

MAN MILLINERS AND WOMEN POLITICIANS.

Highly Original Thoughts Which They Inspire in the Feminine Mind.

BRANTFORD, Ont., July 2.—Please don't talk to me any more about the encroachments of my greedy sex upon those employments and privileges hitherto consecrated to the genus male. You don't seem to consider, O, young man, whose magnificent incapacity debars you from dispensing stationery or confectionery, or anything but indignant communications to the press, of great orthographical depravity and a strong smell of tobacco, that the incursions of the Goths into the domain where woman has held empire from all time have been frequent and violent of late. Upon the shuddering sisterhood of New York was the last descent made. I myself have interviewed the foe in all the dread panoply of war. In his right hand he carried a bodkin, and scissors of exceeding sharpness hung at his thigh. He was all girt about with patterns, and a tape measure encircled his brawny waist. On his shield, which was an ironing board, was carved a medallion of an ancient Parisian named Worth, and the device, which was also an advertisement, "Come all and buy tailor-made garments at the highest possible price," and I said to him with intrepidity: "Go to, now;" and he answered "You may also go. For ours is the right and the might and the power and the dominion; and if we choose to usurp the fashionable dressmaking, the erstwhile fashionable dressmaker must simply bow her Dorenwend bang to the stern decree of an adverse fate and repair to those pastures new which are to be found in the manipulation of factory cotton." Thus answering spake the vanguard of the host, and betook himself to the pedal harmonies of the sewing machine; and I, finding naught wherewith to reply, fled before him and tarried not until Broadway lay between us.

It is even so. Eight firms in New York alone are engaged in making ladies' dresses and cloaks, employing men altogether in cutting and fitting, and very few women even to stitch. Now this doesn't strike me as occasion for argument or entreaty or obloquy or anything but philosophy. That women win dimes with the needle will not appear to the average masculine mind a good and sufficient reason why men should not win dollars with it. And difficult as it may be to the average feminine comprehension, especially to that which is nourished chiefly upon "Demorest's" and kindred literature, these entrowsered barbarians have not opened business with the malevolent purpose of robbing women of a time-honored way of gaining a livelihood. That this happens incidentally is not a matter for consideration. Hard specie facts, every one of them with his hat on the back of his head and his hands in his pockets, rule in business. Sentiment is not a marketable quality, except to the magazines, and even there I have observed that it doesn't bring much. The sooner every woman who brings her labor or her merchandise to the world's great market learns that there she may expect to find no fields reserved, no privileges or considerations of any kind, the better for her and all that she does. When a woman enters the competition of money-making she becomes, so far as that is concerned, simply the agent of her own work or her own goods, and has no right to expect to be treated as wrapped in a sentimental halo of her sex. She has no right to ask pathetically through the columns of some sympathetic newspaper to be allowed to tread in solitude and peace the humble and stony paths that she has chosen if there are others who can make straight smooth roads there and walk in them comfortably. Her only hope lies in ambition, enterprise, energy and excellence, even as her brother's.

It is tolerably certain that women have always done the share that has fallen to them of the world's rough material work more feebly and ineffectively than men have. They have therefore been thrust aside wherever men saw that it would pay to thrust them aside. The only remedy is obviously in well doing and better doing and best doing. I wonder if the eight man-dressmakers of New York fit their customers with mouths full of pins to assist articulation, and jab the scissors into their necks and put pleats where they specially desired flounces, and send the whole thing home nine days after it was promised because their wife's mother's sister had a felon on her little finger! I didn't have a dress made to see. I had time and inclination, but not the \$25. But I should like to know for the edification of my dressmaker. * * *

A goose in private may have excellent qualities and be beloved by the domestic circle. She may cackle contentedly over her superior goslings and save Rome in case of unexpected company. But a goose in public is a pitiable bird, serving her day and generation only by supplying quills for the facetious paragrapher, who is not properly grateful. My remarks have a personal bearing and their tendency is toward Miss Helen Taylor, who, we are informed by sound English authority, has allowed herself to become the Radical candidate for North Camberwell at the forthcoming election. I am not confiding to you my opinion that Miss Taylor is a goose, but presently she is going to look like one. I want a vote as much as anybody, but I am going to have it and exercise it for some time before I allow myself the doubtful honor of a seat in the legislative halls of my country not situated in the gallery. I can't discover that Belva Lockwood's performance did much for her sex beyond making the tricycle unpopular, for which nobody will be grateful, I fancy. I suppose she did her canvassing on one. The day may come when women shall help to make the laws, but they will have to know a good deal more about law-making than at present. Knowledge of finance, of the best utilization of our country's resources, of the devious ways of railroad corporations, the sagacity that embraces and promotes the varying interests of a great people, is hardly our strong point. The only bill most of us are competent to pronounce upon is that presented by the gas man. Miss Taylor may possess the administrative ability of a Beaconsfield, but she represents the sex that has hitherto legislated only for the cradle and the cook, and therefore her position is ridiculous. We cannot graduate before we matriculate. We must creep a voter in long clothes before we can hope to walk an M. P., with the privilege of contributing the soprano to "Old King Cole" as becometh the dignity of an M. P. When, after years of intelligent interest in the affairs of the country and their administration, faithful exercise of the franchise, unswerving appropriation of university honors and patient continuance in well-doing generally, we shall have gained a right to Parliamentary honors that shall not be laughed at, then let Miss Taylor, if she has escaped superannuation, tread the stormy path of the politician and be glorified therein; but until her own sex is permitted to help to elect her let her stay at home and enlighten it. * * *

Now Dr. Ward comes home from Mesopotamia and says he has located the only and original spot where Eden used to be. I can't accept this reverend gentleman's statement, in view of the fact that I discovered it myself, the other day, behind an old red brick wall with broken glass on top of it, in the very heart of a busy town. Inside there were weedy, box-bordered walks and an old-fashioned octagonal summer-house, and regiments of hollyhocks, and communities of pansies, and whole academies of blushing pinks, guarded by very "sweet williams" and valiantly picketed little "Johnny-jump-ups." There wasn't a geranium in the place—aren't you tired of the stiff little exotics?—or a "foliage" plant or a begonia—not one. But there were groups of peonies with the air of dowager duchesses,

and bashful poppies, and great generous-hearted cabbage roses without a thought of queenship, exalting the very essence of democratic perfume. Over the mignonette and the tall sweet peas the butterflies flirted with the bumble bees, and the honeysuckle ran riot everywhere. Adam had been so long away. Oh, yes; mine is the veritable Eden; but I'm not going to tell you where it is, for I don't want the Philistines to encamp there and build a hotel; and if anybody is going to find Adam's spade handle or Eve's needle case, I want to do it myself. As it is, I have great reason to fear that some nineteenth century individual will contest possession with me; for you know ever since that memorable spring, when the first tenants moved, Paradise has been "to let."
GARTH GRAFTON.