

ON MAN'S ADVICE TO WOMEN.**A Most Intelligent Protest Against
Omniscious Interference.**

TO THE EDITOR OF THE POST: The number and variety of "hints to young ladies" gratuitously bestowed through the columns of the public press ought to inspire the sincerest gratitude in the bosom of the sex. With a pen dipped in mild sarcasm to give flavor to the remarks, or a pair of scissors acutely sensitive to matters feminine, the inditing or clipping goes on forever. Our ideal selves are constantly before us—the masculine version, that is. I hope the improvement is as constant and visible; but that is a matter for serious reflection. Familiarity with even the most unexceptionable newspaper axioms is apt to have its usual greatly-to-be-deprecated effect, and it is to be feared that the fact, for instance, that our only hold upon marital affection lies in an intimate acquaintance with the cookery book, has been impressed upon us several times too often to implant in our trivial natures any new zeal for kitchen accomplishments. The duty of becoming yet economical toilets and extreme solicitude about carpet-tacks is familiar as an advertisement, and the perpetual renewing of the eternal shirt-button is a twice-told tale. Notwithstanding this slight drawback to its efficacy, the nobly philanthropic spirit inspiring the aforesaid "hints" must commend itself to our warm appreciation.

Think of the magnanimous desire for the elevation of the sex that possesses that man who, sitting down, doth mourn over the imperfections of the average housekeeper, her culpable failures in the matter of the boiled, her leathery conception of the fried, her general turpitude in all things pertaining to the bodily welfare of him who goes forth every morning to earn her spring bonnet and her daily bread! Unregenerate woman must be convinced of the error of her ways at all costs, and if the process result to her eternal advantage, a series of well-cooked dinners may surely be the temporal reward of him who brings it about! In the face of all this there be misguided members of the sex who persist in caviling and reviling at the frequent adjurations of the moralist of the quill, and I don't mind telling you that I'm a caviler and a reviler.

I found a variety of things that gave scope to these propensities of mine in a New York weekly the other day—a prominent weekly, too. To begin with, the femino-philanthropist tersely and epigrammatically informs the great body of intelligent and highly educated young American women who read it—I mean the weekly—that "it isn't a particular sign of superiority to talk like a fool." It gives one a crick in the neck to survey the height of calm and conscious superiority revealed in this gratuitous piece of information. It is colossally indifferent to a choice of phrases, and drops an immortal truth like this as if it were a peanut shell. I don't think any of this humorist's lady readers will contend that it is a particular sign of superiority to talk like a fool, nor, after a thorough perusal, to write like one. Somebody else benignantly advises us to "cultivate the habit of listening. Every man likes to talk about himself, and a good listener makes a delightful wife!" Well, we all knew that before, but to see the confession in plain black and white—with your permission, Mr. Cable—without apology or even deprecation, and given as the best reason for a thorough overhauling of our time-honored conversational tactics, is startling, to put it mildly.

Every man who constantly unburdens himself in the bosom of his family of an uninterrupted essay on the *ego* of his existence is a public nuisance and a private bore, and his presence on the planet ought not to be encouraged, much less his peculiarity. Another fact that I would urge upon editors with a missionary spirit is our unselfish attitude as the recipients of all this wealth of suggestion. We don't want to monopolize it. Be persuaded to give our brothers and husbands and fathers a share. Admonish the youth of the land as to that cylindrical abomination yclept the silk hat, as to the perfumed extravagance of the many-colored *mouchoir*, as to the duty of administering paregoric cheerfully in the early dawn, as to patient fortitude under the trials of spring cleaning, as to a hundred things intimately connected with feminine felicity in "men-folks" domesticity, be they single or double. We understand perfectly the promptings of the spirit of chivalry that could confer upon our fair sisterhood the entire benefit of this modern lecture system, but until we are more fully convinced than at present of absolute male perfection we would be more than delighted to see it distributed.

Now that the Ladies' Club of New York is an accomplished fact I wonder how the enterprising members will conduct themselves. Will the atmosphere be charged with the electricity of scandal, the emanations of the quarterlies, the subtle ether of art or the perfume of *eau de vie*? Is it to have any character beyond that of an ordinary men's club, with gossip and lounging and amusement for its chief ends? If not I foresee its speedy dissolution. Obviously women will not forsake the old conventional means of obtaining these things for any new plan of doubtful advantage. But if its keynote is pitched a trifle higher, if an afternoon at the club should mean a substantial literary or scientific or musical or artistic benefit to the members, it will have a reasonable excuse for existence. Even if the club should sit in judgment on social questions, become a recognized center of influence to the sex and lead feminine opinion with an *ipsa dixit* it will find itself of no small importance. Of course gossip and amusement can't be excluded; and the spectacle of a number of cultivated ladies meeting informally and lurching over men and things in all the privacy of their own homes does not present a revolutionary aspect even to the weakest nerved alarmist on the "woman question."

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