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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1895

MAN OR WOMAN, WHICH? in the man she loves, where all he does is

NOTABLE PEOPLE WHO WANT TO BE JUST AS THEY ARE.

Answers to the Question of which Sex They Would Choose for Themselves-Some Good Reasons Given on Both Sides-Opinions Well Worth Reading.

Whether the masculine or feminine sex has the superior advantages, and to what extent, has frequently been discussed, but never before have representative men and women emphatically set forth not only opinions on the subject, but their preferences as well.

"Should She No. Glory in Her Sex?" The inevitable fact admitted that I have been born into this world with my sex endowed-true, without my volition-God wot, why therefore; I not only consider it absurd, but most lamentable waste of time to deplore the same.

Personally, I preter to be exactly what I am; and, feel that man or woman who fritters valuable time buffeting against such an uncontrollable, obdurate state of human affairs as his or her own sex, is a malcontent, and in a degree an incipable who cannot earnestly aspire to cut an import ant or useful figure in the world under any conditions, for the subtle malice of "if this" or "if that" had been, will creep in and undermine with apologetic irresponsibility all effort they may make, which results in failure.

Each sex possesses over the other certain generic advantages and disadvantages which are reciprocal and compensatory. But taken all in all, alter a very broad and diverse experience, I am willing to accede that women have the choicest and best of life's gifts and the fewest limitations or sordid responsibilities; and above all, from the fact that she can claim the chivalric

Does not the word embody every noble- at the Keely cure. ness under the sun? And yet how few fill have reached the same heights living in the through my tears. same sge and with the same privileges?

daring, a man's principles, but, alack ! in try and make him happy.

woman's body, and so hampered on all daring woman has proven man's equal; in make him happy. sheer power and strength of brain she not excelled man. Some women are fortunate enough to woman (woman) in his to bring joy to his noble heart. greatest flights, and snatch some of his

and still longing to be a man. FANNY DAVENPORT.

The "Lord of Creation's" Advantage. If I were sexless and were given my choice. I would select the masculine first,

last, and all the time.

I would always give my husband liberty through her. A man will sell his soul for and love. When, after a week's debauch, a woman's love; a woman will sell he came home, I'd wipe his dear, bleared her soul for a man's triumph, to see him eyes, put my arm around him, and after above others. The unselfishness of woman our tears had dropped over into the cradle is marvelous; the selfishness of man, he and pattered down on the baby's face I'd cannot help; 'tis born with him. Man! take him in the arms of love and leave him

Atter I had nursed my noble husband out the word to its utmost limit. In through a spell of sickness, I would goodness, Washington surely stands first; smile when he told me I had grown plain in greatness, I think, comes Napoleon; in looking. Then when the noble fellow imsgination and conception, Shakespeare. scolded me and made love to the maid, I'd What three women, can we think, would put my arms around his neck and kiss him

Then when my derling came home drunk One woman 1 can name, had she been a once or twice a week and emptied the coal man, her greatness would have rung over scuttle into the pieno and poured the kerothe entire world. But alas! she was a sene lamp over my Saratoga clothes and woman; and her innate greatness, daring into the baby's cradle. and then twitted me and far-sightedness was "witchery and sor- about the high (hic) social position of his cery." Poor, grand, Joan of Arc ! A man's own (hie) family-why, then I'd smile and

When weary and sick and heartbroken, sides. Elizabeth of England was surely I would not ask for a separation. I'd stay great as any man as a ruler, but her will, and nurse him. When he finally got a her ambition, made her the butt for envy. divorce himself, denied the paternity of our I can think of no woman whose brain own children, and sent me back in sorrow even threatens a ghost of Shakespeare's, to my tather, I'd creep up to him and put Michael Angelo's or Hugo's. In deeds of my arms around his neck and try and

After my darling had used my last she has yet to equal him. Woman as a money in dissipation, and brought my singer in the dramatic art has equalled if | father's gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave, I would pray for him and ask God

When I was utterly crushed in spirit greatness; and so I leave them regretting tried in the crucible of adversity, and the news came that my idol had died with the

delirium tremens. I would go into mourning, and, with my last money, build a monument to the sweet angel who had crushed my bleeding heart.

