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## The Cause of Women

The statement that woman's head is getting bigger will not occasion surprise. Conditions in recent years have been such as to conduce to a swelling of her head. Aside from a few questions of a political nature there is no topic so much discussed. Observe the output of magazines for any month and you will see that each contains one or more articles on woman. The daily papers are full of this popular subject. If a writer or public speaker notices a waning attention on the part of his audience, he launches off on some phrase of the woman question and revives the flagging interest. Various authors of both sexes have written whole books on this many sided theme. In this wonderful age of transition the changes taking place in the status of woman are more rapid and striking than any others. One never opens his morning paper without seeing some wholly new and novel thing accomplished by woman. She is in a constant state of experiment and continually surprising the world. She is commended and condemned, encouraged and thwarted, flattered and scolded. She lives under a continuous fire of criticism, favorable and quite the contrary, and she is watched without ceasing to see what she will do next.

Filling thus so large a place in the public eye, is not at all wonderful if she is getting an exaggerated idea of her own importance. But comes now a pre-nologist and tells us that by actual measurement women's heads are growing larger, and not only are they exceeding the average size for women, but some of them are positively going beyond the average for men. Now, if you take away from the opponent of the new woman his pet assertion that her brain is smaller than a man's, where will he rest the lever of his argument to prove her natural inferiority? His attention has often been called to the fact that her hands, her feet and her whole physical structure are smaller than a man's, but this does not prevent her doing her part of the world's work. Scientist also have frequently asserted that there is no definite ratio between the size of the brain and development of intellect, and that idiots often have abnormally large brains. Just so long, however, as men really had, or thought they had, bigger heads than women, they could claim the headship, so to speak, even if it put them in the same class with the above mentioned idiots. But now the very tape measure has conspired against the only theory which woman herself had not already shattered by practical proof of its fallacy.

Another incident of recent date also has tended to increase the bump of woman's self-esteem and lessen that of men, viz: the last census report. A mistaken idea always has existed that there was a large excess of females over males in the population of the United States. The census of 1890 exploded this by showing over a million more males than females, and the one of 1900 indicates a still disparity, even the States of Indiana, Iowa, Kansas and others of the middle West recording more men than women, and, in fact only a few in the extreme East, containing more women than men. This will remove the stigma of 'superfluous' women which always has made the unmarried feel as if they were on the bargain counter and the supply far exceeded the demand. It will tend also to jar the complacency enjoyed by men in the thought that there were not enough of them to go around. It is really the men who are 'superfluous,' and a million or two of them will have to flock by themselves, whether they like it or not.

Now that women have learned this fact and have shown to the colleges that the quality if not the quantity of their brain is quite equal to a man's, and have proved in the business world that their capacity for earning money is at least sufficient to save them from a life of utter dependence there is no reason for surprise at the official announcement of an increase of one half an inch in the size of their heads. If the nation of progress continues it is not impossible that a generation or two hence some sort of a compress will have to be devised to prevent any further enlargement.

Apropos on this subject, Max O'Rell, having exhausted every other, on his readers, has been limiting himself to this one and showing his limitations. It is a few years since he was saying for publication and not as an evidence of good faith, 'If I were to be born again and could not be a Frenchman, I should pray. O Lord, make me an American woman!' One scarcely can imagine a greater contrast.

Then last winter in an appropriately yellow journal, accompanied by his photograph and a whole page of other hair raising illustrations, he announced, 'I hate an advanced woman! Deliver me from the woman who writes books!'

Is this professional jealousy? His own last born is devoted wholly to the 'Eternal Feminine' and suggests the thought that before he produces another it would be advisable to strengthen his mind by companionship with men—if the men do not object.

