

### The Story of the Glove.

The history of an ordinary article of wear seems hardly inspiring, but there is in the case of gloves something more than blank history. They were doubtless first worn for comfort and convenience, but they have been clustered about by so many ritual and symbolic meanings and purposes that their practical apparent use may almost be lost sight of in treating them. What a glove is etymologically has not yet been definitely determined. An old lexicographer finds the root of the word "in the Belgic *ghelore*—faithfulness, because gloves were the testimony of faith." As they were given by lovers, it has been suggested that the word is a contraction of "gift love." Then there are the Norse word *glof* and the old English *gol*, the latter meaning the hand, which present their claims to fathering the word as well as many others. Among all appellations, however, which are now used for the glove itself, the German *Handschuh*, or shoe for the hand, is the most interesting.

But the curious thing about gloves is that they were used for other purposes than merely to shield the hand from the weather or from harm. They have had a variety of symbolic uses. The Teutonic knight who threw down the gauntlet in old times, exclaimed, in the Platt dialect, "Dat is min glove," which was equivalent to saying, "This is my opinion, for which I am willing to be called to account." There are many other uses to which gloves have been put which I will refer to presently.

The antiquity of gloves, though remote, may not run coeval with that of the human hand. It is claimed, however, that distinct evidences are given of their use by the cave-dwellers. Mr. S. Beck, whose researches upon gloves are very full and minute, notes the fact that where the drawing off of the shoe is referred to in the book or Kuthi the word "shoe" should be translated "glove." The Hebrew scholars who make this contention say also that the shoe is never made a token of faith, but is only associated "with acts of humility and obedience." So in Psalm cxviii., where it is said, "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe," the word "shoe" should be "glove." For "to throw a glove over Edom" would accord with all precedent in conveying a challenge, or a boastful promise of punishment. To throw a shoe would have no warlike significance whatever.

Among the Israelites it is certain gloves were a sign simply of rank, or used for display, as with all early peoples. Ancient paintings of a mural kind exhibit them on the hands of kings and persons high in authority. For every day wear and among the common people a more primitive device prevailed for purposes of protection, since "the sleeves of both sexes were long and ample, and readily available for hand-coverings when inclemency of the weather was needed." The cloak, too, when it was of liberal size and warmth, could be easily made to cover the hands securely.

It is the opinion of one writer that the common wearing of gloves came about by their use among laborers, who employed them when at work among thorns. A passage in Homer, at any rate, is quoted which relates to their serviceableness for this purpose. In the *Cyropedia*, Xenophon speaks deprecatingly of the recently adopted luxury of the Persians of using gloves for show and style. "It is not sufficient for them to clothe their heads and their bodies and their feet, but they have coverings made of hair for their hands and fingers." The mitten and glove are often referred to by ancient writers interchangeably; but in the above reference, as the hands and fingers are separately mentioned, the article spoken of must have been the glove as we now distinguish it.

A certain Roman writer thought it was a species of effeminacy to wear gloves; but his invectives against them had little effect. Among the epicures—or, one might better say, gluttons—of Rome, gloves were worn at the table. As the knife and fork were not then used, it being the custom to carve and handle the viands with the fingers, those who had their hands habited could hold the hottest meats without trouble, and were sure to get a larger share than the persons who dined ungloved.

Whether the Romans introduced the glove into England is not established. It was found there, however, in Anglo-Saxon times. The poem of "Beowulf," a seventeenth-century romance, mentions the glove; and not much later gloves figure in the customs laws as a part of the duty paid by German merchants. Allowing ecclesiastics to wear gloves in church while the laity were to remove theirs was an old rule; white gloves were, in fact, put on the bishop at his ordination to symbolize the purity of his office. A prayer in more than one of the old missals offered ecclesiastics contains the petition "that I may be found with pure hands." Among the church trappings of

