

ARE WOMEN LESS HONEST THAN MEN?

ST. LOUIS.—Ignoring sentiment and considering the question totally without regard to the position woman occupies by reason of her sex, can it be said she is less honest than man? It's a subject calling for rare diplomacy.

Several years ago a St. Louis lawyer, at the time holding office, made so bold as to publish a statement in the affirmative. He made a cold, dispassionate analysis of the character of woman and gave what purported to be proofs in substantiation of his assertion. He was buried under a storm of protest and finally receded from his position.

More recently a Cleveland judge sought to show that men possessed more inherent honesty than women. Forthwith he was swept from his feet by a wave of popular indignation. Denunciations were heaped upon him in every section of the country and at last, in despair, he denied in toto all he had said.

The question of a woman's honesty as compared to that of a man is one which has puzzled philosophers for ages. In every civilized country it has been argued pro and con and never has any definite conclusion been reached. The agitation started by the Cleveland judge culminated in Paris, where, after devoting columns to the subject, it was decided by one of the papers that women were not less honest. An English publication in passing judgment declared man was the more honest of the two sexes. Opinion is widely diversified. And so, too, is the question. It must be considered from every angle, declares a writer in the St. Louis Republic.

It would be utter foolishness to question the honesty of a woman of culture and refinement, in a comparative sense, with a sot whose few remaining faculties were occupied with the sole idea of how to get the next drink. And the same would apply between a woman who had reached the bottom of the social scale and a man known to be of sterling honesty and integrity.

Test Must Be a Fair One.
To render an opinion which would stand dissection it would be necessary to choose with great care two subjects whose mental and social qualifications are on a par. Then, with due allowance for the constitutional differences between the two sexes, they should be studied, and, unknown to themselves, put to the test. Such a proceeding would entail much time and even then might be fruitless, so, in an endeavor to get some idea of how the question is regarded in St. Louis, a number of men whose daily life brings them in contact with both sexes were asked for their views.

The majority of the men approached proved ardent champions of the weaker sex and were inclined to look upon digressions more in the light of inconsistencies and vagaries rather than anything having to do with their honesty. It was acknowledged that they were prone to draw upon their imaginations and probably in the course of a day told many what are known in common parlance as fibs or white lies. But, it was pointed out, they did so in many instances in order to spare the feelings of friends. Stress was laid

on the fact that the plain, unvarnished truth between women in their intercourse with one another would lead to much unhappiness and ill feeling.

It is little to be wondered at that men in St. Louis throw up their hands at the idea of their opinions being exploited. Even when assured they would not be quoted, several judges, inclining to the stand taken by the Cleveland jurist, were most guarded in their statements. Said one:

Woman's Superior Imagination.
"The average woman is a bundle of nerves and full of latent enthusiasm. She has great powers of imagination, and when the occasion demands does not hesitate to draw upon them. Love also has much to do with her relegating the truth to the rear. With liberty or welfare of the object of her affections at stake, there is no sacrifice she will not make, and the perverting of the truth becomes a petty matter."

"Why," he exclaimed, "I have heard women make statements on the witness stand which to my own certain knowledge I knew to be false. Of course, the same is true of men, to some extent, but is confined to a class, as a rule, of which nothing better could be expected. With women, however, it applies to the sex as a whole. Education, breeding and refinement make little difference. Swayed by love, affection or her emotions, a woman will stop at nothing. When under control of her feelings she takes little heed of the consequences which are likely to ensue as a result of her actions."

"No man," he said in conclusion, "has a higher respect for women than myself. Upon her, in a large measure, rests the welfare of the nation, and each day her influence in business, politics and the affairs of the country is making itself more apparent. That such is the case is a matter for congratulation. But her temperament in matters wherein her heart and affections play a part will ever preclude her having the same degree of honesty as man."

Opinion of a Revivalist.
The next man sought for an opinion was Gipsy Smith. In conducting his revivals he has come in contact with women of every walk of life, and it was judged from his wide experience he would be able to make a comparison, with sharply drawn lines. Such proved to be the case. He did not hesitate a second in saying:

"I do not think women less honest than men. Woman, when she is good, is an angel. Just as the highest mountains have the deepest valleys, so the greatest possibilities for good may become the greatest possibilities for evil."

"Woman is differently constituted from man. Her emotions are more easily aroused, and at times, when under their control, she does things that later she may regret. As to her honesty, as compared with that of man, there can be no question."

