

Woman's Nature

It Is Less Sensitive Than That of Man

By RAYMOND BLATHWAYT, English Essayist.



ARE men more sensitive than women? Of course they are! What a foolish question! It is demonstrated every day, all over the world, and in a hundred different ways. And that from youth up in either sex. Is there anything on earth, for instance, more sensitive, more delicate-minded than a well-bred public-school boy of 14? Compare him, with his shy reticence, his curious sensitiveness, his innate modesty, with a girl of the same class of life and the same age. Nor is the superior sensitiveness of man in any way a reflection on his manhood. A woman's lack of sensitiveness is due often to innate obtuseness and phlegmatic stolidity of character.

A man's sensitiveness is a part of his finer organization, which renders his power of perception infinitely keener and more subtle than in the case of the majority of women, to whom the changes and chances of this mortal life come without mystery and depart without reflection on their part.

No wonder that Mahomet declared that woman was without a soul. Let us thank God all the more for her charming body. At the same time feminine stolidity probably comes as a protection and a benefaction to women in the somewhat arduous role they are called upon to play through life. It has been well said that no man could ever go through the terrors of child-birth, and any riding-master will tell you that women "funk" far less than men, as a rule. That may be partly owing to the fact that they have less imagination, and therefore less fear of making themselves ridiculous. No man, for instance, could ever indulge in the vagaries of the modern suffragette. His sense of humor would preserve him from so undignified a career, in much the same way that his infinitely superior sense of honor renders a woman's petty meannesses incomprehensible and impossible to him.

Partly because the man's mind is essentially more refined his appreciation of what is refined is far keener, immeasurably more delicate. In social distinctions, for instance, a woman will frequently be more imposed upon by a flashy exterior than will a man, who knows intuitively when he is in the presence of a highly bred man. A woman, however well-bred herself, frequently does not.

A man's sympathy and tenderness of heart is often more easily aroused than a woman's. As a striking instance of this, Harry De Windt, the well-known explorer, told me once that he traveled for a thousand miles over the snowy steppes of Siberia with a convoy of political exiles of both sexes, and he frequently saw men, after hearing an air sung which reminded them of their far-off Russian homes, burst into uncontrollable sobbing, while the women would stolidly, impassively, and complacently continue munching their kablachi, or small loaves of bread, utterly unimpressed and unappealed to by the poignant pathos of the moment.

And yet who, after all, would have a woman different from what she actually is?

Godliness Pays Good Dividends

By REV. THOS. EDWARD BARR, Milwaukee.

When a man turns to follow God he need not expect a change in the outward conditions of his life. He is still in the world, is subject to its laws and is part of its life. He must eat and sleep, labor and deny himself and take his share of all life about him—just as truly as before. He is not, because trying to live a godly life, set free from contingency. The unexpected may still disarrange his plans and blight his hopes and bring sorrow to his heart. He is not immune to earthly ills. Drought and storm and earthquake may take away his property, sickness may lay hold upon him, or treachery rob his heart of its joy, and death will not always leave him untouched, though he is a son of God.

He can not, because of his godliness, be sure of worldly prosperity. His godliness will make him diligent and honest in the use of his talents. But godliness does not create business acumen and executive ability. Abiding large success with honor is the reward of the godly use of great business-talents. In all these things the man of God is a part of the world and shares in its life as before.

The difference is in what his experience means to him and does for him. The godly man can not rest in a superficial view of life or be happy in a selfish use of it. He learns the emptiness of life without God, the folly of dishonest and disloyal courses. The object of this discipline is the effect upon the world—that part of it which belongs to each one. By this discipline, when patiently and cheerfully followed, the perturbed spirits of society are tranquilized. Security in service is the panacea for unrest, evil desire, fears, social disorders.

Thomas Edward Barr

Export Only Finished Products

By a Western Manufacturer.

Not only ought prudence to be used in the consumption of the country's natural products, but the possibility of a double saving lies in working up these raw materials and exporting the manufactured articles rather than the original iron or wood or other unfinished products.