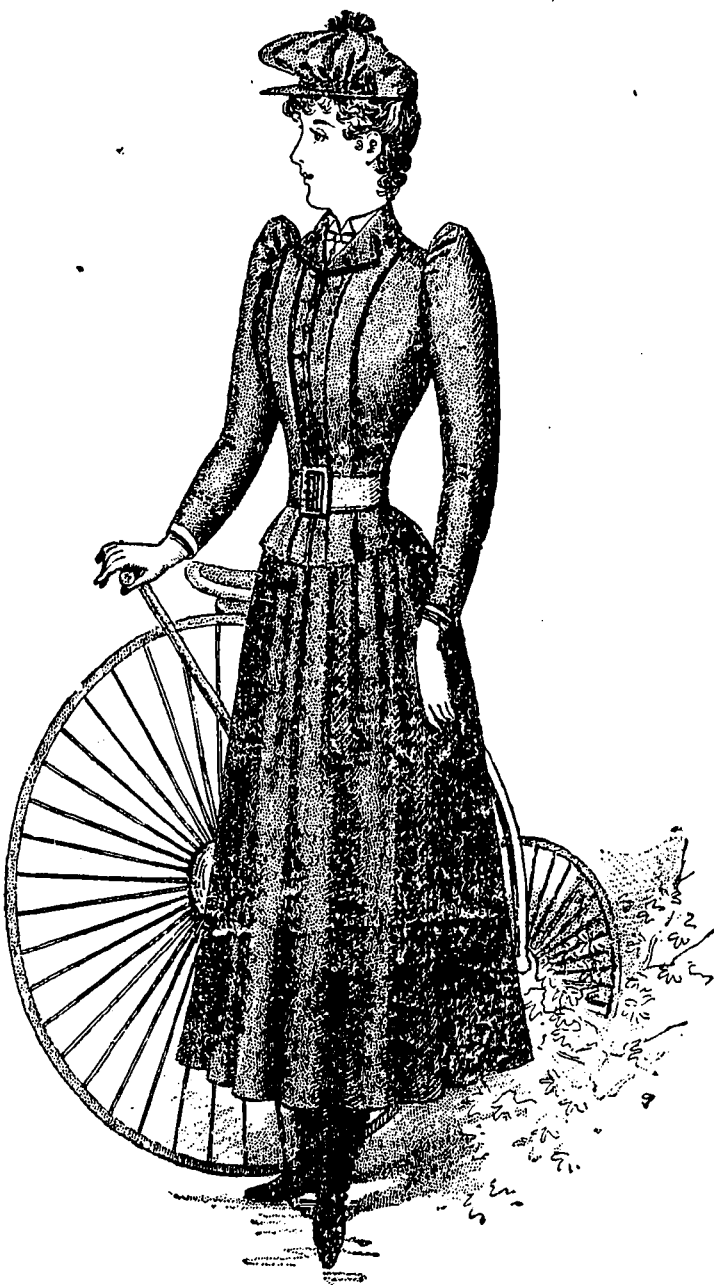


FIG. 37. No. 4724.—LADIES' WHEELING SUIT. PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34, 36 inches, 9½ yards; 38 inches, 9½ yards; 40 inches, 10 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30, 32 inches, 5½ yards; 34, 36 inches, 6 yards; 38 inches, 6½ yards; 40 inches, 6½ yards.

Select flannel, chevrot, and such goods for this illustration, which should be simply finished with stitching on the edges. The divided

skirt is in two wide parts, finished with a yoke at the top. The Norfolk blouse is box-pleated, belted, has coat-sleeves full at the shoulders, and a coat-collar. A linen chemise, lawn tie, and chamois or Saxo gloves should be worn with such a suit. The cap is illustrated in the May Magazine, Fig. 27, of millinery plate, and may be made from the description given there, using cloth like the costume, or a contrasting material, with silk cords and a pompon for the trimming, and lining it with silk. Pattern No. 4724, price 35 cents.

the Middle Ages highly ornamented gloves are enumerated. Gold, silver, and precious stones were employed in making them, and there was also no lack of lavish decoration. Says Mr. Beck, from whose book upon gloves I quote: "In Butler's *Legends of Saints* a pair of gloves is believed to have testified to the self-denial of St. Gerdula, who died in 712. When at her prayers barefooted, a compassionate monk placed his gloves under her feet, but she rejected the proffered comfort. When to reward her voluntary sacrifice, the gloves were taken up, and remained supernaturally suspended in mid-air for the space of an hour."

### The Extending Sphere.

"The sphere of a woman is constantly extending. It will never stop until it reaches the furthestmost limits of human activity. If need be men shall be swept one side by its resistless force as the weed is tossed by the torrent," exclaimed Mrs. Goggles, the eminent reformer.

"There, John, what do you think of that?" whispered Mrs. Heavyweight to her little spouse.

"Well, I guess she's right," sighed John.

"Guess! Don't you know she's right?"

"Yes, Celestina, yes; I do know it. I saw in the paper the other day that hoop-skirts were becoming fashionable, dear."

Come husband, it's time for you to come in and lock up."