The manager of a department store did not show the same faith. He declared women made a practice of telling deliberate falsehoods with no other idea in view than perhaps making a good bargain. It was a common occurrence, he said, for a woman to ask to be shown goods and when informed of the price have her say: "Why, I

can get exactly the same thing at Blank & Blank's for half the price," when she was well aware that such a thing was impossible. He stated that much of the shrewdness attributed to women in making a bargain was due in large part to their ability to subserve the truth.

He said he did not draw his conclusions from his experience with men, as he fully realized that his own sex in a department store were as much out of place as the proverbial "bull in a china shop," and in the struggle to get out would buy at any price. In detecting thieves, whose operations make constant vigilance necessary in a large store, he declared he would rather deal with six men than one woman. Their guile, even when caught red-handed, he declared, was often the means of their escaping punishment.

License Clerk's Testimony.
G. H. Ruedl, who has acted in the capacity of marriage license clerk at the city hall for six years, aligned himself on the women's side. Inasmuch as he has to ask every applicant for his or her age, this would almost seem to put an end to further discussion. If there is one subject upon which a woman is tender, it is her age. From time immemorial she has considered it her special privilege to make use of a sliding scale in this respect. As a schoolgirl she delights in adding on one or two years, and when the score and ten mark is reached she stops counting altogether.

Mr. Ruedl was unqualified in his assertion that women are more honest than men. His great trouble, he declared, was with young girls under age who were obsessed with love's young dream. They did not seem to have any scruples, he said, about adding a year or two to their ages when it was palpable they had not reached the age of discretion established by statute.

It will be a surprise to many to learn that men are not exempt from weakness in regard to their age. Mr. Ruedl said he frequently had cases where men, in the presence of friends and neighbors, without the least concern, deducted from five to ten years from the number of summers which had passed over their heads.

James H. Smith, chief of detectives, when asked his opinion, quickly divided women with criminal tendencies into two classes. Into the first he put the woman who was brought before him as a result of her first venture beyond the pale of the law. As for the professional woman criminal he showed little mercy. He stated that men, no matter how hardened, when they found the evidence so strong against them as to render their case hopeless, usually came out with the truth. With the woman criminal the department has to overcome all the artifices which she uses to baffle the sleuths.

Says Women Are More Honest.
"As a rule," said Chief Smith, "the women that stoop to the minor crimes are not in the professional class, and when confronted with proof of their wrongdoing readily admit their guilt. The same can be said of men, though to a lesser degree. It is my opinion that under ordinary circumstances women are much more honest than men."

"When it comes to professional criminals, however, women far outdistance men in their dishonesty. They are more shrewd and crafty and exceed-



ingly hard to handle. They summon to their aid every artifice to squirm out of a hole. Twisting and turning, watching every loophole, it is almost impossible to trap them. They make a travesty of truth, and it is only by constant vigilance and the surmounting of overwhelming odds that they are at last brought to bay."

Have Not Will Power of Men.
It is generally acknowledged that man has a better control of his feelings in time of trouble or excitement, allowing always for the invariable exception, than has a woman. Two men can engage in a bitter argument and flay each other with biting sarcasm and yet on the surface display not the least emotion. Curbed by such an exercise of will power, they are less likely to veer very far from the truth. On the other hand, let two women become involved in a controversy, and oftentimes at the termination of the dispute both parties are in tears, cut to

the quick by the merciless lash of one another's tongues. Many of the cruel insinuations uttered are probably invented on the spur of the moment, with the sole object of hitting a tender spot in the armor of the other.

Men as a rule will come to blows when the insult is passed. It is not the nature of women to engage in fist-cuffs, and, by way of getting reparation, the slogging of an enemy's reputation is often the modus operandi. Such a practice is much to be deplored, and many women, in fact, the majority, scorn to use such tactics. Little hesitation is shown, however, by those of the female persuasion in giving vent to their spleen by cutting remarks and unjust criticisms which might just as well remain unsaid.

Of course, the same is true to an extent among men, but it cannot be said to be as prevalent. Men are reluctant to undermine another's stand-



ing unless they have good and sufficient proof to back up their assertion. There is always looming up in the background the fact that some day there will be an accounting, and unless they can make good the statements, they are likely to suffer a thrashing or even worse.

Question of the Affections.
Then there enters into the question a woman's temperament. She is given to violent prejudices, and is equally as ardent in her affections. No quotation from Shakespeare is more familiar than "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." Then in the Bible occurs this passage, "It is better to live on the housetops than in a palace with a brawling woman." These passages, brief though they may be, show that the question was probably thrashed out many a time, not only in the dim past, but also in the days of the bard of Avon.

