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I WANT TO BE A COLUMNIST



LENNA GLACKENS

I Want to Be a Columnist

By

Lenna Glackens

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



*Compiled and edited by
Mary Fanton Roberts*

The Exposition Press One Spruce Street New York 7

Lenna Glackens

Born Dec. 6th, 1913

Died June 3rd, 1943

LENNA GLACKENS was the daughter of W. J. Glackens, the famous American painter; and, undoubtedly, from him inherited her sure technique as a draughtsman, and her extraordinary power of observation.

As a little girl she often dramatized herself as some kind of animal—an elephant, a dog, a tiger—and she watched animals with intense interest wherever she saw them. She did not like the Zoo because the animals were in cages—and pictures of hunting scenes filled her with anguish.

Lenna loved working with her father, and often at nightfall he stopped in the nursery where the two "artists" would draw together illustrating stories originated at the moment by William Glackens. In these stories Lenna herself often appeared as some animal. "Draw me 'Lenna the horse'," she sometimes demanded. Then, seeing the sketch, she exclaimed, "Is that 'Lenna the horse'? Where's the eye? Here, give me the pencil!" At the age of four, she could draw a foreshortened horse that would give an academecian pause. As she grew older, her interest in art naturally extended to painting landscapes and figures. She studied for a brief time with Guy du Bois, and was a warm admirer of Jerome Meyers, doing some clever etchings under his supervision.

Her point of view toward life, whether expressed in writing or painting, was modern—not modernistic—enlightened and profoundly intrepid. A sardonic humor prevailed in much of her prose—a rare trait in one so young.

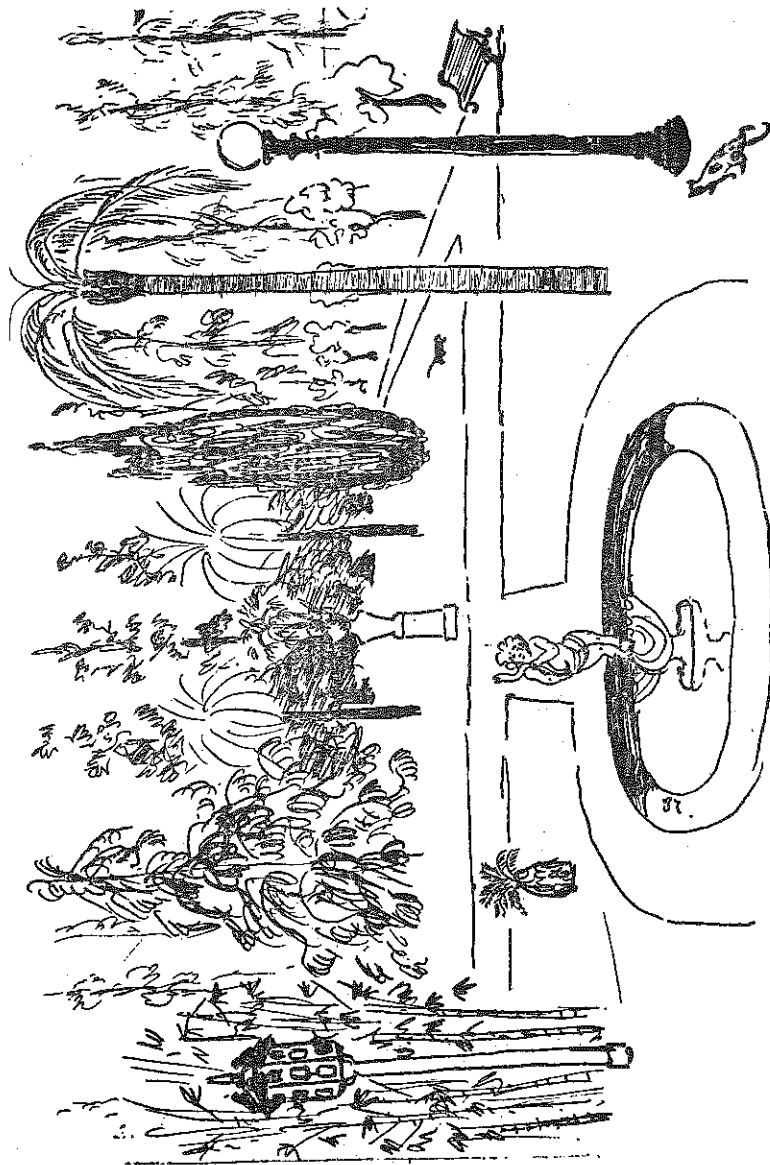
"Intimate Portraits of Animals," "The Feast of Lucullus,"

and "Breakfast—a Preface" were originally published in *Arts and Decoration*. Her poem, "The Cow," first appeared in the *Bombay Chronicle*, July 25th, 1946. This poem, as well as the others published in this book, were written before she was twelve—and she was less than fourteen when she wrote in her diary that some day she would plan a sanctuary for animals where all birds and beasts would be safe from the hunter, and could live in security and freedom. Such a sanctuary is at present being established by her family, with the cooperation of The Audubon Society of New York, as a memorial to Lenna Glackens.

MARY FANTON ROBERTS

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A GARDEN IN MONTEVIDEO

I Want to Be a Columnist

I FEEL like counting my blessings today because of the pleasant weather; so, not being aware of any blessings in the present, I shall go over those that shall be mine in the future. I expect to be a columnist and what a satisfying profession that is! There is the satisfaction of expressing my thoughts (I have this already, of course) but there is also the satisfaction of being read, the satisfaction of doing something, however slight, to change this hypnopoedic world and the satisfaction of producing something that is worth money, and every time I write a column, the satisfaction of getting it done and having the rest of the day free. A minor but by no means negligible satisfaction is that of having a satisfactory answer to questions about what I do and of being heard with the respect that only paid thinkers can command. All these will be mine even if I do not at once become as famous as Heywood Brown; but if I ever should, what balm to the battered spirit there is in being even a lesser celebrity!

My life then will be surrounded by gratifying circumstances. We will have an old house in a beautiful and rural district and will know how to run it and with a minimum of fuss. Our friends will appreciate and our families respect us, and our relationships, if few, will all be satisfactory because we will know how to keep them so. We will have some of Father's pictures on the walls, a few comfortable articles of furniture, many books and records, a phonograph and a piano. There will be a studio with a tremendous work table, and in winter I shall paint on glass and produce decorative objects. We will enjoy perfect health among the hills whence cometh

our strength. South American friends will visit us from time to time and be overcome by the beauty of the landscape and the fullness of American life.

When we visit our families they will receive us with affection but also like Eastern princes full of gracious dignity and mysterious wisdom. For a while we will pretend to be children again but if they begin to treat us like children we will be off to our own domain and the affection will be preserved. All will be harmony among us. Every year we will go on a concert tour and the unknown cities of the West and the South will furnish me with material and accord to Samuel the ovations that he will deserve. In the summer we will spend a few weeks among the sand dunes, bathing in the wide Atlantic, but we will also appoint landscapes around Tarnhelm and pay short visits to those who beseech us. So why shouldn't I rejoice on this bright Autumn morning by the dreary Plata? The future will come and though I cannot hasten it, no one can delay it!

My message is my own, and I feel it to be so superior to either my presence or the details of my life, that I would rather write it for an unknown audience to whom I am unknown. I could not look on the faces of people who have suffered more and longer than I, and tell them how they should be. In other circumstances, I might have been different myself, although that does not alter the truth of what I have to say. As a rule, a prophet or a teacher can only retain respect (and this is essential) by remaining apart. I think it a great mistake that in boarding schools the teachers are forced to live among the students, sharing their meals and their sports. A teacher or a prophet should appear — if at all — in order to teach and immediately afterwards withdraw into his own concealed life.

This is not to say, however, that a person's life may not be inspiring in itself. There are some preachers whose obvious

poverty and simplicity give a superior meaning to their utterances, however timeworn in content.

There is for instance, a man in Uruguay who lives literally according to the teachings of Christ. There is nothing novel in his doctrine of poverty, chastity, anti-clericalism and peace-on-earth, other than the fact that he puts it into practice. To read his words, were he able to write (which I doubt) would not be inspiring. In fact, there is much naive exaggeration in his concept of sin. On the other hand his presence — barefoot, dressed in tunic and mantle, living all year round among the rocks and immediately giving away any money that is pressed upon him — is a powerful sermon against materialism and the Catholic Church, and for this reason he has spent many years, — all told — in jail and in the madhouses, and would undoubtedly be refused entrance to the United States should he ever try to go there.

AN OPEN LETTER TO EDITORS

Dear Sirs:

When writing to persons unknown, I usually begin: "Dear Sirs" or "Madams," but I believe that the number of women among the moulders of public opinion is negligible, — hence, "Dear Sirs": I wish to write a daily column on that page which you graciously dedicate to the special interests of fifty per cent of the people, that is, "The Woman's Page". My interests are the interests of women, but not in the sense you mean. I am interested in women, not as consumers of cooking helps and beauty aids, not as housekeepers and courtesans, in short, but as the disinherited section of the human group which tends to accept whatever work men do not wish to do, and to think of itself only as the other half sees it. My interest in women is in seeing that they exercise their rights as citizens, that they do not allow themselves, as a class, to be trammelled

by over-specialization or paralysing "protective" legislation; and chiefly, that they stop borrowing the masculine point of view and begin to see themselves through their own eyes.

You, as an editor, and also those other moulders of public opinion, the advertisers, are always talking about the "woman's angle." What you mean is the woman's angle-of-the-masculine-edifice-that-is-our-present-social-structure. You have never tried to see things from the point of view of a woman and what is more, few women have either. The women who write on your woman's page start from the presumption that the role of woman is secondary, that her highest aim is to attract a man and make life smooth and comfortable for him and perhaps raise children who will perpetuate the inequality. This is the "masculine" point of view. It is also expressed in your advertising space, in the society columns, in most of the entertainments reviewed in your entertainment section, and most of the books reviewed in your book section. I am only asking for a corner on the woman's page in order to express the feminine point of view.

I do not wish to advise the lovelorn; I do not believe in "etiquette" but in naturalness and efficiency in social dealings; and I am not interested in recipes. I wish to address those women who do not feel bounded by nursery and kitchen, nor spiritually fulfilled by bridge.

I believe that every distinction that is drawn between the sexes in legislation hall or court of law, even if it benefit an individual woman, is prejudicial to the position of women and impedes the progress of a nation towards democracy. I believe that women should know this that they may protest.

I believe that the work of Susan B. Anthony, Lucretia Mott and Elisabeth Cady Stanton will not be completed until all education is coeducation, on equal terms and with identical curricula.

I believe that the physical care of little children as well

as their financial support, is equally the responsibility of both parents.

I do not believe that a man honors a woman by allowing her to use his name, but, on the contrary, that she is paying tribute to a fictitious superiority if she uses it.

This, dear sirs, is the feminine point of view, and, I repeat, I am asking for a corner of the woman's page in which to express it — a corner *of* a corner. Yet this is no humble request; a corner is not only a place to hide in, or play the dunce, it can also be a very strategic position.

Awaiting a prompt and favorable reply, I remain,

Your skeptical Reader,

L. G.

A NINE-POINT PLATFORM

1. The anniversary of the Seneca Falls Convention should be proclaimed a national holiday. This day is as significant in the history of human liberty as Bastille Day, — far more so than the Fourth of July.
2. The history of Woman Suffrage should be taught in the schools.
3. All legislation which discriminates against or in favor of either sex should be declared unconstitutional on the grounds that the Constitution does not provide for a privileged class. If the Equal Rights Amendment is thought necessary in order that this be done, then that amendment must be passed.
4. All legislation which discriminates against married women must be declared unconstitutional because marriage is not a sufficient reason for the loss of rights.
5. All educational institutions supported entirely or in part by taxes should be open to both sexes on equal terms.
6. Since no right is more fundamental than that of having

children only at will, the work of the Birth Control League should be facilitated in every State.

7. Abortion should be recognized as an inevitable feature of modern society, and be made legal.
8. The use of the words "Mrs." and "Miss" to distinguish between married and unmarried women is unnecessary and should be discouraged; the former should be encouraged to use their own names.
9. For the sake of a more just evaluation of the unemployment situation, all employment censuses should list as unemployed those women who only do their own housework.

MONTEVIDEO

Today memories crowd my mind, to the exclusion of purpose. I can think only of that gray, ruinous city on the muddy sea, with its cases of palms. . . The old buildings stand, ashen gray, around their blue-tiled patios; the bare new buildings are doomed to rapid decay. Along the water, between the pink stone parapet and the crumbling houses, the wide bare common is strewn with refuse and dotted with the campfires of ragged wanderers. The cloudless sky is full of kites. On the breakwater, among the boulders, men stand bare-foot, dipping great round nets in the dirty water. Black sea-birds dive or sit in silent groups on a rock; the noisy white ones sit on the sea.

The city is dominated by strange towers; one like a lantern, one a beehive, and one a flowering cactus; and at its center is a man on horseback, a sparrow on his hand, a pigeon on his head. All around him, under the arcades, people are shining shoes, cutting hair, playing the lottery. Through the empty windows of a classic edifice at the corner of the square, shines the daylight that pours through the fallen roof.

This is the city of cats. By day they sleep safely in the tiled, barred window recesses of colonial dwellings; they walk with delicacy along the littered gutters; they streak through holes in crumbling masonry. At dusk they gather in the courtyard of the great market building. . . At night, on the Rambla and in the port, from cellars comes the sound of tom-toms; it is the negroes of the quarter, preparing to take part in the Carnival.

The citizens flock to concerts and the theatre. A "Section Vermouth" is a matinee that begins at 6:30 instead of 6:00, the usual hour (evening performance at 9:30). Traditionally, men are excluded from the dress circle, but the tradition seems to be in abeyance. A city ordinance forbids women to wear hats during a performance. Of the three theatres, two have been occupied for a month by repertory companies, the third by Paco Reyes, the Spanish dancer and his "Ballet de Folklore Espanol." "There is the S. O. D. R. E. (Servicio Oficial Defusion Radiofonico Electrico) the government operated concert hall and broadcasting station. Here the two concerts of the N.B.C. Orchestra were received with wildest enthusiasm by an audience that was seeing Toscanini for the first, and for all they knew, the only time. The Moorish auditorium of the "Sodre", decorated from the pit to chandelier with minute designs in green, blue, orange, and yellow, seems a fitting place for the Ballet Russe to open.

SOUTH AMERICAN CEMETERIES

Today a bell is tolling for All Souls. . . Is it pride that inclines people to believe that the dead are dependent on us? Or is the belief fostered only by priests? Just as it is possible to hire people to care for children and pets, so it is also possible to pay others to pray for the dead, and this provides employment for many holy folk. . .

The posthumous vanity of wealthy South Americans is very directly expressed in their cemeteries; row upon row of elaborate tombs like the mansions of parvenu dolls, each bearing a man's name, and the words: "and family". Even *mas alla* the domestic hierarchy prevails, and it is only reasonable to suppose that the ulterior fate of a dozen souls or more depends entirely upon the virtuousness of the man who is able to house them (in death as in life) in a style worthy of himself. But the glory cannot go unshared; and the polished black marble facade is soon covered with brass votive tablets proclaiming the names of mourning friends and relatives, fellow executives of the Bank of the Republic, and past presidents of some mutual-benefit society, whose inconsolable grief and obtrusive identities can bring small comfort to the impotent Cheops within. . .

Identity is the desired object, whether people try to distinguish between themselves and all others, or to identify themselves with some easily identified type. If there were some way for people to feel certain of their identity, now and forever, I think that much foolish striving, much lavish mortuary display would cease.

INTIMATIONS OF SUCCESS

When I am an influence I will not behave like so many famous women. In interviews, I will not try to endear the public to me by pretending to envy them their obscurity and

simplicity. I will not be photographed frying potatoes, or publish my favorite recipe or talk about my husband. I will not allow the tag-line after my name: "in private life Mrs. Samuel Borton." I do not aspire to the kind of game that gets out of hand, like a movie star's or a royal personage's. In fact, I tell myself, it is not the game that attracts me, but the opportunity to sow the seeds of reason, of examination and criticism — thistles among the fatalistic plums. Shall I explain why I think more people are like plums, with only prunehood ahead of them? No, the thought is self-evident.

OF HUMAN BEFUDDLEMENT

The mind of an animal other than human is unconfused by education, tradition and religion; unclouded by false idealism. That is why animals look more intelligent than people, although actually they are less so. However low the degree of civilization, a human being is befuddled from the start. A Pigmy grows up a prey to the same unjustified emotions and preoccupations as a European, pride for which the unprejudiced eye can detect no good reason; contempt for those less proud than he; fear of being humiliated by having this nebulous source of pride removed. In the case of a woman, it is more apt to be unjustified admiration and humility. I say that human pride and human humility are both unjustified because both are generally on a set of false values which varies from tribe to tribe, and from generation to generation. The upper-caste primitive is proud of his tattooing, the modern of his address: the European aristocrat of having ancestors who did not work for a living; the Chinese aristocrat of having ancestresses who were unable to walk. Many people nowadays are proud of having wasted so much time playing some game that they have become proficient at. Needless to say that the lack of any one of these distinc-

tions can give rise to feelings of the wildest admiration, the most debasing humility, and the vilest envy! The best of human effort is often spent in following an unnatural pattern dictated by tradition or religion, and, at that, the tradition or religion is only imperfectly understood. While insects go about blindly living the life for which they are most fitted, hopeless human beings torture themselves into an insuitable life with equal blindness, equal fixity.

PROSE ABOUT A ROSE

Yesterday, while meditating, I saw a red rose, dark as red velvet. I could spend a long time contemplating such a rose, contemplating and sniffing, and going over the scenes that it would evoke: real scenes, of course, scenes of childhood, the garden in Hartford; but much more, for even then, even to a child of five, such colors and such smells evoked something; not a former life, I think, but another world. As a child I seem never to have lived in the actual, but in some other adventure. In New Hampshire I was in ancient Egypt; and in France I was in Harksbark; and before, before I had heard of Egypt, or invented my own country, precisely there in the rose garden in Hartford, wherever I was then is where I should like to be now. The smell of dark roses, of fire crackers vermilion water color, lemon verbena and earth could call me back to experiences more intense than any that have followed. Now I live only in the present, past and future, and feel very confined.

COVERING A CONVICTION

Listening to S's singing lessons, I have heard his teacher speak of "covering the note," which I take to mean that, in

singing a difficult high note, you must always think of the note above, and be conscious of being able to sing *that* too: this gives more roundness to the note sung. I think that the same thing applies to a conviction. You must be able to see above and beyond present circumstances, and imagine acting upon your conviction even in an impossible, exaggerated situation. You must see it *reductio ad absurdum*, and still prefer it to other convictions reduced to the same point. Thus, it is, of course, absurd to think that I could be capable of fomenting a general strike that would force the United States to retire from the war; yet I do consider it, and realize that I would do it without hesitation.

HITLER'S MISTAKE

Several days ago, discussing the situation in Germany, our friend, Freya, said that Hitler's great mistake was in interfering with the German family, coming between parent and child. This was no mistake. Because of the traditional strength of German family ties, or perhaps because of a childish streak in the national character, Germany is the hypnopoedic country par excellence and anyone who wishes to influence the Germans, sees the necessity for starting while they are very young, before they have jelled in the ideological mold of their parents and grandparents. Of course, all that National Socialism ever taught German children is the quintessence of the militarism, patriotism, masculinism and blind obedience which they would normally have absorbed from their parents, with the added perversion of racial antagonism, and the substitution of the State for the Father, and Teutonic mythology for orthodox religions. But if there is ever a reform government in Germany, it too will have to interfere in the family; in fact, it would be better if it separated children from their elders between the ages of 6 and 16 over a period of 20

years. Only then will it be possible to produce a free-thinking, peace-loving nation with an intolerance for war.

AN AMUSEMENT PARK

The whole family may embark on a rickety roller-coaster, and laugh hysterically at the image of death that rushes up at them. What makes this particular park so curiously and exceptionally hideous is its dusty colorlessness, and the Voice issuing from the tower that pervades the neighborhood within a radius of many blocks. This Voice summons them to a game of chance, and calls out the winning numbers. It is a monotonous and insistent roar. It drowns out the steam-pianos, the whistle of peanut roasters, and the screams of exhausted children. You cannot escape it. It is an unpleasant, inhuman, oxidized voice, with mechanical inflections. From the skeleton tower with red eyes, it summons them, but without excitement, without hope. "Awake and gamble, O you who live in a nightmare," it seems to say, "though it will do you no good." And the families obediently go trailing their sticky-faced children through the dust; and for a moment they really are awake, watching the turn of the wheel; but not awake enough to resent anything. In fact, they think they are having a lovely time, and it is only I who hope that the winds of winter may carry that horrible roaring tower into the sea.

THE PRESENT

How fortunate, meanwhile, that we have learned to enjoy the Future! Those who cannot, go mad in this land. Every day I wish the Future may absorb me more. Why shouldn't it seem as real as "Jane Eyre" or "The Idiot?" To insist on living in the Present is the height of unadaptable stupidity, as

the last few years have shown me. The custom of dividing time into the Past (always regretted), the Present (always accepted and lived in) and the Future (always suspected of having worse things in store), are obsessions which my mind rejects. The present is no more real than any other period.

THE TEMPLE OF MOLOCH AND ANDROCH

If I were to depict Society as a structure, I would represent it standing in a quagmire, upon foundations of Fear, Prejudice, Abuse and Stupidity. The lower stories are supported by crouching animals, like those seen in Chinese temples, the upper stories by thin columns all twisted and bent. And on the top is a colossal statue of Hercules, supporting nothing. The external walls are faced with False Idealism, and inside are two altars to the two deities, Mammon, which is incandescent, and Masculine Ego, which is pneumatic. The flame before the first of these altars is of itself eternal; the other is tended night and day by chaste female halfwits. The cult of both of these deities is ministered by priests of the masculine sex, well advanced in years, who from time to time offer up a holocaust of human victims. Then Mammon glows brighter than ever, and Masculine Ego swells to ten times his natural size and rocks gently on his pedestal; the whole building grows, and the False Ideals on the facade give off flashes which seem to deepen the surrounding darkness.

PERNICIOUS DUALITIES

Levi and the occultists in general are always talking about duality and universal equilibrium, strength and weakness, intelligence and love, justice and mercy, active and passive, man and woman. It is, of course, a one-sided kind of equilibrium with all the positive qualities on one side of the

scales labeled Masculine, and all the negative . . . and so forth. Now duality is not always a desirable thing, and I shall list some of these I consider most pernicious.

