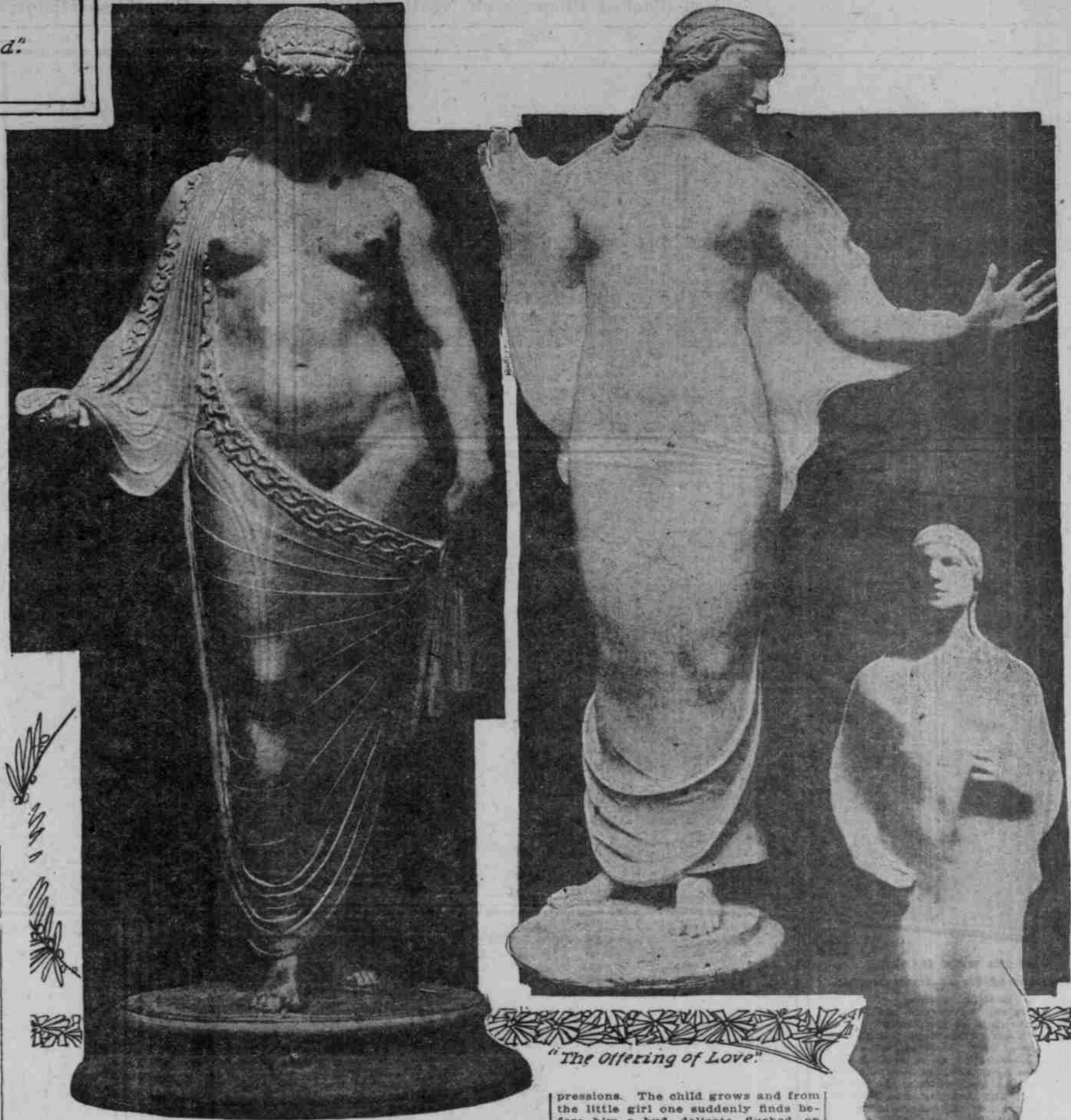


Five Ages of Woman

Sculptor Sherry E. Fry's Remarkable Presentation of Unfolding Womanhood and His Personal Theories of the New Need of Education in Love.