Among the numerous articles in the July magazines on this subject, which figured conspicuously as far back as the first chapter of Genesis, is one in the Cosmopolitan entitled, 'What Women Like in Men.' The ideal there depicted would shake the resolution of the most cynical bachelor maid who ever defied the fascination of the other sex. In fact, when he makes his appearance, she lowers her flag of independence and willingly, yes, gladly follows the advice of Miss Mulock and 'makes herself a door for his feet.' This is the way she does it, according to the writer who, being himself a man, understands the modus operandi:

The teaching of her early years, the traditions of her sex, the fears, the doubts, the hesitations—all these she tramples underfoot; and, seeking out the one man of her life she stands before him in that splendid shamelessness which is the finest thing in perfect love. Mind, heart and soul all cry out irresistibly within her; and stirred with infinite emotion shaken with ecstasy that comes but once in any life, she knows that there can be no joy to her so overwhelming as to die in adoration at his feet.

It is always pleasant, not to say edifying, for women to know just the sort of devotion that men like best, but the power is not given to all to describe this so poetically as the hapodist in the Cosmopolitan. For instance, a common newspaper man, who never could hope to have an article published in a magazine, thus expressed the same sentiment recently in the Chicago Record Herald:

If I were a wagon wheel  
And thou, dear, the ground,  
How gaily would I feel  
As I travelled around  
Through the slop and the slush,  
In the mud and the mire,  
With you, love, to gush  
All over my tire.

Judge Wade M. York of Los Angeles, in the case of a woman who sued for divorce on the ground of a cruelty and non-support, has rendered a most peculiar decision. The testimony proved that the husband inflicted physical injury, drove the wife and children from home, refused to provide for them, and the mother was obliged to provide for them by washing. The Judge held that on the ground of cruelty she was entitled to a divorce but not on the other charge; and said in his ruling: 'I do not look upon this matter of women helping to support the family as such an extraordinary state of affairs as to warrant anybody applying for legal separation on that ground. \* \* \* I believe that women should bear some of the responsibility of the support of the family upon their shoulders.'

United States Attorney Marshall Woodworth of the Los Angeles District, when interviewed said: 'It would seem that if the wife is entitled to sue for maintenance or for divorce on the ground of non-support, the husband should be entitled to the same right.' Judge Morrow of that city gave as his opinion that 'the better man should take the lead in marriage as in everything else, and the usual notion that man is the breadwinner is often contradicted by the facts.'

These opinions are likely to cause an avalanche of comment, and tend still further to discourage women from matrimony. The common law holds the husband owes the wife support and she owes him service. If now it is decided that she may also owe support, does that relieve her from the debt or service? Or does it place the husband under equal obligation to render service to the wife? That is, if she helps support the family by outside work must he assist in the manifold duties of the household? If this not to be the case, then, indeed, is the wife most grievously wronged by having a double burden imposed upon her.

But in these opinions that the wife should help support the family the learned jurists overlook entirely the vital functions of maternity. It has long been a question of domestic economy whether, during the years she is bearing and rearing children, the mother should be compelled to do the heavy and exacting work of the household even, and it is accepted that, from a hygienic standpoint, for her sake and the children's, she should be spared from this as much as possible. How infinitely more injurious would it be to put upon her the responsibility of bread winning during these years. The fact that because of dire poverty, vice and ignorance she is sometimes placed in this unfortunate position is much to be deplored, and there could not be a greater calamity than for law and public sentiment to acknowledge the justice of such a condition. Equally mistaken are both lawyers and laymen in declaring that 'marriage is like all other civil contracts and the parties to it have equal cares and responsibilities.' This never can be the case, for their is no duty which man can assume wholly to offset the responsibility of childbearing—none which comprises its pains, risks and penalties—none which so threatens health and life itself. Even the avoidance of this peril may be fraught with the greatest danger. No marriage as a civil contract never can hold both parties to it in exact equality or impose equivalent liabilities upon each.

If men do not wish to drive women away from matrimony, if they do not desire to encourage them in returning to men the responsibilities of maternity when they have married, let them not promulgate the doctrine that it is a part of the wife's duty to help to support the family by labor outside the home. Women are already asking themselves if they will get enough out of marriage to compensate for the sacrifices it may require. Should the time ever come when the law shall provide that they are equally responsible with the father for the financial support of the children whom they risked life and health for to bring into being, they will find a sure solution of the difficulty of remaining single.

