

REALLY, when we read of such a thing as the smoking of cigars in the public street by a girl on a bicycle, we are ready to cry, "We have had new woman enough." Keep the new kind, you who are impressed with that sort of thing, but give us the old—the sweet, refined, home loving, flirtatious, gossiping, dancing girl of caramels and fashion journals. We do not care for girls who wear men's dress, who play the races, who give champagne suppers to bachelors, who ride on bicycles with their heads down and "scorch," to their own danger and the public's, and who smoke cigars or cigarettes either. It is not because we believe that men's dress is wrong, or the races are not permissible, or that champagne suppers are not good things in moderation, or that a cigar will not help to settle a dinner. It is because we know that these things are unfeminine, that when a girl resorts to them she does it from a bravado that is disgusting, that the attempt to turn a girl into a man can never get any farther than converting her into a tomboy, or worse, and that the assumption of men's dress and manners is just as unpleasant and unnatural as the assumption by men of women's dress and women's ways. A girl has the legal right to smoke in the street, if she likes, but she has not the right to look for the respect of the public when she does it. She has the legal right to throw away her virtue, if you come to that, but does she gain any consideration from it? Far be it from us to say one word in disfavor of a higher education for women, or for any interposition against the advantages that her wider life has secured for her. She must often earn her living, and in view of that fact it is a pleasure to see how she has adapted herself to new professions and industries. But enough of the noisy woman, the bragging woman, the hard, self-assertive, pushing, loud talking, mannish woman, the woman who tries to meet man on his own ground, yet has not got over expecting from him the consideration that he used cheerfully to give to her sex, the woman who frequents *tables d'hôte* in company, and this new horror, the smoking woman. We unite with the old women in the fear that a good many of the new women are "not nice."