

## THE LADIES' JOURNAL.

### THE HABIT OF OBSERVATION.

Many people labor under the delusion that they are close observers, but if questioned only a few minutes after they have apparently been earnestly gazing at an object or window, they will not be able to give a consecutive account of the view. Children should be early taught to observe closely and describe accurately.

I read in Good Housekeeping the other day of an old man's attempt to carry home an accurate description of a wedding. It is worth repeating.

The setting sun illuminated his kindly, thoughtful face as he rode along. Now he wrinkled his brow as a perplexing problem came to him; now slightly smiled as he thought of something that he knew would please "Em'line." His thoughts ran in this wise:

"Let me see. There were seventy-three there. They were married in the parlor and it was fixed up real pretty. The bride and groom stood under an evergreen arch. She had a lot of presents." Here he named over a list of the presents. "John Winslow told me that he was going to sell out his route on the butcher's cart. The measles have broken out in the Barkley district. Sarah Miller had on a new blue silk dress. It had high sleeves and the waist buttoned down in front." Here he became confused from the multitude of scenes that rushed into his mind, and he began all over again. From the last point he then continued: "The minister's wife had on a brown silk. It had high sleeves, and the buttons went kind of zigzag. The minister's daughter wasn't there. She has gone to Boston to spend a week at her aunt's.

Mrs. Winthrop sent her love and says Em'line must be careful about her lame foot. Poll Shepard had on the same dress that she wore at the sociable. John Howe's house got on fire day before yesterday, but they discovered it before it made much headway. It was set by a spark from the stove flying into a basket of clothes. Jennie Green had her hair done up a different way."

As he finished his soliloquy he said to himself, "I guess there'll be enough news to last her a while." Alas, he did not know what was in store for him.

Emmeline Louise listened appreciatively while he recited his carefully prepared list of facts. When he had finished, she said quietly:

"Well, and how was the bride dressed?"

"I—er— I didn't notice—particularly," he hesitatingly answered.

"John Henry Richards! John! Henry! Richards!" She sat up and pointed her finger at him, at the same time transfixing him with her piercing eyes. "Do you mean to tell me that you have been to a wedding and never noticed how the bride was dressed? John! Henry! Richards!"

She paused sufficiently for her words to make a deep impression. If he had had any conception of how the bride's dress looked it totally vanished from his mind now, and he was helpless before his accuser.

"Seem's if—'twas light colored," he stammered.

"I presume so," said she, curling her lip.

"And had—high sleeves," he continued.

"Very likely," grimly.

Beginning to feel a little reassured he further ventured, "Seem's if it dragged behind, but I ain't sure."

"Of course it did," she snapped. "John Henry Richards! To think that you came home from a wedding and couldn't remember the bride's dress! Well, there, I might have known you'd miss the most important part."

### ANOTHER CHAMPION OF THE WHEEL.

We venture to assert, that almost as many ladies' wheels have been purchased this spring

as gentlemen's. Our sex is gradually waking up to the fact that there is no disgrace in riding a wheel. The dress and manner on a wheel are, of course, more noticeable than on foot, hence these should be quiet.

I feel like pleading with our sex once more to relegate white skirts where they belong, and that is not on a wheel. There are women in this city who are doing more to harm the cyclists' cause, by their abnormal dress, than can be imagined. On a recent lovely Sunday an article, clad in terra-cotta corduroy bloomers, fancy jacket and peaked cap, wheeled up and down Queen St. and caused pedestrians to blush with shame at the sight. Idiomatic cyclists of Frenchy style are not all dead yet, but if looks could kill, they certainly would be.

Hear what a prominent Rhode Island lady says about wheeling attire:

"The most comfortable and most becoming attire for a woman on a bicycle, is the simplest one, and of that the underwear is the most important part. Petticoats? Perish the thought! The only compromise possible in this direction is a short, divided skirt of some light material, matching the dress in color. But this would probably take a year off that extra decade of beauty. Woven equestrian tights are the only garb which guarantees the complete ten years."

The outside dress must not be so full as to interfere with the motion of the limbs, nor so scant as to make the outline of the figure too evident. The skirt should be evenly weighted round the bottom to counteract any embarrassing freaks of a sudden gust of wind. The neatest waist is the regular habit bodice, open at the neck for the insertion of a shirt bosom with collar and scarf.

