

debts My lady friends think I am so much in love with the Club that I have no time for them. One of them said to me the other day, when we were discussing this matter: "Why, what you spend in that miserable club would easily support a wife."

"It wouldn't pay for her bonnets," I replied."

Now, ladies, Robert is extravagant, so we will let him retire, and I will go on with my little sermon. I do not often preach, but in this case, nothing but a sermon will do.

#### BEAUTY OF WOMAN'S BODY.

*Firstly.* You are perfect idiots to go on in this way. Your bodies are the most beautiful of God's creation. In the continental galleries I constantly saw groups of people gathered about the pictures of women. It was not passion; the gazers were quite as likely to be women as men. It was the wondrous beauty of woman's body.

Now stand with me at my office window and see a lady pass. There goes one! Now isn't she a pretty looking object? A big hump, three big humps, a wilderness of crimps and frills, a hauling up of the dress here and there, an enormous, hideous mass of false hair or bark piled on the top of her head, and on the very top of that, a little nondescript thing, ornamented with bits of lace, birds' tails, etc.; while the shop windows tell us of the puddings, whalebones, and springs which occupy most of the space within that outer rig. In the name of all the simple, sweet sentiments which cluster about a home, I would ask how a man is to fall in love with such a comical, artificial, touch-me-not, wiggling curiosity.

#### THIS DRESS CHECKS YOUR MOVEMENTS.

*Secondly.* With that wasp waist, your lungs, stomach, liver and other organs squeezed down out of their place and into one half their natural size, and with that long trail dragging on the ground, how can any man of sense—who knows that life is made up of use, of service, of work—take such a partner? He must be desperate to unite himself for life with such a deformed, fettered, half-breathing ornament. If I were in the matrimonial market, I might marry a woman that had but one arm, or one eye, or no eyes at all, if she suited me otherwise; but so long as God permitted me to retain my senses, I could never join my fortunes with those of a woman with a small waist.

A small waist! I am a physiologist, and know what a small waist means. It means the organs of the abdomen jammed down into the pelvis; it means the organs of the chest stuffed up into the throat; it means a weak back; it means a delicate, nervous invalid; it means a suffering patient, and not a vigorous helpmate. Thousands of men dare not venture, because they wisely fear that, instead of a helpmate, they will get an invalid to take care of. Besides this, bad health in you, just as in men, makes the mind, as well as the body, weak and effeminate. You have no power, no magnetism. I know you giggle freely, and use big words, such as "splendid," "awful," etc.; but this does not deceive us; we see through all that. The fact is, you are superficial, affected and silly. You have none of that womanly strength and warmth which are so assuring and attractive to men.

Why, you have actually become so childish that you refuse to wear decent names, and insist upon little baby ones. Instead of Helen, Margaret and Elizabeth, you affect Nellie, Maggie and Lizzie. When your brothers were babies, you called them Bobbie, Dickie and Johnnie; but when they grow up to manhood, they would have no more of that silly trash, if you please. I know a woman, twenty-five years old, and as big as both my grandmothers put together, who insists upon being called *Kittie*, when her real name is *Catherine*; and although her brain is big enough to conduct affairs of State, she does nothing but giggle, cover up her face with her fan; and exclaim, "Don't, now, you are real mean." How can a sensible man propose a life partnership to such a silly goose?

My dear girls, if you would get husbands and sensible ones, you must dress in plain, neat, becoming garments, and talk like sensible, earnest sisters. You say you don't care, you want dress to please men, etc. Then, as I said in opening this sermon, I am not speaking to you. I am speaking to such girls as want husbands and would like to know how

to get them. You say that the most sensible men are crazy after these butterflies of fashion. I beg your pardon, it is not so. Occasionally, even a brilliant man may marry a silly, weak woman. But to say, as I have heard women say a hundred times, that the most sensible men marry women without sense, is simply absurd. Nineteen times in twenty, sensible men choose sensible women. I grant you that in company men are very likely to gabble and toy with these over-dressed and forward creatures; but as to going to the altar with them, they beg to be excused.

*Thirdly.* Among the men in the matrimonial market, only a very small number are rich; and in America these very rarely make good husbands. But the number of those who are beginning life, who are filled with a noble ambition, who have a future, is very large. These are worth having. But such will not, dare not, ask you to join them while they see you so idle, silly and gorgeously attired.

Let them see that you are industrious, economical, with habits that secure health and strength, that your life is earnest and real, that you are willing to begin at the beginning of life with the man you marry, then marriage will become the rule, and not, as now among certain classes, the exception. Ah, if ever the time shall come when young women have occupations, and can sustain a healthy, dignified attitude toward men,—if ever the time shall come when women are not such pitiful dependents, then marriage will become universal, and we shall all be happier, better and nobler.

I hear some plucky, spirited young woman exclaim:

"That is all very well. No doubt your sermon, as you call it, contains a good deal of truth; but how about the young men who spend their time drinking, smoking, loafing about club-houses, and running after strange women? I suppose you think they are perfect angels."

My dear friend, have I said anything in this sermon, or do I say anything in this book which leads you to suppose that I think men better than women? It is because I believe that in the constitution of the race, you are the fountain-head of social, moral and religious influence, that I come directly to you. My mother taught me long ago, the great moral superiority of woman. She taught me that most of the good and pure in this world comes from women.

So far from thinking that man is an angel, and woman is nothing, and a bad nothing, the strongest article in my religious creed is, that when woman has been redeemed from the shilly-shally, lace, ribbon and feather life into which she has so unhappily drifted—when woman shall be restored to herself—she will be strong enough to take us men in her arms and carry us to heaven.

I beg you will not suppose that in my criticisms upon woman, I am prompted by the belief that she needs special exhortation on her own account. I appeal to her on account of us all, believing that the most direct and effective way to redeem the race is to induce woman to lay aside every weight and the special sins that beset her, and to run the race with the highest womanly heroism.—*From Dio Lewis' work, "Our Girls"*

#### A Touching Incident.

A mother's love is deep, abiding, and peculiar. The child, as soon as born, is taken up into her tenderest and most generous sympathies, and lives, as it were, a part of herself. This peculiar affection is as extensive as the race, for it is found among savage as well as civilized peoples. This affection was strikingly manifested by an Indian woman who had lost her child. Unable to find her own child, she entered the home of a white family, and, taking in her arms the pretty baby, lavished upon it her wealth of treasured sympathies. The mother was surprised at the peculiar exhibition, and sprang forward to rescue her child, when the poor Indian gathered up her blanket as one would a sick child, and, after clasping in her arms, uttered a low, mournful cry. Tears ran down her cheeks as the white mother put her pretty babe back into the Indian's arms. She passed her hands over it very tenderly and gratefully, and departed. In a week she came again, bringing a peck of ripe wild plums, and the necks of two buffalo tongues. She asked permission, by signs, to kiss the baby, and it was granted. Then she departed, and never came again.