

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1895.

TAKE OFF THAT BIG HAT

OR ELSE PAY A FINE OF TEN DOLLARS, GENTS.

"Astro" Condenses the Theatre Hat—Legislation in the United States to Prevent the Pedestrian—A Telling Cartoon—"Astro" Would Vote against the Hat.

A recent issue of Judge contained a cartoon which was almost too subtle in its delicate humor to be very generally appreciated. It was a very simple sketch and depended upon its own force, in presenting the idea it sought to convey, rather than upon any meretricious setting in the way of background, or accessory. It bore the title "When Greek meets Greek," and represented two girls, one behind the other in opera chairs. They are evidently at the opera, or theatre, because they are both a good deal "dressed up," and their heads are embellished with enormous hats, but that part of the story they tell is left entirely to the imagination, the real motif of the picture coming out in the different expressions of the two faces. The dame in the front row wears a complacent smile—and much the largest hat. She is leaning comfortably back in her chair and surveying the stage through a pair of long handed eye glasses, while the unhappy victim of a foolish fashion, who occupies the seat behind her, leans forward in an attitude of combined dejection and indignation. She has evidently given up the effort to see any part of the performance and resigned herself to a stolid contemplation of her neighbor's hat, but her whole face from the listless eyes to the protruding lower lip, is one helpless protest against the force of circumstances which have proved too hard and too narrow from Shakespeare, host with her own petard.

I thought it about the best cartoon on the theatre hat subject that I had seen, because the general public, though it has been satiated with witty sketches of unhappy young men craning their necks to get a glimpse of the stage, from behind our enormous structures of feathers and flowers; has never had an opportunity afforded it of laughing at the author of all the mischief, when she is caught in her own net, and experiences just a little of the annoyance she so ruthlessly inflicts on others.

"This widespread and crying evil, which is devastating our land," as the temperance lecturers say, is a subject I have never touched upon before in these columns; not because I had not very strong opinions on the subject, but for the simple reason that every newspaper writer in the country had used the theatre hat as an objective point, around which to weave the choicest flowers of his playful fancy, and a morbid longing to be original kept me silent. But I see by late American papers that the theatre hat has ceased to be a joke, and assumed such proportions as a public nuisance that two American statesmen, one in the state of New York, and the other in New Jersey, have taken such a serious view of it as to introduce bills in the legislatures of the respective states to which they belong, seeking to make the wearing of large hats in theatres a misdemeanor, and punishable by a fine of from ten to twenty dollars.

The New York reformer has placed the fine at the latter figure, and added a sort of codicil to the effect that the manager of the theatre shall be compelled to refund the price of the ticket to any theatre goer whose view of the stage has been obstructed, but the New Jersey legislator considers that a fine of ten dollars will be sufficient to deter transgressors of this class from persisting in their evil ways, and absolves the theatrical manager from all complicity in the crime, evidently regarding him as an innocent victim of feminine tyranny.

I believe the reason for this extreme measure is supposed to be a regard for public morals, as the evil passions aroused in the breast of the man who paid from one dollar up to five for the privilege of gazing for two or three hours at some charming triumph of the milliner's art, and the awful language in which those feelings found utterance after the performance was over, was doing more to undermine the moral nature of the average American citizen than the combined influence of the whole Midway Plaisance, and the interdicted picture of "Love and Life" could effect in a term of years.

When I read that item, and realized that it was not a joke, but a solemn and lamentable fact that the theatre hat had made its way into the Legislature, and might get into the courts of the neighboring republic, I felt so ashamed that I positively blushed for myself, and my sex, chiefly for my sex though, because I have not got a theatre hat of my own. It did really seem a disgrace to us that we were so selfish, and so determined as to cling to a fashion universally condemned, sneered at by men, laughed at by writers, and caricatured by all the comic papers! Surely we must be either very inaccessible both to censure and ridicule, or else abnormally—I don't like to say it in cold cruel English,

