

## The Spectator in New Orleans

There are born Spectators and Spectators who are made; those who have a genius for seeing things and those who train themselves to see things. Now, a born Spectator feels things quite as definitely as he sees them; and to feel a thing one must put himself in sympathy with it. One must forsake the traditional attitude of the looker-on, and enter into the life which he observes; for no one ever sees anything who simply observes it. These reflections came to the Spectator with fresh meaning one bright morning, not many weeks ago, when he found himself standing in front of the Cathedral of St. Louis at New Orleans. The sky had the softness of May, the air had the mellowness of October. The myrtle, the oleander, the magnolia, the palm, were in full leaf; the sward was green; the rosebuds were showing delicate tinges of color. There was enchantment in the atmosphere, if one chose to feel it. If the Spectator had simply looked at things with the cool, frigid glance of the indifferent mind, he would have seen dirty streets, dilapidated buildings, open sewers, and a general air of careless neglect of sanitation and order. But the Spectator, while not oblivious of these details, which make up the whole picture for so many travelers, felt the charm of one of the most picturesque cities on the continent by putting himself into its atmosphere; and atmosphere is the subtle quality which a place exhales, and which is, in a deep sense, an expression of its soul. It is true the Spectator had been in a measure educated to feel this atmosphere by reading Miss Grace King's charming book—a book in which one finds the soul of the city—but he hopes that he has also a little of that grace of nature which is an open sesame to all that is richest and best in the lives of one's neighbors; that brotherliness which makes one at home at the ends of the earth.

The two cities which preserve the charm of France in this country are curiously alike, and as curiously different: alike in early tradition and race-feeling, different in historic and climatic conditions. Quebec lies gray and walled in the far north; a fortress, not only against the attacks of possible enemies, but against the assaults of a rigorous climate. It is France in the far north, subdued in tone by cold skies, and hushed by the repression of stone houses and the constant struggle with the elements. New Orleans is France in the far south; the gayety of the French nature evoked by genial conditions and by out-of-doors living. In the old quarter of New Orleans one feels this kindly, friendly, neighborly French *cameraderie*; the fellowship of a people whose social quality has been highly developed. The balconies which overhang the narrow streets suggest leisure, talk, gayety, relaxa-

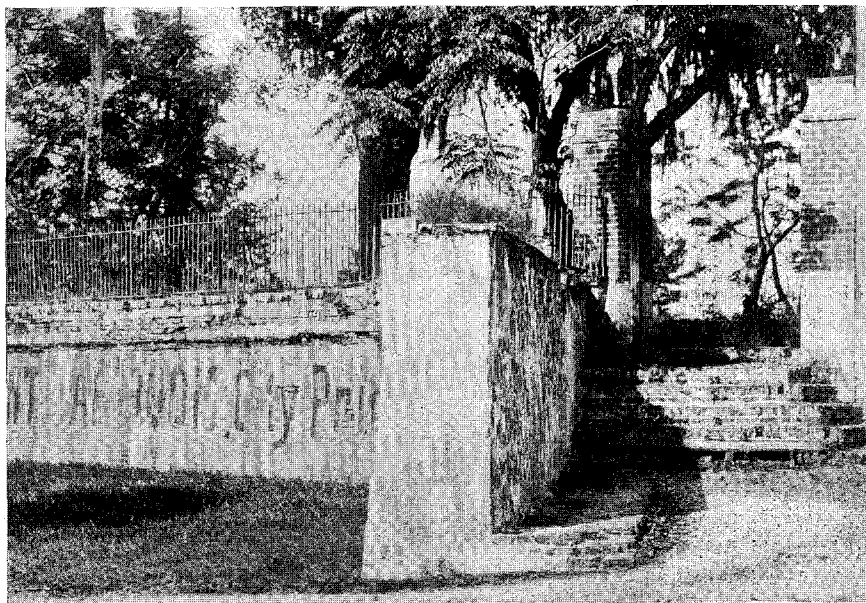
tion. Looking down these streets one feels a warmth of tone which seems to be an exhalation of this genial community temper. The old buildings are not isolated in a kind of prim, cold detachment, as in most American towns; they run together, so to speak; they harmonize with each other; they are parts of a whole, and it is the whole, not the parts, which one always sees. The dull reds and greens of old walls; the faded tracery of balconies, often of delicate design and molding; the glimpses of



