HAS the MASCULINIZED WOMAN COME TO STAY?

The Trend of the Feminine Mind Toward Man's Work and Costume

Near-Trousers Worn by a French Actress this Summer

Mme. Jane Dieulafoy of Paris

Tyrolean Women at Work on the Farm

When Dr. Mary Walker First Adopted Her Strange Garb

HAS the masculinized woman come to stay?

Has it remained for the twentieth century to crystallize into universal practicality all the aspirations, longings, ambitions and stray adventures toward masculinity that have actuated womankind throughout the ages?

Has the man-woman at last arrived?

Over in England a determined band of women has been making things lively in efforts to secure all the so-called rights and privileges of man; on the European continent women faddists in Paris and women farm laborers in other sections are appropriating more and more of man's particular raiment to their use; in this country women may be seen smoking and drinking intoxicants with the calm assurance of the sterner sex.

Ask any of these if the masculinized woman has come to stay and she will probably answer:

"Why not?"

"I am the Woman of Manleigh."

She hated feminism, and these came out of a campaign her husband and those others with a "mob," the vote and no vote at stake. They saw her carrying the "three votes"—she was not condemned to more at them. "Are those as long as they shall seem?"—From Rudyard Kipling's "Kim."

WHY NOT, indeed, when the oldest races of the world, high bred, upon the unwonted shoulders of Asia's lofty mountains, afford such conditions of polyandry as Kipling pictures in his virile Woman of Manleigh, with her harem of husbands, all so humble to her lordly bidding as were ever the four wives of an aristocrat Turk to his?

Why not, when among the tribes of Indians in our own Southwest Indians was represent the most unequivocal and daring of their race—the matriarchate previous to absolute purity, with man a mere adjunct, and a wholly unimportant one at that?

Why not, when anthropology and psychology shake hands across the immeasurable gulfs of time and heathen gravity to disassociate as to whether, in the earliest, whole, in the evolution of mankind the whole of the moment and preeminence was bossed by the mother and grandmother?

To all of these queries and averments the most refined and refined woman, to an out of century, will eagerly give her assent, with only one reservation.

That is, while women by nature, breed and previous conditions of mastery are obviously decided to all the powers and prerogatives so autocratic embossed by man, they ought to enjoy them without sacrificing their own gentleness, delicacy, fleetliness and exquisitely fine feeling and innocence.

These qualities, you see, have so long been woman's sole reliance for the fascination and capture of man that any new grandeurs and freedoms, however desirable, appear of dubious advantage if they involve the sacrifice of the gentler traits.

The modern woman has been capable of contemplating with only a qualified shudder the portrayal of her early prototype, as well as her recent sister in New Zealand, being cracked over the bangs with a war club as a proper preliminary to marriage.

That masterful breed of man might have been rather impetuous, but he was undoubtedly a useful brute to have around, after being tamed.

But she has not yet tried to imagine herself as the primitive wooer, wielding the club and bearing her unconscious victim to the cave. Social evolution seems to miss a link at that stage of her development.

What worries her now is whether, by some occult fate—some exigencies of society, some psychology of the race—she is doomed to sacrifice her femininity, whether she wants to or not. The only hints available are those cases that have been conspicuous in history and those others that are luminously contemporary.

HISTORY'S MANNISH WOMEN

As for history, the poor mauled thing bristles with masculine women and seems to leave the host of milder ones to blush unseen. The famous termagants, seemingly didn't know how to blush.

Between the merciless experiments in poison practiced by a Lucretia and the numberless experiments in lovers conducted by Catharine of Russia—both of them masculine-minded as any Genghis Khan who ever swung the sword, and both as conspicuously fit for primeval polyandry as the masterful Woman of Shamlegh—only the poor and girlish Joan of Arc remains unrelated, amid her martial glory, with womanhood's sweet gentleness and modesty. They burned her, hurriedly.

Catharine of Russia proved one of the most forceful rulers of history, to whom martial conquest was a delight, bloodshed no terror and iron discipline a second nature.

Checking along the curious list of those ladies who, in the past, have undertaken to compete with men on man's own ground, in man's own clothes—as scores of them have done—practically no exceptions turn up to the rule that every one of them became the very dregs of a fellow, swearing, carousing and killing with the worst of them, and as completely masculine that oftentimes a whole lifetime passed without any suspicion arising as to their real sex.

