully molded ones.

Wellington and "Pants." Still the beaus did not conquer easily or soon. The Duke of Wellington, who, in his dual capacity of beau and lover of royalty, had become one of the first of the pantaloons-wearers, was turned away from Almack's as late as 1794 because he insisted on appearing in pantaloons.

Another time the Lady Patronesses of the Assemblies at Almack's were much exercised. They had planned an elaborate reception and ball, and were determined that it should not be marred by the presence of beaus in pantaloons. Yet they knew full well that the Duke of Wellington would insist on wearing the beloved garments. They could not dare offend him, for although Wellington had not then

become the object of popular worship that he was later after defeating Napoleon at Waterloo, yet he was the hero of Berlin, and of the Peninsula, and a mighty leader of fashion to boot.

So the Lady Patronesses were in despair; they could not and would not yield on the subject of pantaloons, yet they could not afford to risk offending the Duke. In this juncture, a bright wit suggested that the invitation contain the following clause:

"Gentlemen are expected to wear small clothes and silk stockings but any gentleman who is conscious that his figure is not adapted to that costume may wear pantaloons."

With the exception of Wellington and two other daring beaus, all the gentlemen who attended the reception wore small clothes.

Glory and other cartoonists of the period made savage fun of the new mode. They showed beaus with immoderately long and thin legs and beaus with immoderately short and fat legs. They depicted men with limbs like trees and with limbs like compass dividers. In every aspect the pantaloons were depicted as unsightly, vulgar and uncomfortable. Artists refused to paint their patrons in them. Women ridiculed the wearers of them.

Tet the net result of all the warfare was that by 1820 pantaloons were worn by almost everybody, except the delightful old-fashioned persons who stalk so pleasantly through the pages of Dickens and Thackeray in their knee breeches and baggy trousers.

In 1827 pantaloons were so generally worn in the United States that a scientific

method of draughting patterns for them was introduced. It was originated and printed by Ode Madison, and a second edition was published in 1825. Its title was "A New System of Draughting. Founded on True Principles and Containing Lithographic Charts of All Different Garments."

The patterns for the pantaloons in this work look most utterly unlike anything that possibly could be worn by any creature in the shape of man.

J. O. Madison, son of Ode Madison, says that the American tailors of that time were not merely mechanics, but had an acute sense of art. Their leading principle as expressed in the book was that to be fashionable a garment must be so made that it cannot be excelled for neatness of style, beauty or workmanship in any part of the world.

"Trousers and pantaloons," said Mr. Madison, in the American Tailor and Cutter, some time ago, "are comparatively modern garments as are knee breeches, though they preceded the former by many years. Before the advent of knee breeches—that is, breeches that extended from the waist to the knees and were secured there by buttons, buckles or ribbons—a very short garment, slashed and puffed, was

worn by royalty, the aristocracy, the rich, the nobility and patricians, that merely covered the lower part of the trunk, leaving the whole thigh to be covered with very long stockings."

Although the "pantaloons" is older than the present "trousers," yet the word "trousers" was used for all sorts of leg-coverings centuries ago. The name appears in wardrobe accounts of the reign of King Henry VIII, making that monarch noteworthy for one other matter besides a taste for collecting wives.

In Elizabeth's time the word "breeches" became common. The name came from the word "braccio," which was used to describe long, full bags gathered at the ankles. In the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin there is a pair of trousers of her own—and she got it. That is another way Devery has. He knows women.

Most of the men who greeted him wanted jobs. The too, were referred to the proper clerk. But they knew that when Devery referred them to another he did not forget, and was to the henchman who failed to carry out the behests of his leader in the matter of "job." He has a pleasant faculty, too, of dropping into the free leeches and ascertaining whether his people are getting what he has ordered, without question or cavil.