Have you ever been at a friend's house and while there have your host's brother or husband become involved in an argument with a bill collector or some other unwelcome visitor? Then you have witnessed the sister or wife sometimes go to the assistance of the man. Did you ever notice how soon she is taking part in the dispute, and how ready she is to back up any statement he may make? She will seize every opportunity to aid him and will enlarge upon the truth until it sometimes brings a smile to the face of both men.

Emotion Cuts Large Figure.
It is a common occurrence for a man escorting a woman to unwittingly be a party to a disturbance, and when the police appear and begin to question everyone who seems to know anything about it, who is it that chips in, when the first query is put to the man, and declares that they know nothing of the trouble? Did you ever see a man trying to answer a question in a coherent manner, with an exalted worry on his arm? Have you not felt sorry for him, while he was trying to calm his companion, and prove at the same time he was innocent of any wrong-doing?

It cannot be denied that under the stress of excitement or emotion, a woman will not hesitate at a mere perverting of the truth. She is intensely loyal to those she loves, and when they are in danger or threatened with disgrace she will not let anything stand in her way to render what aid she may. Such a spirit may well be praised, rather than censured.

Would a man make such sacrifices? Even though he professed to have an undying affection for a woman will he deliberately lie to get her out of trouble? If he sees her in trouble in public, where he will have to step into the limelight if he goes to her assistance, will he rush out and valiantly invent some sort of yarn to get her out of the predicament? It is very questionable.

It is not probable that he refrains from doing so on account of conscientious scruples, more probably it is through fear of ridicule, but notwithstanding he has maintained a position which a woman would not. It can hardly be said that he deserves any credit for his enforced adherence to the truth, rather, he should be condemned in many cases. These are just a few instances that would tend to prove that man, through no effort of his own, is more liable to be honest than a woman.

The Story of Samantha Ann and Eliza Alice

BY HIRAM RICE

(Original.)

The scheduled time for the arrivals of Samantha Ann and Eliza Alice were so near the same that the stork took the liberty of running a double header, thus saving himself an extra trip.

Samantha Ann and Eliza Alice cut their teeth at the same time, so their mothers had little opportunity to hang over the backyard fence and compare notes; but when the mud pie period arrived they made up for lost time. The first coolness became noticeable during the Sunday school epoch. Each mother endeavored to dress her offspring better than the other, and it was remarked by the neighbors that Samantha Ann was a regular little lady, while Eliza Alice would go home with one stocking down and the other at half mast, her pig tail ribbons streaming, and a tear in the new dimity gown that her mother had worked on till nearly midnight to have ready for Sunday.

By the time the school period had come there was a trail of white frost along the top of the backyard fence between the Smith and Jones lots. Samantha Ann was developing into a pretty little girl, while Eliza Alice was going the other way as fast as she could. She had enough red hair to stuff a mattress, a turned-up nose and 50 freckles to each square inch of facial epidermis.

A sudden change came over Eliza Alice when she was about 14. The clerk in the village store reported to his wife that she had bought a pair of corsets, and her next new dress was ankle length. She began to talk to the other girls about her figure, put her hair up, and tease her father for money to buy freckle removing dope.

No one could remember when she had her first beau, because she was



philandering around so much with the boys in a way that might or might not count; but everybody recalled that both girls were 16 when Eliza Alice engineered Samantha Ann out of the church choir after hearing someone remark that Samantha Ann was the better singer. Of course that stirred up an awful rumpus, and the congregation took sides on the matter which resulted in the preacher handing in his resignation.

The next one they hired was a young man just out of college. He was unmarried, and the church trustees reasoned that if he called on Eliza Alice oftener than was necessary to make up a schedule of the music for the next Sunday they could call in a justice of the peace, or some other hitching artist, to make them one, and thus avoid the talk that always hurts the church in the eyes of some.

The young preacher didn't cotton to Eliza Alice—at first. Samantha Ann had just realized that she was a young lady, and when her mother first arrayed her as such she was a dream of innocence, beauty, flowered organdie and a strand of five-cent glass beads. The young man escorted her home one evening from prayer meeting and sat out on the front porch talking to her for over an hour. The next day all the town was talking about what a fine couple they would make—all but Eliza Alice; she pulled Pa Jones' leg for the price of a brand new outfit, and for the next few days the hum of the sewing machine was heard in the Jones home.