The editors of the country are getting dangerously excited, considering the state of the thermometer, over the decision of Judge Palmer of Denver that 'a female has as much right to seek her enjoyment and happiness in the taking of a glass of beer or whiskey as the male', and therefore a city ordinance cannot forbid the saloon-keepers from selling liquor to women. Of course, this is quoted as one of the awful results of equal suffrage, although 'females', have this privilege where they have not the privileges of the ballot. As an abstract right it certainly belongs to women as justly as to men. A girl is quite as likely to inherit a taste for intoxicants as a boy, but thus far public sentiment and private environment have been of a nature to prevent its cultivation in most cases. Many people hold the opinion that nothing would be so effective in checking intemperance among men as the knowledge that the women of their family were forming this habit—just as a father is sometimes reformed by seeing his son in a fair way to become a drunkard. In the case of women it would be a costly experiment which society cannot afford to have.

But when it comes to a question of 'right,' man is not entitled to a monopoly of 'the enjoyment and happiness contained in a glass of beer or whiskey,' even if the Constitution of the United States does not limit these 'inalienable' rights to men only.

### Hate To Ask For Money

At a recent social gathering a game was played where each person had to write on slips of paper what he or she liked to do, and what they disliked to do most.

The answers to the latter question

brought forth the statement that many of the women present disliked most to ask for money.

'There's the rub'—and the manoeuvring cajoling and discomfort to which many wives have to resort to obtain their quota of those worldly goods, about which their husbands once upon a time gave the testimony, 'I thee endow,' is enough to persuade any young woman contemplating matrimony that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Though a wife and mother may be a 'flower' instead of a vegetable of the earth earthy, she generally toils and spins, and she earns her daily bread among her laces et penances, and in rearing children just as much as the husband in his place of business, and is as justly and ungrudgingly entitled to her part of the profits.

A man who prefers the 'clinging vine' for a wife, should see that his vine is not buffeted by winds, and for lack of sustenance and true and staunch support allowed support allowed to wither and die, says the Ladies' World.

While this—thoughtlessness shall we call it?—does not apply to all husbands—it takes exceptions to prove every rule—the wife whose very own pin-money equals her husband's cigar or 'sundry' account is indeed fortunate among married women.

### A SOCIAL WAR.

The Vanderbilts and Astors at Newport at Odds Among Themselves.

There is some prospect this summer of a little social war at Newport which may recall the days when the postman there found himself very embarrassed as to which Mrs. Astor was the real one to whom letters addressed without any other designation should be delivered. The widow of Cornelius Vanderbilt has always been known as Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Now Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who was Miss Grace Wilson contends, that on the death of Cornelius Vanderbilt, her husband, who was the junior, became simply Cornelius Vanderbilt, and therefore she is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and not Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. It has been suggested that the widowed Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt should call herself Mrs. Vanderbilt. Mrs. Clarence Mackay has insisted, as long as her mother-in-law does not live in this country, that she is not to be known as Mrs. Clarence Mackay, but simply as Mrs. Mackay. In the Vanderbilt matter there may be some little feeling as the two Mrs. Vanderbilts are not on speaking terms. The English custom is quite different from ours. A dowager or widow immediately drops from being head of the family into a subordinate position. Mrs. Astor, according to that ruling would now be Mrs. William Astor and Mrs. John Jacob Astor the Mrs. Astor. In the other case the wife of young Cornelius would be Mrs. Vanderbilt and her mother-in-law Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, but this solution is not at all the satisfactory one.

### A Genuine Lincoln Anecdote.

The following anecdote is vouched for by the editor of Leslie's Monthly, who has it from a very old lady, Mrs. H. A. Baldwin, now living in Los Angeles, Cal., who was a close neighbor of the Lincoln family when they resided in Springfield, Ill.

'I can remember clearly a little incident which occurred one very hot Sunday morning in summer. It was just about the time Mr. Lincoln had received the nomination for senator. My husband had gone to church alone that morning, as I was not feeling well. I was sitting in the window looking out on the street' when I espied little 'Tad' Lincoln trotting down the walk past our house as fast as his little legs could carry him. He was between two and three years of age at that time and was the smartest little chap imaginable.