In time, Devery reached his desk and gathered up his mail. Most of it was turned over to those whose duty it is to investigate claims and dispense charities. A characteristic letter opened up under a city contractor and can stand between herself and an inconvenient landlord in the matter of a dispossessed notice. All this and more Devery could and would do. The woman of his district did

lose breeches, falling to the knee, where they were ornamented (not tied) with lace and ribbons.

Charles II introduced short-waisted doublets and petticoat breeches, which had lining protruding from the knee, were tied with ribbons above the knee and ornamented with ribbons above the waistband and with the shirt hanging out.

This fashion went out before the end of the reign and with William III light knee breeches with tight stockings were brought in. First the stockings were drawn nearly to the middle of the thigh, but afterward the breeches were buttoned at the knee and ornamented with buckles.

It is a remarkable fact that although France has controlled the fashions for women of the civilized world for many hundreds of years, male fashions almost always have emanated from England, or at least, male styles did not become really fashionable until they had been accepted in England. Thus, although the French costumes under Louis XVI were probably the most beautiful of modern times, yet the French beaus all went to London even then for their coats. No coat was considered for worth wearing unless it was London made.

Charles I. He and his courtiers introduced

"BIG BILL" DEVERY'S CAMPAIGN

How "de Chief" is trying to rehabilitate himself in New York.

NEW YORK, August 18.—(Special Correspondence.)—"Mr. William S. Devery carries the primaries and wins the Tammany leadership in the Ninth Assembly district on September 16, he will owe his success to the women of his district."

"Why?" asked the woman reporter. "Go and see for yourself." And she went.

The door leading into the "Big Chief's" sanctum in the Four Corners Club rooms at Twenty-eighth Street and Eighth Avenue had been left open—quite inadvertently. Three of his lieutenants were sorting papers, half across and looked distinctly disagreeable. The "Big Chief," who was signing checks, glanced up, his pen poised in mid-air, his face absolutely expressionless.

"Well," he said, "you approve of women in politics?"

The lieutenants frowned. Mr. Devery smiled encouragingly, comforting smile.

"Then you believe in equal suffrage?" Mr. Devery's smile underwent a change, humor giving way to seriousness.

"Well, I wasn't just thinking of saying so today."

One of the lieutenants tapped his fingers nervously on the long, narrow table round which they were grouped. Devery glanced at him, then leaned back in his chair. The tattoo ceased abruptly.

"But if they can't vote, of what political value are they?"

"When I am through here, come down to my headquarters and find out."

For 10 minutes—silence, save for the scratching of his pen, the faint rustle of paper, and an occasional word spoken in an undertone. Silhouetted against the wide window—and it takes a generous window to silhouette Mr. Devery's ample proportions—the most picturesque figure in New York politics today presented itself for study.

Devery Pen-Pictured. He is of more than average height, but looks shorter because so stout. You wish he had gone into training to rescue a superb physique from the evil effects of high living or lack of exercise. His face is too florid, his double chin too pronounced, but his iron-gray hair lends dignity, almost an aristocratic quality to its general bearing—so long as he remains seated. He is awkward and heavy on his feet, but his hands are dexterous and not badly groomed. He may reel at times with the abruptness of his speech, but he weaves with certain pleasant curves that form about his mouth, and a flash of humor and gallantry in his eyes.

One of the lieutenants escorted me to the W. S. Devery headquarters, five blocks further south on Eighth Avenue. He gave me to understand that he did not care much about the press. It does not take Mr. Devery with sufficient seriousness. Neither do his enemies. There he sometimes make a mistake, and wake up with a jolt to find that instead of nursing the outside sheet of a comic supplement, they have been hugging a night-mare.

When Devery was retired by the reform administration, unthinking ones checked off his name as a "dead one." Not so the loyal "Ninth." To his 30,000 or 40,000 inhabitants he was still "de Chief." According to West Side rumor, among the unthinking ones were John C. Sheehan, representing the Greater New York Democracy, and Frank Goodwin, guarding the Tammany interests, both of whom have been elevated to leadership through the influence of the erstwhile powerful Chief.