Has An Ideal.

ELI PERKINS.



prefer to be a member of. I don't believe One day, about six months after the denot handicapped by her lack of sturdy it is possible to see the matter from the parture of her husband, her mother sat at home mending things and thinking of the outside. As I am a woman, I feel that I Extreme femininity, in every way, would "rather bear the ills and joys I sad day when her graceless son-in-law should be woman's aim. What is more know, than fly to others that I know not must in the nature of things, return for fascinating than the rustling silk skirt and of," and if I were a man. I imagine I more money. Then the door bell rang. The good matron arose only to hear an altercation between the housemaid and fragile-looking expressman. "If you think I'm goin' to carry that box into the house, you're mistaken," he said. and throwing a heavy-looking wooden packing case on the sidewalk he drove away. The mother sent for two coal heavers, and alter much grunting and sweating the box, or rather cask, was rolled into the kitchen. A hatchet was procured, and after some vicious pounding the barrel was opened and a lot of bilge water escaped. There was much screaming and complaining, and then curiosity got the better of cleanliness and the cask was tilted over until the water ran oul. A dead body remained inside. It was dragged out by the coal heavers, and it is in light a pickled horror. The old lady looked at the face. "Why. it's only George," she said, with a sigh of relief, and sent the maid to a musicale where the widow was listening to Chopin and Brahma, and bade her to call at the undertaker's on the way home. George had died at sea and was expressed home, no side up with care.

that she wrote a lot of stories. all of which brought her money and fame. She blos-

somed socially; and with her dear mother she attended literary gatherings and the

protection of men of honor and greatness of heart, as man cannot claim from man, and, moreover, that she is the mother of men, the toundation of nations, should she not glory in her sex?

MAY FRENCH-SHELDON, F. R. G. S.

All Depends On The Personality. The answer to your question must depend on the man or the woman, and to my own poor insight of what each may make of the advantages which lie to their lot in life. Given a good and true woman-such an one, let us say, as the woman whose portrait is drawn for us in immortal beauty and grace in the last chapter of the Book of proverbs-and she outshines and outmatches the man. My triend, who is a preacher, told me how she had gone on a Sunday to preach at a church down in Maine, and how they paid her \$25 and asked her to come again : but on the next Sunday a near kinsman went to preach for the same congregation, when they gave him \$12, and did not ask him to come again.

It is a great and wide question, which cannot be answered by a scrach of the pen, but there lies the kernel in the man or the woman, and what we may make of the centrestance and the circumstanco of which we are in present possession.

ROBERT COLLYER.