Doughty Hannah Snell—Hannah in breeks behaved well, that none her softer sex could tell"—was as much of a swashbuckler in the eighteenth century as Dr. James Barry proved herself in the nineteenth. What Dr. Barry's real name was may never be known, for she died in full possession of her honors as inspector general of the hospitals of the British army in 1865, at the age of 71 years, and her tombstone in Kensal Green records her name officially as Dr. James Barry.

The most notably virile genius among women in French literature has been George Sand, and pretty nearly all the men whose affections she kidnapped were ready to testify that she was the modern reincarnation of the primitive cave woman with the club.

In these later days, however, the feminine aspirants to masculine achievement have fixed their high resolves on attaining the two extremes at once—man's strength and woman's delicacy. So we have had here a Dr. Mary Walker in trousers, who remained the woman still, for all her harsh attire, while France is just now quite proud of her Madame Jane Dieulafoy, who, since 1881, by formal permission of the government, has dressed in man's attire, with her hair cut short as any man's, or Dr. Mary's.

She helped her husband in difficult archeological researches in Persia, unearthing the great and ancient palace of Artaxerxes Mnemon, and donned trousers for the digging.

They were so comfortable that she determined to wear them in France, and today she can be seen, whenever she appears in public, as correctly garbed in frock coat, trousers and man's hat, with a flower in her buttonhole, as the most elegant boulevardier in Paris.

But there her masculinity stops. She is the domestic wife, the ideal French mother, the dainty housekeeper and a well-known writer and lecturer.

AN ARTIST'S FAD

It was Rosa Bonheur who started the fashion of trousers for women in France; she wanted them for convenience of work in her studio. Sarah Bernhardt, who is a sculptress by one of her avocations, is frequently found in male sculptor's attire, at work on her statues.

With all these shining examples of female intellect flourishing in male habiliments, enterprising Paris has of late developed quite a penchant for ladies in masculine [illegible]. Mme. de Montifaut, well known [illegible] Surrealism, disdains anything feminine in her apparel and, in the fall, done her little top coat over, she smart cutaway with all the nonchalance of the [illegible] flaneur.

Paris might have stopped there, leaving to the few hundred literary and artistic dames the caprice of

Catherine of Russia Possessed a Masculine Mind

pants. But only this season Paris faced a cruel dilemma:

The Directoire gown, the tight sheath skirt, the whole fashion for which Paris itself was responsible, had proved too overwhelming a success. Any figure worth a row of buttons was so exquisitely outlined that the owner was willing to stand privately [illegible] the [illegible] happiness of the unadornment—and [illegible] them had to stand forever that weak flesh [illegible].

New genius and some more heroines were needed, if not to save the fashion, then at least to ask [illegible] sian pre-eminence in fashions.

Genius lives up every flight of stairs in Paris; and as for heroines, why, Joan of Arc is the sex's very own.

Behold handsome Mlle. Suzanne Bergere, of the Comique, faring forth in a waist that fits like a glove and, fastening above her ankles, a divided skirt—bloomers, trouserettes, near-trousers, whatever the world might choose to call it—replacing the tight sheath skirt and affording ample opportunity to sit down.

Well, here at last is fashion, in fashion's most sacred citadel, bidding woman wear the unnamable, if not the unmentionables. Will the new style "go"?

FASHION TO DECIDE

It would go like Maseppa if only Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose masculine daring and Turkish trouserettes amazed Europe years ago, were alive now to give the fashion the distinction of her approval. It may go anyway, with such innovators even in England as the duchess of Westminster, Lady Castlereagh and Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson openly indulging in knee breeches and top boots in the hunting field.

The Tyrolean girls, who emulate their Polish sisters in tilling their difficult farms, would be glad to enjoy the boon French fashion offers; the pit-brow lassos of the Lancashire collieries enjoy it already, but make the fatal mistake of donning skirts for holiday attire over Sunday.

If that latest extreme of fashion come—and if fashion positively says so, come it must—masculinity to outward seeming will have been attained at a bound by the whole sex. Has, then, the man-woman at last arrived?

Paris, in the bloomered person of her calm Suzanne, echoes the refrain of London's deep-voiced suffragettes:

"If she wants to, she has."

Should a Woman Marry a Man of Genius?

"O-O-O-OH! Help! Help!"

A woman's shrieks awoke from his slumber a famous naturalist, so goes a well-known story. He started up in bed, staring.