but "pig-headed" is the word I had in my mind. Truth is often unpalatable but I am afraid it is the truth that for the last ten or fifteen years we women have been deliberately making ourselves obnoxious to all right thinking people, by our thoughtless and selfish persistence in a foolish fashion, and not only does that charge lie at our door, but the much graver one of causing the weaker brethren to offend, a fault we are especially warned against by St. Paul—at least I think it was St. Paul who told us to beware of causing our brothers to offend—and we all know that so far as the use of violent language is concerned, our brother has much less control over the unruly member when we have. The worst and most selfish feature of the case is the fact that our persistence would seem to be a wanton determination to have our own way, and assert that we mistakenly consider our rights more than an evidence of vanity, or a wish to be in the fashion since every fashion magazine is filled with plates and descriptions of bonnets and trques, dainty and tiny creations of the milliner's art which would be much more appropriate, and quite as becoming as the larger hats, so a lack of choice can scarcely be urged in extenuation of the custom.

I understand that the bills I have mentioned are meeting with a very favorable reception, the committees in charge having reported in favor of them, so we can judge that the measure is considered important, and the discontent the fashion has caused wide spread. Numbers of down trodden and oppressed men are rallying round the bold reformer's standard, and assuring him of their warm support; so the indications are that the day is at hand when every lady who attempts to enter a public place of amusement crowned with an immense hat, will be stopped at the door and requested to remove it or pay the fine, with imprisonment as the alternative.

I wonder if there is any prospect of the movement extending to Canada? If so, I trust it will go farther, and I will cheerfully promise the Canadian legislator who introduces the bill, with additional clause that every woman found wearing a stuffed bird, or the wings or plumage of a bird, is adjudged guilty of a penal offence, and liable to imprisonment, my warmest support. I will even pledge myself to abjure my former principles, go in for female suffrage heart, hand and pen, and give him my vote as long as I live. Such a handsome offer should surely call forth a plentiful crop of politicians all eager to win the distinction of being first in the field. ASTRA.

BOILING DOWN SAP.

How It is Done by Steam, Giving First Class Syrup.

An evaporator similar in principle and working to the patent evaporators now in use, though quite different in detail, has been constructed. It is made entirely of wood—pine in this instance, though some other kind of wood might answer equally well—is firmly bolted together and made, of course, water tight. Its inside dimensions are 8 feet in length, 2½ feet in width, and 10 or 12 inches in depth. It is divided into three compartments, one of which is nearly as wide as the other two, which are of equal width. Sixteen one-inch galvanized iron pipes, aggregating 128 feet in one continuous pipe, are used—eight of these lying at the bottom of the wide compartment, into which the sap is introduced in a continuous stream, and four of each of the narrow compartments. Fifteen gallons of sap are all of the sweet juice that is needed at a time in the evaporator, or half an inch in depth, thus only half covering the pipes. With thirty to forty pounds pressure of steam admitted to the pipes, evaporation at once commences, and the compartments are filled with foam varying in depth from five to ten inches. This will explain why the partitions must be so high. Evaporation must, of course, proceed very rapidly under such favorable circumstances. With sap of average quality, four gallons of syrup per hour can be turned out or four barrels of sap boiled away in the same time, and this with about two-thirds of the fuel needed to do the same work with the ordinary evaporator. The quality of the syrup made by this process is unquestionably first class. In fact, it cannot well be otherwise, since there is no possibility of burning it, there being no fire within twenty feet of the sap.

The Value of Kisses.

They have raised the market value of Missouri kisses to such a figure that only the rich can afford to pay for them. The poor must rely upon getting them in the same old ways, begging or borrowing. At St. Louis Saturday Mrs. Sarah M. Pierce secured a verdict of \$2500 for a kiss stolen from her by A. B. Carpenter. The offense occurred nearly three years ago, and the legal proceeding arising from it has been dragging along ever since. Mrs. Pierce sued for \$5000. Carpenter is a wealthy contractor and has a wife and several children.

Dog Killed while Doing His Duty.

A very intelligent Newfoundland dog, belonging to James H. Pratt, of Watford, Me., which had been taught many useful things, among which was to go to the railroad, back of the house, and bring down the evening paper to the hotel, when it was thrown off to him by the messenger, was run over and killed on Monday evening by a southbound train, which he did not notice, while he was waiting for the up train to bring him the paper.

YOUNG BLOOD WANTED.

PARTY NOMINATION BY DELEGATE CONVENTION.

The Voters Would Have a Chance if the System Were in Force, and So Would the Young Men—Why a St. John Journalist in Boston Resigned.