she will. When she is a mother, nature To be a Man! Exultant Thought! lies the pleasure. Another ring or braceof the masculine gender. My foremost Toronto, Oct. 12th, 1895. demands absolute servitude to her off-But how so with my friend's bright little "Would I prefer to be a man? Yes; tet brings to memory, perhaps not similar, reason is that I am happily married to a Gentlemen,-1 am sixty two years old, spring. In the battle of life the husband yes; yes! Why? For the very best of but, [nevertheless, sweet thrills; and it daughter. She sat near the window and past. and up to last June had never had sweet woman, and am a proud father. My has the decided advantage, as he has the watched the falling leaves dashed hither may happen that a particular brooch or reasons. Man can make his life what he a day's sickness in my life. It was then I domestic peace so fills my life that I cannot excitement of the fray, which spurs him on began to feel distress in my back, suffered and thither by the fickle autumnal breezes. will. He can seize every opportunity necklace may recall saddened days, but imagine existence without it. If I had been great thirst, had ravenous appetite, a dry to mighty effort, while the wife must spend then she was seen to write something upon offered. He can manipulate people; he are these remembrances not sweet-bitter born a woman, I could not have married mouth and coated tongue, I ran down in many weary hours scanning the bulletinher slate, and when the teacher approache can work and dig and pound at a thing unmy wife, but would probably have been several weeks from one hundred and fortysweet? board of life's battle-performing the hardthe child triumphantly exhibited this bri nine pounds to one hundred and eighteen. til it comes his way. A man can shake Nine brothers have I had the fortune to tied to a man who is now some woman's but wise composition : est part of all in life-that of waiting. My evesight began to fail and for the first off trivialities, stamp down obstacles and be allotted, so I guess I know whether or husband. In my wildest imagination I "The world is full of wial."-Boston time in my life I had to look for a doctor. rise above them. He can use all means to Man and woman are never judged as not I want to be a man. I am very fond Globe. cannot picture such a state of affairs; for, I also had to quit work, which I was never conciliate; failing, all means to crush. A two human beings, but solely from a standof them, of course; but envy them-inalthough I love and admire the many beauable to resume until cured by your Dodd's Big Orgaus. boint of sex. Take for instance, the quesman can find a way or make one. A man Kidney Pills. dividually or collectively? No, no; not a tiful attributes of women, yet never for one The organs of Haarlem and Frybourg tion of divorce. The fact that a man is I consulted two doctors and was treated can lead his family his way to glory; all bit! The reverse is the case. They moment did I wish these attributes mine. are the largest in the world. It is dangerby one of them for diabetes. The others can be made subservient to his aspirations divorced is forgotten almost as soon as it know that my sex is the desirable, as well 1 have made a study of the characterisous to use the pipe of the former at its concurred as to the nature of my disease. is told. The fact that a woman is d and ambitions; every act of import a man greatest power, so tremendous is the as the desired one, and they repeatedly also pronouncing it diabetes, and said that tics of women for many years, in order vibration it causes to the building. The performs counts-yes doubly counts, vorced envelops her in an indescribable was firmly in its power. say, "Oh! Cissy, I wish I were a woman ! to portrav them on the stage, without ex-Haarlem organ is 180 feet high and fifty Instead of going on with doctor's treatatmosphere, from which she is never freed. against the same act performed by woman. aggeration or offense. You have such good times! You are petfeet broad; it contains 500 pipes, resemblment, however, I had read of cures ef-Man can defy the world's opinion; woman This is probably because the standard for ted and praised and loved by every one, All the heroines in plays and romances ing columns of silv r from the ground to fected by Dodd's Kidney Pills in cases I never. Trifles trammel woman; she canwoman is higher than that that for man. but I am obliged to toil on. While I am considered similar to my own, and decided are young and lovely, interesting women. the root. not throw them from her; the moment she The standard of moral superiority and seeking my own pleasures, and, very often, to try them. My personal characteristics prevented my self-abnegation is forced upon her by man, Atter a few doses I experienced the first The Art sacrifices one iota of her womanishness, she unsuccessfully, yours are thrust upon you attempting the beautiful heroine. I had to relief from the constant misery, the scaldand insisted upon by her own sex. She is condemned; she is called selfish, worldly If you were not my own sweet sister, I essay the middle-aged or eccentric female. ing, and the frequent desire to urinate. I may attempt independence