

# IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

## THE NEWER WOMAN.

FOR some time past we have been hearing so much of the "coming woman," and seeing so comparatively little of her, that the latest news of the lady's movements will be a surprise, as well as a relief, to many. It seems that not only has she actually come, but she is already going.

The "new woman" is no longer in the foremost files of time. As the latest product of the century, the heiress of all the ages, she has been superseded. The "newer woman" has arrived, and she is forming herself into "Newer Woman Clubs." We hear of three such organizations in New York, and several in other cities. To the uninitiated, the name may perhaps suggest dread visions of bifurcated garments, cigarettes, and political discussions. As a matter of fact, the newer woman cares for none of these things. She represents a fortunate reaction from an ephemeral craze, which after all existed more in print and in talk than in actuality. She is neither advanced nor emancipated, and she is glad of it—and so is the rest of the world. Her club room is cheery with the soothing clatter of tea cups, and the unaffected laughter of sensible womanhood. She discusses subjects that are wholly familiar and entirely mundane, and leaves political and economic problems to the students of those doleful sciences. She has no bills before the legislatures, and no plans for the subjugation of man beyond those that have always made him woman's willing slave.

All hail to the newer woman!

## A WARNING FOR THE SOCIETY THIEF.

FROM time immemorial the borrowed umbrella has filled the heart of the professional jester with an unholy joy. In every form of merry gibe and jest, its adventures have appeared in paragraph after paragraph and rhyme after rhyme. Even now, hoary with age and limping from much travel, the umbrella joke painfully threads its way through the columns of the alleged comic press, and brings a sigh to the lips of the reader at thought of their long acquaintance. It is a wonderful thing to reflect how many hungry mouths have been fed upon the financial harvest reaped with this anti-quated sickle.

But human invention has rung the knell of the oldest of all jests. The umbrella made *to be borrowed*, and for no other purpose, is an established fact. It is made of the cheapest material, since, like youth, "once lost, it never more is seen," and money expended upon it drops into the abyss of wasted things. These new devices come at about ten dollars a dozen, and, even with those of us who pray most ardently to be delivered from our friends, a dozen

umbrellas will go a long way. To each handle is attached a small cardboard tag upon which appropriate "sentiments" are inscribed, such as

Take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again!

The cheek of even the most inveterate borrower is apt to crimson at such a frank announcement.

Seriously considered, the "lending umbrella" is not so much a convenience to one's visitors as a censor of their morals. We know of one house where it is of mammoth proportions, its tag being of note paper size, bearing the words:

I'm here for you to take or leave  
As you will;  
That you will take me I believe,  
But still  
If I remain when you are gone,  
You'll take another further on!

Curiously enough, this umbrella has never been borrowed. "And I believe," said its owner, "that it has a good effect upon those who read the tag. It makes them stop and think a moment, and the next time they are tempted to make free with other people's property they remember the significant remarks they have read."

Let us pray that such is the case.

## THE "GOOD OLD TIMES."

IF it be necessary to drive any more nails into the coffin of the theory that former generations were better than our own, the material for the operation may be found in a "History of London," published in 1750, by one William Maitland, a fellow of the Royal Society.

At that date there were in London—then a city of 726,000 people—more than fifteen thousand places where liquor was sold. Of these the great majority—nearly nine thousand—were not inns nor ale houses, but "brandy shops"—drinking resorts of the most unmitigated character, located mostly in the poorer quarters of the town. Today, the total number of licenses, including those of restaurants and groceries, is, in proportion to population, one tenth as large. In 1750 there was a pothouse to every six other structures, and to every 47 people. The present proportions are one to 63 and one to 550.

"Drunk for a penny; dead drunk for two-pence; straw for nothing," was a characteristic London sign of that period. The annual consumption of liquor, per head, was 97 gallons of beer and 14 gallons of spirits. The present figures, for the British Islands, are 30 gallons of beer and about one gallon of spirits *per capita*; for America, about fourteen gallons of beer and a gallon and a half of spirits.

The moral of such figures is too plain to need

a word of elaboration. They speak volumes upon the question whether the hideous vice of drunkenness is one that grows worse as the world grows older.

#### PERPETUAL YOUTH.

WHEN the present generation was in its fairy tale stage, it owned grandmothers. The gentle old lady who donned trailing gowns in the morning, wore delicate lace caps, and employed her hands with knitting, was almost a necessary part of every well regulated household. What has become of her?

Women live longer than they once did, but they seldom get old enough, nowadays, for the hassock and the chimney corner. An old lady who celebrated her ninetieth birthday a few weeks ago, watched the modiste cutting out her gown for the occasion.

