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MADAME, YOU'RE AS GOOD A MAN AS ANY OF US



Women Have Shown What They Can Do and Science Now Backs Up the Contention.

MADAME, you're as good a man as any of us. Maybe better. You haven't had a fair show, that's all. If you had your rights, according to the distinguished authority on psychological medicine, Dr. Thomas Claye Shaw, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in London, you would be not only the most beautiful creature on earth, but you would stand a fair chance of being the wisest and strongest. Instead of being at the mercy of cruel, callous, eternally selfish and unsympathetic man, you could walk right up to the polls and get a dollar and a half for your priceless privilege of the franchise just the same as he does, or nobly refuse to be bribed, as he so often doesn't. You could sweep right into court, attired in your gown, which is admirably suited to the roles of the judiciary, take his place on the bench, and give him thirty days for ever having presumed to consider himself your superior in anything. These—and many other prizes of life—are right within your grasp, according to Dr. Shaw's philosophy of your psychology, mentality and muscle. Nor are you behind man in your physical development, so that your brain is going to have a body big enough and sound enough to respond to all the needs of its expanding possibilities. Over in England scientific measure-

ments were obtained of no less than 1379 young women, and also of their mothers. It was found that in height, bust measure and length of limbs the daughters of this generation excel their mothers, who were the girls of the preceding generation.

Queen Amelie of Portugal



Madame Nellie Melba. Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward



Sarah Bernhardt.

Russia crawling into bomb proofs and pulling the proofs in after him. And she began as the slave wife of a weak emperor, at that. Talk of lady lion tamers! The empress of China has been taming 400,000,000 of them for more than forty years, while she has been surrounded with millions of Russian bears and Japanese leopards getting only an occasional lap at her blood, although both of them are eager to eat her alive. In art there is Madame Bernhardt, whose record of farewells to the stage compares favorably with that of the empress of China. This is repeated because their records are the

The Empress of China



Dr. Marie Curie.



Madame Chaminade



Mrs. Helen L. King, Owner of Texas Ranches.

NOT to intimate that, given similar circumstances, you couldn't do a good deal more than has been accomplished by some women and most men, a little hurried glance across the large vista of human endeavor and the sex proclivities of the Boss certainly does size up plenty of the high peaks as being distinctly feminine in their nature.

For instance: There is the empress dowager of China, whose record of farewells from the stage of her activity equals Sarah Bernhardt's—a mighty good record in farewells—while her position as unconquerable autocrat of China has Emperor William's German imitation scrubbed to a calcined wienerschnitzel with the case of

crowning glory of both. The world would permit the retirement of neither, because it too greatly admires the one and too greatly fears the other. As for Madame Bernhardt's intellectual grasp, no man has yet been found who was over-anxious to compare, with her acting, that of Coenelin in France, or with her stagecraft as

well as her acting, either the craft and art of an Irving in England, or of a Mansfield in America. Criticism has never yet ventured to class any one of those three men as a second-rater; and it has not quite dared vaunt any of them as the Bernhardt's equal.

While thinking of queens and kings, real and mimic, one might hunt the whole monarchy of Portugal over and fail to find as good a man as Queen Amelie, the woman whose foresight, firmness and prudence shone in such heartening contrast with the bestial gormandizing of her spouse, while her unflinching courage in the tragedy that ended his dull career was surpassed by no man at no more terrible crisis of history.

Look beyond the orchestra, and Madame Melba, in the domain of song—where brains count for as much as vocal cords—can afford to smile in supreme contempt of the endeavor of even so splendid a tenor as Caruso to rival her sheer sweetness of melody, in facility of technique, in the admiration of connoisseurs and in the material earnings of the musical career.

Is it composition? France has her Madame Chaminade, whose works are enjoyed by the multitude as they are appreciated by the dilettanti. No composer's style is more distinctive. Is it letters? Mrs. Humphrey Ward is merely one shining light among the thousands of women who have today left the male story-tellers only the disagreeable vocations of pounding bricks instead of typewriters or pushing carts instead of pencils.

Science? Madame Curie has given to science the greatest discovery of the new century.

FOUNDER OF A RELIGION

Religion? Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy founded one beside which the Dowie mushroom in religion compared as the tents of the Arabs compare with the eternity in business of the Sphinx.

Anything else? Why, even down in Texas, Mrs. Helen M. King can round up cattle better than Dowie ever rounded up souls—and skin them to a far better profit. There is plenty of proof in history, ancient as well as modern, for the new gospel of woman's fitness to play man. Dr. Shaw's unexpected acclaim of the excellence, if not the superiority, of woman startled the suffragettes of England into a new and sublime confidence in the success of their cause, for they were absolutely deaf to that other story which, he intimated, might change womankind's notions of the desirability of proving herself man's equal.

It startled the austere London Lancet into an editorial which stimulated still further the sensation the great specialist's dictum had aroused.

"Dr. T. Claye Shaw, that very competent authority," the Lancet observes, "greatly daring, addresses himself to a deliberate comparison between the two sexes of the human race. In his interesting summary of the essential points of resemblance and of dissimilarity offered to our observation by the two sexes, Dr. Shaw's general view of the whole question leads him to a conclusion which may, perhaps, best be expressed by saying that the resemblances are inherent and absolute, while the differences are artificial or accidental."

Dr. Shaw in his summary is equally anxious to be precise in saying just what he does think about it, but even the cautious Lancet and his own cautious self fail to fall short of saying, in so many words, that you, ladies, are men as much as any of us. Yes, and sometimes more.

"There are men," remarks the great authority, "of whom it may be said that there is much of the woman in them; and there are what are called masculine women, who seem to be composed largely of the attributes of the male mind. We shall see that much depends upon education and environment, and that, except in one particular direction, there is in reality little

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