OLD SPANISH HOUSE, BATTLE-FIELD

interior courts set round with palm and cactus; the universal mellowness of time and use—these give the Spectator in New Orleans constant delight. Here is a place that has been lived in, and life has left its touch on the homes that have protected it and the streets which have been its thoroughfares.

It was Sunday morning, and the Spectator went into the Cathedral, the tumultuous music of whose bells seemed to set the whole air in vibration. The creole face, seen in a crowd, is singularly delicate and sensitive; a face full of mobility, and yet with a suggestion of substantial character beneath the play of expression. The faces of the women are naturally more attractive than those of the men; but they are also expressive of superiority of type and quality. Their delicacy and charm are moral as well as physical. They are full of vitality; a vitality which preserves their grace of manner long after youth, and which gives them variety and freshness in the closest companionship. The great altar is blazing with candles, the church is full of worshippers, and the chancel is filled with priests and acolytes. But here, as elsewhere, that which impresses the Spectator most pleasantly is the air of sociability. There is no irreverence; everybody is quiet, attentive, devout; but there is no stiffness or formality. It is more like family worship than the worship of a great congregation; and the Spectator is glad to find himself as worshipful in mood and spirit as his fellow-worshippers of another race, language, and religion. There is constant movement in the chancel and in the aisles of the church. In the space between the pews and the steps of the chancel there is a throng of children, with candles in their hands which the Archbishop will presently bless. They are standing in easy, unconscious attitudes, without any thought, apparently, of the congregation behind them; intent on the service. Their faces are full of interest; they are evidently as much at home as if they were in their own houses; their worship is as natural as that of their seniors. In the aisles, along the nave, at the chancel steps, men and women are kneeling, as if all places were equally home-like and familiar. This sense of home assails the Spectator through all his Protestant traditions, and gives him a glimpse of that beautiful, reverential fellowship which will come when we are as much at home in the house of God as in those lesser houses which we call our homes.