(1) The duality between oneself and everyone else. This is the factor that makes the precept "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you" so difficult of realization. The small child soon perceives the difference in effect when he falls down and when another falls down. The first case is a tragedy, the second wildly humorous. This duality persists throughout life. Even those who are not essentially unkind fail to see that what they do not wish for themselves, others have the same right to reject; and they often cannot understand why others are not eager to do what they themselves would not even consider doing should anyone propose it to them. The verbal manifestation of this duality is tactlessness.

(2) The duality between men and women, considered to be one of the original dualities. This concept supposes that what is admirable in one person can be despicable in another (and vice versa), simply because of a difference in sex. All the qualities and accomplishments whose possession tends to liberate were (and still are, to some extent) considered despicable in women, admirable in men. It is not necessary at this point to enumerate the abuses to which this duality has led.

ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS

When I am at home, I shall remember the beautiful parks of Buenos Aires, the handsome mansions with their gardens, and wonder why I did not like it more (you cannot remember a lack). What the lack is, I am not sure; it is in the air, I think, but just what the air here lacks, I do not know. Is it some element, existent in the air of North America and Europe,

that stimulates the soul? Or is it an emanation from the spirit of a more conscious people? Experiencing this atmospheric lack in this part of the world, I am better able to recognize the positive equality of the atmosphere at home. There the air is like phosphorous, and the roar of lions, like vodka or applejack or any primitive drink. Mere existence in it is an adventure, whereas here it is a passive experience. Nevertheless, I am content to preserve my soul in this near vacuum for the present, while the air at home is so dangerously overcharged.

THE ALMOST UNFORGIVABLE SIN

There has been a lack of variety and detachment in my writing since returning to the city. This is because I have not been able to feel sufficiently withdrawn from life here. In cities, the present is always somewhat exaggerated. I am like the historian who lived in the waxwork museum and wrote in the chamber of horrors. We really should have some sanctuary, some ivory tower, some Spanish *mirador* on a roof, from which to see things in their true proportion, people flattened by perspective into the semblance of their own stunted souls. I shall be less pitiless when no longer obliged to live in the midst of these non-thinkers. If, like the *Curé de Lumbres*, I could see into people's souls, see, that is, the forces that shaped them, I would feel more forgiving. You forgive people when you can be sorry for them, that is, when your feeling of superiority, which they have momentarily challenged, is restored. If I could see people as I know them to be, warped by hypnopaedia, haunted by fears, irritated by ambition, asphyxiated by boredom, or numbed by absorbing pettiness, my attitude would be more Christlike, ". . . for they know not what they do." But why not? Why shouldn't people know what they are doing when they

crucify people, or send them to war, or go themselves? Once I heard a man say he would never go deer-hunting again; he had gone once and been horrified by the death agony of the wounded deer. He had supposed that death was always instantaneous and now he felt very righteous and sensitive for having been so shocked. "You fool!" I raged inwardly (for I was too young to speak my thoughts) "Lack of imagination is the same as insensitiveness" Yet people must see things with the physical eye to believe.

FAIR IS SHE, OR THE POET'S IDEAL

A letter from a young man in love. He speaks of his new happiness, his absorption and abstraction, his changed plans (now he means to settle down), his changed ambitions (how could he possibly have considered leaving the country?) (Travel is not for him), and so forth. Finally he speaks of the young woman who is supposedly the cause of so great a metamorphosis — but only to compare her to a fruit. That she really exists there can be no doubt, for letters from other people have mentioned seeing her. Otherwise she would seem a scarcely thought-out dream. Perhaps some description, some inkling of the personality that so absorbs him, will follow in another letter, or perhaps it is as unreasonable to expect it as to expect from an opium-smoker a description of the pill that produces his poetic reverie. I hope to meet this woman some day, because I suspect that she is the Ideal Woman, the inspiration of poets, who, looking at her, perceive their own greatness. If so, I am more or less familiar with her physical appearance, and can imagine that the fruit-comparison is very accurate. But from Lilly to Poe, not one of her admirers has been able to convey to me as clear a notion of her character as I have of the character of an unseen nephew a year old, or my dog of eight months — there must

be some reason for this. Does her beauty so dazzle them that they can see nothing more? Not so with Becky Sharp, Nastasia Filipovna, Dora Copperfield. But perhaps the authors of these ladies did not love them. Is it admiration, then, that makes poets incapable of seeing past the fruit-like exterior? It need not: Charlotte Bronte undoubtedly admired Mr. Rochester and Professor Paul, but manages to make them live in all their attributes, so that there are few people I feel I know better than they. But how different from these Bronte heroes the Ideal Woman must be! The exact opposite, I fancy. Quiet, modest, simple and kind is she, what all our swains adore, and oh! so beautiful! But without enough character to impregnate a letter about herself. Her action is that of a catalyser between a man and his ego. Evidently, masculine poetic genius does not flourish in the presence of a very positive woman.

FEMALE CHARACTERS AND THE MASCULINIST WRITER

For the masculinist writer, psychological problems do not exist where female characters are concerned because these characters always run true to form, and he can attribute to their every reaction some atavistic source. Any humanitarian impulse on the part of a female is "the maternal instinct", and provokes the reflection that every woman is "first of all a mother." Such a writer delights to point out, when one of his mentally arrested heroines is reluctant to avow her love, that "coquetry is an instinct possessed by all the females of the race." He obviously likes to think of this attitude, which so adds to the pleasures of the chase, as a fundamental attribute of the female sex. He fails to realize, apparently, that the attempt to enhance that which you have to sell, and feign indifference to that which you wish to acquire, is the most elementary rule of commerce; and that, if women resort to it more

than men, it is because, in this world of masculine economic supremacy, women are taught to look upon themselves as a commodity while men are not.

THE DANGER OF SOCIAL CONFORMITY

Why people Conform: Many people would be much happier if only life were a game; if, for instance, by scoring 500 you could be a millionaire or a ruler and by being clever or lucky you could avoid death. So they fondly cling to those aspects of Society which resemble games; politics, militarism and social convention. Here, at least, the rewards and penalties are fixed, and progress is in a known direction, on the material plane. Today I will consider social convention in its relation to the public good.

The advantages of conformity. First and last, social convention, by being a set of rules easily memorized, makes it easy for anyone to orient himself in any of the usual situations. For instance, etiquette is a more or less satisfactory substitute for natural graciousness and aplomb. But etiquette is only one of the advantages which social convention confers upon the faithful. More important by far is the criterion of social behaviours, which they all follow, thus eliminating the necessity for personal judgment.

The social conformist fears nothing so much as uncertainty; and the game he lives would be inadequate indeed if it did not supply him with a set of accepted attitudes — I might almost call them beatitudes — of such comfort are they to the weak. There is the accepted attitude towards death, the accepted attitude towards the public disgrace of a friend (how dreadful for the family!), the accepted attitude towards marriage, towards work, illness, farewells and so forth. Whenever possible, the social conformist slides into an accepted attitude as into first base. That is why he is so

happy at funerals and weddings, and "seeings off". But the life of the social conformist is, after all, the life of a chessman or a tiddly-wink and any untoward event may place him in a situation not covered by the rules. There, with no one to guide him, unable to think for himself through lack of custom, he is apt to make a false move, and find himself abandoned by the other tiddly winks. "How dreadful for his family!" they will happily murmur, as they hop and slide about, under pressure. But I am not concerned with the fate of the fallen tiddly-wink: I would modify the strength of social convention because of the tendency of all conventions to displace independent thinking. That is their purpose, to be sure; but I think it is a dangerous thing.

The danger of conformity. I believe there is great danger that, in conforming to social convention, the individual who is latent in each of us will be extinguished; for that is the sacrifice that a conventional society sooner or later exacts. See further into their minds than they can into mine. It is like seeing a friend pass by in the street without calling his attention, or seeing him standing in a doorway while you pass in a bus. It is not exactly like, but the nearest I can describe it, so I shall turn from this subject to consider the second phenomenon. Why should it make us feel guilty to see a friend who does not see us? We were not hiding, we may even have tried in vain to make our presence known, but he did not hear and became lost in the crowd, or else, the traffic bore us away; and so for days the face of our friend, all unaware of us, haunts our thoughts!

The reason must be that our friend looked different somehow from the way he would have looked had he known we were there; hence, we have committed an involuntary indiscretion in presuming on our absence (as it were) to look at him through the eyes of a stranger. Often such a glimpse,

fleeting as it may be, is very revealing. The face, unanimated by conviviality, wears an expression new to us, and possibly never meant for us to see. Though we may have been familiar with our friend's troubles, we had until now no idea he was so sad, or so worried! Or else, through the stranger's borrowed, unprejudiced eyes, we note some peculiarity of appearance or gait that had escaped us hitherto. It makes us indignant to think that strangers might consider our friend ridiculous, at the same time we are ashamed of the wave of protective jealousy this thought inspires, because such an emotion of itself diminishes the dignity of its unconscious object. The balance of exchange and equality on which our relationship is based has been tipped in our favor. Yet we know just how he would act, the pleased and unresentful smile with which he would have greeted us had he suddenly seen us. And this knowledge makes us feel even more disloyal. Finally, we realize that, had we shouted louder or made more of an effort, we could now be talking together, and we would be fully absolved of this load of guilt. Yet, when someone says to us, "I saw you one afternoon in the street, and tried to get your attention," we are not impressed by the confession. It is hard to believe that we too look peculiar, or that we too wear a disguise for our friends and go about revealing our innermost soul to the indifferent crowd!

THE DEUS EX-MACHINA OF THE TEMPLE OF VESTA

Have just obtained an interesting book on the history of magic. The author, a learned Frenchman, considers Napoleon the complement of Christ. While Christ taught people how to die, Napoleon taught them to be victorious. Put them together, and you have "Honor." Now Honor, in the accepted "honor-of-the-husband"-sense, was probably invented by the Romans, who initiated the cult of female virtue. I

quote: "The honor of the virgin is the honor of the mother, and the family can only be sacred in so far as virginal purity shall be recognized as possible and glorious. Here woman rises above her antique servitude to become the guardian of the hearth; it is the honor of the father and of the husband." It must take an intellect more versed in the occult matters than mine to comprehend the mystery whereby the honor of one person is made to reside in the body of another, just as the sins of Israel were transferred to the goat. No doubt this is the true significance of the sacrament of marriage. To continue: "The sacred fire (of the vestals) represented also the love of fatherland and the religion of the home. It is to this religion, to the inviolability of the conjugal sanctuary that Lucrece sacrificed herself. Lucrece personifies all the majesty of ancient Rome . . . It is in memory of this illustrious Roman that the high cult of the fatherland and hearth was entrusted to women, to the exclusion of men — There they told them" (who told them?) "that the woman capable of betraying her husband places the ineffaceable stain of prostitution on her brow. That to cease to love the one to whom she has given the flower of her youth, is the greatest unhappiness that can befall an honest woman, but to declare it openly is to deny her past innocence, the probity of the heart and the integrity of honor: it is the last and most irreparable of all shames." The author does not mention the fact that divorce existed in ancient Rome, though only, of course, at the desire of the husband. It would be absurd to deny that here is a man who really understands the Roman mentality. Therefore, when he says that the concept of female virtue is the idealistic equivalent of patriotism, however obscure the connection may at first appear, we cannot doubt it. A moment's reflection suggests that both of these ideals involve the same kind of honor: an honor that has nothing whatsoever to do with personal integrity.

"My country right or wrong" stems from the same spiritual level as the idea of killing your wife to preserve the honor of the family. According to this system of inverted idealism, women exist only for the honor of the Family, citizens exist only for the honor of the State. Honor has been removed from its natural repository in the individual conscience, to be placed in precarious positions where it must be defended with the sword. As our Roman author truly remarks: "It is to the magic of such a morality that Rome owed all her grandeur, and when marriage ceased to be sacred, decadence was not far off." In this admirer of Napoleon and military supremacy, we have a just interpreter of the psychology of the great Fascist nation of antiquity.

THE MULTIPLE LIFE, AND MORE BITTERS

One of the things I miss most in this land is my former multiple life. When there is no identification with others it is not possible to escape from one's own life by imagining theirs. At home, other lives are both imaginable and mysterious. Buffeted by the 6 o'clock crowds, I could imagine myself to be a factory worker. The elusive pleasure of going somewhere in evening dress made me live, briefly, the life of those who really enjoy night clubs. Passing through an unfamiliar section of the city — particularly if it were snowing — I could imagine what it felt like to live there, and under what circumstances I myself might live there some day. The sight of a wooden villa on a cliff overlooking the Jersey Flats would suggest the life of someone who should grow up in such a house lulled and disquieted by the mournful trains. In fact, any railroad journey could supply a succession of

imagined lives, although one was usually sufficient to entertain me for the trip. Here, I can imagine no other life but the one I lead. I cannot imagine how it feels to be a South American any more than I can how it feels to be a canary (in a cage, not minding); and besides, most lives here are no more mysterious or varied than a canary's. This sameness and lack of mystery about South American life is reflected in a general lack of curiosity. People stare at others out of boredom, or from the most superficial physical curiosity only. At home, people that I see often fill me with curiosity, and I look at them; but if they see me, I look elsewhere. I do not wish them to know my interest in their mystery. If I see someone thus furtively looking at me, I am filled with an agreeable self-consciousness which is an expansion of the self. I wonder which of my multiple existences is suggested to the observer at the moment. But the blank stare of South Americans has the opposite effect; it denies any existence to the self. It is the unabashed stare of someone looking at some inanimate object through a plate-glass window.

If I am a window to strangers (and so, of course, is everyone else) to acquaintances I am a listening-machine. My interest in their past adventures, daily life and plans for the future (even if not in their political opinions) is unflagging. I draw them out; at intervals I make appropriate exclamations, I listen so hard, I get tired. Will they listen to me? No indeed. They haven't the slightest curiosity about me, or about anything I have to say. If I pinned them down by the ears and shouted the most sensational circumstance of my life at them, I might hope to hold their attention. But it would certainly never occur to them to draw me out! They are not interested in North America either, save as a military machine to make Europe safe for them (if they are Europeans) or as the present abiding place of a relative. Besides, they consider the movies

a more reliable source of information than I, and obviously question anything I say. I sympathize more and more with Ivan the Terrible, who ran his sword through the foot of the inattentive French ambassador, fixing him to the door, — and exclaimed: "Now you will *have* to pay attention to me!"

RETRO-INCARNATION

If I am to accept the theory of reincarnation, it is only on the condition that it is possible to go backwards as well as forwards. That is, that one may be reincarnated in the past as well as in the future. . . For some reason, the future of the world does not attract me nearly so much as the past. I am not really interested in scientific progress, except as it helps to make the present more tolerable. I think of the next few centuries as a more efficient, and I hope, more enlightened version of the 20th, but not more picturesque or exciting. I think I may already have lived then, just as theosophists would say I have lived in a period previous to this one. That would explain why I find the present so colorless and functional on the one hand, so backward in ideas on the other. Now, the occultists say that past, present and future are co-existent in the "Eternal Present." It is only necessary to get outside time and space in order to see into the past or the future, just as we, from our great time-space distance, can see stars that perished millions of years ago. Well, if anything is able to get outside of space and time, it should be the soul, or consciousness, whatever the substance capable of transmigration may be. Of course, if one is to be reincarnated in the past, it must be in a body that already exists there. The number of people who have lived is fixed. You cannot change

the past, even to the extent of adding a single person, however obscure, to the crowds of the French Revolution, a single uninvited guest to Belshazar's Feast. But one of the people who was there may have been you; so shouldn't it be possible to be born again as that one? Is it not conceivable that, if the soul exists, it may have various bodies that serve it as pied-a-terres in various centuries of human history, past and future, and can fly back and forth from one to the other? I have never heard this pleasant version of the ulterior fate of the soul. Let it be my contribution to the list of undemonstrable theories on this subject.

THE ROLE OF WOMAN

Because the usual role of the female in sexual intercourse may be considered "passive" men argue that women should be passive in everything. Women might have countered by pointing out that their role in actual generation may well be considered "active" while the masculine role — had it only been discovered sooner — is secondary and even dispensable altogether. Because, as civilized upright-walking bipeds in a transitional stage of evolution, female human beings give birth with more difficulty than quadrupeds in their natural state, men suggest that they had somehow incurred God's wrath. All of these concepts, even if not always believed by women, have served to justify men to themselves and to each other, surrounding them with an atmosphere of righteous superiority that acted upon the ego like the food that makes an ordinary bee, a queen. After a while it was no longer necessary to invoke divine origin to uphold a situation already imposed. Any argument would do. Napoleon was satisfied that women were inferior, because, as he said: "they give us children, we do not give them children." In the United States women were denied equality before the law on the

grounds that voting would remove them one day a year from their homes, and that they might faint at the polls.

HUMAN BEINGS AND OTHERS

Lately sombre days, irritation and discouragement have kept me from writing. It takes a special talent like Jeremiah's to make pure invective interesting, either to read or to write. But today is pleasant again, and I feel lightly speculative. It has just occurred to me that the classification of animals according to the number of feet is not very satisfactory. If human beings are bipeds, so are kangaroos, but what are monkeys, whose forepaws serve both as hands and feet? . . . Surely the foremost limbs of a praying mantis are arms, not legs, and therefore terminate in hands, (whoever heard of an arm terminating in a foot?). Hence the praying mantis is a quadruped, and not a sextopede, so previously supposed, while crabs and scorpions are sextopedes, not octopeds. Neither is there a satisfactory way to refer to non-human animals. "Dumb animals" is obviously not applicable when some human beings are dumb, while some birds can speak not only their own language, but ours. "The lower animals" sounds too haughty. Some say "unreasoning animals", on the grounds that human beings are reasoning animals, therefore all must be capable of reasoning; but this is too far-fetched and it would be just as sensible to call elephants "waltzing animals" or kangaroos "boxing animals." Some maintain that human beings have souls, others not; but to speak of "soulless animals" raises a theological issue. Nor yet do any of the designations for human beings seem to me very satisfactory. "Human beings" is too awkward (imagine always having to call dogs "canine beings"! "Man" is ambiguous, since it refers particularly to one sex, "Mankind" is too pretentious and literary. "Homo sapiens" is too scientific, and

hardly anyone knows the plural. There should be some name that takes into consideration our condition of being animals, and at the same time distinguishes us from the others. For instance, if it were not for the kangaroo (who keeps leaping into this digression) you might say that human beings were featherless bipeds. If it were not for lions, you might call them the king of beasts. If it were not for Mexican hairless dogs, you might call them bare, tufted animals. If it were not for penguins, you might call them upright animals. If it were not for ants and rats, you might call them warring animals; if it were not for locusts and termites, you might call them devastating animals. No, there is no way to differentiate the most peculiar of all animals, the mammal-that-behaves-like-a-group-insect, from the rest. My only suggestion is historic animals, because they alone keep records of their misdeeds.

PATIENCE

Patience is the virtue which is most frequently urged upon others, either as a cheap and ready-made form of consolation, or else with the design of forestalling revolt. Women were always taught patience; men were not. In an age when men were admired for hot-headedness (and do not suppose I admire this quality either), women were prized for their ability to do fine embroidery. A woman who could spend the day embroidering in knotty silk, would put up with any amount of hot-headedness from father or spouse. Even today, women are far too patient. It is a great pity so many of them can knit. Anyone who can willfully destroy a whole day's work because of some trifling mistake, does not put sufficient value upon her time, and is capable of spending it in menial and unrewarding labor. Patience would teach us to accept things as they are. It makes excuses for the world; points out that civilization is still young compared to the human

race; suggests that in a few more centuries things will be better. But I say that if everyone were patient, things would not be better in a hundred centuries. Reforms are brought about by people who are impatient (and while everyone jeers at reformers, they are grateful enough for the reforms of the past). This promise of a better day with which patience tempts us to accept and so further the evils of this day, brings me to another aspect of the subject. All pains can be endured, in the hope of an adequate reward — thus it will often be found that a person's patience is in direct proportion to the magnificence of the reward he expects; and what reward is so dazzling as revenge? The patience of the vengeful is truly wonderful. The patience of the vengeful endureth all things. It becomes a dog; it crouches in humility; it waits and waits, but all the time it has a bone to gnaw, and what ecstasy it is to wait, crunching the bone, but planning the bite! The bone is not always visible — only the patience. The child in school, enduring the stupid taunts of his schoolmates, and applying himself patiently to his studies, thinks: "They will be sorry for this when I am famous." That is his bone.

The wife who remains with her insufferable husband, enjoys the spectacle of her own patience. That is her bone, and she gnaws it in the hope of being avenged by public opinion; that will be the bite. . . . When the hope of Heaven is insufficient, a glimpse of the abyss that yawns for our mockers and oppressors is capable of inspiring great patience. The final Judgment, if it is the most terrifying, is also the most gratifying scene ever devised by human imagination. I mistrust the counsels of patience. I also mistrust too patient people. I know that patience would make me more tolerant, it would save me from ridiculous and ineffectual outbursts. But what would it give me in return for my occasional tantrums and near despair? What would be the reward of my

abject dignity? A lovely bone to gnaw (supreme consolation!) the thought of getting even with everyone, some day!

ENTYMOLOGICAL REFLECTIONS

On gray days I like to think about the country. Some day I shall have a bare country room where I can write without too many distractions — the view screened by vines, maybe (every window in the country has a view, though people do not consider it one unless it includes distance). I like light that comes through leaves, and do not mind an occasional spider on the ceiling. Spiders should be an inspiration to writers because they spin endlessly out of themselves. Few realize that they can at will spin thick or thin, plain or sticky. The sticky webs catch more flies, but here I refuse, as a writer, to follow the spider's tacit advice. I only hope I will never have to come around begging for a fly! Still, I think a spider would be more generous than an ant. The ants' highly organized society has little place for such inefficient emotions as generosity or pity, — little tolerance for art.