"Childhood."



"The Awakening."



"Motherhood."



Sherry E. Fry, Sculptor.

"The Offering of Love."

"Fulfillment."

BY NINA MARBOURG.
AMERICAN art circles are discussing with lively interest the completed "Five Ages of Woman," sculptured by Sherry E. Fry, and Mr. Fry's theories of domestic education have occasioned scarcely less of comment.

Mr. Fry rather startles American complacency by asking, in effect, Are the women of America many years behind the rest of the world in their understanding of love?

Has the education of the women of this country been such that sex consciousness has been lessened to an extent dangerous to society?

If so, is the state of marriage to be left here to the foreign population, and are the American women to continue to regard the serious question as vulgar, or, absorbed in professional pursuits, find no time to give to love and marriage?

Much is said and written on the matter. But for all that, the large number of unmarried women in the United States is not being noticeably cut down. Some have figured out the matter from a psychological point of view. Others lay it to economics and the entrance of women in business. The late Theodore Roosevelt fought race suicide with all his might. And it would seem now that the time had come to fight against the ever increasing number of bachelors and single women if there is to be a continuation of true American society.

Studying the Eternal Feminine.

Sherry E. Fry, one of America's leading sculptors, has given a great deal of serious thought and study to this subject. Mr. Fry was a captain in one of the camouflage divisions during the war, and having seen and studied women of other countries, he is only more strengthened in his opinion that the American system of education on the great issues of life, among American women, is not only mid-Victorian but is surely a menace to our future civilization.

Mr. Fry is not only a sculptor but a student. His long study of art has

led him to delve into the art of the ancients and also the histories of many countries. For the past six years he has been slowly working out a group of five figures carrying the life of woman from childhood to motherhood. For this he has given much study to the philosophers both ancient and modern, and has produced a work that holds a message to the women and mothers of this time.

These five figures made by Mr. Fry speak out boldly; perhaps they hold a stronger appeal in their beautiful modeling and lines than could be made to the women of the age through pages of writing. This work is an appeal to the women to remember their sex, be proud of it rather than ashamed.

It was in Mr. Fry's studio at 21 Carmine street in New York's Latin quarter that he talked on the subject of this work. The next to the last figure he is just completing. This was left unfinished when he went to war, and is now receiving the last touches.

"The question," said Mr. Fry, "of the obligations of men and women toward one another and to society has been one that has interested me intensely. The education of women in such matters is vital to society; every person capable of thinking at all knows that marriage is necessary for the continuance of the race, and without this our society degenerates.

Danger of Repression.

"It seems to me that the whole matter centers around repression. Repression not only of desires but of thought and understanding. In this we have the most striking instance of the survival of the Puritanical strain in the American mind. Hide, cover up, do not speak with your daughters of love, marriage, child birth—and if you do speak of these things do so in hushed, ashamed tones. Do not properly prepare them for the world. Keep them ignorant of the greatest thing in the world—sex consciousness and love.

"That is the method that is being pursued, and has been pursued for

years and years in this country, and now, as never before, the dangerous result of this training is being seen. "At one time women had to marry because they were not in a position to be economically independent. But even at that time they were kept in a state of ridiculous ignorance until their marriage. Now many are independent as far as money is concerned, that old and deep training of repression is coming out strong, and in a year you cannot change a state of mind that has been bred for generations. The result is that the business woman is not marrying, her sex consciousness is being repressed, and to a greater extent than ever before, for she will tell you plainly that she has no time to think of love or romance, and many, many women will tell you today that they have never been in love, and hope they never will be.

The Effect on Society.

"That is one side of what the repression for generations has done to the society of today. But there is another side that means that hundreds of women are taking the other extreme, equally upsetting to society, and that is radicalism and free love. These two factions in society, the 'conservatives' and the 'individualists,' are dominant at present, and it is only through education that matters may be righted.

"Do not think for a moment that I mean all restraint is to be thrown aside when I say lessen the repression. That is not it. I can think of no better example than the women of foreign countries.

