

THE DAILY ASTORIAN, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 16, 1897

RATIONAL DRESS.

The souls of the "unc' gulf" are much exercised just now because of some recent developments in woman's dress. Female vanity and fondness for change of attire have at all times sorely tried their poor spirits. It would almost seem that Providence has specially provided these crosses for their behalf, else where would be the occupation of that numerous class who've sought to do but make and tell others of their nation's faults and folly? And so from remote times, changes of fashions, especially female fashions, have been the cause of many prayers and wrestlings denounced from pulpit, and the butts of scurrilous scoffs and ridicule. Some years ago a handsome, accomplished, and well-dressed young lady—an intimate friend of ours—casually passing the open door of a rural Bethel about a mile or two from Penzance, ventured to enter. Her fashionably appearance in such a spot caused a general sensation. The "Local Preacher" waited in the midst of his rustic eloquence, and waited for a few moments at the lively vision. Then throwing Satan behind him with one hand, his heart told, the with holy wrath, he extended the other, and pointing to the defiance which flowed over her buoyant tresses, shouted in extirpator tones and with an air of apostolic fervor: "Take off that hell rag!" If a mere veil could have produced such a ride outburst of apoplectic zeal, what would it have said had she entered in cycling knickerbockers? Our young friend left the chapel of this latter-day Boanagers more rapidly than she entered it, and with the visible sympathy of the assembled congregation—for the Christians are remarkable for their gentle and unobtrusive politeness. Nevertheless, his chisel after a severe and fearless denunciation of poms and vainglory was thoroughly established.

This reformer must have numerous relations in Chicago, for we find—undoubtedly women are arrested there by the police if they appear in public in knickerbockers. And we have many who would welcome a similar course here. Some newspaper correspondents suggest it is certain that if they were to go about in their wavy clothes they would be locked up. This is no doubt true; but then the ladies do not wear their husband's clothes, but their own, made especially for them. There is no pretence whatever to pose as males, and no one is deceived as to their sex. Therefore the whole question resolves itself into one of taste and convenience. If a woman feels that she can move with less danger and more ease without a skirt than with one, what moral right has any one to interfere so long as she preserves her sex distinction? How would men like to be compelled to run and ride in petticoats? Or why should women be denied the free play of their limbs or even the admiration due to a well-turned pant? As Robert Burns wrote on "The Rights of Women":

"For right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts th' treated,
Which even the Rights of Kings in law prostration
Must humbly own—its dear, dear admiring."

It is urged that it is an indecency for women to sit astride. We ask, Why? Until "Good Queen Anne" introduced the side-saddle, the women of England always rode horseback astride like the men, as the women of many countries do to the present day. Physiologically considered, perhaps it would be better if a distinction must be made, for men to use side-saddles and women the others. It is no sense to connect immorality with either mode, as it is simply a matter of custom, and when the novelty of seeing a woman astride has worn off, time will sanction both it and knickerbockers, as it has sanctioned so many other things.

LADY COOK
new Tennessee C. Clifton

After hearing some friends continually praising Chamberlain's Cole, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, Curtis Fleek, of Anaheim, California, purchased a bottle of it for his own use and is now as enthusiastic over its wonderful work as anyone can be. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Estes-Cook Drug Company.

Hats without wings of some sort are the exception.

A PLEASANT EXPERIENCE.

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It is somewhat amusing, however, to hear women who appear at public functions in the most decollete manner—semi-nude, arms and shoulders bared, and breasts bare to all beholders—disparaging the modest woman who only displays, to the extent of a few inches, the shape of a pair of well-tempered legs. Ladies of fashion have long been accustomed to accompany their male friends in cover and moon shooting, habited in knickers and stockings, and little notice has been taken but the adoption of similar garments by the cycling community is quite another thing, and requires police interference.

Mankind have been trying all kinds of clothing, possibly to discover a rational dress, and have not found the suitable one yet. We may still say, as Chaucer in the "Parson's Tale": "Sh! Not may a man see as in our dales, the smouldering eschewal array of clothing, and namely to mesh superfluous, or esies fit to discomfit wantonness?" Among the superfluities was the "length of the fine wide raiment, trailing in the dog and in the mire, on horse and eke on foot, as well of man as of woman, that all raike trailing is verely wasted, consumed, thrafford, and rotten with deng rather than it is given to the poue." * * * To speak of the horrible disordinate scantiness of clothing. * * * * And some of them shewen the nose and the shane of the horrible swedes meebles that women like to the malice of Heriot, in the wrappyn of the bosom, and the bottokes of hem behind, that faire as it were the blinder root of a tree up in the ful of the moore?" The disgusting fashion of short and tight breeches which rather exposed the wearer's nakedness than hid it, was banished from France by an edict of Charles V. The beauty of Elizabeth's reign, however, differed from those of Chaucer's and

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