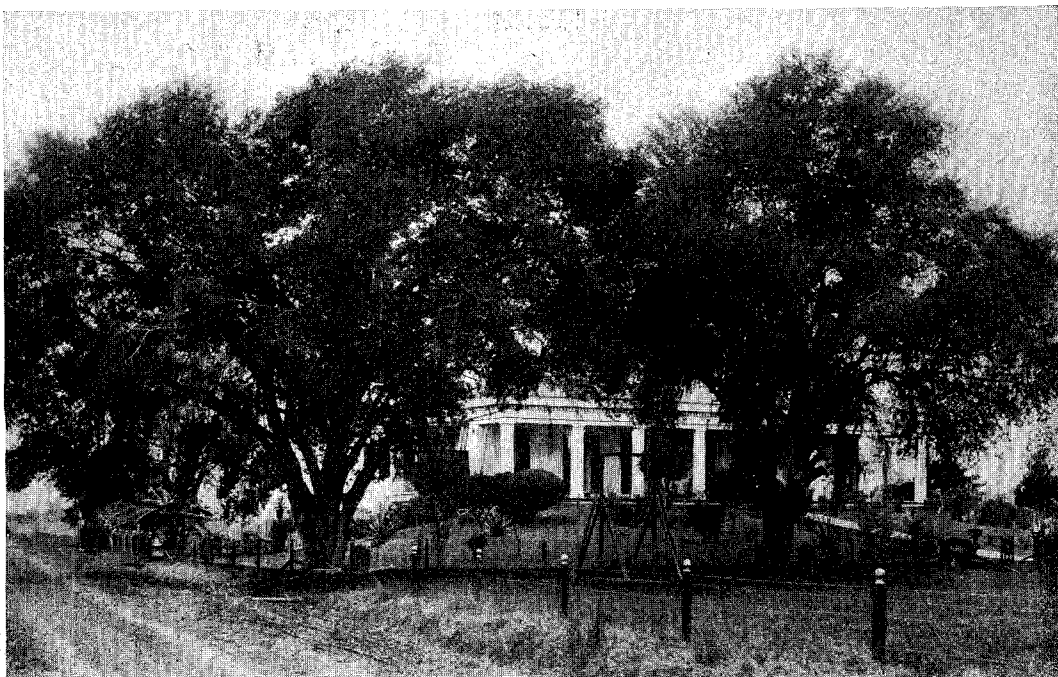
GATE, SPANISH FORT



This atmosphere of friendliness, the pervasive influence of which the visitor feels the moment he arrives, was doubtless French in its origin, but it has invaded the American quarter of New Orleans, and makes the city the most charming place, socially, in the country. Comparisons of this sort are likely to be odious, but no one who knows New Orleans will deny her this pre-eminence. There are far handsomer, cleaner, richer, and more intellectual cities, but there is none which has so thoroughly developed the resources of social life and so intelligently fostered the social atmosphere. There is no trace

of the sepulchral stiffness and formality which makes most cities of the English-speaking races seem so cold and hard. There is none of that elaboration of the mere mechanism of living which fatally chills the social instinct in so many of our rich modern communities. In New Orleans the social traditions are so well established that they are taken for granted and dismissed from attention. Strangers are not kept in social quarantine until their good standing is credibly established. On the contrary, they are received with a hearty cordiality which implies that the host is so well established socially that he trusts his own judgment in such matters, and treats himself as an authority on questions of gentle breeding. The result is that New Orleans is the best-mannered town in the country. It has its faults, and the world has heard much of them; but its courtesy, hospitality, and friendliness would be a revelation to many Northern communities. It cares chiefly, apparently, for gentle breeding, for conversational interest, for courage and simplicity; it is delightfully indifferent to wealth, furniture, and all the other trappings with which the newly rich community so often smothers itself.

The test of good manners is not the bearing and breeding of the few, but the habit of the many. There are hosts of well-bred



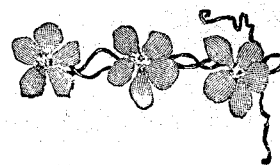
A PLANTATION RESIDENCE

individuals in countries which are, as a whole, ill-mannered. A well-bred community is one in which good manners are a common possession. In New Orleans one is as courteously treated in street-cars as in private houses. The conductors do not shout to ladies, "Come now, hurry up;" they do not thrust them violently into cars already overcrowded; they do not take them by the shoulders, seize them by the waist, or do any of those other rough and underbred things which make Spectators with the instincts of gentlemen dread the necessity of using the street-cars. In New Orleans, if you ask the location of a street, you are not only courteously answered, but the offer is often made to show you the way. One is conscious of the absence of haste, and haste is a deadly foe of good manners. An excellent definition of the charm of the old régime is to be found in the statement that the gentleman of the old order was "never afraid and never in haste." He had the independence and spirit born of courage, and he had the finish and delicacy of manner which come from repose. Both these qualities are characteristic of the best type of Southern men and women. The charm of hospitality in those ample, rambling plantation homes, with their spacious piazzas and easy habits of living, lies in the sense of leisure which one feels in the air. There is time

for talk, for lounging, for those sweets of human intercourse which are of slow growth and need delicate fostering. The social instinct gets recognition and training; the family, rather than the individual, becomes the unit; the guest is a member of the family. Whatever faults the Southern character has—and, like all other types, it is irregular in its development—it is free from the coldness and indifference which are often accepted in this country and in England as evidences of superior breeding, but which are, in fact, evidences of insular feeling and of a defective sense of courtesy. The essence of good manners is constant and delicate recognition of the men and women with whom one is brought into contact. Our attitude towards them does not involve the question of *their* standing; it involves the question of *our* good breeding; for manners are an expression of our own spirit and training.