"The girls of these countries have been educated to know that in love and sex consciousness there is nothing wrong, nothing 'bad.' They do not wear their hearts on their sleeves. They may outwardly restrain their emotions, but as surely as you are here, they have been taught that love is the greatest thing in the world, that it is the ultimate thing, and have been so prepared for its coming that they radiate a gentle, suppressed glow, the thing that means the great

appeal. They are not on the defensive; they are not always on guard watching for situations that I would prove uncomfortable, neither do they throw down the bars of convention. These women have been so reared and educated that in them one sees the finest example of repression of the right sort and this is the thing that must come to America.

"In the work that I have just completed I have given a great deal of thought and study. For this I early decided that it would be impossible to use a model and obtain the desired result. Using a model destroyed the ideal. I desired to follow the development of the woman from childhood to motherhood as it seems to me that it should develop. One could not select a child and wait for this and if

he did begin to do so, especially in this day and age, the opposite might have been decidedly repulsive to the one I have tried to attain. In fact such a thing would be impossible; so I studied and worked and I have endeavored to give the amount of repression to the modeling that imparts the spiritual and intellectual development of the woman.

"This possibility of development is in every woman who is truly feminine. If you watch you will see the woman unfold like a beautiful flower. If her surroundings are right, her education clean and pure, without the drawing of the curtain over the great things of life, all this will come naturally.

"Of course one begins with the child—the unwearied little soul, the clean white sheet ready to record im-

pressions. The child grows and from the little girl one suddenly finds before him a bud, delicate, flushed, on the brink of the great beginning of life, and here at this first dawning of sex consciousness, when the education of this delicate creature should be most natural, here at this critical time the curtain is drawn closely over 'life' and the repression is doubled. Ideally this bud should gradually, naturally unfold until we have the young woman ready and waiting for love. As the flower unfolds in the light, so does the woman's nature unfold, and as the flower offers its petals to the sun, so does she offer herself to love.

"You may see this in young women if you study them, and when education has been right, when the right repression has been taught, they are wonderful in the sweet repose and waiting. When such has not occurred there is a restless nervousness that many times drives away love; at this period in woman's development comes the turning point and at this turning point in the American woman the 'career' has stepped in to kill the longing for affection.

"And now love has come. She draws about her a veil of mystery, calm, content, marveling at the world about her; she is confident of the beauty of the world, the greatness of love.

"This complete round of her life comes with motherhood. Once again

begins the wonder of the world. Her child, the wonder, the marvel, the beauty of it all. Here is fulfillment, completeness.

"This is the beauty of woman as I see it, the true course of life. That such a beautiful unfolding should be stunted by economic conditions, by wrong education, is a great crime and a crime against the men and women of a country that will be felt as surely as the world moves by any nation that cannot or will not learn the great importance of the education of the young men and young women concerning the great issues of life."

less it is absolutely necessary to kill the victim of cafard before he will allow himself to be captured, he is usually treated more as though he were in need of medical attention than as a criminal. Almost all the long-service soldiers of the legion are cafards in one form or another, and so long as their cafard does not bring them into direct conflict with authority they are treated with great forbearance.

Some years ago the battalion of the 1st regiment stationed at a town which we will call E, was notified that a certain Commandant M., from the 2d regiment, would arrive on a certain day to take up command. Now, Commandant M. (a stranger to his new battalion) possessed what every officer in the legion had, an ordonnance, or soldier servant, and also what every officer did not possess, that is to say, a reputation for extreme austerity of life and conduct.

On the day that he was supposed to arrive at E, to take command Commandant M., not feeling very well, decided to stay at a small station about 40 miles up the line, and sent on his ordonnance with his belongings to take over his quarters. This man was an ex-officer of the Austrian army, and had seen about 15 years' service in the legion. On arrival at E, he took his master's belongings to his quarters, then dressed himself in the commandant's uniform and proceeded into the town. On his way down he passed several officers, and, as he looked just as a commandant ought to (or rather more so), was saluted punctiliously by them. This was at 10 o'clock in the morning. At luncheon that forenoon in the lieutenant's mess an of-

icer arrived from the town in a state of intense excitement and asked the assembled officers generally, "Have any of you seen our new 'old man'?" (the word used in the legion among juniors for the commanding officer). Two or three men said that they had seen him that morning and that there seemed to be no noticeable difference between him and other officers commanding battalions.