Broadly stated, the proposition is this: When we were in new country and our industrial life was that of a colony it was quite feasible to export the riches that nature had treasured up on this continent. Our population has increased enormously and we must aim to get into a position where we can export labor instead of products.

Every child that is born in the country brings two hands with it, but its presence does not add to the stores of nature. When we export petroleum, lumber, iron and other materials, we are taking something from the wealth of the country.

In exporting highly finished products containing quality labor we are placing into the foreign markets the labor of our people that increases directly with every increase in population. I have heard professors of political economy in Germany say: "Let us buy our raw material abroad and export them in a highly finished state. We shall then gain a double advantage, the one in that we do not deplete our natural stores, and the other in this, that then our people will be able to rise to a higher standard of living, for those who do quality work are better paid."

MISS LETITIA'S WAY

By OLIVE WINSTON-GAGE

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"I would like to know to whom Miss Letitia will give that beautiful pinkish mauve crepe de chine," mused Betty Cleaveland; she was still called Betty by most people who knew her, and secretly she liked the abbreviation better than the real name Elizabeth.

"Last year she gave Molly a beautiful church and street-tailored dress, and this year she has ordered from — that perfectly exquisite visiting and reception dress, and one of us will get it, but which one? Miss Letitia's an old dear, and she says it is her way of indulging her love for pretty things her taste tells her is too juvenile for her, though she's handsome enough to wear anything. I hope I will be the fortunate one this year."

Betty dimpled and blushed; "I do hope so," naively. "I had as well ask daddy for the moon as for a hand-embroidered crepe, trimmed with flounces of the finest point lace, and hat, gloves, stockings, and slippers to match, and lingerie, hand made, a princess might be glad to wear. I do want that dress, dreadfully, but I will try"—more slowly—"to rejoice for the one that gets it. Tracy loves that color—one never does know what decides Miss Letitia in favor of the girl she is playing fairy godmother to—I do hope it will be me."

Betty is a dainty southern maiden of the thoroughbred type, colored like a moss rose, and distracting enough to reduce a dozen swains to despair. She, with half a dozen other girls, met at Miss Letitia's once a week, to take lessons in the sewing from that handsome spinster.

In her trim walking skirt and pink shirtwaist of soft tucked china silk, Betty looked most captivating, and so Tracy Dunlop told her as they walked toward Miss Letitia's handsome home.

"We will never have another misunderstanding, Tracy," Betty assured him for the hundredth time, and while

Tracy might be skeptical, he knew his lady too well to express doubt so soon after being restored to favor.

"I hope not, Betty; think Miss Letitia might let a fellow come and see your charmed circle. I say, isn't she handsome for an old girl?"

"You mustn't speak so of her, Tracy; she is our godmother, you know. Did you know I am making Dittie's boy his first short clothes? You should see him, he's such a fine fellow."

"I think Miss Letitia's a brick; must you go in; can't I go to the door with you?" he entreated, as they passed at the gate.

"No," said Betty, obdurately. "Then, wait a moment—you do care for me a little, don't you, sweetheart?"

"Yes, when you are a good boy," and with that shaft, she sped up the walk to join Miss Letitia and her flock already assembled in the spacious airy sitting room.

Miss Letitia Houghton was a handsome, well-preserved woman of fifty-five or six, with a fine figure, and a splendid head of silvery hair, very becoming to her rosy cheeks and bright eyes. Everything about her was sumptuous; her dress of violet velvet and point lace made her look like a chateleine of an ancient castle, surrounded by her maidens. The resemblance was further enhanced by the carved chair in which she sat enthroned, as it were.

By what means Miss Letitia would arrive at her decision regarding the dress, none knew; what it was they did, or left undone, or what they did to commend themselves to her, they never knew. She did not decide by their prompt attendance, so they were totally in the dark.

"Laggard Betty," exclaimed Miss Letitia, playfully, enjoying, as she always did, the girl's fresh bloom. "Luncheon will be ready in half an hour or so, make up for lost time; Betty, those hand-run tucks, feather-stitched, are beautifully done."

"You see, Tracy tagged along, and when he's with you the distance is much farther; you get to chatting, you know."

"Yes, my dear, I know; I have been young."