of action; she unwomanly, mannish, persumptuous, bewould be madly jealous !" After all, these are often heroines, too, alkept on using from one to two pills a day may try to break the chain of custom, bnt cause she aims above her sex; she desires until I had used two boxes, and completely of Dyeing Does not women have all the advanthough the world does not always recogrecovered my health in about seven weeks. the forge-master of society is ready with to be great; her ambitions are her enemies tages-well, we'll say, in travel? I tell nise them as such, and I have never been am perfectly cured, am working as usual another chain to bind her yet more closely to wound her. A man's birth is alway's you, man has to rough it then. Now, for able to impersonate them to my satisfacat my business, and have no occasion to to the rock of conventionality. Her purity hailed with most delight; a woman deems instance when I get on an overloaded cable | tion. take any more medicine. has been so thoroughly mastere and beauty are her great compensation : For the sake of others and in justice to the birth of a son a greater achievement car, I just smile and look around, when The great disadvantage I have met with at UNGAR'S Laundry and Dye and perhaps it is best that it is so. your great medicine, allow me to add my than that of a daughter. I have heard instantly one, two, three, four seats are at in impersonating a woman is being con-Works that his work is always JOHN PHILIP SOUSA. testimony to your list of cures, and remain, mothers say: "Oh, I do want a boy. He my disposal, and as many men standing, fined by her skirts. All the freedom of satisfactory. There are more aryours gratefully Why Ell Perkins Would be a Women. is all right to go through the world; I need hat in hand. while I choose. Naturally, I the body is sacrficed, and how so many JOSHUA CLARKSON. ticles to be dyed and thus renewed not worry for him. But a girl!" I never take the handsomest fellow's offering; he beautiful women can be graceful while 114 Robert Street, Do you ask me why I should like to be a aud ready for use again than the Dodd's Kidney Pills is the only treat heard a man say he wished to be a woman, hampered with petticoats and corse s is voman beams, and three men beseat themselves people have any idea of. ment that has over been known to cure diabut many a woman has sighed to be a man. dejectedly, ride a block further, and jump It is because I could make some noble mystery to me; fortunately, grace has Are there any in your house ? betes What woman even with the same great-Think for a moment and you will man happy. I would be a ministering off as though they fear they are being never been expected of me. It seems that ness of his poetry could have been equally HOW GEORGE CAME HOME. watched, and if they were watched a little "angel." women wear too many things-so many find there are. reprobate with Byron and as great? longer, I think they would be seen to under garments, so many other garments-How? you ask. A Story in Real Life That Puts Comic Opera Send them to UNGAR'S. He Would her great beauty of poetry have Situations to Blush. Well, when I heard of a good-for-nothboard the next car, remaining on the and having been initiated into the mystermakes the old new. A story of real life that I heard the other atoned? Likely her life would have rending fellow, dissipated and without sense or platform. Sometimes, though, I must ies, it is a surprise to me that women dress ered her work worthless. A woman I night puts to blush all your realism and character enough to make a living, I'd confess. I do meet one of those real horrid so quickly to go out, while the ordinary think is judged first, then her capacmarry him, take him home to father, supcomic opera situations, says James men, who relinquishes his seat reluctantly. man grumbles if he has to wait only two Hunekea, in the N. Y. Advertiser. ity and talent; a man, tis his work or as though I had no right to it, and I really port him, and make my angel happy. hours. I have often been asked what was art, then the man. The only advantage I A certain lady novelist, famous for a When my darling husband neglected me. do believe he swears sotto voce. When the predominant feeling when dressed as a UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS brief summer's day, had in the long ago a think woman has over man is her power and flirted with all the girls in town, gam- this chap is one of the aforesaid quartet, I woman-did the skirts awaken a tender over him for good. Where his advantage, bled and always dined at the club, I would husband. He was a nice man, but he favor him in preference to the handsome sensitiveness? I answer yes, they did, a 28.34 Waterloo St. 66.70 Barriagton St. his gain, his triumphs are ner dreams. look happy, and, when he staggered home. would drink at times, and then he was youth, though I smile at the latter, and he. very sensitive feeling, that amounted to a frm conviction that something would be horrid. Things went from bad to better. ride, where woman sinks herself entirely I'd greet my beloved with a kiss. ver v dutifully, feels compensated in part. St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

