

# IN ANOTHER WAY AMERICA LEADS ALL THE WORLD

## United States Almost Alone in Freedom and Opportunity That Is Afforded to Gentler Sex



In America Women Are the Avowed Rulers of Society

It is in the United States that women revel in beds of clover and walk on velvet and roses, an ample reason, no doubt, for their celebrated wit, charm and beauty. For they are free to develop their mental faculties, free to enjoy social life and free to work.

In America women who want learning and Latin have fewest restrictions placed upon their place and manner of education. In America and in America alone they are the avowed leaders of society. And in America they have the largest liberty in choosing a profession.

Although in Russia clubs are only beginning to be lawful, and in France and Germany conditions are little better, in America 4,000,000 wives, mothers and spinners are organized into clubs and societies; and of the 390 occupations recognized by the United States census women are represented in all but nine.

Carroll D. Wright, commissioner of labor, declares that it is plain that "woman is in open rebellion against the traditional curse, against the doctrine of the Pauli estimate of women's sphere; that she has determined to assert her equality in many directions and that she has entered and occupied the great field of remunerative employment."

### American Women Not Humble.

The woman of America is characterized as "independent, forceful, capable and far from humble. Obedience is furthest from her thoughts. Civil marriage rarely contains the word obey; some of the churches have dropped it; when it is uttered it is either regarded as a joke or explained as a desire to please, prompted by love—something which would be equally applicable to the husband."

"Self-sacrifice, formerly a cardinal womanly virtue, is no longer in high favor. Self-development is rapidly taking its place. The American woman has imbued a new doctrine, that of freedom and happiness. She does not believe that she should be submissive, that her life should be hedged with limitations, or that she is foredoomed to suffer for the sins of others. Foreigners coming to this country never are known to comment upon the American woman as clinging, timid, humble, dependent, submissive self-sacrificing, without confidence in her abilities or inclination to protect her rights and convinced of the superiority of man."

On the contrary, as Mrs. Lydia Kingsmill Commander testifies in her scientific study of American woman, she is always remarked for her self-reliance, force, freedom, intelligence and capacity. She is intent upon being herself, not the pale reflection of some one else, and upon developing the possibilities of life to the utmost. She has great respect, and she commands the respect of others.

### Sexes Stand on an Equality.

Naturally women sustaining such altered relations to society and so changed in character hold a different relation to men. The sexes are more on a parity, says Mrs. Commander. Their lives are more closely associated, they have more in common, and they understand one another as never before. The women are not something apart from the national life, a sort of annex to the race, kept entirely for domestic service and reproduction; they are becoming people, half the nation, and growing to be considered and respected as such. Their opinions on public questions are not ignored.

Their ideas in business, law, medicine or education are not despised, for their share of the national activities and responsibilities claims recognition and respect.

A natural accompaniment of woman's inferior share in the industrial and social institutions of a nation is her subordinate position in the home. She is not living in a world where her wishes are accorded much consideration. Religion, education, politics and business are in the hands of men, who give to the other sex such quantity and quality of each as seem to them fitting.

### Old Idea of "Ownership" Gone.

In America, however, as is outlined by Mrs. Commander and is observed by all observers, the old relationship of owner and owned is giving place to one of equality and comradeship. Man does not marry with the idea of securing a patient chattel with enough intelligence to work for him, wait on him and minister to his physical desires. He seeks a friend, a companion, a comrade, a woman of independent personality, who will be congenial in her tastes and habits, but who will live a life of her own, not be absorbed in and lost by his.

American husbands are proud of wives who succeed in the business, professional, artistic, literary or dra-



It Is in the United States that Women Walk in Beds of Clover.

matic world; who attain positions of prominence in philanthropic, educational, or reform organization, or who are possessed of any special ability or knowledge.

In the conservative countries marriage is all important to a woman and of secondary interest to a man. The stories end with the wedding of the heroine, for it settles her career. She is now merged in her husband and no more is expected or heard of her. Meanwhile the man pursues the even tenor of his way, his marriage being but a more or less important incident.

But the American woman's growth of interests outside of marriage has increased the importance of marriage to men. The more developed woman of the United States touches her husband's nature at many points and fills a larger place in his life. He discusses public affairs with her, confides in her the details of his business, asks her opinion, and frequently follows her advice. In matters of common interests her wishes carry equal weight with his. In brief, the American wife holds a position in the respect, as well as the affection of her husband that makes the American man a proverbial matrimonial prize.

Of course, all American women are not free, respected and happy. There are wives in the United States who are bullied and bossed, treated with contempt, beaten and even murdered. But in these also are many instances where, so far from the wife obeying, the opposite extreme almost holds true. There are many American husbands who, instead of exacting self-sacrifice of their wives, yield it to the fullest measure, men who make a fetish of their wives' wishes and work unceasingly and uncomplainingly to gratify even their whims. And the every day American husband recognizes his wife as a person with tastes, desires, ambitions and interests of her own, and acknowledges her right to their development and gratification. He considers her as a human being, analogous to himself.