But the newcomer was still excited. "Well," he said, "you had better mind what you're about. He's in the town now putting every non-commissioned officer he sees under arrest for being drunk or improperly dressed, or something, and he swears that his battalion is the slackest mch he has ever seen and that he'll bring it under discipline if he has to break every officer in it."

The officers were much impressed by the keenness of their new commandant and departed in various directions to worry their companies up to the required pitch of smartness. The next heard of the new commandant was that he had been retrieved from a low cage in the village Neigre at 3 A. M. while performing a triumphal dance among the debris of the furniture over the bodies of the proprietor and customers, whom he had scientifically knocked out with a chair. The man received a term of imprisonment. But Commandant M.'s reputation for austerity never recovered. He was reduced to a state of frenzy for months afterward by various undesirable characters presenting bills, etc., which his understudy had incurred. Eventually he was exchanged into another battalion.

FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION FURNISHES PROLIFIC AND PICTURESQUE FIELD FOR NOVELISTS

According to Ex-Members of Famed Body, Actual Facts Are That There Is Little Romance Attached to Difficult Routine Work of Rigidly Ruled Force.

BY EDWIN TARRISSE.

THE French Foreign Legion has always been a favorite with novelists and writers of fiction generally in search of a picturesque background. Since Ouida wrote "Under Two Flags" probably dozens of ill-used heroes in fiction have donned the blue capote and red trousers of the legionary, and, after suffering incredible hardships and brutal punishment, have at last emerged triumphantly to the music of wedding bells, with their names cleared and the legion nothing but a memory. Now this plan was quite ideal from the fiction writer's point of view. No one knew much about the legion, nor, for that matter, did the novelist. Algeria was a long way off, the surroundings were picturesque, and, given a certain amount of imagination and a fluent pen, the virtuous hero could be made to have quite a satisfactorily bad time before he came into his own again.

A British officer, an ex-legionary, who for some time was attached to a British military mission in this coun-

try, assures us that there is very little romance indeed in the French Foreign Legion. Ruined lives there are, always, but the possessors do not talk about them, and as a rule only wish to be forgotten and left to themselves. The great majority of men, it appears, have entered the legion because of some slight offense against the laws of their own country, or else from pure love of soldiering and adventure.

"The life and the discipline in the legion are hard, necessarily so, but not hard enough to break either a man's spirit or his self-respect. The legion is, above all, a fighting force, and cowed or broken-spirited men would be the very last material in the world to do the work which the legion requires of its members.

There are many men of good family in the legion, and occasionally a letter bearing a historical name arrives at one of the legion's stations, and is eventually claimed, but the majority of the men are much the same type as used to fill the Cape Mounted Rifles and Matabeleland police in the old days, that is to say, military ad-

venturers pure and simple. Still, when one has served in the Foreign Legion incidents come under one's notice—sometimes humorous and sometimes tragic—and it may be of interest in this connection to set down a few.

First of all, it must be borne in mind that the cause of nine-tenths of the unusual occurrences in the legion is le cafard, or, in other words, unbearable ennui with one's surroundings. When a man has been for some time in a place, seeing the same faces day after day, and with a dozen palm trees and miles of sand for his sole outlook, he is more than apt to develop cafard, and it depends entirely on the man's nature what form the cafard is going to take. It may break out in the shape of what virtually amounts to homicidal mania, or it may express itself in the form of more or less elaborate practical jokes. Men have been known to arm themselves, for no apparent reason, with rifles and ammunition and maintain a fusillade on every one within reach, finally explaining, when captured and disarmed, that they were bored to death and simply desired excitement. There have been numerous cases of this character in the legion, and un-