But when Devery decided to resume the reins of leadership in his own district, there was no talk of personal ingratitude. He merely dropped a few choice expressions like "my people" and "our young men." Where were the so-called leaders? Why were honest men in "de Ninth" looking for work that was not forthcoming? And what are political leaders for, if not to secure jobs for their voters? And when at last—but not until popular curiosity was at fever heat—Devery boldly strode into the ring as the champion of "my people" there was a demonstration that put subway explosions to shame.

The ranks of the Sheehanites and the

Goodwinites quivered with unwholy mirth. Here was a great joke, for did they not hold the organization? Then their laughter suddenly ceased. Devery laid down his hand, and it was all face cards, the faces of women and children.

Now your West Side man of family may best his wife, but he has the proper respect, and incidentally a dependable vote for the leader who treats her as if she were the first lady of the land. This same voter may consider it right to set his night out on the doorstep of a Winter night while he sleeps off a spree, but in Summer he will shout for the man who hires a large and sends those long suffering infants on an outing.

The West Side woman may have occasion to curse the political pater-familias where the golden brew flows without money and without price, but she has a lively regard for the man who tenders the blow-out, provided he can give her husband a job under a city contractor and can stand between herself and an inconvenient landlord in the matter of a dispossessed notice.

All this and more Devery could and would do. The woman of his district did

we will see what can be done for you." But he also knew that each woman hated to think the others could hear her tale of woe. She wanted a little private interview of her own—and she got it. That is another way Devery has. He knows women.

Most of the men who greeted him wanted jobs. The too, were referred to the proper clerk. But they knew that when Devery referred them to another he did not forget, and was to the henchman who failed to carry out the behests of his leader in the matter of "job." He has a pleasant faculty, too, of dropping into the free leeches and ascertaining whether his people are getting what he has ordered, without question or cavil.

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street? After a detailed description



not stop to question how or why he could accomplish it. They simply accepted the fact gladly, and there was a general feeling of safety among the heads of families in "de Ninth," a general clearing of domestic atmospheres.

The King was coming into his own, and the land would once more flow with milk and honey. This is not just what was told the reporter on that short walk between Devery's old and new headquarters. Most of it was read between the lines. In a genuine Tammany campaign there is always more fun in reading between lines than in following the straight copy.

How Devery Grants Favors. In the big clubroom of the second floor, about 50 people were waiting for him, and every one had a favor to ask. In fact, it looked more like the room of a charity organization society than the headquarters of a political leader.

Devery paused in the doorway. Seven of those waiting for him were women. He addressed them first. And he addressed each one separately, permitting her to draw him aside. He knew beforehand how he would answer in each case—

"File your application with my clerk, and of her tribulations, the writer wound up something like this:

"Hoping you will do what you can for her, and God will give you the credit that man cannot give. Hoping you will have success and that you will win, and don't stop until you get to the top, for you're deserving of it, hoping you will not give this woman's name to the public, I remain, —etc."

And the inspector detailed on the case marched forth with a little "hope" like this on his lips: "Here's hopin' there'll be a vote or two in the house if not in the family."

Those who know the ropes file their petitions with any clerk who happens to be in the office, for, after all, work of this sort must be done by routine. The uninitiated insist upon remaining until Devery arrives. For each of these he has a brief but comforting word, and they are convinced that back of the word is the will for the deed.

There approached a young man, leading a huge St. Bernard dog. The latter wore a blanket, bearing this legend: "Our choice for Leader, W. S. Devery." Any one unacquainted with Devery's methods

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

LETTERS asking for general information will be answered in these columns. They should be written on one side of the paper, and must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not for publication, however. All letters without the name of the writer go to the waste-basket.

Burning Slashings. Please published the law in regard to burning slashings in Oregon, and oblige many settlers.