### Women for Clubs and Societies.

Even the most conservative of American husbands allow their women to join a W. C. T. U., a missionary society, or a woman's club. Nor is there objection to the wife turning an honest penny in her spare time. She may do dressmaking or give music lessons in the intervals of housework. It is even generally conceded that she may under stress of necessity enter the industrial world without prejudice to her femininity. The most domestic housewife incurs no disgrace if, hav-

ing a sick husband or being left a widow, she work for bread.

In a recent editorial of a conservative newspaper it was argued that "Marriage does not rob a woman of the right still to be a wage earner under approved conditions. Many wives are justly proud of the ability to maintain their own resources and even contribute to the household fund."

The well-worn maxim has it that the treatment of women is an index to a nation's rank in civilization. And undeniably true this adage proves to the traveler who tours the world and finds in the most primitive states the most debased and injured womankind, and in the most advanced states the loftiest and freest women.

Herbert Spencer wrote mournful and great words when he observed that in the history of humanity as written the saddest part concerns the treatment of women. "And if we had before us its unwritten history we should find this part still sadder. I say the saddest because though there have been many things more conspicuously dreadful—cannibalism, the torturing of prisoners, the sacrificings of victims to ghosts and gods—these have been but occasional; whereas the brutal treatment of women has been universal and constant."

"If, looking first at their state of subjection during the semi-civilized, we pass to the uncivilized, and observe the lives of hardship borne by nearly all of them, if we then think what must have gone on among those still under peoples, who for so many thousands of years roamed over the uncultured earth, we shall infer that the amount of suffering which has been and is borne by women is utterly beyond imagination."

"Utter absence of sympathy made it inevitable that women should suffer from the egoism of men, without any limit as to their ability to bear the entailed hardships. Passing this limit, the ill-treatment by rendering the women incapable of rearing a due number of children brought about disappearance of the tribe; and we may safely assume that multitudes of tribes disappeared from this cause, leaving behind those in which the ill treatment was less extreme."

### Australian Does Not Love Wife.

In Australia Sir John Lubbock found little real affection exists between husbands and wives, and young men value a wife principally for her service as a slave; in fact, when asked why they are anxious to obtain wives, their usual reply is that they may get wood, water and food for them and carry whatever property they may possess.

The Australian women are treated with the utmost brutality, beaten and speared in the limbs on the most trivial provocation.

"Few women will be found upon examination to be free from frightful scars upon the head or the marks of spear wounds about the body," says he. "I have seen a young woman who, from the number of these marks,



In the United States Man Bows Down to Woman.

appeared to have been almost riddled with spear wounds. If at all good looking their position is, if possible, even worse than otherwise."

Paul du Chailly during his adventures in central Africa found two distressing cases of apparently wanton torture of women. Among the Kafirs, relates Herbert Spencer, besides her domestic duties the woman has to perform all the hard work; she is her husband's ox, a Kafir remarked to a traveler; she had been bought, he argued, and must therefore labor.

### Chieftain's Wife a Complete Slave.

Prof. Ward observes that the complete slavery of woman to man is shown by the account of a Malagasy chief who had scarcely seated himself at his door when his wife came out, crawling on her hands and knees till she came to him, and then licked his feet. All the women in the town saluted their husbands in the same manner. Almost everywhere in Africa, reports Letourneau, woman is the property of her husband, who has the right to use her as a beast of burden, and almost always makes her work as he does his oxen.

In certain Himalayan regions the women are a veritable merchandise which is bought and sold. At the time of Fraser's visit a woman among the

peasants cost from five to six dollars, a sum, "which it was pleasant to receive but painful to expend."

The daughters also are freely sold, and the brothers of each family bought a common wife whom they rented without hesitation to strangers. In New Zealand, according to Moerenhout and Ward, a father or brother, in giving his daughter or his sister to his future husband, would say: "If you are not satisfied with her, sell her, kill her, eat her; you are absolute master of her."

### Women of Tahiti Half Starved.

Almost at the origin of society, writes Letourneau woman was subjugated by her companion; we have seen her become in succession beast of burden, slave, minor, subject, held aloof from a free, active life, often maltreated, oppressed, punished with fury for acts that her male owner would commit with impunity before her eyes.

In the Soudan, where the removal of clothes is a sign of obscenity, women may only come unclothed into the presence of the sultan of Mell, and even the sultan's daughters must conform to this custom. At the court of Uganda stark naked, full grown women are the valets. Indeed, throughout the primitive world women are beasts of burden, servants, slaves.