(1) The "Lord of Creation" has a decided advantage (in my opinion) over the gentler sex.

A girl baby is not coddled and hugged

by her opposite sex, the men. When she

reaches womanhood she must remain nega-

tive, waiting until she be sought. This

gives to the male sex a decided advantage,

while to the gentle sex in inverse ratio it

A boy's chance for the everyday pleas-

ures of life are much greater than a girl's.

In courting days, if a young man keeps

company with a half dozen girls, the ex-

cuse freely offered by his friends for the

dissemination of his affections is that he

has not made up his mind which he loves

best; but it his sister receives the atten-

tion of more than one young man, she is

placed in the category of a "horrid flirt,"

or a "heartless coouette," In all matters

of censure of judgment, men are more

leniently dealt with by men than women

Woman is the slave of nature, do what

offers an enormous handicap.

subject

by women.

man. So far as I am personally concern-In babyhood the boy baby is coddled ed, I get a great deal more out of life by and hugged by all the pretty girls in the being a woman, I have received univerneighborhood. This adulation comes to sally good usage from men. But, if I him as a free offering at the altar of his were a man, I would like to be and do sex. In manhood it is his prerogative to exactly like the nicest man I know. take the initative, and so have a choice of ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Fxemplary Satisfaction.

I can only say that I am perfectly content to remain what God made me. LAURENCE HUTTON

Femi ninity Reigns.

"Attentions" are paid not to men-but We will not abandon our graceful sideto women-why then, should I perfer to be a man? I am exultingly grateful that happen to be a woman. Just look at the beautiful flowers, costly jewels, and, oh, dear, what not? that I am in constant receipt of, only because I am a woman. Possession of worldly goods in itselt is not comfort giving; no, indeed; no, indeed; it is from the sentiment attached to these articles that we derive our delight in them, the recollections and remindings of dear friends, some many thousand miles distant and, [of course, others close at hand. When I place a ring upon my finger, or when wearing it, it attracts my gaze, I

think not of the golden hoop and dazzling gems, but] of the giver; in that thought

ly, not the shirt front and bloomers In the first place, I never wanted to be a And what more entrancingly beautiful han the lithe, girlish figure, with step and every movement a poetry of motion? I cannot bear the girl who bounces into the oom, and shouts "Hello! old girl how are you feeling to-day?" then seats herself, crosses limbs, places elbows akimbo, and proceeds in her rollicking manner. This sort of girl usually rides a wheel at a

move, nations, So, you see, woman is

the delicacy of the dainty stocking? Sure- should feel the same.

make-up.

rate of speed as near to sixty miles an hour to she can attain, and is just dying to rile horseback, mun-fashion; but 1 know this will never become a custom, except among the boisterous type of girl. saddle riding in favor of the "astride."

Playing "boy parts" I like very much. It is an interestingly novel change, but at those times, you understand, I am a boy only professionally. Off the stage, I am a woman through and through, and have no desire to be other.

CISSY FITZGERALD. His Pantaloons A Relief.

"It I had been permitted to choose my sex, which would I have taken?" What a copious question to contemplate, the pros and cons are so extensive. If one could take the advantages of both sexes, and none of the drawbacks, my decision might be very different. I must, however, at the start, frankly contess I am glad I was born

JULIA MAGRUDER. Don't Want to Change.

"Would you prefer to be a woman! Would you prefer to be a man?" Notwithstanding my increasing admiration for the first mentioned party, I should like to be the second.

> CHARLES KING. Yes; The Idea is Incongruous.

No. I don't think I would prefer to be a woman, as I know that at my present age I should be very awkward as a skirt weaver. Besides, my moustache and grizzled beard wouldn't look well on a feminine face. Then, too, a six-foot woman isn't usually charming.

THOMAS W. KNOX. Why Not? You could not hire me to be a woman.

Merrily yours,

MARSHALL P. WILDER.

THE CLARKSON CASE. betes in Toronto.

Never Ill Before in His Life-Runs Down Thirty-One Pounds in Five Weeks-is Given up-Takes Dodd's Kidney Pills and is Cured.

The Dodu's Medicine Co.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

The spark of genius shows itself early in A Remarkable Cure of Dia- life, and my friend in Woburn has a little girl just beginning her career at school who already exhibits sublime flights of intellect. One blustering, lowering day last week the teacher asked the school children to write their impressions of the weather. The little tots struggled for time with their im aginations, and in many cases the result was nil.