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lending them the money in many cases to stock their farms.

It is difficult to find any field in which woman has not figured. Printing was supposed to be quite a new development of women's work. But it now transpires that in 1781 the printer of the *Morning Herald* was a woman, and she was "advanced" in so far as her criticisms on a certain Russian Ambassador led to her being fined  $\pounds_{50}$  and imprisoned for six months under the Act of Libel.

Americans, and specially the women, are very superstitious. They believe implicitly in "mascots"—individuals who are held to possess the power of bringing luck on people with whom they come in contact, or on enterprises of various kinds. The captain of the "Valkyrie" will have some funny stories to tell of the young women who offered to remain on board the yacht while she was racing the "Defender." One of these said "she could bring luck to a mud-barge and make it win a race." A large section of the American public believes that the "Defender's" success was largely owing to the presence on board of a certain "yellow dog." One young woman said to the "Valkyrie" captain that the "Defender's" yellow dog wouldn't count for ten minutes against her superior "mascot" influence.

The funniest offer of all, however, was a baby. A mother wrote offering her youngest and best beloved hopeful of the sex feminine, to sail on the "Valkyrie" in the races. The baby was the luckiest youngster ever born, she said. She was born under all the lucky planets. She had brought to her parents such a train of luck since her birth that no boat so badly needing a "mascot" as the "Valkyrie" could afford to do without her presence.

Moreover, she was a well-behaved infant, wawranted not to weep nor have colic, and a nurse should be sent along with baby so that the crew and the captains two wouldn't have to be toting the baby when the spinnaker needed attention. Capt. Cranfield reluctantly felt compelled to decline the services of so worthy a "mascot," and is still wondering whether the mother thinks there is a nursery aboard racing craft.

The American papers are by turns jubilant and sarcastic about the Vanderbilt-Marlborough marriage. With unhesitating and unflinching candour they have given the most personal description, and written up all the defects, peculiarities, and "fads" of the brideelect. Her measurements, weight, height, size of nose in inches, the number shoe she takes, the number of artificial and gold-filled teeth she wears, have all been set out in the pages of their newspapers for the edification of an admiring American public.

We are told that "Miss Consuelo is decidedly fetching in her bicycle costume. She adopted the prevailing craze for bicycle riding while abroad. When indulging in her favourite exercise she wears a tan cloth suit, a becoming cap of the Tam o' Shanter order, and, altogether, is a perfect swell on the roadway. She does not wear 'bloomers,' but follows the Parisian ideas of style, and dons knickerbockers, with a plaited short skirt and leggings to match. Any fine morning she may be seen on the roadway adjacent to Marble House, or within its preserves, 'scorching.' She is the boon companion of her mother, and many pleasant jaunts they take together upon the wheel."

"There is a practical side for all women in this discussion of bicycle dress," said a sensible woman the other day. "I am sure it will result in a street dress for women which will be at once suitable, sensible and becoming. Fashionable women recognise the 'eternal fitness of things' in wearing simple dress for all sorts of out-of-door employments, reserving carriage gowns and full dress for their proper places. It is the woman who needs most to exercise discrimination who entirely ignores fitness. The business woman carries about all day a mass of useless stuff upon her weary body, to be 'in style,' poor soul ! Oh, we will yet rise up and bless the bicycling women whom we condemn to-day for their ugly eccentricities."

No bicycle woman has ever invented so ugly an eccentricity as that one which constricts the human figure in the centre like an hour glass. Bloomers and knickerbockers are artistic creations as compared with the "small waist" style of dress, and in addition are perfectly natural and healthful, though constituting a by no means ideal dress for the woman either of the present or the future.

The "new woman" movement appears to be invading the kingdom of the "squaw," and a spirited bit of fight has been shown by a Kickapoo Indian woman, whose knowledge of the powers she possessed under the Married Woman's Property Act appear to be well defined. It appears that Kaniadia, a Kickapoo squaw, in Wichita, Kansas, took a shotgun and successfully "stood off" and threatened the contractor of the Choctaw railway in Oklahoma and all his men, and would not allow them to build a foot of track on her allotment until a bond of 2,000 dols. was put up as a guaranty for damages. Her action was successful and she will receive "compensation" from the railway authorities for the land of hers they require for the line.

The Japanese Consul Nosse, at Vancouver, in his attempt to stop the shipping of Japanese girls for immoral purposes from Japan, now extensively carried on, has recently made startling disclosures and unearthed a gang of Japanese procurers operating in this country. Recently, two pretty, timid Japanese girls, Pitti Sung and Nan Poo, 14 and 15 years old, appeared before the Consul at the Police Court.

They swore, through an interpreter, that they were the property of a man in Japan, and were sold to him by their parents. They were sent by their owner to work for him in Vancouver. When they landed, two months ago, from a Canadian Pacific steamer, they were met by a man and taken to a house of prostitution, where they were held close prisoners, and every cent they earned was sent to the slave-owner in Japan. They pleaded to be allowed to live honest lives, and were given into the care of several Japanese Christian converts, and sent home to a Christian society in Japan.