BOSTON, Feb. 12.—If the present movement in St. John for party nomination by delegate convention is nothing more than a spasmodic reform, very little will be accomplished in the way of lessening the influence of any ring or clique which may now have control.

While it would perhaps be impossible to devise a more unfair method of making nomination, or one better suited for lucky politicians, than the old hurrah-boys-meeting, with its voters simply curious to know what the self constituted leaders intended doing—it will only be a matter of time when the wild caucus will be made equally pliable, if the politicians are at all smart.

The present method of making party nominations comes as near to the old town meeting under which Massachusetts towns are governed as anything I know of; and this is generally considered the ideal form of government.

It is all right for a small town.

If you have ever attended a town meeting; spent a day in the town hall, where all the villagers and farmers have gathered to discuss the articles on the warrant, where every man comes prepared to have a say in all that is going on and says it, no matter whether he is in the front row or in the rear of the hall—you could not help being impressed with the fact that the great secret of success in the town meeting lies in this interestedness in the part of the voter. There is a public spirit manifested in regard to the most trivial matters, which is only found in large cities in times of great excitement over some great question.

Public spirit!

That's what you want, an awakening on the part of the individual to his responsibility as a voter. This is what Boston reformers have been trying to do for years, but I suppose most of us will be in our graves before the average voter in this city is on a par with his country cousin in this respect. The everyday man in the city is a nonentity, in the country town even the farm hand realizes that his vote counts, that he is a part of the community, and has as much right to speak as anybody else.

This, I think, is the reason so many young men become prominent when they come to the city. They have confidence in themselves. They have become accustomed to think and act for themselves, to play a part in the life of the community in which they lived, they bring that spirit with them and enter into the public life of the city with an assurance which only those of great strength of character and superior intelligence could possibly have if subjected from childhood to the subordinating influence of the metropolis.

The average city youth is dazed by the intricacies and red tape of government, by the great buildings with innumerable rooms and departments. He takes it for granted at the outset that all this is beyond his comprehension, and thinks that any attempt to master any part of the details of such a system would be futile. The present methods of city government are so vast and complicated that few business men attempt to keep posted on the trend of affairs.

The suburban youth, on the other hand, has an opportunity to learn the first principles of government. He sees nothing he cannot understand, and as he grows older becomes familiar with the details. When he comes to the city he realizes that the methods here are simply those he has become familiar with, worked out and broadened, and it is easy for him to follow the different lines and in a short time become familiar with the entire system. So with the state and national government. He knows the representatives of congressmen from his district, has met them at the town meeting and in the village store, talked with them, found they were only human, and perhaps knew very little more than he did. This gave him confidence in himself.

But I am drifting away from my subject. Returning to the old method of making nominations in St. John, and its likeness to the town meeting, I am reminded of an address I heard a few evenings ago, on the evolution of Boston's city government.

In the early days the citizens of Boston used to hold their town meetings in old Fanning's hall, and while the hall was large enough to hold them, and a voter in the rear of the hall could catch the chairman's eye as easily as one in the front row, everything was satisfactory. When the community became large, however, and the hall too small to accommodate all the voters, the politicians made it a point to get up front, where they could control the meeting, for the noise made by the great crowd was such that everybody in the rear of the hall who wanted to talk would be

shut off effectively, if he was able to hear anything at all of what was going on. When this point was reached the average voter had no show, and the men up front ran things to suit themselves.

In St. John conventions, however, the politicians outdo even those of old Boston, for they get on the platform, do all the talking, and appoint all their own nominating committees, and the great body of the citizens is simply asked to say "yes" and "no" and get all the satisfaction they can out of this meeting by "hurrahing" for everything the leaders proposed.

How much better off will the rank and file of the party be with a delegate convention?

In the first place you must have the caucuses to elect delegates to the convention. This will certainly awaken a greater interest in public affairs, for the reason that a greater number will hold official positions and as a matter of course manifest a greater interest.

Who will name the candidates? Everybody will have an opportunity, of course, and candidates will be brought out; brought out, too, before the caucuses, so that these preliminaries will become as exciting as election day itself.

That is where the bustle will be, and if lively stable business is not as good on caucus night as it is on election day, St. John must surely have a different class of politicians from what found here in Boston.