Corsets should be left at home. A hygienic waist and a clear conscience should be the cycle woman's only support. Shoes must be low in the ankle and broad at the toes. As for the hat, repudiate any suggestion of the milliner's show window and wear something severely simple. Mrs. Hopkins suggests the Alpine equestrian hat, for instance, and after one sees the lady "in marching order," as it were, one is very apt to heed any hints she may have to offer.

I have been reading up on the subject of bicycling and suits quite extensively, and must say I have no sympathy with the mannish costumes of knickerbockers and jackets which originated in Paris, and is burlesqued by the prints in the press. A distinctive, modest and comfortable costume should be decided upon for the wheel and I have my little suggestion to make. Beginning with the woven equestrian tights and a pair of easy-fitting tan shoes and stockings of the same shade, I would suggest a dress of any dark shade of cloth with a "sweater" of fine ribbed wool, and a silk sash and visor cap of crimson. This costume is comfortable and neat.

### SCHOOL BOARDS AND THEIR IDIOSYNCRASIES.

The chief reason why School Boards have the financial management of the school is apparent when we remember that they are elected by the people who pay the taxes; and the principal argument as to why the teacher must be permitted to engineer the pedagogical part is the fact his licence, his certificate, states expressly that he is competent to do so.

The Board is not in contact with children, they have no opportunity for studying the idiosyncrasies, the habits or the mental constitution of the rising generation such as you have.

If you wish to get along with your Board you must allow them to take care of their own business, and you must study to take care of yours. Old Mrs. Twickenham used to say, you remember, that "Folks what's allez pokin' their noses into other people's business, is forever gettin' of them pinched." The school-master should aim

to have a pug-nose in regard to the exclusive affairs of the Board, and he will then be in a position to hold it up proudly for the inspection of the world, with never the mark of a single "pinch" on it.

It's a good plan to study your Board in detail, if you would succeed. There is a wonderful lack of this kind of study among teachers.

They study children, but they seldom study men, and this is the great reason why they become utterly unfit to deal with the world after spending many years in the school-room.

Watch a hog-drover bargaining with a farmer for his fat pork, and you will take a lesson; he takes a mental photograph of the farmer almost the minute he sees him, and knows, as he expresses it in his peculiar language, "just how to strike him."

The store-keeper, the inn-keeper, the saloon-keeper, all study human nature in men, but the school-teacher seldom gets farther along with his man than the days when he first puts on suspenders and sneaks out to try his father's razor in the barn, and he does not often know much of womankind beyond that period when she first ceases to climb trees, and begins to titter over her love letters.

The study of women will be now in order; you see you are very liable to have some of them on your Board this coming year, and you should begin the solemn task of studying them early. Pope said that the proper study of mankind is man, but then he couldn't have known of that very complicated mess which would arise when we began to investigate womankind; for, poor fellow, he never had a wife, his bald-head to the contrary notwithstanding.

Seriously: study your School Board, and try to please them in every matter in which you ought to please them, and gently carry them, like the egg, along with you where your minds run in opposition.

There is one power held by School Boards which interests the teacher in a remarkable degree; namely, the power to raise teachers' salaries. There are too many teachers who attempt to produce this desirable result by continually growling about "low wages," about "hoggish directors," "parsimonious fellows who class a teacher with a farm hand," and such like mutterings. Now, my friends, let me tell you that there never was a single case in which such growling produced a raise of a single nickel in salary, and there are abundant examples of the failure of pedagogues to even secure the old rate because they growled so much. There is but one way to raise your salaries, and that way is to make yourself worthy.

I know two sisters, Mabel and Elsie: Mabel tried to growl herself into a higher salary, and now has no school at any price; Elsie worked night and day to improve her school, she studied her lessons, she studied her children, she studied her directors; she was soon beloved by every child, and her directors have raised her salary ten dollars a month rather than to allow her to take a position in a neighboring township! This is no romance; it is a case from actual experience, and it is so exceedingly illustrative of pedagogical success that I believe it will do good to tell it.

There is one more subject which I would have you study; it is the most difficult study of all. You may find little difficulty in studying children or even men and women, but when it comes to studying yourself, you will find your match! "Man, know thyself" was said years ago by some long-headed fellow, but methinks if he undertook to know himself, he began to pick a lock with more machinery in it than was ever to be found amidst the labyrinthine fastenings of that great gate which is guarded by the three headed Cerebrus!

What a combination you are, and what labor you must expend to pick yourself to pieces and examine every wheel of your cerebrum, and every mainspring of your heart.