"Make the sleeves of the newest cut," she said. "I don't want them to be going out of fashion."

The grandmother of today is modishly gowned; she rides a wheel, plays golf, skates, and searches the dry goods stores for natty shirtwaists. It doubtless says much for the strength of the race, but incidentally a few Philistines regret the passing of the typical grandmother. The busy club woman, intent on affairs, has no time for the little whispers of sympathy and the touches of healing which her old fashioned predecessor kept in stock for broken heads at ten and bruised hearts at twenty.

#### THE PERILS OF REFORM.

THE question of spelling reform is in one sense a dangerous one. Once start a discussion of it, and Speaker Reed himself, with his heaviest gavel and most rigid cloture rule, would find it difficult to silence the debaters who throng forward with views to be aired.

We were incautious enough to allude to the subject in this department three or four months ago, and have been duly punished by the multitude of correspondents who have lectured us from their various standpoints of superior enlightenment. The conclusion to which we are irresistibly forced by a study of their collective wisdom is that the reformers are so learned, so ingenious, so full of new ideas, so fertile of advantageous suggestions, that if they were left to wreak their own sweet will upon the language, they would speedily reduce it to a chaos of indecipherable symbols. The ordinary citizen would probably fail to recognize his mother tongue when it had passed through their beneficent system of philological surgery, and would be driven to the use of some unreformed variety of speech—say Welsh or Choctaw.

One correspondent scoffs at our reluctance to accept such forms as "bankt" and "collapst." Our only ground of objection, he says, "seems to be the unusual look of the word; and in this sort of thing you have lots of company. For instance, some Western towns still retain local or 'sun' time, because they don't like the

look of a clock that points to half past eleven when it is noon. We decline the metric system of weights and measures because 'the old way is good enough for us.' So also the Chinese still beat their tomtoms in battle, because their fathers did." But after so trenchant a criticism upon our benighted timidity, the zealous upholder of the banner of reform expresses his own dislike, based upon an entirely different set of grounds, for some of these same spellings that we refused to accept. "Of course," he admits, "I have a little pet system of my own." Therein lies the present weakness of the innovators' cause—their lack of unanimity. Too many cooks spoil the broth, especially when each cook has a distinct and original recipe, warranted to be the only genuine one.

Almost all our correspondents point out that MUNSEY'S is missing a great opportunity in not adopting some system of phonetic spelling. They expatiate upon the dimensions of the "boost" we could give to a worthy cause by thrusting ourselves forward as pioneers in this direction. We should be glad to oblige them, but there are other considerations. We have duties towards our readers, and one is to give them a magazine that they can read.

#### A LAW AGAINST THE THEATER HAT.

OHIO has always been famed as a State that has the courage of its convictions, and it has only justified its reputation by passing a law against the wearing of Eiffel Tower headgear in theaters. Such legislation may be criticised as unduly censorious and paternal, but the four story theater hat has become so inveterate and intolerable a nuisance that the lawmakers' action will be generally welcomed. Appeals to the good taste and common sense of the American woman have been made for years, and in vain; there always remains a defiant minority apparently devoid of those qualities. We see no reason, as we said when similar action was proposed in the State of New York, why the obstruction of a neighbor's amusement should not be officially stamped as what it undoubtedly is—an unwarrantable invasion of personal rights, and therefore a misdemeanor.

We regret to hear that some of the women of Ohio have publicly declared their resentment against the anti high hat law as an insult to their sex. By taking this position they most unjustly identify the entire sex with the few members of it who persist in defying propriety and public opinion. "We will avenge ourselves," they are reported as saying, "by introducing a bill by which the men will be subjected to as big a snub as the women were. It will provide the same penalties for each person found leaving his seat during an intermission at the theater or spitting tobacco juice on the floor." This hardly sounds like the utterance of a judicial mind. And besides, can it be that such practices—especially the latter—survive in any portion of the great and civilized community of Ohio? We hesitate to believe it possible.



Away in the heart of the hills  
No trouble or care we know,  
With the song in our ears of the rills  
That laughingly lakeward go,  
With far overhead the wide sky spread  
And the clear blue lake below.

Away in the heart of the hills  
With nothing to do but dream,  
Where the lithe trout rise to the dancing flies  
From the depths of the crystal stream  
'Mid the wondrous maze of the sun's slant rays,  
Through the tremulous leaves agleam.

Away! Away! At the dawn of day  
From the thronging city's ills,  
From the busy street to a far retreat  
In the heart of the distant hills!





The Drive, Loon Lake, Adirondacks.  
*From a photograph by Chandler, St. Albans.*