In this state candidates are nominated months before the delegates know anything about it. The parlor caucus does the work, and when the said voters meet they find the rings and cliques have prepared everything for them.

It will probably be some time before St. John politicians get on to all the fine points on working the new system, and in the meantime the voters will have a chance. So will the young men.

They never have had a show worth talking about, and when they do St. John will see better days. The city wants new blood, but up to within recent years the young men have always seemed impressed with the idea that they must grow a full beard and let it turn gray, before they would be capable of entering into public life or business life for that matter.

They have been brought up to look with awe and wonder on a collection of old barnacles grown feeble in office, and have perhaps been under the impression that the city would be irretrievably lost if some of them should die. Some of them have died, and—I speak with no disrespect—it has perhaps been a good thing for the city. There are not times when a community can afford to allow men to grow old in office. Unless a man has ability far greater than his fellow men—and such are not generally holding down public offices—he must run into ruts, become permeated with old ideas and notions which have had their day.

No matter how honest or faithful the official is, if the office he holds requires anything more than simple routine, it is not in the best interests of the community that he be made a fixture.

But St. John has fixtures in plenty which

Our Annual Mid-Winter Sale of

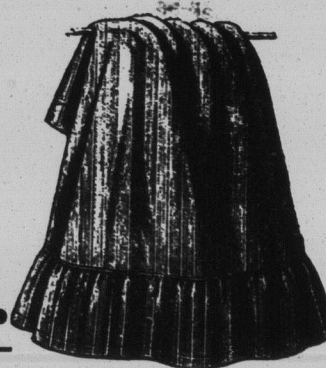
WHITE-WEAR

For LADIES and CHILDREN is now on.

NEVER HAS IT BEEN POSSIBLE to show such values in the present season. Prices of materials are at the lowest, and the wonderful rapidity with which skilled labor turns out quantities of beautifully made garments, on the constantly improved electric power sewing machines, is the great factor which has cheapened the cost of production, and thus enables us to place a Ready-Made Garment before our patrons at the bare cost of materials. We are showing a magnificent range of Ladies' Underskirts, from 35c. to \$4.00, but particularize the illustration

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Exceptional

Value.



Full Size,
Good Cotton,
Yoke Band,
10 INCH TUCKED
CAMERIC FRILL.
At 75c.

With Embroidery Frill at 95c.

Ladies' Drawers, 23c. to \$3.45. Chemise, 25c. to \$3.25. Nightgowns (special prices for this sale), 45c., 60c., 90c., up to \$6.25. Corset Covers: High, Round Low, Square and V Neck, 30c. to \$1.80. Sizes 32 to 44 inch Bust Measure.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

HOW IT IS DONE.

"I don't see how Mrs. Brown does it," remarked Mrs. Smith to her friend. "I'm sure my husband makes more money than Mr. Brown, who is only a clerk, and yet that woman dresses better and has more clothes than I could begin to think of buying."

Now, Mrs. S., we'll tell you how it's done. Whenever Mrs. B.'s clothes get a little worn, she doesn't rush into a dry goods store and buy new material, but neither does she want to appear shabby. So she sends the dress to UNGAR'S and has it dyed some pretty shade. An. with a little alteration, behold, "Another new dress," as you remarked.

Why not do likewise?

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St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.

WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

FORTIFY YOUR SYSTEM

against
PNEUMONIA
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by using
ROYAL
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For Chest, Lung and Bronchial Troubles has never been equaled.

A WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN PHYSICIAN STATES:

I cheerfully recommend the Royal Emulsion; I have suffered from a yearly attack of Bronchitis but this year, for the first time, I have escaped and I attribute it to the use of ROYAL EMULSION.

Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

Wallace Dawson, CHEMIST, Montreal.

A Word in Your Ear, Madam!

Are you not feeling as well as usual this year? Is that tired, run-down feeling getting the upper hand? Do you sometimes feel nervous enough to fly? Are you sometimes even cross with the children? Not to mention that poor patient husband of yours?

Get a half Dozen Bottles

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

take it freely, and see what a charm will come over your existence.

Read this to your husband this evening, and he will bring you the medicine when he returns from the club. It is pleasant and safe to take. Six bottles for \$3.50.