Beside him was his wife, her eyes dilated in horror and fixed upon her shoe, whence a snake writhed, hissing.

"Ooh, look!" she screamed, her trembling finger pointing at the reptile, its squirming form succeeded by another. "Snakes—snakes in my shoes when I tried to put them on."

The great man smiled tolerantly and sank back to his pillow.

"Oh, don't worry about them, my dear," he murmured, as he composed himself for another nap. "I put them in there last night to keep the poor things warm."

She was paying the penalty of having married a man of genius.

CAN ANY woman afford to do it?

Alphonse Daudet, in his incomparable group of short stories, "Wives of Men of Genius," depicts with a master hand the disasters that attend marriage in the realm of art and profess then to an introduction which, with an inimitable delivery of treatment, wards off the suspicion that his stories drew upon his own experience.

M. J. Hayes, the English author of the latest disquisition on the subject in its broader aspects, lives in the marriages of genius under all its phases, and cites Daudet's novels as one of the wives of men of genius who are a blessing to their husbands and a perennial happiness to themselves. But he argues, as Daudet previously averred, such happiness is the exception, not the rule.

"Ah," cries the frail girl whose lover has the intellect of her favorite novelist, Carlyle, "such an humble and ardent wooer would never prove jealous."

Couldn't be? Well, the humbler, most ardent wooer on record was that very Mr. Carlyle, and with good reason, for Jane Welsh was not only loved as a beauty and a wit, but her social position was such as to warrant her in telling him plumply that his attentions were presumptuous.

After he had begged and pleaded and eaten all the dirt the meekest lover could digest she gave way and married him. The pen picture of her wedded life is one of unalloyed wretchedness. He was a dyspeptic tyrant and a peevish nuisance. She drove not be out of his sight; she was an affliction to him in it.

"Jane"—it was the voice that hailed genoes and demolished prejudices—"Jane, stop that sewing. I can hear your needle going through the cloth."

Jane gently laid aside the sewing.

"Jane"—a moment afterward—"in heaven's name, keep quiet. I can hear you breathing."

Oh, well, he was half a satirist and half a militant philosopher, this Algernon, being a poet.

Milton was a poet. He was an complete a poet that he wouldn't do anything but poetize. In all their poverty and ills Milton's wife enjoyed only these divine sinecures: Opportunities of reading a chapter or so of the Old Testament, by permission, and a few walks in the country with the poet while he drew his inspiration from his contemplation of Dame Nature instead of Dame Milton.

Byron was another. Whatever the merits of his quarrel with his wife, Mr. Hardy emphasizes the nonsensical and frivolous character of the woman he married and the temper she owned, which was as turbulent as Byron's own.

USUALLY SOMETHING WRONG

But suppose Algernon is a musician? Surely the creators of sweet harmonies can make no discord.

Well, Schumann found none until he went crazy. His wife, a musician of great talent, was the ideal helpmeet, and she immured herself in his very asylum to nurse and comfort him until he died. But it wasn't very good for her health at that.

There have been examples of truly perfect mates where the husband was endowed with the dangerous gift of genius. But from the time when Xantippe qualified herself to be the byword for a virago rather than the beloved of Socrates, something usually seems to go wrong with genius in wedlock.

Still, things won't go wrong for dear Algernon's wife; never, never, never.

Sublime confidence of love—almost sure to be rewarded. Things probably won't go wrong with either of you for despite those dazzling poems of his, which you admire so much, Algernon has very, very few chances of being a genius.

Putting Out Fire on Water

IT FALLS to the lot of few to set the river on fire, and, despite the tradition that the feat is the quickest way to fame, the names of those who have done it never seem to survive.

But that many a man can, and does, set a river on fire is so true that invention has had to concern itself with means for putting sufficient very blazes.

They occur usually when petroleum, gasoline or some other liquid hydrocarbons spread on the water's surface and happen to be ignited before their spread has too greatly broken up and thinned them. Whole ports, with their shipping, are endangered.

In Germany they have devised two solutions, which, mingling as they are poured, instantly raise a thick, tenacious foam. One solution is composed of potash, alum and sodium sulphate, the other of sodium bicarbonate, sodium sulphate and licorice root extract.

The composite appearance of the foam in reality covers an inert gas, which, spreading over the entire burning surface, acts as a blanket and instantly kills the flames for want of oxygen.