SIDE VAULTS, GIROD CEMETERY

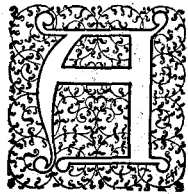




## Bicycling for Women

### Some Hygienic Aspects of Wheeling

By Robert L. Dickinson, M.D.



LARGE part of the injury to women with which the bicycle is charged arises directly from defective teaching and imperfect knowledge, because balance on the wheel, with mounting and dismounting, comprises the sum of the usual training. One needs but to stand at the Park entrance on a fair day to appreciate this. Of ten women who pass, one rides rightly—rarely two. Of the ten objections to wheeling for women eight are based on abuse and not on right use of the wheel. Its advocates acknowledge that bicycling is not a complete means of attaining all-round development, and do not deny that to those who believe that the Creator never intended the hampered sex to enjoy this freedom, this freedom is objectionable. But that it is more alluring, more beneficial, and more general in its action than any single outdoor exercise for women the specialists in her diseases testify, with few dissenting voices. That there are certain abuses against which a warning is necessary they also agree; and the chief of these abuses are ill-adapted saddles, bad pos-

muscular aching, after the first few attempts, need not prevent one from resuming wheeling at once, but after-pallor and sense of exhaustion are to be carefully heeded, and, if they are produced by moderate effort, call for a medical opinion as to the advisability of further trials.

A common fault of the beginner is irregularity of effort. In the same class as spurting belongs the fitful pace of the early days, which is replaced later by the steady, unremitting swing that keeps up nearly the same amount of effort on levels and on grades. Another kind of spasmodic action is the application of pressure on the down-sweep of the pedal only, in lieu of sustained use of power throughout the revolution. Too high a gear may call for excessive exertion also.

All these points have been insisted on again and again. But the saddle, the position on the wheel, and the question of dress will bear threshing over.

*Saddles.* Except for the saddle the bicycle may be said to be a perfect machine. Happily, many attempts are being made to answer this burning question. A good saddle embodies anatomical modeling; selection to fit the individual