Anyone but a Moralist would have told that improvident grasshopper that he was knocking on the wrong door. Naturally the ant looked down on the grasshopper, considering him a useless drone. What was his contribution to Society? Only song; and a truly efficient society has no need for music. The citizen is so happily conditioned to her role of worker, warrior, or mother-of-the-race that the words "self-expression," "distraction", "recreation" have no meaning. As for the word "creativity", why, all ant citizens are creative. Their creation is the State. Sometimes, when I see an ant run along, her antennae waving, then stop, then start, off on a new track, I think she must be tuned in on an Official Station, broadcasting orders. All day long, I imagine, she receives orders ("Proceed at once to middle of the road; dead caterpillar."). But

at night, whether in a waking or a somnolent state, I could not say, she hears (of this I am certain) a tiny voice saying "We cannot all be heroines and lay down our lives for the State, but each and everyone of us has a Sacred Duty to perform, which is just as essential. Whether making the Supreme Sacrifice in distant lands to protect our Home, or toiling to supply our Great Nation with food, bringing forth or rearing future warriors, workers, and breeders, each contributes her grain of sand to the Gigantic Structure which stands as a guarantee to our friends and a warning to our enemies. Every citizen, unmindful of self . . .", and so on. Now the grasshopper, not being a citizen anywhere, lacks the advantage of being permanently tuned in on an Official Station. That is why his leaps are what the Ant would call "random" — that is, he goes where he likes. He knows no frontiers; his song is for the world, and singing takes up all his time. For him, there is no social security, therefore, when winter comes, he must die, or seek some warmer clime. Poor wretch! The citizen-ant might almost feel sorry for him, if her brain were not so full of tubes and wires.

TWILIGHT NOTE

Sporadic stillnesses rise from the trees and the ground, as the noises of the summer day are withdrawn one by one. The cicada's voice died away with the fires of noon; but the grasshoppers kept on until a section of crickets began under their feet. The birds were reluctant to go, and the frogs waited anxiously, their eyes floating like bubbles. The stillness grows and lengthens, pointed by the silent flight of bats. After a moment, the last, most indefatigable bird tries his note at the top of a tree. The question in his voice is purely rhetorical, and receives no answer.

THE SATISFACTION OF CREATION

One of the compensations for being an adult at Christmas time is in trimming the tree. When I was a child, the Tree used to burst upon my sight in all its glory on Christmas morning, having been trimmed by others while I attempted to sleep. I did not wish it otherwise. It would to me have been a lessening of the miracle to have had a hand in it myself. The colors, the sparkle, the tinkle, the smell of the Tree, still affect me just as they did then; but now, when I trim a Christmas Tree, I also enjoy creating an effect and admiring my creation; and by this I know I am an adult, for these are adult pleasures. . . A child creates constantly, but not for effect. Children usually lose interest in their creations, once they are finished. They do not go back over their past work. When they show you a drawing, it is not so much to show how well they can draw, as to make you share the reality the drawing represents. The drawings of children, like their toys and games, are a dream-reality. Children are as apt to tell you endlessly about a game they have played as they are to show you the pictures they have painted; they do not look upon the latter as "art" any more than the former. It would not, I think, occur to a child to give an exhibition of his or her work, except in imitation of his or her elders. When children do sometimes pin their drawings to the walls of their room, the purpose is not to decorate but rather like the purpose of Egyptian tomb paintings, which were meant to supply the dead king's double with the doubles of the things depicted (thus, instead of burying with the king his slaves, horses, and bows, that his double might be waited upon and go hunting, the slaves, horses, and all his accoutrement were painted on the walls). The object of children's paintings also is to create the reality of another life. As they paint or draw, they experience a certain adventure, and when they show the finished

work to someone, they experience it again. Then it usually is cast aside and a new adventure begun.

BACKGROUND-NOISES

We do not realize how much background-noises are a part of our subconscious until we move to surroundings of more or less noisiness. The absence of accustomed noises can be as disturbing as the presence of unaccustomed ones. City people in the country are often kept awake by the "silence", although, of course, night in the country is only relatively silent. The modern tendency is toward louder and louder background-noises and this is made possible by the radio. When the broadcasting stations realize how many of their programs are turned on, not to listen to but simply to occupy the auditory sense and impede thought, they will be able to effect a great economy. Hill Billy orchestras, diurnal swing bands, and radio preachers could, I feel sure, be replaced by sound effects without causing the slightest reduction of the number of hearers. If you turn them off, however, a whole restaurant full of people will look up, jaws arrested in the middle of a chew, and gaze bewildered around. If you simply turn them down, the next waiter to skid by turns them up again. I am no lover of picnics, unless the spot is selected in advance; yet when I travel by motor, I take along a package of sandwiches and eat them in luxurious silence, sitting on a fence, because I have discovered that roadside restaurants are nothing but decibel dens. Even if they are quiet when I go in, and I am the only customer, the proprietor considerably slips a nickel in the Wurlitzer and the whole building begins to throb with some popular tune that is too loud even to distinguish. A friend of ours suggested once that the record-playing machines in restaurants be equipped with one blank record so that those few customers who do not have what I call

"amplifier deafness" could ensure themselves five minutes of silence for five cents. He even suggested that they would be willing to pay a dime for such respite, thirty cents extra for an unvibrated meal. How costly it is to be out of step with the times!

AFTERNOON THOUGHTS

It is that graceless time of year when afternoons prolong themselves until eight o'clock without a suggestion of twilight. I should, I suppose, make some use of the extra hours of daylight; but after five o'clock my thoughts are no longer daylight thoughts and so I feel as aimless as one who arrives somewhere too early. Human beings and cats are, so far as I know, the only animals who enjoy both the day and the night. All the rest seem to be divided into two watches. While some are stretching, others are curling up. While the birds are arranging themselves in their roosting trees, the bats are swinging out from theirs on little invisible trapezes. I have heard — though perhaps not on unimpeachable authority — that owls, prairie dogs and rattlesnakes sometimes share the same burrow in a sort of Box and Cox arrangement, the owl having it all to himself in the daytime. When unable to summon sleep, I like to think about sleeping wild animals; deer folded upon the ground, their antlers reversed. When I am sleepless in the country, however, unless the weather is too cold, I get up and go for a walk; but I have never encountered a sleeping animal. The cows always seem to be awake and chewing, even though they may be lying down. . . . If asked whether I preferred day time or night time, I should have to say that I prefer dawn and twilight, and that of these I like dawn best. The two or three hours, the first thinning out of the darkness until the sun is clear of the ground, are the most magical of the twenty-four, just as the early afternoon hours are the least.

THE NEW ARK

The gypsies have some good ideas. Realizing that the Earth belongs to God, or Nature, or the Solar System, — but certainly not to men, — they refuse to pay any man for letting them stay on it. Since, if you remain twenty-four hours in any one place, someone is sure to rush up with a bill, they are forced to keep moving all the time.

ANOTHER ARK

If I felt that there were real danger of the North American Continent being destroyed, I would build an ark, and put on it two porcupines, two racoons, two moose, two bison, etc., also the complete works of Poe, Whitman, Melville, the writings of Franklin, Jefferson, Paine and Anthony, the History of Woman Suffrage, and some modern books of poetry and prose; also many paintings (all of father's), antique furniture, books and prints. I would also try to save an old New Hampshire farm, an old Pennsylvania house made of stone, a Southern plantation house and a Victorian mansion from Connecticut. I would do this on my own initiative, and I would decide what should go on the new ark. There would be no room for little children (there are plenty of these and they are much the same everywhere) nor, I fear, anyone besides my immediate family, Samuel and his, and a few enlightened souls who feel as we do. There would, naturally, be room for me. Our ark would fly no flag, but a white dove, and we would sail toward that shore where peace shall be first declared. We would carry no passports — in fact, the government of the United States would certainly not authorize this trip, which does not fit into the "Defense" program. But we would have saved (besides ourselves and the wild life) those characteristics of a civilization which cannot be defended or imposed by the sword, and which alone are worth saving.

GLOOMY VIEW OF THE FUTURE

In our reading of Oparin's volume, "Origin of Life," this morning, we made the dizzying leap from colloidal particles of protoplasm floating on the primeval ocean, to lowly but organized beings, not so great a leap, of course, as from Van Helmont's grains of wheat in the sweaty shirt, to live mice, but incomprehensible to us just the same. All I seem to understand is that the first cell represented a loss of identity for a number of simpler creatures, and this is a sad thought, suggesting that even from the beginning, the individual was sacrificed to progress. And will this terrible organization go on and on, until human beings exist only as functions of the State? Contemporary history points to that end, and when all of us have become mere filaments, depending from the governing body (and divided, probably, into gonoids, gastroids and dactyloids, or workers and warriors), and when one such macroorganism has finally succeeded in destroying and absorbing all others, what future step remains? Only, I hope, the breaking up and return to the original protein solution.

THINKING OF A HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY

I have spent half an hour drawing an old New Hampshire house such as I should like to have some day. There are several kinds of old American houses that would satisfy me, and Oh! I would not spend time and money spoiling them as most people do who have an old house, adding and improving until it looks like a cover of "House Beautiful" and its own ghosts wouldn't know it. I am no purist in the matter of style, but when I have an old New England farm house, I shall not want any garden but a clump of tiger-lilies or phlox, nor any lawn but rocky pasture, and for shrubs only a prickly juniper bush. I much prefer oil lamps, even smoky

ones, to electricity, and well-water to "city" water, and a well-kept privy to a toilet that must be spared. For me there is no comparison between ice-cubes and natural ice cut out of a lake in winter and stored in ice-houses. I like my drinks with sawdust. The only anachronism in our house will be a piano, because I fear S. would not care for a foot-organ or even a pianolo. When winter comes, it will be loaded onto an ox-cart and stored in the village, unless we live there all winter, and nothing would please me more! A winter in Northern New England in such an old house is to my mind closer to reality than the fantastic life of the slums. When people speak of "reality" or "life", they nearly always think of some nightmarish aspect of modern civilization. Those of us who flee to the country are accused of "escaping from reality," but that is what their civilization is doing. We are escaping from their Escape.

PRIMITIVE EFFICIENCY

What I wrote this morning was not sufficient unto the day. The only other thought I have had today I have been unable to think how to express. It has to do with living the simple life in the country without modern conveniences. It has something to do also with the economy of country people, but still more with the rhythm of their work, without which it would be impossible to keep such long hours. Heaven knows I do not want to get up at four and devote the entire day to physical exertions, but when I live in the country in an "improved" old house, I shall try to achieve what I call "primitive efficiency". At night you bank the fire and leave a kettle full of water on the stove. In the morning, a fire is quickly started with the embers, the water is still warm and can be quickly boiled. Food cooks itself all day on a wood stove or in a wall-oven; dishes dry themselves in racks in the

spacious kitchen (only in cramped city kitchens must everything be wiped and put away.) Country people save so much time by such methods that they are forced to look about for something to do, like frying fat or drying rags or putting up a hundred and fifty jars of pickles. . . A country kitchen is not functional according to engineering standards, but then, it is not a place exclusively devoted to cooking. It is also a place for dining, entertaining, and native industries. It has a fine view. Our kitchen will probably contain, in winter, a piano and a writing desk. The primitive efficiency of which I speak without being able to define it, permits going from one activity to another; it is a kind of calm practicality; it makes use of simple instruments, and abundant space. It is quite different from the efficiency of an office or even a well-run city home. It is unhurried yet leaves time for other things; those who work in this way do not seem to lose their souls.

GALL AND BRIMSTONE: ETIQUETTE DIVISION

This fruit is three times bitter: poisonous, wormy and unripe. . .

People are so used to being paid in false coin (the only universal monetary unit) that they will accept no other; so many women prefer the mock and mocking respect that social custom accords them, to equality. So ingrained are certain attitudes, that only I am conscious of them. The male who refuses to sit in the presence of a standing female insists, even against her will, in whipping out his bill-fold and paying for everything and blows out the match if she attempts to light her own cigarette (yes, this once happened to me!) — is unaware of the profound contempt on which these actions are based, just as he is unaware of intercellular breathing so much is it a part of his nature. If I try to point it out to him, he protests that, on the contrary, he has only

the greatest respect for all women, and when I ask why, it develops that such "respect" depends on the supposed existence of characteristics which he certainly does not desire and would not respect in himself. It is, in fact, a sort of *noblesse oblige*. It is plain that if any woman showed the same sort of "respect" to him, demonstrated in the same way, he would be deeply offended. Yet unthinking women — and these are as many as unthinking men — bask in this unflattering light and would consider a young man ill-bred who credited them with enough pride to want to pay for their own drinks or enough physical strength to spare on lighting their own cigarettes. So an Indian, paid in bright beads for land that is his birth-right, lives the rest of his life dependent on the white men, counting his beads, and satisfied with the bargain.

LOSING ONE'S SOUL

When I speak of losing one's soul, it is with no theological significance. I think of the soul as something that can be momentarily lost through a degrading, depressing experience, and permanently lost by prolonged exposure to boredom or an uncongenial way of life. I take the liberty of using the word in this sense because no one has yet determined the exact shape or function of the soul (if it exists at all) and because I am often conscious of the absence of something which is not my mind.

PEACE PLAN

In this hypno-poedic world, if it is to continue as such (and few really wish to change it), there is only one way to avoid war (provided anyone wants to!), and that is — do not laugh — complete disarmament. The idea of enforcing peace by arms is an obvious contradiction in terms. The reason

that all World Courts and League of Nations have failed, hitherto, is that they did not contain enough representatives of the "People", but only economists whom nobody trusted or respected because they suffered under the dreadful suspicion of being "idealistic". Very well, then, have a world court containing a majority of the proletariat. Have every country report on its consumption of metals and other possible war materials. Have an international committee constantly inspecting every country, and, at the first sign of war preparations anywhere, that government, president, prime minister etc., shall be arrested and turned over for trial to the people's authorities of their own country! If *they* are not responsible for plotting against world order and the safety of their co-citizens, let them say *who is*, and perhaps get off with a light sentence — ten years or so — for incompetence and complacency in office. It is time the heads of governments were made to assume the responsibility they are always talking about: then, perhaps, fewer irresponsible war-mongers would compete for the honor.

THE NEGRO "PROBLEM"

There are millions of negroes in the United States who, although they have theoretically the same rights as other citizens and certainly pay taxes at the same rate, are not accepted on the same footing with whites, and have far less opportunity for advancement than foreigners. Nevertheless, nearly all American negroes have some white blood. A certain amount of fusion is inevitable, and since all human races belong to the same species, the product of a negro and a white is not sterile, and if the children combine with negroes, the white strain is attenuated — this is understandable, but here is the rub; the known possession of one negro grand-parent is considered sufficient to classify a person as a negro! The result of

this curious point of view is that the "negroes" steadily increase in number, at the expense of the whites until some day there will be so many that it will no longer be possible to treat them as a disfranchized minority. . . Leaving aside the question of the possible superiority of one race over another, is it reasonable to suppose that a person, one of whose parents, much less grandparents, happened to be a negro, will willingly accept the economic disadvantages and social discrimination that are the negro's lot in America? No, it isn't. Of course, such people may not know that they are half white, because under the present system of masculine white supremacy, a mulatto is usually the "illicit" child of a white man and a poor negro woman, and therefore is brought up by the mother as a negro. If the mother were white, it might be brought up as a white, and unless negro physical characteristics were very pronounced, live as a white.

ON BEING TOO GRATEFUL (1)

I feel moist and should like to spend the day on a terrace overlooking the Potomac River, sipping mint juleps and occasionally pausing to eat a fresh soda-biscuit. But since this is out of the question, I am at least grateful for not being in Buenos Aires. On the whole, however, this being grateful for the things as they are seems to be a niggardly attitude towards fate. People often point out to those who complain about anything that things could be worse, that they still have the use of their limbs and a roof over their heads. This is like overwhelming a millionaire with thanks because he doesn't kick you or run over you. Are we to assume that we are only here on sufferance? Are we to consider the beauty and tranquility of nature the abundance of the earth's fruits, the joy of perfect health and not resent it when these things are beyond our reach?

It is my thought that too much patience and humility suggest Uriah Heap and do not placate Providence in the least. Job should have rebelled sooner.

ON BEING TOO GRATEFUL (2)

"Count your blessings one by one and it will surprise you what the Lord has done"

No doubt, and I probably don't do it often enough, but I refuse to count purely negative blessings like not being dead, bedridden or destitute. For one thing, it seems perfectly natural to be alive, ambulatory and solvent. Perhaps someone who has been saved from death in a very dramatic way can be grateful just for being alive, but I daresay in a week or two he would complain just as bitterly as anyone else over a sty or a toothache. Human nature is like a spring that, however long it may have been pressed down, immediately accustoms itself to its full height. People who have known extreme poverty rapidly grow as used to extreme wealth as though it had always been theirs — the silver spoon fits into nearly any mouth. . . But while it is easy to forget the miseries you have known and impossible to imagine anything worse than you have known, how easy it is to imagine something better; and not only imagine it but actually miss it, as though you had been deprived of something that was yours by long custom! Seeing this, I can only conclude that hardship and privation, however common, are abnormal for mankind, that our natural, intended condition is one of comfort, possessions and affection.

CURIOSITY

Everyone is convinced that he or she is frank and outspoken, a good friend, prefers quality to quantity and has a sense of humor. I have yet to hear a person characterize him

or herself as subtle-tongued, insincere, unselective or humorless. In the same way every nation prides itself on being hospitable to foreigners, though actually only those that live off the tourist trade are. As for the people of a country being hospitable, that depends entirely on the degree of curiosity in the national character. Where there is no curiosity there is no real interest in other people and hospitality degenerates into mere display on the part of those who can afford it. Curiosity is an underrated virtue: its absence produces an effect of being only half alive. A person who does not feel the slightest desire to know about the background and past struggles or triumphs of his friends does not really care for them, but only enjoys their company the way a cat likes someone — anyone — to scratch its ear. It is natural for our imagination to explore our friends, searching into their childhood, their future, and their present mind. In this way we draw them to us. We wonder what there is about us that first attracted them and are curious about the set of circumstances that led to our meeting. We speculate about their doings in our absence. If they are foreigners we wish to know how their country differs from ours, and what was their education. If we are foreigners, we try to picture them in our country and wonder how they would like it. The non-curious person does none of these things but uses others only as reflectors and sounding boards or, at the most, to make a buzz in the house.

TRUTHFULNESS AND THE PSYCHOPATHIC LIAR

Old-fashioned moralists felt satisfied when they had determined whether a child were "truthful" or "untruthful". They would have dismissed as irrelevant such queries as: "Why are some children untruthful?" and "What are the inducements to telling only the truth?" To them, all lies were inspired by the Father of All Lies and children who were

untruthful were simply those who had less concern for their immortal souls.

Now we recognize two kinds of untruthfulness: the occasional or sporadic, and the habitual or narrative.

An occasional lie may be caused by the desire to evade punishment, prying or some disagreeable obligation, or to disillusion a doting elder. In other words, the causes for this type of lie are circumstantial, and adults allow themselves so much latitude in its use that it is sometimes difficult for them to insist upon unflinching truthfulness that should concern us, since it represents a real danger to the personality. The habitually lying child who takes pain not to be found out, is, of course, aware of his untruthfulness. He will probably cause more harm to others than to himself. Parents who have political ambitions for their children should not discourage the practice.

Let us consider first what are the inducements to telling the truth: When I was ten, I had a friend and contemporary who held us all enthralled one afternoon in the park, telling about a summer she spent with her parents in a rented house. A pony went with the lease — a black and white circus one, with a red saddle and she rode it all summer through the surrounding woodland. The next afternoon she admitted that the pony was her own invention. Now this child was not really a liar. She had merely enjoyed using her imagination and fooling us all and to tell us afterward that she had done so was part of the game. But children, like the old-fashioned moralist, draw too uncompromising a line and I remember that afterward we became wary of everything she said. You see, I believe that truthfulness in children is instinctive and comes from a sense of reality. When I was a child, in common with other children, I lived partly in a dream world. But I never confused it with the real world, the difference was too

patent. Reality had its own, much lower standards of the marvelous. For instance, a party at which a magician pulled a rabbit from his hat constituted an adventure, in real life; but in the dream of life, a party might be attended by any number of witches and all sorts of animals who might perhaps converse. Yet only the real adventure was suitable for boasting about to friends. (Reality had its own uses and this was one of them). When we listened with admiration and envy to our friend's account of the black and white circus pony, we supposed it to be true and judged it by the lower standard of the marvelous which must be applied to the real adventures of our friends, to make them interesting. So we felt we had been imposed upon. This girl's ability to blend reality and the ideal so skillfully, filled us with mistrust, because we did not wish to be deceived again. The only way our real adventures can compare favorably with imagined ones is by being real, and most autobiographical conversation where there is no strict regard for truth is as dull as a game without rules. To be unable to trust the veracity of other people diminishes our pleasure in their recitals but it can have a much graver effect, especially upon children, who discover that they have been deceived by an adult in some matter of importance: it can destroy their sense of security in the real world. So we tell the truth to set up a standard which we hope others will respect. We do not lie, in order not to be lied to.

To be disbelieved, also, is a threat to our sense of security. When as a child, I was disbelieved by my companions, I only felt very angry and impotent, but if my words had ever met with incredulity from my family I think my real world—the dull but safe, would have been at least momentarily shattered. So I think we tell the truth in order to be believed.

Three inducements to truth telling, then, are the instinc-

tive sense of reality, the desire to be believed and the desire not to be lied to. None of these has much to do with moral consideration, and it will be readily seen that a child who is habitually lied to or habitually disbelieved will probably not have the same regard for truth as one in whom truth has been more completely stabilized. As the instinctive sense of reality surrounding life is for some reason unacceptable, too disciplined and dull, or too insecure—the imaginative life may be drawn into play, truth and falsehood weaving in and out of the consciousness so that one is no longer distinguished from the other. This leads to the kind of habitual lying which is a danger to the personality for it is an unconsciously formed habit, not easily overcome. When such a child becomes an adult what the products of his imagination lose in richness and fantasy, they gain in versimilitude. He lives in a heightened reality only a little more dramatic or pathetic than real life. He believes his fabrication and so do his hearers until some circumstance betrays him. When confronted with his untruthfulness he feels no shame for the deception included himself. He is only momentarily confused and disconcerted like a person who has fallen asleep in public place and suddenly wakes up. And he will go right on lying even to people who can no longer believe him: He is of course what is known as a psychopathic liar. I think parents should be careful to see that their children have at least the normal inducements to telling the truth.

GEOLOGICAL REFLECTION

There may have been periods in the Earth's history when the inner commotion was suspended, and there was nothing on the surface — nothing but the jellied ocean. Though life seemed far away, then, actually those changes were taking place in the slime which have led to an outer turmoil greater

than the inner. Now craters are dug downwards, and the surface is pitted and tunnelled like a wormy fruit. The angry ball whirls and whirls, but the creatures it engendered cling to it with sticky feet, and laugh, in their superior destructiveness, when a feeble volcano annihilates a village, and circles the world with harmless dust.