"Madam," said the tramp, seriously turning in the direction of the voice, "you should not speak so abruptly to a stranger. You might be entertaining an angel unawares."

"I ain't a mite afraid," returned the old lady, calmly, "angels don't come around begging cider after dark."

### At The Beginning.

A young housekeeper will never do any better than to begin her oversight and card at the very foundation of her house and home—with her cellar, the kitchen, and the pantry. In fact, she may even begin outside the kitchen proper, with—the fastidious reader forgive us—the swill pail, and at a glance see for herself if there is anything there that should have been saved for making over into breakfast or side dishes, or that could better have been put with the soap grease; she can go further still, and see that the soap grease is saved, and that it is her own perquisite, and not the maid's. She will go into her cellar, and if things are kept there in quantity, she will make sure they are kept in the right way; that there is, for instance, a weight on the top of the pork barrel, if she has pork, that will make its contents stay under the brine; she will see if the apples are decaying there, and if so, have them picked over, and the bad ones cast out; she will see if the parsnips are under sand, if the onions are in the driest corner, if the squash are where it is dry and just removed from freezing, and if any of the vegetables are sprouting, in which case they must be put in a darker spot and used as soon as possible; she must see that there is some light and a sufficient circulation of air, and that the swinging shelf is well out of the way of the rats and free from dust and mould. In her pantry she must look to the Indian meal, among other things, and have it stirred now and then to let in the air and keep it from heating, and have a large cool stone in it for the same purpose; she will have her lard and her suet kept in the vessels instead of in stone or earthen jars; she will look at her bread boxes and judge if they are aired and sweet, or capable of giving a musty flavor to the bread, and if the fragments and crusts are saved for the various uses to which they can be put; and she will see that all the articles in the place are kept in tight buckets and boxes, and not in the papers in which they came from the grocery. In the kitchen, perhaps she will be so fortunate as to be able to begin with the beginning, and have her range or cooking stove gradually heated, instead of being warped or cracked by a sudden extreme of temperature; and she will have had all her earthen vessels put into cold water and brought to a boil, with a handful of bran thrown in to toughen the glazing, and prevent it from injury by acids. She will have the lamp cloths (if she does not use gas) washed and dried, and not thrown down together in that oily condition in which they spontaneously generate fire. She will see that her new knives are not plunged into hot water that will loosen and discolor the handles, and will instruct her maid that when discolored brisk rubbing with sandpaper will do a great deal toward restoring the original appearance of these knife handles; and she will have these that are to be put away wrapped in paper, and not in woolen. She will see that the wooden ware is clean and scalded often, that there is a bountiful supply of holders, rollers, and dish towels; that there shall be three brooms, the carpet broom never to be used on the bare floor, the kitchen broom never to be used on the steps and out-door walks, nor the yard broom to be brought into the house; that the clothes-line is taken down when the wash is brought in, and the clothes-pins gathered and counted at the same time.

### Breaking The Sabbath.

A short time ago her Majesty sanctioned performances of band music on the east terrace at Windsor Castle on Sunday afternoon; and to all accounts the innovation gave intense satisfaction to many of the inhabitants of the royal borough. The committee of the Lord's Day Observation Society thought it, however, right to address a memorial to the Queen pleading for the cessation of what they deemed an unholy breach of the day of rest. This communication has just been formally acknowledged by her Majesty in the usual way, and without comment. It will be interesting to watch and see whether anything more comes of the matter, and whether the Queen will think fit to express her views on the rights or wrongs of Sunday music.

Athletes all chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum; healthful and beneficial, 5 cents.

### The Angels Sized Up.

One Summer evening an old farmer sat on his door step smoking a pipe before going to bed. Presently a tramp approached and said:

"Good evening, sir."

"Good evening," answered the farmer.

"I have been walking a long distance," said the tramp, "and if you will permit me, I'll sit a few minutes on your doorstep."

"All right," was the answer.

The two men fell into conversation, and as the farmer discovered his guest to be an intelligent man, their talk was continued until a late hour.

"Would you mind giving me a mug of cider?" asked the tramp, at length.

"Not at all," said the farmer, "I will do it with pleasure."

The cider was procured and disposed of in a summary fashion, and then came the next request:

"I've travelled a good distance to-day, and I should like very much to lodge with you, if you have no objection."

"All right," answered the farmer, "I can accommodate you."

Meanwhile the wife, who had long before retired, and was listening to the conversation from her bedroom, called out:

"No, you won't; I won't have him here."