His father had nicknamed him 'Tadpole,' soon shortened to 'Tad,' as all the neighbors knew.

'Mrs. Lincoln had gone to church, leaving the children home in charge of Mr. Lincoln, and the little fellow had escaped from the yard in some way or other. As I watched 'Tad' trotting past, I heard some one calling him from up the street. Glancing up, I saw Mr. Lincoln coming as fast as his long legs could carry him. As I have said, it was an exceedingly warm day and people were wearing their thinnest clothes. As long as I live I shall never forget Mr. Lincoln's appearance. He was coatless, vestless, bareheaded and barefooted! Think of it! The man who was later to be President of the United States

was trudging down the street barefooted after his runaway child! It was the most comical sight I have ever witnessed.

'Tad' was soon overtaken, and Mr. Lincoln grasping his rebellious son around the waist, tucked him under his long arm like a sack of meal, with his head to the rear, and started for home again. Unfortunately church services had just closed, and the streets were crowded with people, fashionably dressed, who stared in astonishment and with merriment at the comical sight.

Little 'Tad' was screaming, kicking and squirming in a vain attempt to escape. His little arms and legs were revolving in all directions and the sight of Mr. Lincoln, barefooted and half-dressed with that boy under his arm, would have sent his wife into spasms had she witnessed it. He however, was not embarrassed in the least, but ducked and bowed right and left to acquaintances responding cheerily to their 'Why good morning, Mr. Lincoln,' with 'How are you Mrs. So-and-So,' or 'Fine day, Mr. So-and-So,' all the time wearing a pleasant smile while the spectators were nearly convulsed at the sight.

'I regret to state that President Steyn was not in his boots when I captured them yesterday.'

'What you chillun been doin?'

'We ain't doin' nothin!'

'Deah me! You grow moah like youah Pa every day.'

'We hear rumors,' says the London Daily News, 'that negotiations with a view to peace in South Africa are proceeding in London.'

Signor Francesca Crispi, according to the official bulletin issued in Naples Tuesday night is still in a critical condition, but there are some indications of improving symptoms.

Basing calculations upon last year's crop the state labor bureau at St. Louis, Mo; estimates that the crops in Missouri have been damaged \$100,000,000 by the drought since April.

Patrick Rafferty, who was shot at Cordville, Mass; last Saturday night while attempting to make his escape from officers after making a vicious assault upon Wm. Manning, died Tuesday at the Massachusetts General hospital in Boston.

Nat Herreshoff, the boat designer, is quite ill at his home in Bristol, R.I. He is affected with a rheumatic attack and has been confined in bed for the last two days. Mr. Herreshoff's illness was the result of being tired out by business cares.

Paul Kelly was shot in a fight between the police and a number of men who tried to prevent the breaking up of a prize fight at New York between Kelly and a man known as 'Kid' Griffo. Kelly was not badly hurt. Six men were arrested.

Mrs. Goodart—Tommy Smith's father is a Sunday school worker, isn't he?

Willie—I don't know, but Tommy is sure enough.

Mrs. Goodart—Nonsense.

Willie—No it ain't. He's worked three o' them this year already. Joins 'em just to git in on their picnics.

He drinketh best who boileth best

His beverages all.

They're full of herrid beasts infin-iteemally small.

Sandy—'And will ye tak' a drap o' whisky afore ye gang hame, Tammas?'

Tammas—'Ah, weel, just a wee drappie.'

Sandy—'Then say when, laddie.'

Sammas—'Nay, mon; the glass will say when.'

Miss Millicent Darlington, who when Mr. Smithers proposed, had told him that she was to wed Mr. Coldcash, was moved to pity as Mr. Smithers stood irresolute with hat in hand.

'I hope you will come and see us some time,' she said, for she didn't know what else to say.

'But you will be married and will have born to you a beautiful daughter,' answered Smithers with emotion; 'then I will come and engage as your coachman, and elope with your daughter.'

Then Smithers walked slowly out of the yard and toward a monastery.

### A Street Scene.

Child—Oh, mother, stop; I want to look at that man just run over by the car. 'Come along, do! There will be another presently a little further on.'