THE UNQUIET MIND

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage" — nor even an adequate refuge. For the mind, paradoxical substance, penetrates the stone walls, and batters itself against a stranger's passing thought. If it is so penetrating, let it penetrate the mind of others: or, if it is so sensitive, let it remain forever in its shell! But no, it must constantly spend itself in futile excursions. It cannot remain in its own shell, but other shells are proof against it: other minds are unaware. Build up the walls, and reinforce the iron bars! The torpid body is willing enough to stay at home; but the unquiet mind can never be contained, can never be safe.

THE CELLAR

For several days inspiration has avoided me, so I shall return to Tarnhelm to rake among dead leaves, and poke among oily lamp chimneys. The lamps not in use, stand on a shelf above the cellar stairs, and a cold damp smell invites me to explore the cellar itself. . . The floor is earth, the walls loose stone. Near the base of the chimney several barrels stand stolidly, and the addresses on old crates recall forgotten voyages, for the cellar, like the attic, is dedicated to the Eternal Present. Jars of jelly recently brought here, beneath the reach of frost, will preserve the color and flavor of the autumn. Wines of many vintages lie side by side with bulbs of plants yet to flower.

The cellar is emptier than the attic, which preserves the fleeting fashions of the past. The cellar is for distillations, essences, and roots. The cellar is a sunken cathedral; the light from its small window high in the wall is filtered through green plants in summer, and in winter stopped by snow. Only now in the autumn, does a beam from the cold sky enter and fall aslant a spiderweb.

But the churchly chill and bareness of the cellar discomfort me; and while I acknowledge the greater value of its treasures, I feel more at home among feather boas and paper-backed novels, in the attic.

LORDS OF THE MANOR

My pleasure in visiting country homes, especially those with considerable grounds, has often been spoiled by the peculiar attitude of the owners of such establishments, which I can best describe by calling it "the Lord of the Manor Complex." City bred people who have recently acquired property in the country are particularly liable to this mental aberration, it seems. That they should change their interests, and their mode of dress, is only to be expected; but why must they become so utterly savage about trespassers and rabbits, who may have been there first, after all? People who, in the tender-hearted city would have qualms of conscience about betraying a stray cat to the S.P.C.A. no sooner become land-owners than they seize a gun and go about shooting rabbits, starlings and crows. People who have for years enjoyed the parks, public libraries and other democratic institutions of a large city, become positively feudal in defending their property, and putting up ugly fences. I suspect they would gladly set man traps and cut off the ears of anyone caught stealing firewood on their land. Naturally, no one likes to have his or her trees destroyed, or grounds strewn with refuse; but the

only solution to this problem is not to have property near a highroad. Had I any land, I would try to prevent shooting on it — not because I would feel any exclusive right to kill the animals and birds that may live there myself. I should never try to keep people from walking through the woods that may be mine by law, at any time.

As I say, nearly every visit of mine with friends who have a lovely country place has been marred by some unpleasantness. Once I walked with a Lady of the Manor around the circumference of her small estate, and she flew into a rage horrible to see, because some children were sitting on the wall. Again, I saw her jumping up and down in a transport of fury on some ants that were streaming across the garden path; a shockingly undignified sight! Flower gardens and lawns seem to bring out the worst in people, making them as fiercely protective as a grizzly bear with young. I have even heard of otherwise kindly people who hid little guillotines in the earth to decapitate the sightless mole! The possessor of a fine lawn is as blind as a mole to the attractions of dandelions. Gardeners, I have observed, are outraged by the sight of some flower which to the city dweller seems as good as any other. "When you have a garden," they will say, "you will hate that weed as much as I do." I hope not!

Nature loving trigger-men have told me, again and again, that you must choose between a garden and rabbits. I do not believe this; but if it were true, I would choose rabbits — the over-curious wild ones, who come prying right up to the back door, then turn and flee away to pant in terror under a hedge. If there is no garden, they will have to make out with violets in the spring, daisies, dandelions and Queen Anne's lace in summer, asters and columbine in the Fall.

The Lady's Library

OR

What Every Girl Should Know

THE RECENT avalanche of books and magazine articles for the instruction of young women in the various branches of behaviour (1), is not a new phenomenon, but an interesting revival. It should draw attention to a department of *belles lettres* long and unaccountably neglected by our critics, namely:



THE REAR GUARD OF CONSERVATISM

(1) "Live alone and like it," "Nice girls don't swear," etc., etc.

Who were the writers who for centuries have poured the brew of their wisdom and biases into the female ear? What impulse was theirs? What reward? And what success? If they succeeded in molding our ancestresses, can they have failed to affect us?

A great many of them were ministers, but others gave no credentials whatsoever. Some, such as William Kendrick, and probably Richard Steele, preferred the gentle anonymity of "A lady". Some actually were women. They represent, for the most part, the rear guard of conservatism, but here and there the slow seepage of progressive thought is apparent. In 1623, for instance, Richard Allestree in "The Lady's Calling" argued that the inferiority of women was partly due to lack of educational opportunity; and in 1714 (Richard Steele?) thought that ladies of property should learn something of business methods and the laws; and in 1814 the Reverend James Fordyce saw "No reason for disclaiming against dancing (in private circles with older people present)", and thought that daughters had the right to refuse a husband of their parents' choosing, backing up the latter contention by pointing out the permanent character of Christian marriage, as contrasted with the Old Testament variety.

Who paid for the countless volumes of guidance for young girls which have appeared in the past two hundred years? the thoughtful student will ask next. Internal evidence suggests that parents and guardians did, and not the eventual consumer. Indeed, it is probable that no young lady ever bought a book of guidance for herself. Witness the preface to an American work (2) published in 1809 by subscription, wherein the author explains that he wrote the book at the request of a number of ladies "who see with pious concern

(2) "The Female Friend" or "The Duties of Christian Virgins" Baltimore 1809.

the spreading immorality and infidelity of their country, and particularly the growing loose, forward and immodest behaviour of the youth of their own sex". (Yet of the 184 subscribers listed, 150 were men).

This brings us to the impulse which was always the same (3). Each book was intended as an antidote for the *mal du siecles*: each contained an initial chapter or preface in which the depravity of the age, and of the younger generation in particular was deplored. But, objects the thoughtful student, this cannot be. If a writer complains about the depravity of the younger generation, he must be comparing it to some superior generation, his own perhaps. When, in 1855, the reverend author of "Discourses to Young Ladies" exclaims: ". . . The women of our times are plunging into every excess of expenditure; aping the feudal and monarchical styles. It would take the wealth of Armus and Ind to sustain the wardrobes and cosmetics of some of our fashionable ladies,' it must mean that the preceding age was comparatively free from such materialistic foibles."

Allowing twelve years for an age he turns back to 1843, only to hear the pastor of Saint Timothy's Church, Philadelphia, cry out in anguish to the young ladies of his flock:

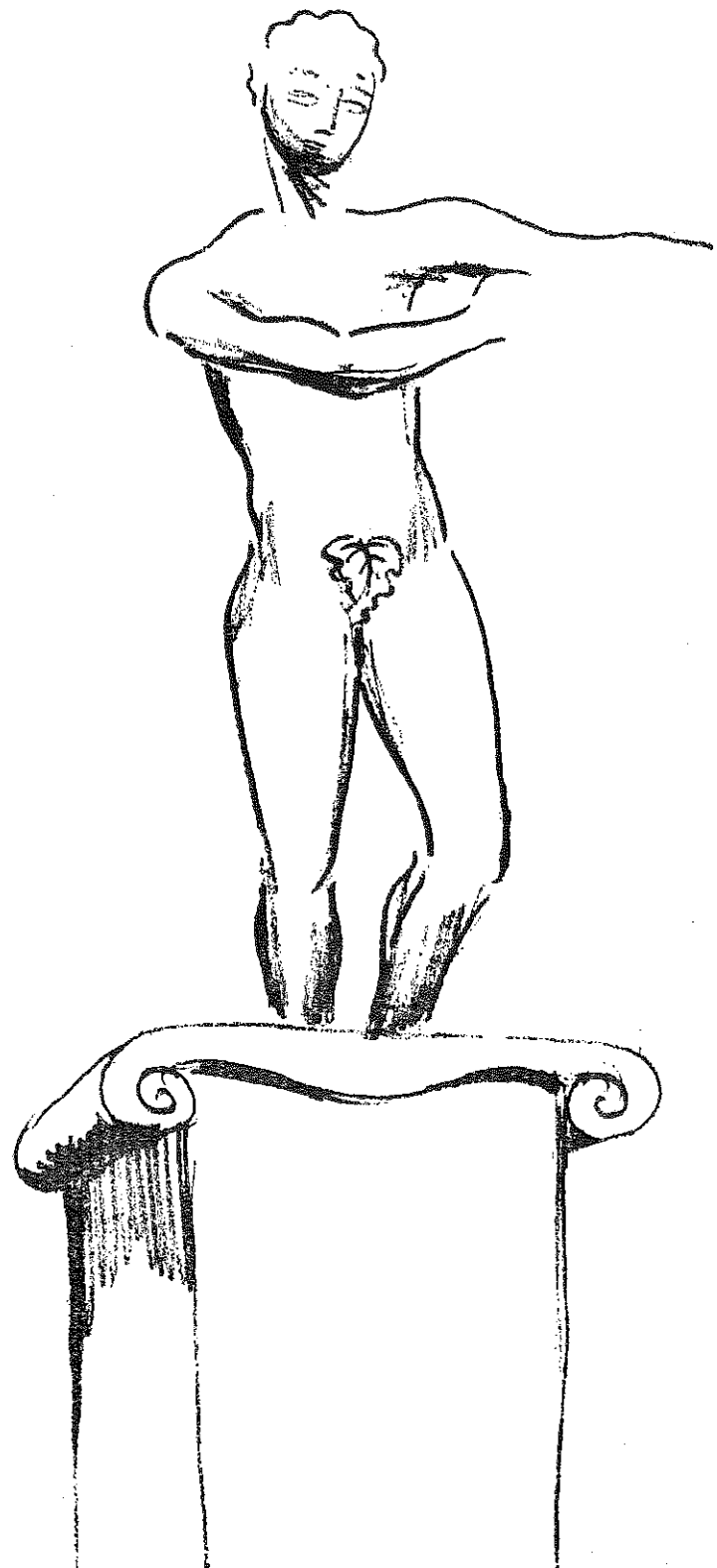
"Deluded daughters of Earth! is the carnal Eden which you inhabit more beautiful and lovely than the Christian's?"

(4)

Still hopeful, our student turns back 30 years, this time, and finds a British lady-admonisher blaming Napoleon ("that mystery of iniquity whose course is marked on the continent by subverted Empires and desolated realms") for the dangerous notions on manners, morals and religion which were being introduced into England in that day. Here, at last, is a clue!

(3) *Except for the brief period between the end of the Civil and beginning of the World War*

(4) "A Pastoral Letter to Young Women" Philadelphia 1843



Perhaps the moral tone in Europe, at least, was better immediately before the rise of the meteoric Corsican. If he thinks so, our student is doomed to disappointment. Ever backwards he must fly, in search of the age of innocence.

1623! "In that dangerous age," said the author of "The Lady's Calling," "it is no news to see people violate their instincts as well as their duties . . . many sins being committed even against the grain and with violence to constitution."

Here our thoughtful student will probably abandon this line of inquiry after all: It is only *one* of the interesting phenomena connected with Admonitory Addresses to Females.

For instance: why females? Why have there always been at least a dozen books of advice addressed to the female sex for every one addressed to the male? Did the writers consider the former more dissolute? Apparently not: in fact, according to the female admonishers, all men were debauches and opportunists, and at first glance, *theirs* would seem the greater need for admonishing. Were they then hopeless? Since the words female influence constantly recur in books of this nature, perhaps the writers wished to reach men but dared not address them directly or, perhaps, being men themselves (most of them) were trying to shift the blame:

" . . . and what might not be done by the greater part of you to secure solid esteem and to promote reformation among our sex?" and:

" . . . notwithstanding the supreme delicacy of her nature, the comparative sequestration of her life, the retiring modesty of the unostentatious sphere of her activities, woman somehow holds a powerful influence over world events."

The main and most interesting reason, however, for the preponderance of advice-to-girls over advice-to-boys, was the conviction, at one time universal, that every fault was more abhorrent in a woman than in a man:

"It (over-eating in this case) is a despicable selfish vice in

men; but in your sex it is beyond expression indelicate and disgusting."

Insobriety was particularly frowned on in women, and for a curious reason:

"She who is first prostitute to Wine, will soon be to Lust also; she has dismissed her guards," said Richard Allestree in "THE LADY'S CALLING". One hundred and eighty odd years later, the same phenomenon was observed by "THE FEMALE FRIEND etc." (who turns out to be F. . . . L. . . . Esq.)

"Drunkenness, or a tendency to it, is detestable in a married woman, but horrible and monstrous in the unmarried. The subject being too delicate for virgin ears, and I hope unnecessary to those for whom this work is intended, I shall only say that she who indulges this horrid vice risks chiefly eternity, and undoubtedly forfeits the esteem of man. For who can reckon (sic) on the chastity of her that is hourly liable to a deprivation of sense and reason?"

(This notion survives in the form of a bromide, viz: "It's bad enough to see a man drunk, but Oh! *a woman*") (5)

The Maryland Squire, quoted above, gave his young readers a difficult row to hoe if they wished not to forfeit the esteem of (chiefly) God, and man.

The life of a virgin, and particularly of a Christian virgin is a continued warfare. Her happiness depends upon her committing a continued violence upon herself. "She must war on curiosity, since it leads to patronizing fortune tellers, and to "those intense examinations of immodest statues and pictures, which the fair sex carefully avoid." The desire to dress well must be discouraged, since when a young lady thinks herself well dressed she is "immediately bent on producing herself in public, and among the sex where she is most exposed in danger . . . she certainly risks too much who dances in mixed company." He condemns, "indulging impure thoughts, beholding obscene pictures, reading amorous books, hearing

or singing lascivious songs, holding or listening to passionate discourses, going to plays, operas, ridottos, music gardens, and a thousand other modern diversions . . . All pleasure arising from such amusements is false & criminal, because it necessarily leads to the commission of sin." He does not go so far as to prescribe saltpetre in the diet, but he does advise to "refrain from the use of such aliments as inflame the blood & desires at the same time."

"The world, it is true," he philosophises, "judges too unequally on these occasions, and our sex in particular seem to distinguish too partially for ourselves, rendering that superlatively criminal in women which in men is viewed in a far less disadvantageous light," and he observes, with some insight, "the excuse for this injustice is the preservation of families from any spurious mixture: and whilst the prejudice shoots from this root, and that honor is thought to be so essentially involved, it seems unavoidable to assign your sex the greater share of the penalty."

A British contemporary of the Baltimore gentleman, the Reverend James Fordyce, also blames the World, but he is less profound. "The world, I know not how, overlooks in our sex a thousand irregularities which it never forgives in yours; so that the honour & peace of a family are, in this view, more dependent on the conduct of daughters than of sons." This being the case, he was able to publish in 1814 "Sermons to Young Women" in two volumes. If ministers required sobriquets I do not know whether the Rev. Fordyce's should be "The Great Stylist" or "The Champion of his Sex" since he merits both. "It is natural for me to wish well to my own sex," he admits, "and therefore you will not wonder if I be solicitous for your possessing every quality that can render you agreeable to mine! . . . What honour can be enjoyed by your sex equal to that of showing yourselves in every way worthy of a virtuous tenderness from ours?"

And do not women sometimes corrupt men? he suggests. "Among some young ladies (not to speak of those abandoned creatures) there is a forwardness, a levity of look, conversation and demeanor unspeakably hurtful to young men. Therefore reverence for female virtue is destroyed: it even tempts them to suspect that the whole is a pretense, that the sexes are all of a piece."

But it is in descriptions of dissipation, filial devotion, and virginity that this master really reaches his stride. Sometime he is so carried away on a rising swell of prose as to turn traitor to his sex, as in the following passage, (after an account of a gay assembly):

"The female adventurers must return home; it is needless to say with what impressions. The young gentlemen are not always under like restraint; their blood boils: the tavern, the streets, the stews, eke out the evening; riot and madness conclude the scene; or, if this should be prevented, it is not difficult to imagine the dissipation that must naturally grow out of these idle gallantries oft repeated." Not for the Rev. Fordyce! On another occasion he exclaims: "Remember how tender a thing a woman's reputation is; how hard to preserve; and when lost, how impossible to recover; how frail many and how dangerous most of the gifts you have received." He deplores the current immodest fashions, and referring to the male heart; "How much are you deceived, my fair friends, if you dream of taking that fort* by storm . . . We are never highly delighted, where something is not left us to fancy." That the Rev. Fordyce has a pretty fancy, no one can deny, especially after reading the delightful passage in which Nature, pointing to her as yet uncorrupted daughters, apostrophizes the male sex as follows:

"Behold these smiling innocents, whom I have graced with my fairest gifts and committed to your protection—treat them with tenderness and Honour. They are timid, and want to

be defended. They are frail, O do not take advantage of their weakness. Let their fears and blushes endear them . . . But is it possible . . . can you find it in your heart to despoil the gentle trusting creatures of their treasure, or do anything to strip them of their native robe of virtue?" Here Nature works herself into a perfect lather "Cursed be the impious hand that would dare to violate the unblemished form of Chastity! Thou wretch! Thou Ruffian! Forbear! nor venture to provoke heaven's fiercest vengeance." Pointing to her "abandoned" daughters, Nature delivers a fiery diatribe, ending, somewhat in the style of Proverbs: "Their hands are the hands of Harpies. Their feet go down to death, and their steps take hold of Hell." She advises the Rev. Fordyce's sex to flee.

"O ye mothers of this land," he murmurs on another occasion, "How can you expose so rashly those tender blossoms committed to your care? Have ye forgotten that every unkindly breath is ready to blast them? Are ye ignorant how so on the whitest innocence may be sullied; that it is possible even for the strictest principles to be corrupted? Is there nothing in your own mind that whispers the frailty of your sex?"

Doctor Fordyce, perhaps the most interesting of all admonishers of young ladies, demonstrates another puzzling phenomenon. Not only are all vices more iniquitous in women, but certain virtues pertain only to them, or at least show such mutations as to be unrecognizable in the other sex. Thus: "Although the virtue of Meekness is imposed on every Christian, Meekness in men can be combined with the greatest boldness and most undaunted magnanimity." And while women must have resolution wherever their virtue or reputation is concerned, in all other connections "we expect to find a timidity peculiar to your sex, and also a degree of complacency, yieldingness, and sweetness . . . Neither do we, so far

as I know, ever rank among feminine qualities Valour, so called. A woman heading an army—spreading slaughter and death around her, or returning covered with dust and blood, would surely, to a civilized mind, suggest shocking ideas." (Apparently the vision of a man so employed suggested no shocking ideas to that civilized mind.)

As a spokesman for his sex, this writer ought to be required reading in the Charm schools.

"A loud voice, a bold gesture, a daring countenance, every mark of bravery, shall please (in a male) but in a female we wish nothing to reign but love and tenderness . . . a worthy woman, shrinking from manifest hazard, we are always forward and proud to protect . . . + an intrepid female seems to renounce our aid, and in some respect to invade our pro-



AN INTREPID FEMALE SEEMS TO RENOUNCE OUR AID

vince. We turn away, and leave her to herself." Also: "Men of sensibility desire in every woman soft features, and a flowing voice, a form not robust, and a demeanor delicate and gentle . . . to commiserate and comfort, to melt into tears at the sight or hearing of distress, to take care of children, to play and prattle with those pretty innocents."

After this mellifluous picture, the Reverend Fordyce's female compatriot, competitor and contemporary, Mrs. Jane West, comes as rather a shock. Her outstanding characteristics are a violent patriotism, and a vigorous prose-style, with a penchant for nautical and military terminology. Actually, Mrs. West published "LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY IN WHICH THE DUTIES AND CHARACTER OF WOMEN ARE CONSIDERED, CHIEFLY WITH A REFERENCE TO PREVAILING OPINION" in 1806, eight years before the Reverend Fordyce's "SERMONS TO YOUNG WOMEN." Before that she wrote "LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN etc." (An impossible book to secure unfortunately), besides being, of course, the author of works of a less useful nature. ("The Loyalists", "A Tale of the Times", etc.). We have already seen how Mrs. West blames Bonaparte for the moral condition in England. "While the manly sense and independent pride of Britons have (with few exceptions) disdained to adopt the political example of a people to whom they have been accustomed to give laws in the field of arms, it is to be feared that they have not with equal wariness resisted the blandishments of their vicious example . . . among the changes of public opinion as it relates to our sex is the affrontery with which women of doubtful or lost reputation obtrude themselves upon public notice . . . (this was) unknown to our ancestors, except during one profligate reign; and it is strongly demonstrative that the outposts of female honour are given up."

England, she insists, leads all other countries in respect to its treatment of women, who there suffer neither "the phleg-

matic neglect visible among our northern neighbors, nor the ostentatious obsequiousness which the more polished nations of the continent practice to a degree of farcical affectation" (one senses that Mrs. West would have been a difficult guest) "and this judicious treatment has resulted in the simple elegance, domestic habits, and all the graces of discretion, delicacy, and ingenuous attachment for which British ladies are as loudly praised as their heroic partners for valour, magnanimity and sound sense." (Observe again the balanced distribution of virtues between the sexes.)

Mrs. West feels that a young woman entering society nowadays has more to fear from the influence of her own sex than from men—a statement which the Rev. Fordyce would probably have disputed to the last ditch, had it come to his attention. The one thing for which she is grateful to the age is the disappearance, "since the world has grown less domestic", of sycophants. "The young lady of birth is now free from the assiduities of faithless confidants, artful parasites, needy dependents, and all manner of earticklers." However, a new danger has arisen for the stay-at-home in the form of "fashionable books" under which heading come "all those systems of ethics founded on the false doctrine of human perfectability, and also many works on the sciences by which the young student may learn that she is a free, independent being, endowed with energies which she may exert at will, and restrained by no considerations but those which her own judgment may think it *expedient* to obey." The pit yawns for the young bookworm, who will either fall a prey to "that indefatigable sect which teaches that reason is the paramount quality of the soul" or else embrace Calvinism, depending on her disposition.