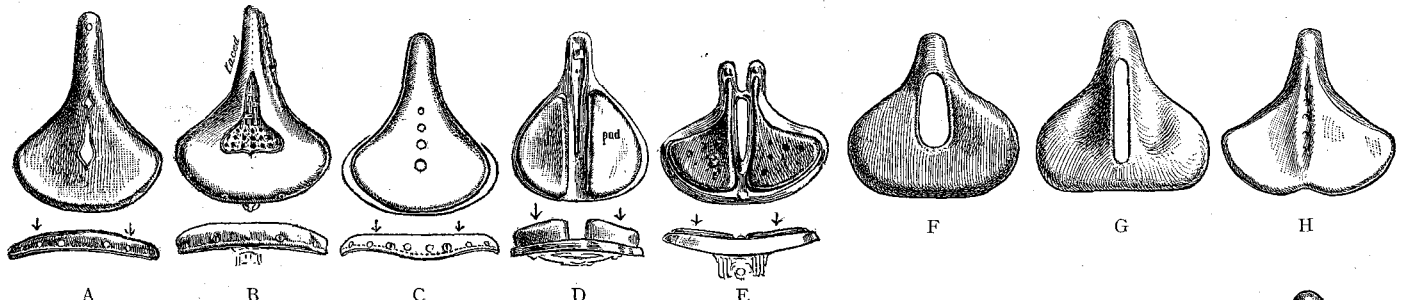


FIG. 1. SERIES OF SADDLES ON SAME SCALE FOR COMPARISON

A, Common form of man's saddle of good make, 1-10 life size; beneath the back view of it, showing vicious downward bend of outer edges of cantle. B, Well-formed saddle of wickerwork, felt, and leather; good opening. This shape suits some women better than the woman's form, which is 1½ inches wider. Mesinger. Beneath it is seen the back view. C, Shorter saddles; women's form, well shaped; Garford inside, Hunt outside. Beneath it the well-formed level back. D, Saddle with two pads, and deep groove between, seen from above and from behind; the Christy. E, Broad saddle with good concave top, but rather broad pommel; Hollenbeck. F, Saddle cast from mold; composite from 12 persons. G, Individual saddle from mold to compare with F; Ray. H, Reform Wheeler. I, Saddle with very short pommel.

tures, and faulty dress, as well as excess with exhaustion from heart-strain or nerve-tension.

Tension and excess are common to all sports, and to this indictment bicycling pleads guilty, because the motion is so easy and the effort required so slight that there is a strong temptation to overdo. Women, lacking athletic experience, have had fewer lessons in muscular strain than men. We all need to remember that panting and palpitation mean that one of the two chambers making up the main pumping power of the heart—namely, that one which has to do with driving the blood through the lungs, and which is robust only in laborers and athletes—is fighting hard under a load which may cause all degrees of overstretching or acute dilatation, from the most momentary embarrassment to a permanently crippled condition. It may be said that the pulse should not range above 100 after a rest, but rules are hard to make. Tire is the test, and reaction. Again and again we see a rider go away from home to the point where tire begins to suggest that he face about, forgetting that he must retrace his steps, and retrace them against increasing fatigue. The dash of it leads us to dare narrow paths, or difficult riding, or some feat for which we are not ready, and the unnoticed tension tells later on the nerves. The woman unused to active exercise must take care not to travel on her excitement. She is to rest often. She will be wise to lie down after a ride of any length. The taking of simple nourishment, such as milk, chocolate, or beef-tea, during a ride is important as a means of recuperation, whether there be hunger or not, while food preceding an early ride is most important. Moreover, before and after a hearty meal a half-hour's rest is desirable. It is highly important, too, that the length of the trip and the difficulties of the effort should be gradually increased. Moderate

form; stanch construction, that it may not alter in shape with use; and adaptability, that it may be set at any angle, moved forward and back, and made more or less tense. The anatomy of woman is such that her saddle must differ distinctly from the man's. She is also more susceptible to injury than is the man, and it is more difficult to fit her saddle. Although the conformation differs as much in different individuals as the shape of the hand, it still is an

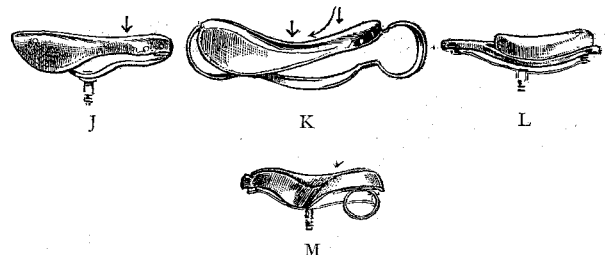


FIG. 2. SADDLES IN PROFILE

J, Good form of short, strong-sprung, level saddle; Hunt. K, Older form, with large spring, seen from the side. The weight should be chiefly carried where the smaller arrow points, but often follows the curved arrow's course down to the larger arrow; Kirkpatrick. L, Side of Christy saddle. M, Saddle cut away for thigh.

absurdly common belief that a single perfect saddle can be constructed to suit all needs. Manifestly, each woman must seek out what is adapted to herself, and, starting with a few general principles, work out her own problem.

Some of the characters in saddles that are to be noted and avoided are these: First, a center ridge. This may occur from mistaken construction or from stretching of the leather. Occasionally it may be due to the bending downward of the outer ends of the cantle or transverse rear iron of the saddle (Fig. 1, A). Secondly, high