

THE SHORT STREET DRESS.

With Some Timely Suggestions by One Who Looks About.

The action of the women of the Kansas City Equal Suffrage Club in resolving to adopt the short street dress is to be most heartily commended. It will take a bit of courage to carry out the resolution, but if every member of that organization will wear such a dress whenever she goes on the street hundreds of women will happily join the reform. Any woman who has to clean and repair the bottom of her dress skirts, scrape and brush the accumulated filth of the street from snagged and torn dress facings, will hail the incoming fashion with joyful song. For months the news has been coming from across the sea that in Paris the trained skirt had been prohibited on the streets, but we Americans, who so eagerly adopt every foolish fad and fancy of the demi-monde (who set the fashion) are loth to adopt the sensible measures offered us by good, thoughtful, practical women; hence we have worn the bedraggled skirt with due meekness, believing that it were better to be dead than out of the fashion. We are a queer sex—full of inconsistencies. We look with pitying eyes on a certain class of women we call abandoned, yet, with all the similitude of abject slaves, we submit to the fashions these abandoned women dictate. It is high time that organizations of good women should act. May God speed the good work.

While the work of the women of the E. S. A. is commended on all sides, the thought has come that if all clubs of women in Kansas City were to determine that the streets of this city should be kept clean then we should see such a hustling and rustling among the men that the sleepy heads who have calmly folded their hands and meekly cried, "We can't keep the streets clean; there is no money and we can't do anything without money, and lots of it too," would be rudely awakened to a sense of their duties. Bosh! Let the women take hold of the matter and every vagrant idle man in the city would be put to work for his board—to earn it by honest labor. That would be true charity. The city is compelled to feed and clothe many people. The Provident Association provides for a great number, and yet the ice and snow around the supply depot remain on the walks for days, menacing the passers by. Why not try the experiment, and mix in a little work with our charity—buy some brooms, and hoes, and shovels, and distribute them among the able-bodied applicants for food and clothes. Then let the city council pass an ordinance condemning any man who allows the refuse of his store to be swept into the street to be hung by his heels until he is dead.

C. E. P.