Among lady-moralists as a whole, there is less gloating over the virginal blush, the tender blossoms etc., but the seduction theme is treated with no less enthusiasm. Referring to the

well-known frailty of the bubble reputation, Mrs. West makes use of a salty and ingenious metaphor:

"The perishable commodity of female fame is embarked in a slight felucca, painted and gilded, indeed, and extremely convenient and beautiful; but by no means fitted for those distant voyages and rough encounters with winds, seas, and enemies which afford navigators of the other sex a welcome opportunity of showing their skill and magnanimity: yet the delicacy of the merchandise, joined to the fragility of these adorned vessels, imposes a constant anxiety and labour on their



THE PIT YAWNS FOR THE YOUNG BOOK WORM

commanders, not only lest their cargo should lose either its polish or its precious purity, but from fear of falling into the hands of pirates, who are ever on the watch to pillage and destroy them. The risk is considerably increased by knowing that though the pilot often possesses many excellent qualities, the helm is seldom managed with adroitness, and the ship is rarely able to tack and to scud before the wind, till very late in the voyage. I cannot, therefore, think it expedient that these fragile barks should venture to do more than sail coastwise, till they are taken in tow by some stouter vessel; especially as they are totally destitute of all material to remedy the misfortunes incident to shipwreck."

The next writer in point of time, interesting enough to focus our attention, is an American, the Reverend Gardiner Spring, who published, in 1825, at the request of the New York Female Missionary Society, a slim volume called "The Excellence & Influence of the Female Character. A Sermon". He begins with a polite eulogy of Woman. Then follows a list of the great virtues to which women should aspire, beginning with Industry and Economy (quotation "She seeketh wool and flax") Then comes A Well Cultivated Mind. He opines that "No reason exists why the Temple of Science should be interdicted to an enterprising female". Then, surprisingly, Neatness and Taste, about which he has much to say. These, of course, apply to mind and manners as well as dress. Of the last named "comfort, neatness and taste ought always to distinguish it." Nor is there any reason, in the author's opinion "why Christian females should be inattentive to their apparel". He advocates healthful and becoming attire, and doubts that the gospel proscribes all ornament. "How ridiculous she would appear, to disregard the spirit of the age and cleave to the habiliments of her ancestors, while the prevalent modes . . . are not inconsistent with modesty and decorum. . . A woman who is habitually well dressed, thinks

less of her apparel than the woman who is well dressed only occasionally."

"And what would become of the interests of society "if you proscribe all the ornaments and conveniences of dress? To what untold multitudes these give useful employment!"

"It is possible" he protests, "these thoughts may offend. But sure am I, they present no cause for offence to the most self-denying mind." And he quotes, again from "Proverbs": "all her household are clothed in scarlet; she maketh for herself covering of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple."

Here evidently, was a young man of taste, who liked the current fashions, and whose eye was too often offended by female parishoners parading their austerity in black bombazine. "Coarse and depraved indeed would be that society in which there is nothing for the ease and convenience of life," he remarks.

Personal Piety, although he is forced to call it 'above all others', is the last mentioned virtue in this original gentleman's catalogue. The book ends with the usual treatise on female influence, with the wife reproving by her example, the sister grappling with a backsliding brother, the mother surrounded by her numerous brood, and the daughters resembling the polished corners of the temple—the only remarkable touch being the thought that many people may have been saved from perdition by the timely efforts of a Godly female servant.

Gardiner Spring, you are as fresh as your name! The dust of ages stirs lazily for a moment; but yours is too gentle a sigh to dislodge it.

A wry, argumentative note is evident in "Female Influence, & The True Christian Mode of its Exercise" by J. F. Stearns, pastor, Newburyport 1837. Most of this short book is devoted to denouncing ladies who would leave their prescribed sphere and compete with men. As the author points out: "the ques-

tion is not in regard to ability, but decency, to order, and to Christian propriety." He argues that the mother who gave to her country a Washington, accomplished more for the world than many heroes, statesmen and eloquent orators, (It is a convention among writers of this sort to give that lady of weak spelling ability and strong Tory sentiments, sole credit for the birth and attainments of our first president) "And the sister, whose quiet piety saves a brother from ruin, the sister to whom the church is indebted for one faithful missionary, sent forth by her prayers and efforts from the paternal roof, need not complain that her influence is lost to the world."

"Beware" he menacingly exclaims, "how you do anything to diminish that delicate and chivalrous respect, which the feminine character now commands from all who are not lost to every principle of honor."

Skipping over lesser lights, we now come to the Rector of Saint Timothy's Church, Philadelphia. The anonymous rector is chiefly interesting for his appraisal of the best-sellers of 1843.

"... there are some writers who stem not from the Gospel light; whose object is less to prove and illustrate the works and providences of Heaven than to plunge the reason and fancy amid the wilds of falsehood, sensuality, and depravity . . . who embellish vices and errors, vitiate the moral tastes by attaching them to the reveries of carnality, frivolity, and earthly-mindedness . . . (who) tolerate licentious oaths. . . Language is too poor, conception too cold, to unfold the desperate enormity of such high-handed abuses, the awful soul-destructive consequences that must necessarily ensue to both the writers and readers of such abominable profanity . . . Who can envy the fame of a Mrs. Radcliffe, a Mrs. LaRoche and Miss Maria Edgeworth, poisoned as they have been by the rank weeds they have frequently engendered, compared with the eternal renown of Mrs. Sherwood, of Mrs. Hannah More, of the lovely poetical authoress of the Record of

Women, and of her too, who dips her pen in the Inspiration of Heaven—Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney?”

In “The Young Lady’s Councillor”*, published in New York, in 1851, the Reverend Daniel Wise (author of “The Young Man’s Councillor”, unfortunately unavailable) spends a lot of time telling his readers how they feel about Joan of Arc and kindred heroines:

“You have never really loved her (J. of A.’s) character. Not that there was nothing lovely in it; but her masculine attitude cast so deep a shadow upon her more womanly qualities, you feel constrained to withhold your love. You cannot sympathize with a woman warrior. Her position as a military leader and combatant unsexes her before your feelings, and you rank her with the anomalies of your sex . . . While Joan of Arc lives in your imagination, Hannah More occupies a place in your affections . . . Your repugnance to Joan of Arc, and your affectionate regard for Miss More are alike instinctive . . . Who, for example, can love the masculine energy of that really strong-minded queen, Elizabeth? So with Martha Glar, the Swiss heroine who led over two hundred women to the field of Frauenbrun and to death, in defense of liberty; with Jael, the destroyer of Sisera, and with every other woman who has stepped over the sphere which Nature, with unerring wisdom, has assigned to her sex.” This critical gentleman does not withhold his approval from Volumnia or Virgilia (“who saved their country by affectionate appeals”) or Lady Jane Gray; and “even Queen Victoria, in whom the woman is more prominent than the Queen”, finds a place in his esteem. But why all this? Was the Reverend Wise afraid that a member of his Young Ladies’ Bible Class might take it into her head some day to drive a tent pin through his temple? Did he see himself in the painful role of Grand Inquisitor, being forced to condemn one of

* or *Outlines & Illustrations of the Sphere, the Duties, & the Dangers of Young Women*

his own congregation to the stake? No. The true source of the good Mr. Wise’s uneasiness is, I think, revealed when he warns his readers against a “certain class of modern agitators in favor of what is technically known as ‘woman’s rights’ who would have you, not a woman, but an Amazon”. And he tells the story of a minister who was ushered into the parlor, where the lady of the house was dusting. Suffused with blushes, she said:

“Sir, I am ashamed you should find me thus.”

“Let Christ, when he cometh, find me so doing,” replies her pastor.

“What sir! do you wish to be found in this employment?” earnestly inquires the astonished lady.

“Yes, madam, I wish to be found faithfully performing the duties of my mission, as I have found you fulfilling yours.”

“The Young Lady’s Counselor” is rich in anecdotes: There are no less than three rather terrifying illustrations of the power of a kind and lovely spirit:

(1) A maniac, raving in his cell. But see! Here is a beautiful child just able to walk, approaching with timid steps, holding up an apple in her tiny fingers. The maniac rebuffs her at first, but every day, “unwearied, the little one stands, an angel of love, in the mad-man’s presence, warbling forth her offer of “Sir, will you take an apple?” At last he takes it, and the keeper opens the door, and they walk forth hand-in-hand.

The second illustration is still more macabre:

(2) A poor woman in an English market. Her mind seems divided between the care of her stall and of an idiot boy. One day the neighbors miss them, and seeking her humble hovel, find her lying dead upon her comfortless couch. The poor boy is inconsolable, because his mothers’ love was the only thing that penetrated the chambers of his darkened mind.

From this little scene we turn to the comparative frivolity of the French Revolution for example 3.

(3) Elizabeth Cazotte saves her father from execution by presenting her bosom to the swords of the assassins. The mob is so overcome with the loveliness of spirit of this girl, that she and her father are pardoned. The author imagines the beautiful Elizabeth "rendered doubly beautiful by her agitation, and defended by a band of Marseillois."

The Reverend Wise also cites the courage of a woman of Lexington (Mass.) who, when she heard the tramp of the British, rushed to the foot of the stairs and called to her sleeping sixteen-year-old son: "Jonathan, you must get up; the regulars are coming. Something must be done!" The name of this heroic matron was Mrs. Harrington.

A chapter is devoted to self-reliance (the first of its kind). Although Mr. Wise's readers have previously been told that: "woman must abide in the peaceful sanctuary of home, and walk in the noiseless vales of private life", they are nevertheless counselled to perfect themselves in the elementary studies in order to be able to teach, and in the use of their needle, for one never knows when a young lady may be reduced to a state that was then called, paradoxically, "dependence".

"The factory is resorted to by many young ladies as a suitable place to maintain themselves—many of these possess superior ability and earn considerable sums of money—nevertheless my honest opinion is, that life in a cotton-mill is unfavorable to their best interest. . . How can a young woman enjoy perfect health for any length of time, who is confined in the hot, impure air of a spinning or weaving room for nearly fourteen hours every day?—who is allowed from twenty minutes to half an hour only, to her meals, half of which has to be spent in going and returning? How can she cultivate either mind or heart, who is aroused at half past four or five by the iron-mouthed bell, and who hurries half awake to her task—at which she toils wearily enough until

half past seven at night? Even then she has to take her supper, for, during the last six hours and a half of her toil she tastes no food!" I guess he was right at that! He concludes:

"The time may arrive when the hours of factory toil will be abridged to some ten hours a day, and the compensation remain adequate for respectable support. In that case, I might slightly vary my counsels."

The year 1851 saw the publication of another noteworthy treatise called "Woman in Her Various Relations" by Mrs. L. G. Abell. The author explains in the introduction to her volume that: "we are living when the allotments and responsibility of woman, in her own appropriate sphere, should be brought before the mind in their true weight and importance. We need this that the education shall be adapted to her wants and condition, and that she may be satisfied there need be nothing added to magnify, elevate, or extend her duties." There follow three hundred and eighteen and a half pages, under ninety-five different headings, including: Domestic Accomplishments & Duties; Punctuality in the Family; Home Recreation; Care of Parlors, Breakfast & Dining-Room; A few rules for the Waiter; A Few Additional Rules; Conversation; Things to be Avoided by All Persons; New Year's Calls; A Chapter for Young Girls; Dress & Propriety; The Mouth; The Nails; The Hair; The Eyes; The Skin; Choice of a Husband & Requisites of Character; Hints on Important Subjects; Success in Business; Early Care of Infants; The Bed; Riding; The Lungs; Mistakes of Parents; The Human Body or Physical Frame; Motion Necessary to Health; The Use of Frequent Bathing; The Early Decay of American Females; Sabbath Desecration; Dueling; Woman in Male Attire—Turkish Costume etc.; And Woman's Rights, which gives you a rough idea.

In the chapter on Woman's Rights the writer observes: "Kings cling to the principles taught them by their nurses

and first female teachers. Statesmen and orators have not withheld their acknowledgement of indebtedness to their mothers . . . Woman need not, must not lose her influence over her sons! The proudest names America has ever known have been proud to yield to a mother's wishes and acknowledge a mother's guiding influence. Washington and Adams! But



ONE EARLY EXAMPLE OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS

for those mothers whose noble thoughts and principles took deep and abiding root, what would they have been to our country?

"The learned professions? Yes, Woman may acquire them. Every department of her education should be a learned profession. She should be, it is her duty to be, a professed nurse, housekeeper, teacher, physiologist, chemist and family physician. Besides, she may be wife, mother, mistress and hostess; or she may be matron, manager, secretary or president of some orphan, or other benevolent society."

Our author has not only originality of thought but originality of punctuation and a style all her own, witness the following excerpts:

"One who rudely interrupts another does the same as to step before him to stop his walking."

"Avoid a loud tone, especially when it is not necessary to be heard."

"Never believe an ill report of one that you know is inconsistent with their character, but when a person is known to be vicious, it is due to society that his peculiar bad habits should be understood, and the tone of good morals kept high."

"In the midst of mirth reflect that many of your fellow creatures around the world are expiring, and that your turn will come shortly. This will keep your life uniform and free from excess."

From the chapter on "Behavior to Gentlemen:"

"A young lady receiving company apart from the rest of the family is accompanied with many awkward circumstances, and had generally better be dispensed with, as it must be attended with much waste of time; and if the young lady is conscientious, she will feel very uneasy, and desirous of some more useful employment, while the gentleman will get an idea that his visits are thought particular."

"... it shows a want of respect and a well-balanced mind."

"Young ladies often suffer from wounded affections, and no doubt it is the secret cause of much ill-health, insanity and even death. To guard against evils of so much importance to females, should be so well understood that every young lady should know how to protect herself, which is easily done."

"It is indeed vastly different when the attachments have been mutual and the feelings have all been placed upon its object of fondest regard, and, at last, have felt that they have been suddenly rent, and are left alone to struggle with their agony." It seems that nothing, nothing but vital piety is a sufficient remedy for this obscure but terrible condition. However, the outlook is not all gloom:

"It has been said 'that women's love should partake largely of gratitude'; and if she would only love when asked to do so by a man worthy of her esteem and confidence, she need not suffer from heart-breakings and disappointment, and at the same time be sure of a good husband."

In the chapter on weddings, we learn that: "It is not expected that a man, when he marries, will associate as freely as in his bachelor days with those of his own stamp."

In the chapter on Women in Male Attire, Turkish Costume, &c.:

"It has been to me a painful thought, that we have any females who choose such a dress (bloomers) or who advocate such a change. It demonstrates too much. It is a confession which any lady should be unwilling to make. No matter what 'Miss Weber', 'Fanny Kemble' novels, or a certain class may say, the buff waistcoat, gilt buttons, black beaver, &c., will excite no other feelings than pity for such perverseness and folly, and shame for those who have so far unsexed themselves as to attire like men."

This extraordinary book is replete with household hints,

such as how to sew carpet (either Brussels or ingrain) and how to remove hair from the nostrils.

The last quarter of the century brought a change—subtle at first—in admonitory addresses. The volumes grew shorter, and more conciliatory in tone. Young ladies, their minds now irreparably occupied with economic and political equality and dress reform, had less time for such reading. Who knows but what the industry would have died a natural death had not a revolutionary discovery given it new impetus? Such a discovery did occur, however. The self-consciousness and oblique heartiness of the admonitory works of this period must have suggested, even to their readers, that the writers had something up their sleeves; but so skillful and cautious were they in handling it, that the subject has not been vitiated to this day.

The discovery, for which several generations of writers and booksellers should be eternally grateful, and to which we owe the continued existence of a once flourishing art—this discovery is, of course, *The Facts of Life*.

A vast department of human behavior and thought—henceforth to be known as "sex"—became the masked battery from which the admonitionists could hold forth ad infinitum. True, their literary style suffered somewhat. Gone was the innocent pruriency of the Rev. Fordyce and his colleagues; the explicit prohibitions, the sonorous tirades full of rampant words. Instead the young neophyte is conducted by the hand through dim cathedral aisles smelling faintly of carbolic and violets. She hears less about personal piety; only occasionally about female influence (the words "male" and "female" are no longer used); she may dance and go to the opera (chaperoned) and read "*The Mysteries of Udolfo*", and she probably admires Joan of Arc and has never heard of Hannah More. On the other hand, she hears a great deal about motherhood. The young ladies of other times heard very little about motherhood,

which was then, apparently, considered no more important than daughterhood, sisterhood, or wifeness. "If you marry, you will probably be blessed with children," said the Rev. Fordyce in 1814, with reasonable assurance. But Mrs. Charles Sedgwick, who wrote "A Talk With My Pupils" in 1863, had heard occasionally of women who wished they never might become mothers; and was so shocked that she devotes an entire chapter to the pleasures of the bassinet. This is only one of many references that mark this as a transition book: for instance, the author speaks of "the lost art of sewing" and "the vexed question of obedience" (of wives to husbands), and rallies to the defense of the bloomer:

"There is certainly no intrinsic impropriety in the Bloomer—and there is an essential fitness in it as a dress to be worn in taking exercise." (Mrs. Abell who thought twelve years previously that it "demonstrated too much" would doubtless have slain her with an italic).

Mrs. Sedgwick predicts the use of short skirts for the street, and long for the drawing room.

By this time, the Woman's Rights movement had been, as it were, taken out of the nursery, and was no longer a subject for reproachful finger-wagging. Instead, young girls were being assured of the importance and vast scope of Woman's Work. No longer need they confine their efforts to the home. There was much bone soup to be carried to the poor, much visiting of the sick to be done—in a strictly amateur capacity, of course. Hospitals, prisons, the mad-house—these were Woman's appointed sphere. In fact, Woman was God's noblest creation and her powers of Affection (situated in the Cerebellum) were in no way inferior to Man's Powers of Reasoning (situated in the cerebrum), only different. Science was replacing the Old Testament as a guide to everything, including the composition of the human soul. Only occasionally came the familiar sound of the Bible being flipped open at

Genesis. Now there is much talk of Health and for awhile feeling runs high about the crime of tight lacing.

Finally in 1891 appeared a remarkable book called, "Thrown on Her Own Resources, or What Girls Can Do" by Mrs. J. C. Croley. (Jenny Junes). As implied in the title, this book was addressed to the growing army of young ladies who, despite all the admonitionists could do, were seeking and finding gainful employment. Mrs. Croley, one-time editor of Demorest's Magazine, Godey's Magazine, The Home-maker, and The Cycle, and founder of the Woman's Press Club, did not appear to deplore the new era ushered in by Messrs. Sholes and Glidden (6), and Mr. Bell (7). She sounds a new note in the very first chapter:

"Under the little tremor of fear which one must feel on entering upon an untried and strange path, is there not a certain glow of satisfaction at the opportunity to exercise faculties and test their power?"

The young woman looking for a livelihood is advised to begin by clearing the ground.

"Teaching? You do not know anything well enough to teach it.

"Sewing? That means slow starvation.

"Business? No capital to begin with."

Work where you are, if possible, the advice continues. See if your own neighborhood does not lack something—a clever upholsterer, for example, or a notion store (which requires "little capital and much judgment and quickness in seizing upon new ideas"). Begin your own business if you can, even on a very small scale since for an employee there is no certainty, and half a lifetime of faithfulness avails nothing if someone with influence wants the place. Also:

"Men do not yet forgive age in women; and the woman

(6) *The typewriter*—1868.

(7) *The telephone*—1875.

who is no longer young must have expert knowledge, or an experience of exceptional value to stand a chance with younger competitors."

"It is the economic virtues—saving, suppression, self-sacrifice, that have always been enjoined on women. The practice of these has deprived them of the nerve for making and spending."

Her anecdotes differ widely from those of the Rev. Wise's "Young Lady's Counselor". One concerns a woman in Maine who collected tripe, there thrown away, employed children to wash it, marketed it elsewhere and so created an industry. She eventually amassed a half million dollars in New York real estate.

Another tells of a young woman in reduced circumstances who found work in a department store but wore a perpetually grieved expression and often told her hard-luck story to customers. One day, profiting by a customer's advice, she began to study laces, about which the older girls knew nothing but the prices, and eventually becoming an authority on the subject, and was sent abroad as a buyer.

Still another Croley heroine held a job and studied law in the evenings.

The industrial activities of girls did not begin with the 19th century, but not until the factory age was their work recognized as worth something to themselves, says Mrs. Croley. The trouble with working girls, she opines, is that they may marry, and become more or less subject to the demands of motherhood: "Women have not yet taken work seriously as men do, to be pursued irrespective of changes, marriage or singleness, or the continued need for earning a living. When they do that, all the men and all the legislation in the world cannot prevent them from reaping the equal reward of labor."

Too many young women enter business "because they

have been fed on books in which a prince appears and 'presto! chango' the hitherto poor and dissatisfied young woman is carried off in a glory of white satin and orange blossoms, to a brownstone paradise." In business there is no place for coquetry and gallantry:

"Decline the gratuities which men have been in the habit of bestowing, often very unwillingly—the paid fares, the ice creams, the pretty gifts—all of which place women more or less in the power of men, and are the evidence of dependent inferiority."

A chapter is devoted to suitable dress for the business-women (no flounces) and suitable food (no heavy mid-day meals).

In the opinion of the writer, Mrs. Croley achieves the distinction of being the first advice-writer to write a book of advice.

From 1891 to the present day, admonitory works have tended to become more and more departmental, certain books dealing exclusively with health, others with vocational advice or etiquette or piety, or dress etc. Written by specialists, they are all doubtless very useful, but from a literary point of view they are disappointing. The only innovation of late years has been the quantity of space devoted to advise on how to acquire a husband. In magazines, this branch of admonition is called "Charm" or "Glamour" depending on the circulation. To be sure the old admonitionists told their readers how "not to forfeit the esteem of man" but "man" referred to one's father, brother or minister, as much as to one's potential spouse; and they were all to be placated by behaviour of a more or less negative sort. How different is the advice of today! Young women, being now almost entirely responsible for finding their own husbands (and admonitionists are all agreed that they should have them) are bombarded with advice on this subject. It is quite natural that the advertising age should make use of "sales analysis" and questionnaires in guiding its

young girls. Every year some magazine proves to its female readers (by means of a Williams College undergraduate, a tap-dancer, and the doorman of a famous night club) that men do *not* like red nail polish, eccentric hats, or girl athletes.

Although the aim of 99 per cent of the admonitionists is the same as it always was (to safeguard the family, and maintain an unequal balance of power between the sexes) the pill becomes increasingly sugar-coated. No longer is the life of a Christian virgin a continued warfare—it is practically a bed of gardenias! It is now conceded that every young woman should be capable of self-support. She may even keep her job after marriage, according to her somewhat lenient mentors. A wife must run her household however, even if otherwise employed (and this is not as impossible a feat today as it once would have been).