Not only the wife of the negro, the Hindu, and the Keighis, but also the wife of the present sultan of the Balkan peninsula and of Russia, is the misused slave of her husband, and as the result of the effort to escape labor, we see the unwholesome interchange of wife and child labor in the factories which would make greater gains from the laborer at the expense of wife and child.

Indeed, in its origin the family is held to have been "simply an institution for the more complete subjugation and enslavement of women and children, for the subversion of nature's method in which the mother is the queen, dictates who shall be father, and guards her offspring by the instinct of maternal affection planted in her for that purpose."

### Japanese Widows Blizcken Teeth.

In India the subjection of women has had its headquarters. The suttee or the burning of widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands is not yet wholly extinct, although forbidden by law; and the remarriage of widows is only beginning to be permitted. The widow at best leads an isolated existence, cut off from her natural associates, condemned to base foods and a life of practical servitude.

In Japan the widow must blacken her teeth and shave her eyebrows. Throughout the orient women are taught to address their husbands as master or lord, whereas the men speak to their wives as slaves and servants. The oriental proverbs declare that "woman is like a slipper, made to order; wear it if it fits you, throw it away if it does not."

"Woman is like a snake, charming as well as venomous."

"Woman should always be in good humor and revere her husband, even though unfaithful, as a god."

### When Nerves Are Jangled.

"Diseased nerves play queer pranks," said the specialist. "I had a patient who once spent five months in a hospital, taking a rest cure. He suffered from insomnia constantly. To reach his home it was necessary to spend a night on the cars, and he looked forward to this with great dread. Even when well he had always slept poorly on a train, and he looked forward to an absolutely wide-awake night. So he supplied himself with a powder in the hope that it might help a little."

"He didn't need the drug, however. He slept eight solid hours, far better than in the quiet of the hospital. Now a little coffee or smoking or any excitement in the evening will give him insomnia. Yet when he once gets to sleep he is the hardest person in the house to awaken. The firecrackers on the nights of July 3 and 4 he never hears. A big fire on the block, with all the noise of the engines, didn't arouse him."

"Then there was a woman who had nervous prostration so badly that she was confined to bed and had to have a



In India, Man Reigns Supreme.

trained nurse. Early one evening her family were startled by an awful commotion and shrieking in her room. They rushed up to find her in a corner killing a mouse with the back of a hairbrush, while the nurse stood in the center of the bed, screaming."

### Weight of Human Heart.

The weight of the human heart averages from nine to 11 ounces.

# The Kiteologist

By Don Mark Lemon

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Just come up on the roof, sir, and I'll show you the cage and tell you all that I know about the professor, but before we go a step further let me warn you that I don't believe a word of what the newspapers printed about him. No, sir, I won't and can't believe that such a true gentleman as the professor always showed himself to be could have deliberately set out to rob the government of over \$400,000. It's preposterous to think of, but it's just like the newspapers to make the matter as sensational as possible.

Take care you don't tear your coat on that nail. I'll have my boy pull it out when he comes home from school. Now, sir, step this way, and you can see for yourself how innocent the professor was of any evil intentions. Look! Do you think this flat tin roof looks like a robber's roost? It's ridiculous; yet to read the newspapers you would think that we landlords are the friends of robbers, and all manner of thieves. We landlords have a hard enough struggle to live, without the newspapers making it any harder for us.

Yes, sir, this is the cage where the professor kept his three big eagles, and now I'll tell you how he came to stop with me, and why he had such strange-like pets. You see, I had just lately taken this house and had spent the last dollar I had in the world in furnishing it, and was glad enough to have such a nice gentleman as the professor come along the second day after I put up my sign and ask if I hadn't a furnished front room to let, with running water and a good deep closet where he could keep his clothes.

Well, sir, I snapped him up at once, as I could see he was a gentleman, and, besides, he looked neat and prosperous, and I felt I wouldn't have to



They Grabbed the Bags of Gold and Flew to the Roof.

worry about him not paying his rent on time. But before he took the room he asked if he couldn't go up on the roof and see if it would suit him for a certain purpose. I was somewhat surprised at him wanting to rent the roof, but thinking him a photographer, or something like that, I brought him up here and he was real pleased. So he told me his business, and I rented this roof to him without any hesitation at all. It isn't every day one can rent a scrap of roof for more than a good sunny front room, and you can't blame me for doing so.

Well, sir, he was a kiteologist, as he told me. He flew kites to study the winds and the temperature at a great height. He wasn't in the employ of the government, but was studying on his own account. He took his silk hat off and sat down right over there, and explained all about it to me. His kites weren't like those that the boys fly, nor were they like I have seen pictures of in the papers—great big box-like things—but they were eagles—real live eagles. He had three of them, and he would attach a strong string to their legs and let them fly up into the heavens with a thermometer and barometer attached, or some such-like scientific instruments, and when he was ready, he would gently draw them down again.