Section 1. If any person shall maliciously, with intent to injure any other person, by himself or any other person, kindle a fire on his own land or the land of any other person, and by means of such fire the buildings, fences, crops or other personal property or timber lands of any other person shall be destroyed or injured, he shall, on conviction, be punished by a fine not less than \$20 nor more than \$1000, or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than three months or more than 12 months, according to the aggravation of the offense.

Sec. 2. If any person shall, without malice, kindle any fire in any pasture, orchard, forest, prairie land not his own without the consent of the owner, and the same shall spread and do damage to any buildings, fences, crops, orchard, or other personal property not his own, or to any wood or timber land not his own, he shall be punished by a fine not less than \$10 nor more than \$100, or more than \$250, or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than three months nor more than 12 months.

Sec. 3. Any person or persons who shall willfully set fire to any wooded country or forest belonging to the state or the United States, or to any person or persons, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction before a court of competent jurisdiction shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$1000, or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both said fine and imprisonment; provided, that nothing herein contained shall apply to any person who in good faith sets a back fire to protect the extension of a fire already burning.

Sec. 4. It is hereby made the duty of the Governor of this state to issue a proclamation on the 1st day of July of each year, calling public attention to the provisions of this act, and warning all persons against violating the same. It is also made the duty of each circuit judge of this state to read the provisions of this act to each grand jury when charging them as to their duties.

Charges for Surveying. (1.) Does the United States Government pay a fixed salary to the Surveyor-General for this state, sufficient for the discharge of duties of said office?

(2.) Has the Surveyor-General legal right to arbitrate his and demand variable fees, outside the prescribed salary, for performance of the office duties? E. g., one year ago there was no charge for platting a segregated homestead survey. On and after the 1st of August, 1901, it was fixed at \$10, and now for same work it is \$35.

(3.) The Surveyor-General of Oregon is paid a fixed salary of \$3000 a year. (4.) The Surveyor-General does not have legal right arbitrarily to fix or demand variable fees. The correspondent is in error about the charge for platting a segregated homestead being \$35; Surveyor-General Meldrum says it is but \$10. The fee was raised to \$10 last year, in order to make it uniform with similar charges in Washington and Idaho, and authority for this was given by the Commissioner of the General Land Office. These fees are not kept by the Surveyor-General, but are turned over to the United States.

What is Electricity? What are the component parts of electricity? C. C.

No one knows what the component parts of electricity are, nor what electricity itself is. Any one taking the trouble to look into the matter will find that many theories have been advanced. It is now generally conceded that electricity is some sort of stress existing in the ether, but scientists

are not agreed upon the form in which this stress is manifested.

A story is told of a boy who did know what electricity is. He was a lad who usually depended upon his neighbors to help him out in recitations. On this occasion the teacher asked several what electricity was, and had been unable to get any replies. When the boy's turn came he stood up and waited for some one near by to prompt him, but as no help came, he finally replied that he did know, but had forgotten. It was then that the teacher remarked: "What a pity! The only person in the world that ever knew what electricity is, and he had to go and forget it."

The "S" 1894 Dime. Will you please inform me whether the following statement, recently seen in a daily paper (not The Oregonian), is true or not; that the 1894 half-dollars are very rare and cannot be procured for less than \$300?

It is not true. This question in various forms has been answered in The Oregonian at least 10 times, and will not be answered again. Here are the facts: In 1894 the San Francisco Mint coined 24 dimes (not half-dollars) and no more. On account of their scarcity, coin collectors put a fabulous value on them. We have heard them quoted as much as \$50 each. San Francisco coinage is designated by the letter "S" on the "tail" face.

Several Questions. (1.) What war vessel was christened with using water instead of wine, and who christened it? (2.) In the St. Louis Exposition to be held in 1904 or 1905?

(3.) What day of this year was the longest day, was there more than one day of the same length of time. (4.) Thanking you for your time taken to look this up, I am

(5.) We do not recall that any war vessel was christened with water instead of wine. (6.) 1904.