Although almost all careers are now open to enterprising women (8) motherhood is still considered, by advice-to-young-girl writers the peak of female achievement. Were a political career, however promising, to conflict with the molding of a potential George Washington, the constituents would have to be left in the lurch.

The most startling change, then, in admonitory addresses to females, is not in the matter but in the exposition. Young women are now treated as semi-reasoning beings! As the European propagandist appeals to the "intelligence" of a recently literate peasantry, so the modern admonitionist uses "scientific" arguments to convince young women with college educations (or better) that only such and such behaviour will bring them lasting happiness. Every other month, for example, an article will appear in some intellectual magazine giving reasons for being chaste*. The article will have a sensational title, and the ideas will be couched in terms of bedrock prac-

(8) *Except in Fascist countries.*

* *As in 1623, the word still has reference to female chastity only.*

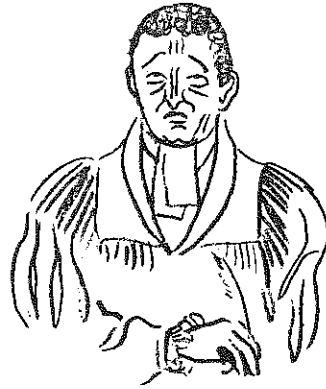
ticality. There will be no occult references—the argument will be water-tight, but will end by being an argument for complete celibacy, rather than chastity!

Tradition (which in America has a certain snob-value) is often appealed to in pointing the way that young girls should go. A few writers (Emily Post, for instance) make use of it openly, but most give it a psychological twist. The threat of psychological disturbance is the popular moralist's most modern weapon. Since it is now generally recognized that we are sometimes ruled by ideas we are conscious of entertaining, no one, however intellectually emancipated, can know when he is violating some atavistic code. Nervous breakdowns and all sorts of future maladjustments are held over the heads of girls who would over-step the bounds within which their grandmothers are supposed to have remained. Recently, a magazine of national circulation published an article subheaded "A candid, commonsense revelation to modern girls". Written by a minister, it pointed out that many female patients in insane hospitals had records of sexual promiscuity, and concluded from this that the promiscuity caused the insanity! Since logic is not generally included in high-school curricula, this argument may have sounded convincing to many readers of the magazine.

Such indulgence in elaborate explanations suggests that we are now witnessing the twilight of admonitory-addresses to girls. By attempting to justify their ideas, the popular moralists have stepped down. Their predecessors never made this mistake:

"The world, I know not how, overlooks in our sex a thousand irregularities which it never forgives in yours."

Doctor Fordyce probably knew the reasons for this attitude as well as you or I, but would giving them have made it more palatable? So long as they issued ukases, the admonitionists remained an influence; but by appealing to reason and



science to defend a moral concept, they are setting a dangerous precedent. They would not do it, unless they knew themselves to be losing ground. The odd-bedfellowship of psychology and moral folklore is one of the minor results of the last war.

Only one more development remains to be described—it is recent, and perhaps transitory. For the past three years, advice to girls in books and magazines has displayed a heavily sophisticated touch, taking the form of: "it's smart to be virtuous" or "it's old-fashioned to be 'the other woman'".

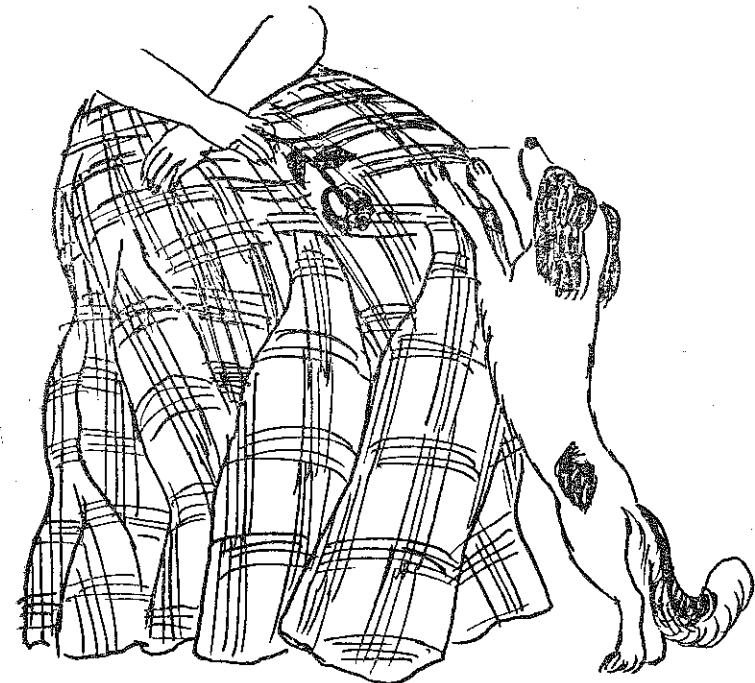
In the writer's opinion, an art which once rose to the heights could not have sunk lower. Though the magnificent sweep and scope, the high purpose and singlemindedness, the delightful suggestibility of the old writers may never be recaptured, the future trend must be upward: unless—(strange, insistent thought) unless there is to be no advice to girls in the World of Tomorrow!



A Group of Intimate Animal Portraits

Gay Dogs for Pets

EVERY VIRTUE, from the early Latin ones to the late Victorian ones, has been ascribed to the dog. To the modern mind their greatest virtue is surely adaptability, for the obliging animal has adapted himself to size, shape and temper to every human need. He pulls wagons, catches fish, kills rats or wild boars, leads the blind, digs for truffles, and polices one of the toughest beats in New York City. He has even turned smug-





gler, like Don Jose, for dogs were employed in Belgium to run contraband lace across the border in the 1850's.

In ancient times, only big dogs were popular, being necessary to do big jobs. But the dog of today is more often an ornament or a diversion, and as such, his size and shape are dictated by Fashion. Poodle, pug, black-and-tan, fox terrier and scottie have trotted successively at the heels of the *haut monde*, filled the benches of the dog shows, and finally become a commonplace. Just as the individual dog reflects its master, so the breed reflects the era in which it is the rage.

Let us look at some dogs whose popularity is still growing, viz.: the French poodle (again), the Welsh corgi, the cocker spaniel and the Afghan hound.

ALL AFGHANS ARE NOT KNITTED

A sensation was created at Cruft's Dog Show when the first pair of Afghan hounds to reach England were exhibited there in 1910. Belonging to the ancient order of greyhounds (or "gaze-hounds"), these beautiful animals look like a cross between a greyhound and a polar bear. They have been bred by the Shikars and Maleks of Afghanistan for centuries, but little is known of their origin. (An Afghan will tell you that his breed came over on the Ark). They hunt in pairs, like the Russian borzoi, and are used on all sorts of large game, such as leopards. So noble are they considered that they are often called "sons of the Barukhzai," the Barukhzai being an important historical Afghan family.

The Afghan is heavier than the greyhound or the Egyptian saluki (a possible ancestor), standing around 28 inches at the shoulder, weighing around 66 pounds. His coat is extremely thick, and changes with the climate. It is heaviest on the legs and sides, somewhat shorter on the back, forms a silky topknot on the head, and on the feet and tail a silky fringe.

The skull is oval, the muzzle long and fine, the ears long and feathered, the neck and back strong and slightly arched, the tail fringed but not bushy. All colors are permissible (cream is very handsome indeed), and the brindle, fawn and red may have black muzzles and ears edged in black.

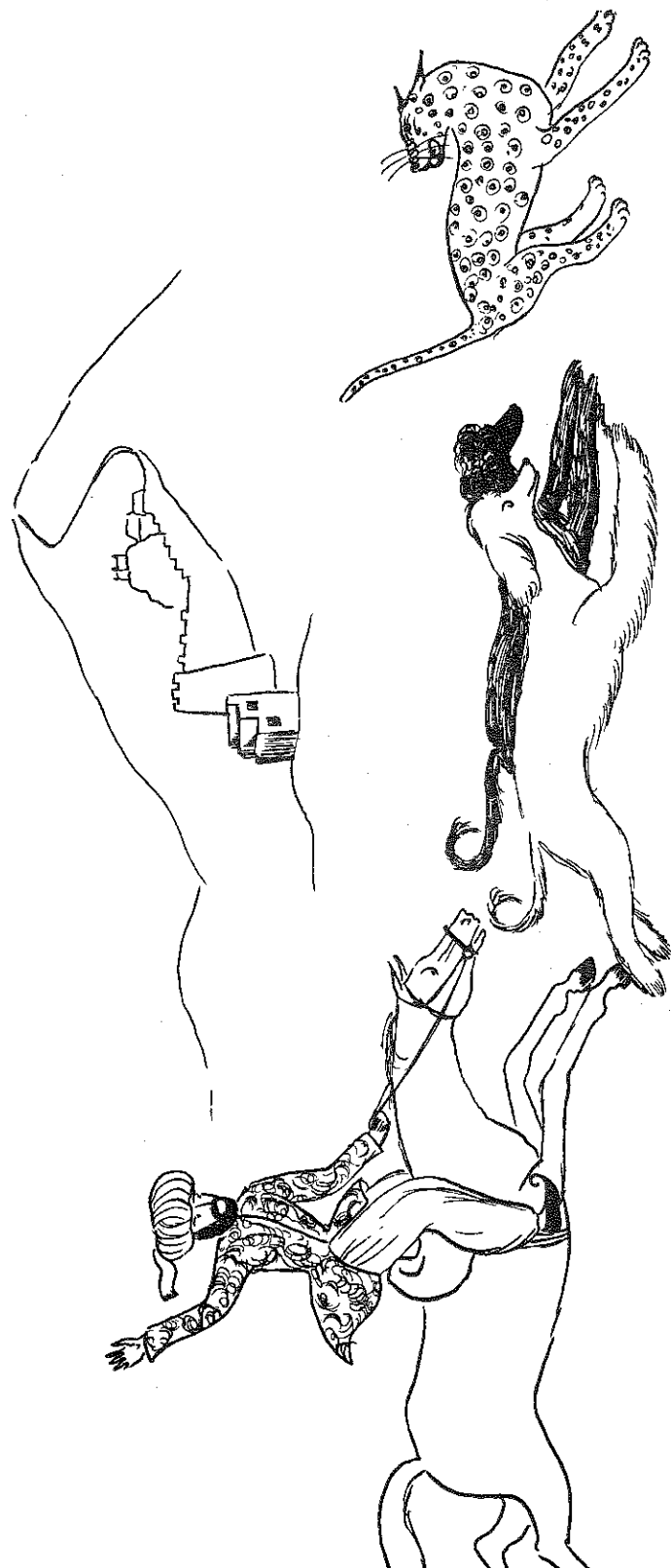
The Afghan bears up well under conditions that would down many a dog, such as trekking thirty miles a day at an altitude of 15,000 feet, without showing fatigue. But, in spite of this, and his truly remarkable courage in the hunt, he is characterized by gentleness and a deep reserve. Perhaps this is because his ancestors were brought up in a semi-sequestered manner, hunting for generations with one master, almost never seen by travelers from the West. Whatever the cause, however, those who know the breed do not find it a drawback. Like shy, sensitive people, the Afghan hound's confidence can be easily won by a sympathetic approach, which in his case, well repays the effort.

“TAIL WITHOUT WEARINESS”

Spaniels have never, properly speaking, been out of style. But lately the popularity of the little cocker as a house dog has grown.

The first known mention of spaniels is in the “Prologue to the Tale of the Wife of Bath,” but Chaucer does not go on to a discussion of the spaniels of his day, using them only for a simile. Fortunately, somewhat later writers were more informative. Markham, the agricultural expert of the early Seventeenth Century, calls spaniels “of all dogs the most loving, humble, and most familiar with Man,” and declares that neither partridge, pheasant, rail, quail, peacock, nor any other bird could escape his search. Nicholas Cox, in “The Gentleman's Recreation,” describes spaniels “. . . of active feet, wanton tails and busy nostrils, whose tail was without





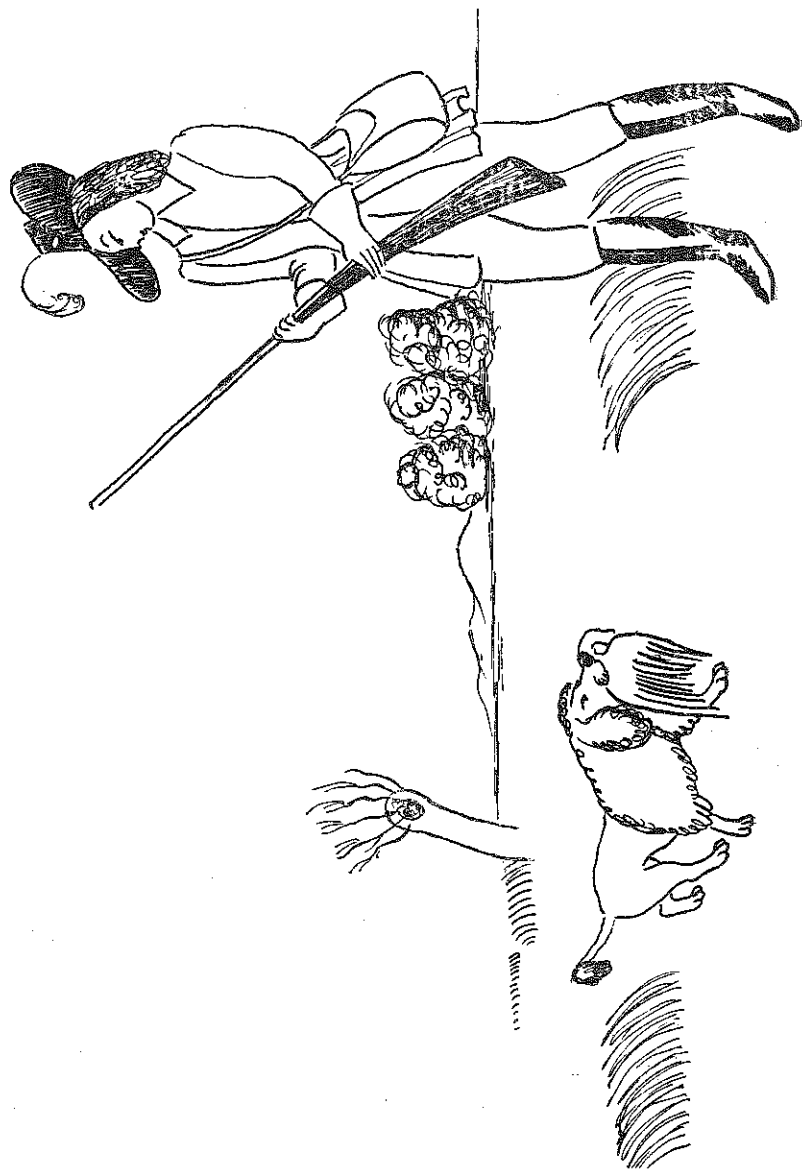
weariness, their search without changeableness, and whom no delight did transport beyond fear or obedience." Taplin calls them "a zealous protector of property."

Cockers were first differentiated from the larger springer spaniels in 1790, but their physical type has changed considerably since then. Champion Obo, exhibited in England in 1880, is considered to have been the first modern cocker, and many of his strain were exported to this country.

According to the present standard, the cocker spaniel should be almost square in build, i.e., the same height as length of back. He should have a wide skull with a smooth high forehead, muzzle rather heavy, but not too square, round eyes rather full (but never goggly), ears oval and set low, neck strong (for carrying), back strong and compact, legs straight and feathered. The tail should not be carried higher than the back; the coat should be silky, either flat or waved, never curled. All colors are permissible; and recently parti-colors have been revived, after years of whole color favoritism.

In character, the cocker should be lively, never vicious or quarrelsome with other dogs, but having a strong proprietary interest in one person, and all that is his. The size—18 to 24 pounds for the American cocker, 25 to 28 for the English—is so well adapted to constricted modern living spaces that one wonders: Will the smallest of sporting dogs follow the poodle, and become exclusively a house dog? Probably not, so long as there is game to shoot, and people are allowed to shoot it. For three hundred years the spaniel's domestic virtues were recognized, yet his usefulness to sportsmen would not permit him to retire from the field altogether.

Perhaps the best known cocker, in New York anyway, is Katherine Cornell's, which gave such an intelligent performance as Flush in the "Barretts of Wimpole Street."



VALIANT IS THE WORD FOR CORGI

The Welsh corgi is an example of a hitherto obscure breed, peculiar to a small locality, which, after centuries, makes a sudden and dramatic appearance at the Canine Coast. Nothing, however, not even the unaccustomed show-ring could ruffle the corgi. Some three thousand years of herding cattle, driving ponies, hunting, house-guarding, ratting and general farm work in his native Cardiganshire, have produced a rugged, intelligent, gentle, entirely dependable little dog.

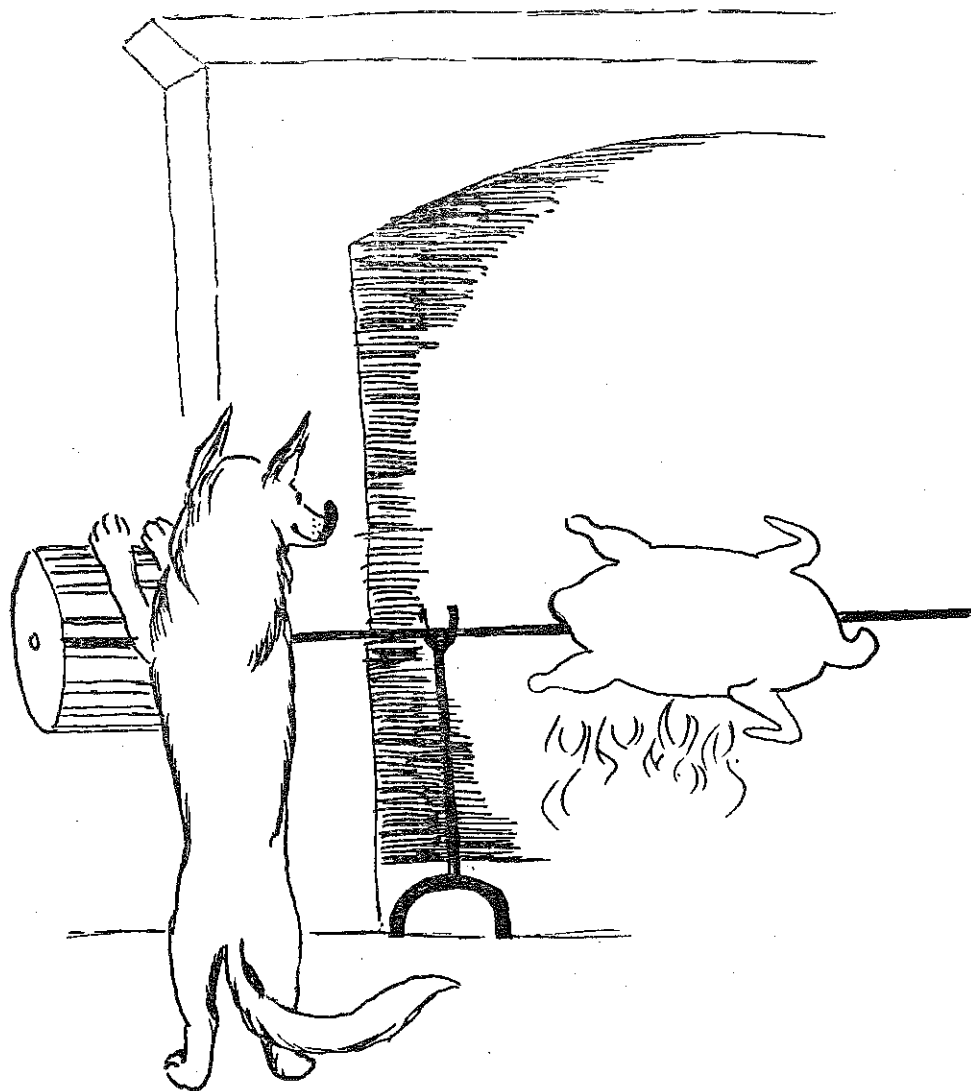
The first pair of corgis to reach America were imported in 1931, and immediately seized the imagination of dog-addicts by their unusual appearance. (Probably the only picture of a corgi is in the Reverend W. Bingley's "Memoirs of British Quadrupeds," 1809, labeled "Turnspit").

The true corgi is sturdy and low to the ground, with oddly fox-like head, ears and tail. In color, he may be anything but all white. Among his many admirable qualities, perhaps the most endearing is the corgi's complete indifference to "style." Only a true aristocrat could stand so squarely on his short, slightly bowed legs, and hold his long bushy tail at such an uncompromising angle. Withal there is an undefinable air of careless chic about the dog, which makes other breeds look over-dressed, over-soigne, too carefully matched, perhaps.

THE PERFECTE WATER DOGGE

If the poodle known as French is distinctly "a dog of the hour," this is no new role. For he has enjoyed popularity in many countries, and on many scores. Of German origin, he received his name, "pudel," from a Low German word meaning: to paddle in water, being then a retriever. In England, he was known as the "finder," or simply "water dogge," as distinct from "water spaniell," and was extremely popular with the sporting gentlemen of the Seventeenth Century, many of whom praised his "sagacity of nose" and aptitude for learning.

The reason for clipping "water dogges" from the Navill downward or Backward" was explained in "The Arte of Fowling by Land and Water," published in 1620. It seems that the dogge's profuse coat impeded the movement of his hind legs when swimming, and remained wet a long time

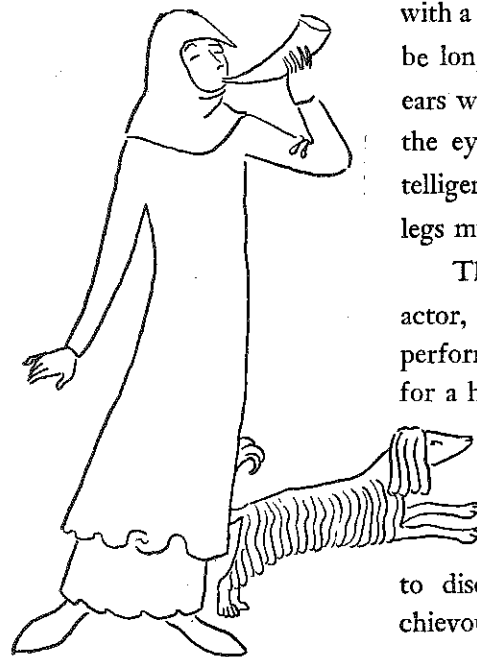


afterwards. It was found expedient to leave the hair long on the chest, to protect the lungs and heart, and on the head and shoulders, which remained above the water anyway.