Well, sir, it was a pleasure to hear him talk; he knew everything about eagles and kites and the heavens, and of course I consented for him to bring his birds and fly them from my roof, not supposing the landlord I got the house from would care at all. Which I can say, he didn't. So the next day the professor came with his three eagles and placed them up here on the roof in that big cage, and it was good to see how he did love those birds, and play with them, and teach them all kinds of tricks. My gracious, but they were strong! I really think the smallest of the three could have lifted a big child in its claws; and the professor explained how that they must be strong to carry his scientific instruments so high in the air.

Well, a week passed and he didn't fly his eagles, for he was waiting for them to get accustomed to their new location, so they would return like carrier doves in case the string tied to their legs got broken; and at the end of the week, before the professor could try his experiment at all, that dreadful accident happened, which the papers made so much of, and which frightened the professor, who was so timid, like all real scientific men, so

that he never came back, even for his clothes.

You see, just across the street from here is the subtreasury, and every little while a wagon drives up to the door filled with big canvas bags full of gold, and the clerks will come out and get the gold and carry it into the vaults. Well, on Tuesday morning, just after I had finished some washing and was going out to get a new handle to my irons, which had got broken, the wagon drove up before the subtreasury door and the clerks began to take out the sacks of gold and carry them into the bank.

I can truly say that I'm not by nature a covetous woman, but, naturally, I paused and watched the men a moment or two, thinking what I could do if I had what was in just one of those sacks. Why, there must have been as much as \$4,000 or \$5,000 in each sack, and there were dozens of them, I believe.

Suddenly, as I was standing there, a darkness seemed to come over the sun, and at the same time a strange flying sound made me look up, and there were the professor's three eagles broken loose from the cage—I felt real sorry for the professor, to think that his birds had got loose—and down they came and landed on the wagon full of gold. I lifted up my apron to show them back to the roof, when if those three mischievous birds didn't settle right down into the bags full of gold, and each one grab a bag in his claws, like I saw them grab a bag with a dead rabbit in it on the roof one day, and no sooner had they grabbed the bags of gold than up they flew again to the roof.

I was astonished beyond measure, but the clerks who were carrying in the gold were simply dumfounded. And no wonder! Supposing the eagles should spill the gold or fly away with it, why the poor clerks might have to return it out of their salaries, and I hear they don't get paid so much, though they are employed by the government.

Well, sir, the moment I could collect my scattered senses, I rushed back into the house to tell the professor what had happened, for, as I hadn't seen him on the roof, I supposed he was in his room. Of course the clerks followed me, and we all hurried up here where you are standing now. The three eagles were gone, and the professor was nowhere to be found. Poor man, he was out somewhere in the city, and I felt like running down and warning him not to return, for fear they would hold him responsible for the gold.

I saw that the eagles each had lately had a long cord tied to its legs and I thought nothing of it more than proper, but the clerks acted like a lot of wild men. They vowed that the eagles had been let down to steal the gold, and when they saw that this roof leads over to the next building yonder, they said that the owner of the birds had taken the gold and climbed through an open window in that building into an empty room, and that way escaped with the \$15,000.

Of course I saw at once how dreadfully dishonest it all might be made to look, and I sat down and almost cried. At first the clerks and the officers paid no more attention to me than if I had been a sick kitten, but when they learned that I was the landlady and knew all about the eagles and the professor, they asked me a thousand questions, and I was dragged off to court like a criminal, and the poor professor's name was mixed up with robbery and thieving, and I don't know what else. But, somehow, he learned about the mischief his eagles had got into, and never returned.

Of course the eagles flew away with the gold bags—poor birds, I don't blame them a bit for making the most of their liberty—and I wouldn't at all be surprised if the police should find that the birds had dropped the gold on some roof, when they discovered that the bags didn't contain rabbit, as they had imagined.

### Ethereal vs. Mundane.

Two men sat on a park bench one starry evening recently, says the New York Times. Through powerful glasses they were examining the firmament. It was apparent that one of them was an enthusiastic astronomer. He seemed sufficiently familiar with the smallest star to call it by its first name—that is, if stars have first names.

Drawing his companion's attention to a particular star in close proximity to the handle of the Dipper, he said:

"Perhaps you may be able to appreciate the immensity of distance between that star and our earth when I say it would take more than 100 years for a 40-horsepower automobile running at full speed to reach it."

By the quality of awe in his friend's voice, it was plain that he was unusually impressed, as he said:

"No? A hundred years? Why, man, think of the gasoline bill."

**First Woman to Win Chauchard Prize.**

Mme. Jeanne Marli has just won the Chauchard prize given by the Societe des Gens de Lettres of France. This is the first time that it has been awarded to a woman. It was given for the general excellence of Mme. Marli's work. Among the noted recipients of the prize have been Guy de Maupassant and Camille Lemonnier.