The next time the preacher called at the Jones mansion to leave the slip containing the numbers of the hymns for the following Sunday, Eliza Alice met him at the door, took his hat and hung it up beside dad's in the hall, seated him in the easiest chair and played rag time on the piano until he began to drum with his fingers on the arm of his chair, after which she switched to dreamy love songs. In this manner she got him keyed up just right to land on the sofa, and then brought out the family album as an excuse to get up real close together and occasionally touch his hand with hers; in about umpteen minutes she had him under perfect control, and he began to wonder if two could live on his salary.

From that time on Samantha Ann was in the discard; she was a sort of

sedate sister anyway, while Eliza Alice was just as previous as she found necessary. If the young man should happen to look at any other gum masticator Eliza Alice would throw him a glance that would bring him to the low stool beside the throne.

Well, the people thought it would be a good thing if she did marry him; it might cause her to take a reef in her sails—but they didn't know Eliza Alice as well as she knew herself. She was only dallying with the gospel expounder because she knew Samantha Ann would like to have him, and also because he was the only thing in sight.

Just when the trustees began to wonder if they would live with pa and ma, or if Eliza Alice would insist on a parsonage, an Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe hit the town. Eliza Alice heard some one say that the girl who played Topsy in the show had got mad and quit, and that the manager was inquiring if there was anyone in the town who could take the part until he could get another girl from the city.

It was a case of seek no farther right then and there. Eliza Alice struck for the job and got it.

When the show wagons left that night Eliza Alice's trunk was in one of them, and she was on the payroll at \$3 per week. The people did not get through talking about her sensational departure for at least a month, and then from time to time her mother would drop an occasional hint of her great success on the stage.

Nearly two years had passed when Sim Hipple returned from a trip to Chicago and brought a paper with a glowing account of the great success of a new comic opera. An entire page was given to describing the talent and beauty of the star of the opera, Miss Eliza Alice, and in the many photographs old friends (and enemies) had no trouble in distinguishing the features of Eliza Alice, though she was evidently a graduate of some beauty parlor, and had gained by the course of sprouts she had undergone.

Samantha Ann was the bright particular star at a church festival that was pulled off just after Eliza Alice shook the dust of her native town from the ruffles of her skirt. She not only played the organ, sang a solo and helped wait on the tables, but she did most of the elbow work in scrubbing out the church after the big event. The young preacher was completely captivated with this display of her all around ability, and fearing something might occur to switch him off again, he immediately began negotiations, and before Samantha Ann could realize it she found herself duly authorized by law to half-sole the seat of the minister's trousers. It was all done so quickly that the church trustees suggested they live with Pa and Ma Smith awhile, and having thus sidetracked the parsonage talk promptly forgot it.

In the course of a year Pa Smith was a grandpa, and the next year he was another. The minister made a dignified howl for an increase in salary, but the church people could not see why they should be taxed any more for salvation because his family kept growing.

Samantha Ann might have been in her early twenties, but the bloom was gone from her cheeks, there was a stoop to her shoulders, and she looked more like a woman in her late forties.

Still, with all her drudgery and toil, she often thanked heaven that no one had ever talked about her as they had about Eliza Alice, and she was glad she could walk along the street with head high in the air, knowing that no one was going to say something mean after her back was turned. Samantha Ann was thus well satisfied with her condition in life until the town decided to hold a chataqua one year, and a deputation of leading citizens was sent to Chicago to get Eliza Alice to sing at the doings in the park. She agreed to come, but she stung them for \$250 for three stinky songs. While she was in town she was entertained by the local magnate's wife, and the people who used to play football with her reputation every time there was the slightest opportunity quarreled with each other in the effort to hear her with attentions, even the preacher giving evidence by his actions that he had forgotten that she had thrown him to play Topsy.

Samantha Ann had never been known to make a display of temper, but when she saw Eliza Alice so highly honored by the Hammer club she went home with a well-defined upward tilt to her nose. When she got there she took one long look at her faded face in the mirror and then smashed the reflector with the rolling pin. When the rest of the folks came home they found her rubbing some color into her cheeks with a piece of chamolis, paying no heed to the baby, which was lying on the floor and yelling like a small boy with too many green apples in his midst.

Having fixed her face to suit, rearranged her hair in the latest style, added a bow of ribbon at her neck, and otherwise rejuvenated her appearance, she went out on the front porch. There they found her half an hour afterward talking to a good-looking traveling man. Her father asked her how she got acquainted with him, and she told him it was none of his business.