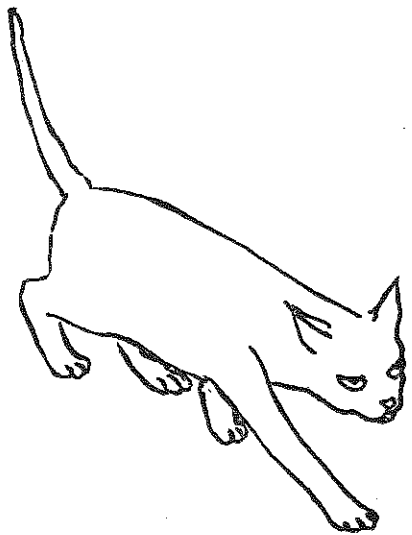
In France, under the name of caniches, a number of poodles took part in the campaigns of Napoleon, and during the Restoration, the breed became the favorite of the French bourgeoisie. Most of the "learned poodles" belonging to this epoch were Italian, however, like Molpino, "the canine Newton."

The next poodle boom was at the end of the last century when the British Poodle Club was formed, and Edwardian ladies gasped at the perfections of Champion, The Model, the most famous poodle in the history of the dog show. In 1935, Champion Nunsoe Duc de la Terrace won the highest award in the Westminster Show in New York.

The poodle's intelligence is proverbial, his appearance distinguished and picturesque. He should be a well-built dog, with a proud carriage. The muzzle should be long and strong, but not snippy, the ears wide and hanging close to the face, the eyes almond-shaped and full of intelligence, the back short and strong, the legs muscular, the feet small and arched.



The poodle is an individual and an actor, being never happier than when performing for an audience: searching for a hidden object in a crowded drawing room, for instance, or dashing dramatically into the water after a stick. He is, in some ways, the most difficult to discipline, because he can be mischievous in such a captivating way.



*The Cat: "Gentlest of Sceptics,
Sleepiest of Friends"*

THE CAT fancy is comparatively new; for while different breeds of dogs are developed for different purposes, all cats serve the same purpose equally well. For this reason cats seem to be the product of environment and natural selection, rather than of human ideas of how a cat should look. (Otherwise, we might have long, low cats, short bow-legged cats, hairless cats, etc.) Nevertheless, there are in this country six races of cats, and three large associations devoted to perfecting them, viz: the Cat Fanciers' Association, the Cat Fanciers' Federation and the American Cat Association; and two monthly publications, "The Cat Courier" and "The Cat Gazette."

In the numerous cat shows held throughout the country, the indolent long-haired broad-faced Persian is still the favorite. But recently, the Egyptian-sculptural Siamese, once never seen outside Siam, has run a close second. Among the first Siamese to be imported directly to this country, were a pair belonging to Madame Blanche Arral, the Belgium opera singer. In 1903, Madame Arral was in Bangkok, and gave a "command" performance for King Chululongkorn, grandfather of the present king. Afterwards she was shown over the palace grounds, and saw for the first time Royal Siamese cats. Says Madame Arral: "I could not help exclaiming at their exotic beauty, with their fawn bodies, dark masks and blue eyes . . . A few days later, when I took my departure from Bangkok, I was waited upon at the boat by a palace functionary who presented me with a purse of a hundred twenty franc pieces and a cage containing a pair of those marvelous Siamese cats." Those cats were the foundation of Madame

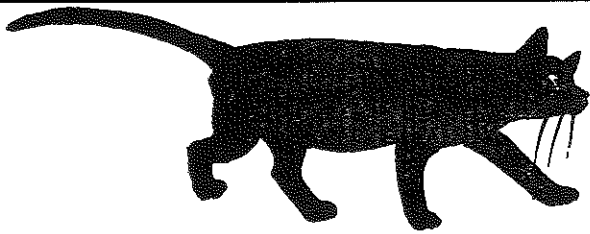


Arral's famous Royal Siamese Cattery at Grantwood, New Jersey, which flourished for many years.

The Abyssinian and Burmese cats are still more recent importations. The former is russet ticked with black like a hare, the latter a soft cocoa-brown, like natural beaver. Both have the same companionable, rather dog-like nature, the same wedge-shaped face and large pointed ears as the Siamese, but a less loud and mournful cry.

The *felis catus amura* hails from the Isle of Man. It is quite tailless, with forelegs a good deal shorter than the hind legs, which imparts a rabbit-like gait. It is probably of Oriental origin, being slighter and smaller than our cats. Some think it was brought by the ships of the Spanish Armada. However, all tailless cats are not Manx!

The Maine or coon cat, is just a Persian that has gone native, a New England Parsee. It is handsome and very hardy,



but usually lacks the points, such as clear color, that cat fanciers look for.

The domestic short-hair, though extremely prevalent, is by no means a humble or vulgar animal, and appears without disadvantage among its Levantine brothers at the cat show. However, it is less interesting to breeders, because such excellent results are usually obtained without any "breeding" at all. Rose O'Neill, in her novel, "The Goblin Woman," seems to prefer the "Plain" cat, for she speaks (Chap. XXIII) of "this clear anatomy, unobscured by flounces, frills, ruffles, feathers, fronds, wavings, rodomontade and furbelows of fur. "Here," she says, "we have the clean vigor of a shape dignified in angles, but relenting into curves . . . rondure that retains the integrity of angle."

If you have a cat, say to her some day, as she occupies your most comfortable chair, apparently asleep: "You are the most controversial of all animals. What is there about you that divides men into two camps, the philofelists and the ailuraphobiacs?"

She may twitch an ear, wrap her tail more neatly about folded paws: may even slide a golden eye in your direction and quickly shut it again. Cats are so used to being apostrophized.

"Je salue en toi, calme penseur

"Deux exquises vertues, scepticisme et douceur" said Antoine Lemaitre.

And Graham Tomson:

"Yet must I humble me thy grace to gain,

"For wiles may win thee, but no arts enslave."

And Baudelaire:

"Amis de la science et de la volupté."

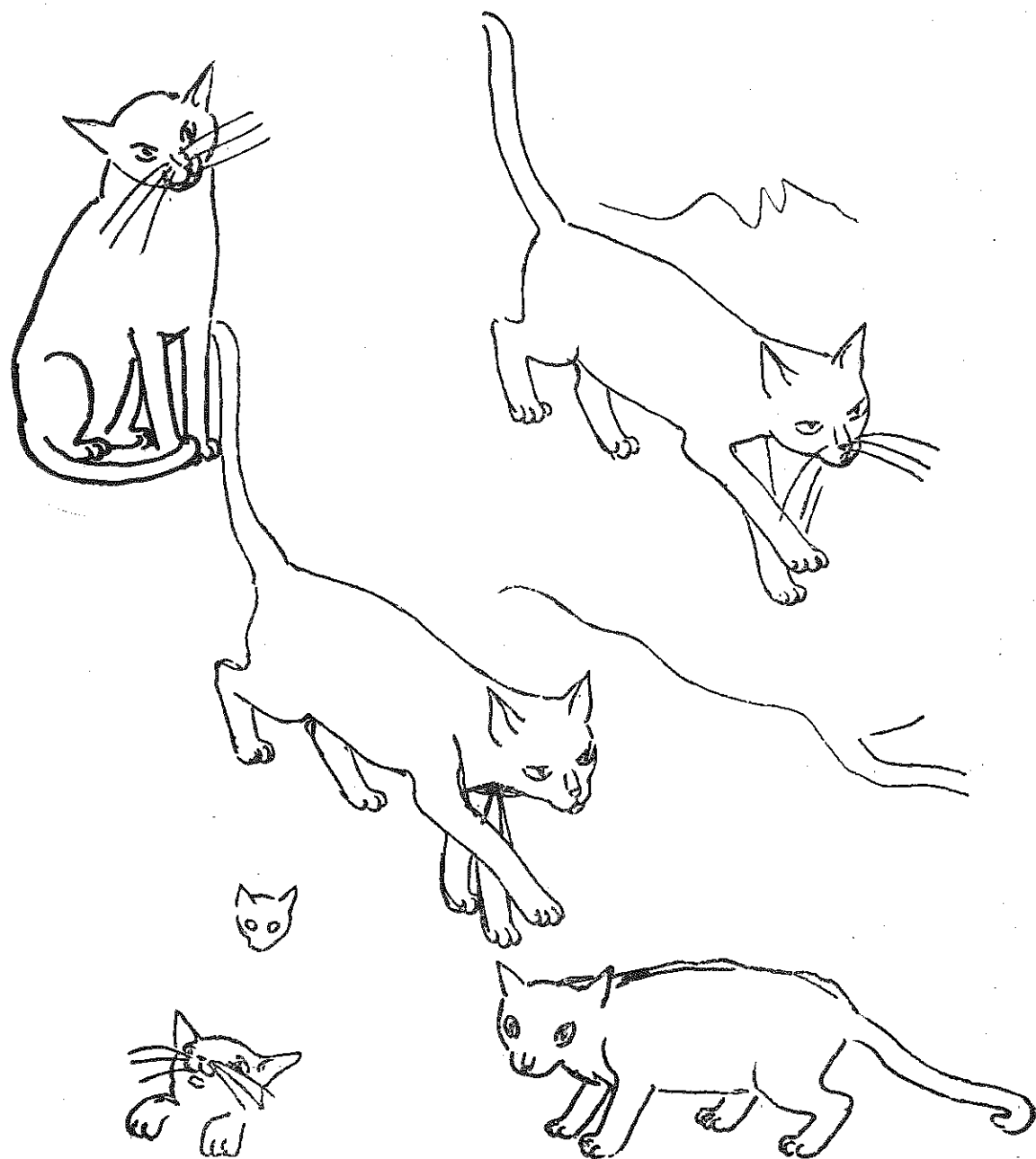
And how the feline breast must have rumbled with pleasure to be called by Swinburne: "Stately, lordly, kindly friend!"

An Arab legend tells that on the Ark, Noah's family complained of the mouse, from whose ravages it was impossible to protect food or clothes. Noah prayed for a solution to this new problem, whereupon the lion sneezed, and a cat ran out of his nostril. The mouse was so frightened that he took to living in holes. Apparently, this is as near as we can get to the true origin of cats, for there is no record of them before 1600 B.C., when they began to figure prominently in the domestic and religious life of the Egyptians. Of pet cats, among the earliest representations, better still, "portraits" is the statue of King Hana, Eleventh Dynasty, with a cat at his feet. We even know this cat's name . . . Bouhaki.

The cat-headed goddess Bast personified the gentle life-giving rays of the sun. She was sometimes identified with a moon deity also, and Herodotus thought her an aspect of Diana Triformis. Plutarch wrote that cats were considered sacred to the moon because the female had first one kitten, then two, then three, and so on up to seven, making a total of twenty-eight, the number of days in the lunar month. Plutarch himself didn't believe that story, but affirmed that the pupil of a cat's eye does grow larger as the moon waxes, narrower as it wanes. The Egyptians also believed that Ra, the Creator, had assumed feline shape to kill the Evil Serpent, an incident depicted on several papyri.

From the end of the Egyptian Empire until about 260 B.C., cat history suffers an eclipse, but cats were presumably introduced into Europe from Egypt. The Roman writers disliked them, and only mentioned their vices, chief of which were laziness and killing pet birds. Yet, in the Temple of Liberty built by Tiberius Gracchus, the goddess has a cat at her feet. Later, the artists of the French Republic revived liberty and her cat Independence. But between were long years when neither the one nor the other was much thought of. These were bad years for the cat.

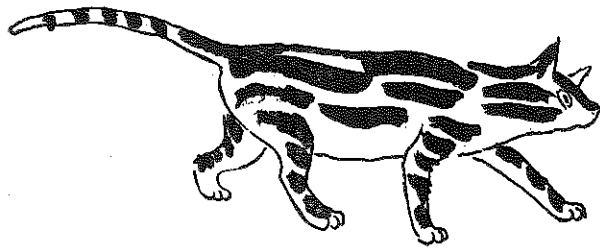




As has been pointed out before, the gods of one religion are the devils of another that supplants it; and, to the Christian Church the older religion was "devil-worship," its communicants witches. Cats suffered no less than humans from this unfortunate view, for they were the "familiars" of witches, sometimes even the witches themselves. Zoanthropy, the changing of people into animals, was in those days a common belief. In the Sixteenth Century in Aberdeen, for instance, no one doubted that the cats seen nightly around the "fish cross" (probably in the fish market) were witches celebrating their unholy rites. In France it was long a custom to throw cats into bonfires on Saint John's Eve, under the impression that they were witches in disguise. There is an interesting entry in the journal of Doctor Hervard, court physician to Henry IV: "24th June at Saint Germain. The Dauphin was taken to the King, who took him to the Queen. He obtained leave to spare the lives of the cats about to be burned in the bonfires." The future Louis XIII was then three.

Witches had a certain control over the elements and sometimes would raise a gale in order to sink a vessel. Cats were a part of the spell, and that is why the appearance of a strange cat on a ship is considered an omen of bad weather; but to throw it overboard is worse. That witches were not devoid of patriotism is clearly demonstrated in a legend recorded by Dr. Macleod. A Spanish ship was approaching the coast of Scotland on a vengeful mission, when all the local witches perched in the shrouds, in the shape of cats, and conjured it to the bottom.

For one reason or another, the cat has had many detractors, among them: the Roman writers, the naturalist Buffon, who called it a faithless servant, the poet Ronsard, Henry III, who fainted at the sight of a black cat, Saint Dominick, who said that the Devil wore that form, Shakespeare (except Shylock: "The harmless necessary cat"), and Boswell, who was

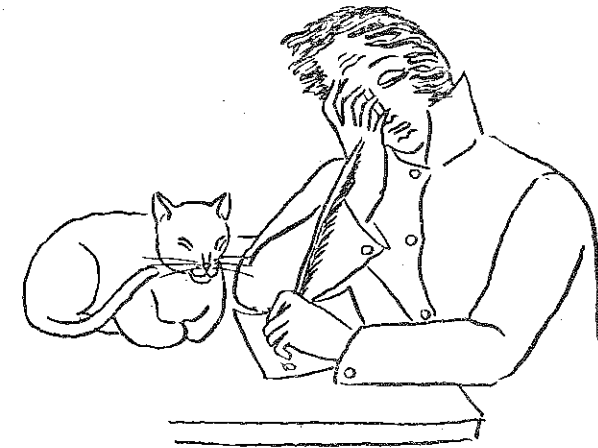


uncomfortable in the room with one. But its admirers have been equally distinguished. To mention a few, Mohamet, who cut off his sleeve, rather than disturb his cat, who was sleeping on it; Petrarch; Cardinal Wolsey; Montaigne; Tasso, who addressed a fine sonnet to one; Lord Chesterfield, who left pensions to his; Doctor Johnson, who went himself to buy oysters for Hodge, "lest the servants having that trouble should take a dislike to the poor creature"; Dupont de Nemours, the naturalist philosopher, who studied the language of cats and declared them more intelligent than dogs; Robert Southey; Carlyle; Victor Hugo, whose cat is said to have modelled itself on its master, and Chateaubriand, who hoped that he had acquired some of his cat's ways; Pope Leo XIII, whose tortoise shell Micetto Chateaubriand inherited; Sainte-Beuve, who allowed his cat to play on his desk, among his most precious papers; Swinburne; Baudelaire; and Theophile Gautier, Pierre Loti, Champfleury and Agnes Repplier, who wrote books about cats; and Peter Breughel, Goya, Gottfried Mind ("the Raphael of cats,") Wisscher, Hok'sai, Grandville and Delacroix, who liked to draw them.

The philofelist who could best have denied the accusation of selfishness, so often brought against the cat, was Sir Henry Wyatt, father of Thomas Wyatt, the poet. Under Richard III, Sir Henry was imprisoned in the Tower, where a cat used to visit his cell every day. Although probably on short rations itself, the Tower cat often brought him pigeons, which, when dressed by the goaler, were a welcome supplement to the Fifteenth Century prison fare. Brasseur Wirtzen,

a student of instinct in animals, observed that his cat always brought him the largest rats, while her kittens received small game suitable to their size.

In fact, when we consider the actual role played by the cat in human affairs—protector of pantries and gentle companion of poets—we scarcely wonder at the witch-cats of Japan, who turned into humans in order to do mischief.





"Come, Birdie, Come and Live With Me"

DOWN ON the Bowery, among the band instrument stores, are the warehouses of Max Geissler and Dories Ruhe, two of the principal bird-importers and wholesalers in New York, and to these I came to look at birds which for some inexplicable reason, I have yet to see in anyone's house. The atmosphere of such places is business like, but the catalogues read like poetry, and the shelves flash and vibrate with the colors of Impressionism. Fortunately for me, the stock is low at this season, or I should be completely dazzled. Here is a row of Emperor starlings from Abyssinia (now difficult to obtain)—heads, ultramarine blue, with a white eye: wings, golden purple; breasts a deep, Van Gogh yellow.

The "Cock of the Rock," rather like an apricot-colored guinea-hen with a delicate, fluffy crest, suggests Redon, and so does the turacco, a pheasant-like fowl with peacock blue head and neck, olive brown breast and purplish gray wings. (How well these would look on an estate!) The bulbul proves to be a small green and yellow bird—he is not singing at the moment. Other good singers are about; brown and black Shama thrushes, goldfinches, mocking birds (how Victorian! and that famous beauty, the nonpareil.

In a back room, a man is crumbling a mountain of sponge cake to make into bird food. This cake has been rejected for some reason, but it tastes perfectly good to me.

Finally, depressed by the impersonality of the warehouses, but with interest unflagged, I visit Virginia Pope's "Club House and Sanitorium for Birds."

Every bird in this unique establishment is a pet—some suffering from the affliction birds are heir to (and there are few that Dr. McCullough cannot cure) but most of them simply boarding while their owners are in Europe. The place



abounds with canaries and parrots, but as I am chiefly interested in rare birds, I look at a handsome pair of Indian mynahs, which resemble blackbirds, with an odd crocus-yellow comb outlining the back of the head in a dashing manner. Besides chic, these birds possess the rare gift of speech, the males being more adept than the females. All daws (mynahs, blackbirds, magpies, crows, ravens, etc.) are easily tamed, even wild ones, and some of them can learn to say a few words. (I have always wanted a raven that could say "Nevermore!") As I suppose everyone knows by this time, splitting a bird's tongue to enable it to talk is merely a crude superstition.

Next I discover a bird that resembles a small, lightly built canary, with a more pointed bill. This is an African siskin, which, besides singing, learns tricks easily. You put one in a cage with the seed cup resting on a little track out of reach, and he pulls it in with a string; he also draws water for himself in a little bucket from a well outside the cage. He is related to the Indian fakir's bird, that strings beads!

In another room is a very fine bullfinch, a plump little bird the size of a sparrow, with a black cap, gray back and wings, and a rosy breast. He can whistle two tunes from "Carmen," and when I am out of sight begins "Le Tringle des Systres." His pure little flute was better adapted for the airs of Rossini or Mozart, perhaps, but there is charm in the anomaly. Bullfinches come from Germany and Czecho-Slovakia, where breeding and training them are an industry. A trained one fetches from \$30.00 to \$50.00. They relish meal worms occasionally, (but won't touch earth worms) which you must hand head first as they take several bites.

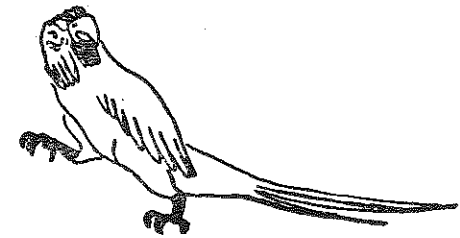
Although I am not primarily interested in parrots, there are too many here to be overlooked, so I ask which are the best talkers: the Gray Africans have the reputation, but the Virginia Pope staff finds that the Panamas do just as well, and have more reliable dispositions. Macaws learn words

readily, but have difficulty with sentences. Contrary to popular theory, when parrots use a word, they have a very definite idea of its meaning and if the idea is wrong, the teaching is at fault. A curious fact about parrots is that the sexes are indistinguishable. You have to decide, once and for all, whether to call your bird Queenie or Bill, and Bill may surprise you after a long and celibate life, by laying an egg. However, nothing will come of this.

Budgerigars, or parakeets, come in white, cobalt, cerulean, chartreuse and green, and are priced in that order. The white bearded, cobalt ones are spattered with drops of pure ultramarine. They are completely inhibited as to speech.

Leaving the clubhouse, I reflect for those who do not demand conversational or musical entertainment from their pets, the possibilities are infinite. A good idea, and one which is popular abroad, is to have a built-in aviary or a large cage, containing a tree branch or perhaps a toy ferris-wheel that turns with the weight of a bird, and in it keep a number of different species. The various fancy finches—strawberry, star, pin-tailed, zebra, cordon blue, cutthroat, nun, etc., seem to be on good terms, and their aggregate colors—rusty reds, scarlet, green, turquoise, beige, gray and black—produce a rich effect. Include also a king, or paradise wydah, and note the astonishment of his fellows when in the spring, this drab little bird suddenly sprouts a pair of tail feathers a foot long, that fall in a graceful curve lending distinction to the aviary. A cobalt blue sugar bird with yellow eyes, red legs and a long curved bill would also point up the collection, but you have to provide "soft bill" food for him—the others eat seeds. Do not, under any circumstances, introduce a male canary into this happy commune.