(7.) June 21 was theoretically the longest day, because the vertical rays of the sun were then farthest north of the equator. However, there were several days, known as the Summer solstice, when there was no appreciable difference in the number of hours of light.

Homesteads and Citizenship. (1.) Can an alien file upon a homestead by merely declaring his intention to become a citizen? (2.) How does a service in the United States Army affect the naturalization of an alien? (3.) Can a person owning land enter land under the present homestead law? E. R. J.

(4.) Yes. However, only citizens can make final proof. (5.) An honorably discharged soldier may take final papers of citizenship without the preliminary operation of declaring intention. (6.) Yes.

Only One Pension. Can the widow of a Mexican War veteran, who draws a pension as such, draw additional pension under the Indian War pension act, her husband having served honorably in both wars? In other words, can a person draw two pensions? QUERIST.

There is a general law which forbids a person to draw more than one pension at a time. If the Indian War pension should be more desirable the Mexican War pension may be relinquished, and the other taken.

Two Authors. Please give the year of the birth and death of Middleton, author of "A Fair Quarell," and of Herbert, author of "Jacula Prudentum." J. R. Q.

Thomas Middleton was born in London in 1570, and died at Newington Butts in 1627. George Herbert was born at Montgomery Castle, Wales, April 3, 1333, and died at Bemerton, near Salisbury, in February, 1333.

FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

The Soldier's Monument. A monument for the soldier! And what will ye build it of? Can ye build it of marble, or brass, or bronze, Outlasting the soldier's love?

Ye glory it with legends and songs, As grand as the blood bath writ, From the inmost shrine of this land of thine To the uttermost verge of it?

And the answer came: We would build it Out of our hopes made sure, And out of our purest prayers and tears, And the marble how he favored:

We would build it out of the great white truths Their death their sanctified, And the sculptured forms of the men in arms, And their faces as they died.

And what heroic figures Can the sculptor carve in stone? Can the marble breast be made to bleed, And the marble lips to moan?

Can the marble brow be favored? And the marble eyes be graven To look their last as the flag floats past, On the country they have saved?

And the answer came: The figures Shall all be fair and brave, And as befitting, as pure and white As the stars above their grave! The marble lips and breast and brow Whereon the laurel lies, Hallowed as right to guard the right Of the old flag in the skies.

A monument for the soldier! Built of a people's love, And blazoned and decked and paroled With the heart's best of the race; And see that ye build it of: In pillar and niche and gate, And high in pose as the souls of those It would commemorate!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Rosary. The hours I spend with thee, dear heart, Are as a spring of peace and joy, I count them over, every one apart, My rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer, Are as a spring of peace and joy, I count the beads upon the end, and there A cross is hung.

Oh, memories that bless and—oh! burn! Oh, barren gains and bitter loss, I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn To kiss the cross, Sweetheart,

To kiss the cross, —Robert Cameron Rogers.

When Love Passed by. When Love passed by I did not know He might not come again, and so I made no answer to his plea, But laughed away his sympathy, And scorned the gifts he would bestow, Then up the path I saw him go, Came dull-eyed, sorrow-clothing slow— She stayed to keep me company— When Love passed by.

Each year joy's crimson robes flow, And Love's pleasantry blows, For them who welcome fate, as he Laid down his spoil. Alas! for me White aphorisms alone would grow When Love passed by.

—Charlotte Becker.

Christ in Thee. Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born, If he's not born in thee, thy soul is all forlorn, God's Spirit falls on me, as dewdrops on a rose.

If I but like a rose my heart to him disclose, In all eternity no tone can be so sweet As when man's heart with God's in union doth beat.

Whate'er thou lovest, man, that, too, becomes dust; Whate'er thou lovest God; dust, if thou lovest dust. Immasurable is the Highest; who but knows it? And yet a human heart can perfectly inclose it. —Johnnes Schaffner.