

is likely to be a drudgery if pursued in unsuitable apparel. This statement so obviously applies to work of any description that I need not enlarge upon it. I will mention that I know by experience that the most passive occupation, that of the draped female model, becomes intolerable if carried out in very tight garments. I remember drawing a beautiful Italian, a professional model, who suddenly startled a class of art-students by fainting. On removing her to the dressing-room it was discovered that this deluded girl had clothed herself on a principle that made breathing almost a conjuring trick. She was perfectly well after some lady-students had artfully persuaded her that it "was prettier and suited her style of beauty better to be less slim."

No one in their senses would try to leap a mountain torrent laced tightly in French corsets, or beat a feminine record on a bicycle in that tight-waistcoat of civilisation. Two-thirds of the pleasure of active pastimes lie in the sense of freedom. Yet numbers of women pass a life-long imprisonment, courting the moral, mental and physical diseases that result from trammels and perpetual restraint, merely for the gratification of vanity.

Is it vanity?

Classical standards of female beauty are so familiar to everyone to-day that we can hardly suppose many of the ladies who rejoice in nineteen-inch waists (to-day happily not as common as forty years ago), are unaware of the fact that they are deformed.

The Dianas and Psyches of the British Museum are visible free of charge: Clothed in the dignity of divine loveliness, their 26, 27, 28, and 29-inch waists are unmistakeable realities. That the most elaborately draped of their Olympic Sisterhood is innocent of tight-lacing is obvious to the most infatuated disciple of French dressmaking. To deny that these types of humanity are beautiful is to deny that Nature knew what she was about when she created perfectly healthy beings.

Very cleverly a writer to *The Woman*, theorises on "Crime and Corsets." Quoting the fifteen-inch waist of that female tiger, Catherine of Medicis, she goes on to suggest that had that lady "let out her waist another five or six inches, she might have proved a model Matron, an affectionate parent, and a general ornament to society." . . . "Possibly," says the writer, "we might find that Clytemnestra, Lucretia Borgia, and the Marchioness of Brinvilliers were one and all tight-lacers. . . . It is a serious thing to consider that every charming creature who determines to pull herself in another inch or two, is in reality developing her bump of

destructiveness, and qualifying for a post in Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors." The witty little article (it occupies barely a column) might suggest subjects for the discussion of a learned student of physiology and psychology. Should some man of science and letters deign to teach us the relationship between voluntary deformity and want of moral perception, it would be of great interest to the world of women.

Professor Lombroso, a man of learning and a misogynist, seems to think that women are not intelligent *enough* to be as criminal as men. Statistics may prove that women criminals are fewer in quantity. *Quality* makes up for that, if we may judge from the numerous recent tragedies in which female ruffians were chief actresses. Doubts of our intelligence are perfectly justifiable so long as we continue to publish our ignorance and vanity to the world at large, by wearing garments that hinder instead of help us towards living healthy and happy lives.

It may be that the classical education growing more and more usual for young women of the upper classes will gradually work its way. Women who have realised *why* Greece laid down the laws of good taste to succeeding generations, *why* even the ruins and relics of her inspiration inspired poets, artists, philosophers, and men of science long after ancient Greece was a thing of the past, will scarcely fly in the face of Nature and think they are beautifying themselves thereby.

With bewildering symbolism the Greeks peopled torrents, thunderclouds, and forests with supernatural beings, ruled by a superior spirit; but humanity, in its strongest and loveliest types, was the most perfect revelation of creative wisdom. The battered and time-stained marbles the old Greeks have left us will ever be immortal by the grace that tells of a perfect development of Nature's gifts to man, set forth by a hand and brain that traced them, and hewed them from the rock in a spirit of devotion.

Sickly artificiality was a subject for mourning or repugnance to the true disciples of such a religion. Forms of dress or life that deformed or stunted the perfection of man's physical development would naturally be regarded as acts of sacrilege.

As Greece deteriorated, her art deteriorated.

The poet king of Israel is grander in his simplicity and wiser in his humility than the artistic Greeks; but the spirit that inspired them to see the harmony of Creator and creation in the poem of Nature gave voice to that loftiest prayer of man, the anthem of human praise for the gift of existence: "I will praise Thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvellous

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