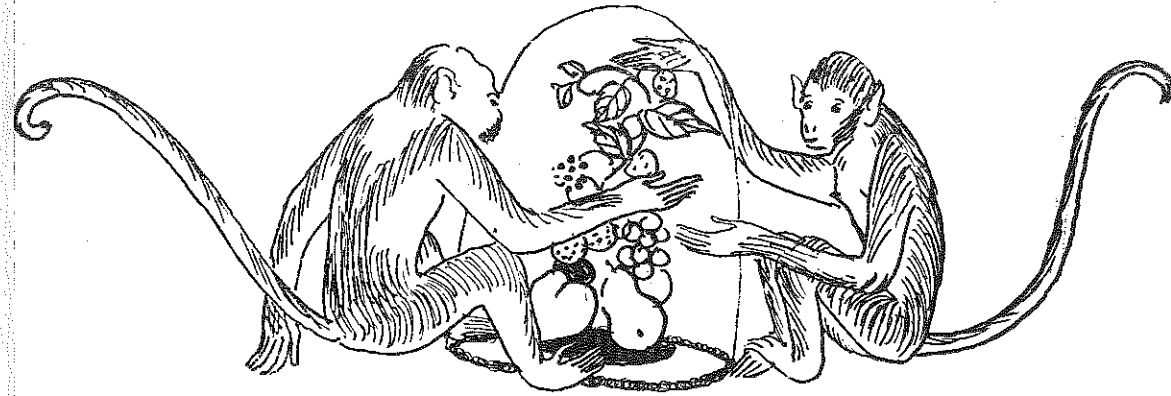
You who require the companionship of a larger bird, yet whose tastes are unconventional; you to whom the barbaric and the grotesque have a special appeal, I give you the toucan! I cannot imagine why the toucan is not a popular pet, unless



it is because of his enormous and beautiful but savage-looking beak. Actually, the toucan's beak is far less dangerous than a parrot's, because it is boneless, and extremely light; quite incapable of cracking the nuts of his native Brazil. In fact, the purpose of this monstrous beak has been a puzzle to scientists since its discovery; at one time it was thought "an admirable contrivance of nature to increase the delicacy of the organ of smell," while more modern opinion is that the male bird uses it to feed the nesting female in the depths of a hollow tree. Devaillant, in "Histoire Naturelle des Oiseaux de Parades," etc., says:

"(Toucans & Calaos) seem but the toy of nature's most bizarre caprices," and perhaps he is nearer the truth. Called by the systematists "Rhamphastidos," the toucan is represented by as many varieties as a certain well-known manufacturer of canned goods, but in general he has glossy black head, back, wings and tail feathers, and brilliantly colored face, throat, chest and beak. The size, exclusive of beak, is from 1½ ft. to 2 ft. In the white breasted toucan the beak is black with a banana-yellow stripe down the top, and chestnut patches on the sides; the bare face is turquoise blue with a dark eye, the throat and chest white touched with deep red below: turquoise blue reappears in the legs and the feet, which, as in all toucans, have two toes before and two behind. Another variety, the orange-breasted, has blue eyes looking out startlingly from a burnt-orange face. Aracaris (pronounced "arassari") which really come from a separate family, are much smaller, with the basic color green, instead of black. All are as hardy as parrots, and of a gentle nature. They are rather clumsy on the wing (unlike parrots which are naturally long distance fliers) and on the ground, they hop, and when they eat (mostly bananas) they toss their food into the air and catch it, and when in repose they perch almost perpendicular, beak sunk upon the breast.

The first European explorers were naturally impressed by the toucan and took several specimens home with them, one of which became the pet of Charles IX of France. [See illustration

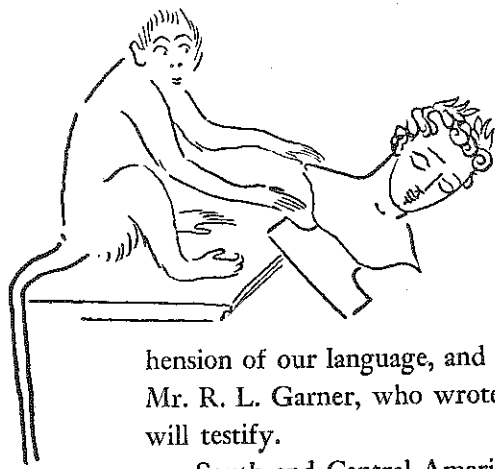


This Monkey Business

NO ONE who keeps a pet solely for reasons of fashion or decoration would be bothered with a monkey. There are, roughly speaking, three attitudes toward pets: the negative which is no concern of ours: the positive, and the neutral. People belonging to what I have called the neutral attitude look upon animals merely as a background, either stylish or eccentric, for their own personalities. Their pets are usually high-born, well disciplined, uninteresting.

Monkey owners have never belonged to this type. (Except, possibly, in the Eighteenth Century, when a monkey dressed in tricorne, satin coat and sword, accompanied every lady of fashion—at least, according to the prints). To them, the character and intelligence of an animal, as of a human being, is its recommendation. For them, the fascination of monkeys amply compensates for the trouble they may be.

It is their mental endowments that set monkeys apart from other pets. Belonging to the same order as we (primate), they are conceded to be the most intelligent of animals. They are also the most temperamental, and the most sensitive, at-



taching themselves passionately to one person, but easily offended, resentful of criticism.

They show an uncanny comprehension of our language, and have a language of their own, as Mr. R. L. Garner, who wrote a thick volume on the subject, will testify.

South and Central American varieties of monkeys are the most congenial to human society, being both more attractive (according to our standards), and generally brighter than the Old World varieties. The most popular of the New World monkeys is the Capuchin, who appeals to the organ-grinder by being cheap and hardy, and whose anxious expression wrings pennies from the tightest fist. This is a well-proportioned monkey, with heavy fringed coat, long prehensile tail and gentle nature; who ranges from Costa Rica to Paraguay, from whence it is brought in the spring to be sold to zoos, scientists, animal-lovers and the aforementioned organ-grinder. Spring or early summer, by the way, is the proper time to buy monkeys or any animals from the tropics, as they will have a chance to become acclimated gradually before the cold sets in.

Related to the capuchin, and only slightly larger, is the howling monkey, of which the male emits terrific howls in order to frighten potential enemies. Indeed, hearing them, one can imagine a stampede of elephants halting in consternation—but there are no elephants in South America. These are the monkeys described in the marvelous jungle chapters of Hudson's "Green Mansions."

The woolly monkey is remarkable for his coat and round close-cropped head. He looks like a little jungle god, is slow in his motions, and likes to be petted. The squirrel monkey, smaller than those mentioned so far, has soft, thick fur, large eyes, and a long tufted tail. He combines beauty with brains,



and is thought by some to be more intelligent even than the capuchin.

The marmoset, who belongs all by himself to the family Hapalidae, is another favorite, because he can be kept in a rather large bird cage. He is no bigger than a squirrel, with a delicate whiskered face, like a miniature of a patriarch, and long, non-prehensile tail. Marmosets are somewhat less intelligent than most monkeys, but very lively and affectionate. It has been affirmed that, when one of a pair dies, from whatever cause, the other dies shortly after.

Among the Old World monkeys, the macaques hold a position corresponding to that of the capuchin. They are all hardy, thick-set, and larger than the New World monkeys. The lion-tailed macaque has a truly leonine mien, with a ruff around the face, concealing the ears, and a tapering tail, ending in a tassel. He lives in the forests of the Malabar Coast, and, aside from his appearance, which is striking, has little to recommend him as a pet, being shy and sulky, when away from his native heath, and nothing of a show-off.

Another species of macaque, the Rhesus monkey, comes from Bengal, where it lives in large troops, occasionally goes swimming, and becomes red in the face when angered. It is



hardy and breeds well in captivity. Most of the scientific experiments which involve monkeys, involve either the Rhesus or the capuchin.

More amenable than the macaques, and also brighter, are the mangabeys of West Africa, to whom white upper eyelids give a surprised, incredulous look. From West Africa also come the guenons, of which the beautiful green monkey is most often seen by us, as it bears northern climates well. Its coat is a rich greenish-gold color, with a ruff about the face, which is rather long and black. The ears are pointed and black also, as are the palms of the hands and feet.

The baboons are not handsome in a conventional sense. They are heavy, with short arms and legs, short non-prehensile tails (sometimes no tail at all), long faces that are half dog-like, half human, and bare, often brilliantly colored rumps. They are frequently fierce and jealous, although certain individuals among them have been known to show affection.

As for the great anthropoid apes—chimpanzee, orangutan and gorilla, their size, strength and emotional temperament make them somewhat unwieldy pets. Keeping them and observing them is a career in itself.

Once you have acquired a monkey, which will be in the spring, if he (or she) is a recent immigrant, your chief material concern will be to keep it from catching cold, as all primates are subject to respiratory troubles. A nest box should be provided, into which they may retire if chilled, and many monkeys like to cover themselves with a blanket. On warm days, and in summer, they should be out of doors during the daytime, but should be able to get away from the sun and wind. A screened porch with a nest box in a sheltered corner is ideal.

Diet is a simple matter: fruit, raw or cooked vegetables, and milk, which they soon learn to drink from a cup, supplemented by whole wheat bread or cooked cereal. The smaller monkeys such as marmosets, esteem meal worms as a sort of *bonne bouche* occasionally. The quantity of food to be given varies, of course, according to the size of the animal; but they should not be given so much that it is allowed to lie around.

Monkeys are as capable of boredom as human beings; and for this reason, space permitting, two monkeys are sometimes better than one, besides being more entertaining, as they will amuse each other, and make fewer demands on your presence. As a rule, monkeys get along well together, even when of different species. I had a friend who kept a pig-tailed macaque and a baboon in a large cage, and they were always on the best of terms, except at meal times, when the baboon tried to claim all the food for himself. I was told that the macaque, when he saw his owner approaching with fruit, would stand with his back to her, and his hand behind his back, in the classic gesture of a corrupt official receiving a bribe!

The many human gestures and other characteristics on the part of monkeys should be a reminder that their needs are very nearly the same as ours, or rather as a child's. More than any other animal, the monkey requires a mental life. His play is not just practice-hunting or fighting, like a kitten's

or a dog's, but activity for its own sake. He must have toys: a bell, a looking glass, a little box he can open and shut himself—these mean as much to a monkey as a catnip mouse to a cat, (though one appeals to the senses, the others to the mind). If he is kept in a cage, he should be permitted a daily tour of the room or the garden, but be sure that all breakable objects are out of the way, as he will wish to submit everything to an investigation, which may include throwing it on the floor. This curiosity is insatiable, and will often lead to near-disaster; but when your pet destroys a caller's hat (or pulls up your best perennials), you have only to remember that a similar impulse prompted Galileo to study the motions of a pendulum.

Your pet monkey may be presented to you by cruising relatives, or purchased as a decorative motif for the verandah. You will soon discover that this is no mere animated bibelot you have brought into the house, but a little person, with hands, brain and a complex set of emotional reactions. You will find that he is slightly more trouble than goldfish or a dog, but infinitely more appreciative. You will be astonished by his almost human behavior and understanding. You will probably write a book about him—or at least an article.



Breakfast - a Preface

FRANKLY, OF the many reasons for including a breakfast room in your domestic scheme, the psychological ones interest me most; however, it would be well to mention some of the practical ones first, because for many people, breakfast rooms are still associated with Edwardian mansions, or only the most formal style of modern living.

A curious fact about the American breakfast is that it is attended by half as many people as the American luncheon or dinner, only one or two at a time usually (breakfast parties are rare, and usually given outside the home). Ergo, these one or two people, must be able to reach the electric toaster, the coffee machine, etc., for which purpose the average dining table is of course too large. For aesthetic reasons which are at once obvious, the average square dining room cannot be expected to contain two tables, and so we have the breakfast room and the breakfast nook, both appropriately furnished. Breakfast out of the way, the room has by no means outlived its usefulness for the day. For families who do not assemble in full force at lunch, for instance: for the children's early meals, or for the evening game of Bridge; at dinner parties the breakfast room might house the hors d'oeuvres, especially if of the Swedish variety, and afterwards the breakfast table would hold the coffee things, liquer bottles, syphon glasses and bowls of ice. Then, if the guests remained long enough, they would see the room put to its intended use, for along would come fresh coffee, scrambled eggs and the spirit of informality proper to beginning a new day.



Which brings us to the psychology of the breakfast room, which is very sound.

The American breakfast, we have said, is attended by half as many people as the American luncheon or dinner, and in an entirely different mood. Luncheon may be a welcome pause, dinner a reward of labor, but breakfast calls us from a pleasanter world. Breakfast time is the most critical hour of the twenty-four, for in the short interval between waking to ourselves and waking to the world of reality, can be determined the pattern of our reactions to the entire day. In a sense it is true that every day man is born again. Nothing can be more important than, than pleasant surroundings at breakfast; nothing less appropriate than the atmosphere of the previous evening.

Instead of sitting in lonely pomp, in the cold morning light, at a table enormous and bleak, in a room designed to look well full of people and candlelight, how agreeable to start the day in a bright modern setting of lucite and white leather, chromium and flowers, or in a small room with lively sporting murals, as a preface to reality. Conversation at breakfast cannot be relied upon, therefore murals or an interesting view are far more important to a breakfast room than to a dining room where the lucky breakfasters sit at a narrow oak counter along a window, looking out on a walled garden and the branches of trees; how happily one could breakfast the year through, watching these branches, and never even wishing oneself back in bed!

And here, perhaps we come to the essential requirements of the room where the first meal of the day is to be eaten. It must be convenient (for the modern breakfast is largely self-service), small and informal, but above all, stimulating in decoration, a room to freshen the mind, a sort of bridge between relaxation and exertion in order to be worthy of the most significant, if not the most special of repasts. For example,

there is a clean-cut modern room, where breakfast, one feels, would be an affair of grapefruit juice and Melba toast, preceded by an invigorating shower; a country room enlivened by murals; a modern room of a simplicity that somehow suggests China; a room centered about a view of garden (and drawing its inspiration, perhaps, from the luxurious commuters' breakfast train of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad); a tranquil room full of interesting detail, at once modern and baroque; and the seaman-like paneled cabin of a yacht, salty as a kippered herring.

Breakfast in any one of these rooms, I am certain, would be adequate insurance against that sort of day with which everyone is familiar—the day that began wrong.



Bowers of Lucullus

Dining al Fresco

UNTIL RECENTLY in this country, the phrase "eating out of doors" suggested only acute discomfort to the average sybarite. It usually meant carrying heavy hampers uphill, sitting on the damp ground, finding that the salt, cocktails, or other necessities, had been left irretrievably behind. To woodsmen and park commissioners, it meant woods defaced with orange peels and crumpled-up paper napkins, or destroyed altogether by ill-tended camp fires.

Today, impossible as it sounds, eating out of doors has become the supreme luxury, the last word in bon vivre.

The first step in the civilization of the "pique-nique" was to bring it within easy walking distance (no bon vivant will go farther). No longer must one drive for hours to find the right place. The perfect place may be one's own garden, or the terrace of one's favorite restaurant.

The next step was to take the food off the ground. No longer need one crouch in a primitive attitude and eat from the level of one's knees. Now one may sit at flower-decked wrought iron or glass-topped tables that harmonize in style with the surrounding trees, and eat the most sophisticated of meals from the most delicate of services.

Some serious souls may object that Nature is opposed to luxury, that only rough, homely dishes should be eaten in her (his?) presence.

This is pure sophistry.

There is nothing coarse about the food of birds and but-



terflies; and who ever heard of an animal not being as comfortable as possible? On the contrary, discomfort is a human invention, and the sybarite is closer to Nature than the ascetic.

Some may ask: Why eat out of doors at all, if comfort and good food are to be chief considerations? (I have known only one man who insisted on eating indoors in summer, and he liked a ceiling above to keep the top of his head from flying off.) For one thing, the appetite increases as we breathe more oxygen, and there is more oxygen out of doors. For another, when eating is leisurely, as it always should be, we demand entertainment, and there is always amusing activity out of doors, whether it be in a quiet garden or a city street.

The pleasures of eating out of doors in the country are

perhaps too well known to need dwelling upon; but to New York's summer population within recent years has come a new source of enjoyment and health. In the Spring, around the first of May, people emerge, pale and smoky from the interiors where most of their life is spent, and begin to do their eating and drinking out of doors. In the Autumn they return regretfully, but tanned and bursting with vigor. They find the sidewalk cafes on lower Fifth Avenue are in full swing, and the whole section wears a brighter aspect. Not only awnings and hedges, but salads and mint juleps have a part in the change. Most of all, the lunchers, diners and sippers lend an atmosphere of unfrenzied gaiety which indoor crowds do not. While eating some of the best food in New York, they watch the best show in the world—people passing on mysterious errands. Most of the restaurants in this part of town have backyards which iron furniture and pebbles turn into gardens. Although the effect is French, the vista of flowering fire escapes is distinctly New York, and none the less charming for that. In the midtown district, one lunches under bright umbrellas in the architectural glades of the Marguery and Chatham Walk. Further uptown are roof gardens, where dining and dancing one can admire the eerie views New York furnishes to its cliff dwellers. In the Park is the Tavern on the Green, and on Riverside Drive the Claremont.

Today, if you have a garden, or so much as a balcony large enough for a table and a few chairs, you will probably eat at least two meals a day in the open, and many people have been getting up for breakfast who never got up before. In fact, some say breakfast makes the best picnic of all, and the morning air is a painless awakener, with a clearing effect on the head. Certainly, lunch is the most popular, because the season for eating it out of doors is the longest, and perhaps because the heat of noon disposes one to relax in the shade and be

waited on. And if one lives in the country, there are more apt to be guests for lunch than for dinner. But to me, the last meal is still the best. There is something romantic, and also heartening about dinner *a la belle étoile*. To watch of a summer evening, between cold madrilene and strawberry short-cake, the flowers close, the sky darken, the cigars and cigarettes spring to life, reminds one of the recurrence of pleasant things, such as summer, evening and dinner. A comforting thought!—Waiter! Get this lightning bug out of my soup!



Paris, 1927

Leaves from a Little Girl's Diary

"Being a detailed record of ordinary occurrences."

"I ENJOYED the zoo (in Paris) very much, except, of course, the tigers and pumas, and all the big cats; they are never happy in zoos. In the first place, they are too dangerous to keep in zoos, so they are not even given the liberty of a yard, but there they remain, in a small and smelly prison cell, with their own rebellious thoughts to occupy them, with no outlook but the gloomy prospect of living all their lives behind those bars; always seeing the faces, the stupid monotonous faces of humans passing along and staring at them, and making ignorant remarks. Some, to be sure, praise their beauty, and some pity them, but they do not see this, and what is human pity to those that have once tasted human flesh?"

(I must here state that very few zoo tigers have tasted human flesh, most of them are born in captivity which means that they have no past and, of course, no future either.)

There were many other animals, deer, wild piones, lap-eared goats, zebus, flamingos, pelicans, elephants, dwarf hippopotamuses, a beautiful banded tapir, vultures, a porcupine, racoons, some hyenas, (the largest I have ever seen) sea-gulls, otters, antelopes, monkeys, etc. and the museum was closed when we got out, but I got many inspirations for my own "perfected" zoo that I intend to have some day. In it there will be no animal that cannot be left in a state of more or less liberty; in it I will have deer, gazelles, antelopes, angora

goats, etc. In my zoo there will be large fields with shady trees where families of deer, exotic or otherwise, will take their siestas.

There will also be a pond, fed by little brooks, (artificial or otherwise) and surrounded by tall water grasses and reeds, where tall flamingoes can stalk, or wade, or float about and build their cone-shaped nests. The little streams mentioned will run through the property, with greenish grass, and trees on either bank, and queer black geese, and Japanese ducks with short bills and long yellow hair on their heads, will swim up and down, and plunge their heads into the mud at the bottom until only their curly tails and tips of their wings are visible above the surface. How idealistic it sounds! Far too much so to be real! ! But I think it might be possible if one devoted one's whole life to it! !

My only fear, is, that if I do ~~not~~ realize my ambition, that I will remain there, surrounded by (in my opinion) all the luxuries, and forget about the millions of less fortunate animals who have not found shelter in my zoo, of all the oppressed races that are gradually being goaded off the face of the earth by my own race, by the race that I intend to make amends for. It is true the humans in certain parts of the earth are making a note-worthy effort to undo all the harm that generations have done, but it will be many years before we can replace the fast disappearing giraffes and the cruelly slaughtered seals, and it will be long before the thousands of sheep, born in the human folds equal the millions that fall under the human axe. I will have forest preserves where hunted deer may seek refuge during the season of massacre, and my marshlands will be open to the passing ducks and geese, a place where they can rest their weary wings without fear of being shot at, or enticed into the enemies' camp by their own likenesses, living or otherwise. . .

The Yellow Fox

I

One evening as I sleeping lay
A turpid tarn beside,
A yellow fox ran through the trees
And in my arms did hide

I woke to see his blackened paws,
The white tip of his tail,
Fast fleeting from my eager grasp
To the cover of the dale.

II

I could not find that yellow fox
Though I've spent long hours awake
And searched the valley from end to end
Through forest, field and lake.

At Night the Clouds

At night the clouds roll on across the moon
Their gray forms light against the grayer sky.
The cricket's chirp—the wailing of the loon,—
All earthly sounds—upon the air shall die.
The still leaves of the poplar dimly move,
The bats fly down from haunts among the eaves, and high,
In yonder tree there is a groove,
Where sleeps the day-moth or the butterfly.
The hunter rests, the fox's turn has come
To hunt the hare, the wind is hushed,
The wood birds cease their drum.
At dawn the white clouds hang o'er pasture hills,
Like great birds settling down from flight,
I hardly think that they can be the same
That sailed so high and looked so gray last night.

The Last Star of Evening

(The Words of a Dying Person)

It was evening that gave me my glory
When the heavens were colored with red
'Twas the star that pushed forth from the darkness
And summoned me unto the dead.

My soul it was guided by Venus
And Mercury stood by my head
As I breathed the last breath of the living
And sighed the last sigh of the dead.

To a Grizzly Bear

I should like to die in your short, powerful arms
Smothered in soft fur,
Your native climate is such that I should welcome
The momentary comfort of your embrace,
And my last memory would be the warm smell of your wool.

But though you have only stood here for a short time,
Already you smell of camphor and dust
And a plaque between your feet tells that you were
Shot by the Duke of Orleans.

A Psalm of Thought

The raw, cold wind
Beat on me as I lay upon the hill
Like a ceaseless sea
Whose mighty will no man can change.

It penetrated
Through my heavy coat into my very marrow
And sent a chill
Up, up my back to harrow, harrow

I shook off the spell
And rising, climbed, laboring up the hill.
Away you fears—avaunt you racking ills
I have a will no man can change.

The Cow

O Cow whose patient hours are spent,
In cropping grass and munching hay,
Whose peaceful gaze is homeward bent,
As nears the close of every day.
That shiny nose, those languid eyes,
Inspire awe, though never dread,
What wonder, then, that such small flies
Could cause the toss of that great head!
That low and uncomplaining tone,
Bespeaks the oppression of thy race.
O Cow, if more resembled thee
This world would be a better place!

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