"When I am coming to these highly prized lessons, my feet are winged," murmured the correct Myra.

"Yes," observed Miss Letitia, with a quick glance from her gold-rimmed glasses at the quiet figure, "you were never five minutes late at an appointment in your life, Myra."

Her white jeweled hand rested on Betty's curly dark brown head. Encouraged by that she thought was high praise, the correct Myra proceeded to give her friends a highly moral lesson:

"Jane, I was so sorry to hear what I heard to-day."

"I do not know what you mean," replied Jane.

"Why, that your brother—you know people talk so much—I heard he had been wild at college and your father had sent for him to come home."

"Brother has been studying too hard, and papa took him from college," said Jane Pegram.

"Really?" incredulously, "then the story of high playing wasn't true? Lucia, I hope your father wasn't very angry at your being out driving so late last night."

"A shaft broke and detained us, but I had been home an hour when you drove by with Luther Awkright."

There was general laughter at this thrust, and the correct Myra was covered with confusion a moment; then she said:

"Mr. Awkright took me to see one of my poor girls who wasn't well."

"Luther Awkright paying visits to that kind!" ejaculated Deborah; none believed Myra.

"Judge not—we know the rest. Betty, why did Tracy leave his place so suddenly? Is it true he was dismissed?"

The face of every girl was flaming, and Miss Letitia spoke with authority.

"Children, do not recriminate; let your needles fly, but don't handle any other sharp things. Myra, learn charity before you preach it. Betty trust that Tracy has a good reason for giving up his place."

"I do, Miss Letitia."

"We will go to luncheon. Put up your work."

A week later, a vision in pinkish mauve and lace danced into the Cleaveland drawing room, and as Tracy caught the girlish form in his arms, Betty exclaimed breathlessly:

"I got it, you see, the dress I told you about, Tracy," earnestly, "I'm so glad you've a place on Mr. Brown's editorial staff."

"Yes, dearest, that is vindicator enough; from my late employer I have a written statement that my discharge was for nothing derogatory."

"I was sure of that. Isn't my dress lovely? Look at it, sir, and not at me."

"It's beautiful, but not half so beautiful as its wearer."

Miss Letitia sent each girl a handsomely bound copy of "The School for Scandal," enclosed in a large box.

"She'll make the application, or she's not as quick as I thought her; girlish follies I can condone, but prudery and spite in a girl not 22 I have no patience with. Here comes Betty in her crepe, with that fellow, Tracy. Ah, well, who can say an old maid is lonely, when she has young friends to mother, and give a dot to on their marriage. Come in to your godmother, children."

At the Breakfast Table. The young wife dipped the ladle into the porridge and smiled inquiringly at the over-night guest.

"Will you have some hot Scotch, Mr. Dash?" she asked.

Dash laughed.

"Hot Scotch? Where is it?" said he.

"Why, here, of course," said the young wife, in a perplexed tone. "Didn't you know that oatmeal is called hot Scotch?"

"Er—I—" Dash stammered, and then the young husband caught his eye, and he was silent.

"I didn't know it myself till last year," she explained. "I heard George inviting his cousin over the telephone to meet him at the office and have a hot Scotch. I didn't know what hot Scotch was till you told me, did I, George?"

George, very red, answered huskily: "No, my dear."

Laughing at her own ignorance, the lady proceeded to serve the thick, pale hot Scotch.

ANCESTORS OF PRESENT FOXES. K. Toldt of Vienna, has produced what he and others regard as virtually conclusive evidence that foxes are descended from ancestors whose bodies were clothed with horny scales, like those of the pangolins, or scaly anteaters. This evidence is based upon the examination of the skins of young foxes, and depends not only upon the arrangement of the hairs, but upon the fact that the skin itself exhibits a structure such as would be shown by that of a pangolin after the removal of the scales.

Warned by the Beacon. The bachelor and the benedict were wending homeward their weary way. "Ah, you lucky married man!" sighed the bachelor. "Think of having a hearthstone, a real home, a waiting welcome! Look—there is a light in the window for you!"

"Gracious! So there is," muttered the benedict. "Well, there's only one way out of that—let's go back to the club."—Stray Stories.

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