

HATS OR HEARTS, WHICH WINS?

Clever Women Defeat Novelist Oppenheim's Contention That Americans Live for Dress



Josephine Preston Peabody, Both Literary and Loving



DO YOU live by your hat or your heart, girl? Answer.

You are America's pride and joy, its fairest flower, its guerdon of happiness, its ambition and its dear reward. You are overpoweringly clever; every one admits that. You are adorably beautiful; the acclamation of the world is a daily, speaking testimony.

But you are false as fair; hard as the polished jewels that adorn your scintillant beauty; hollow as the pearls you love to wear. Of all the women in the world, you are the Lady of the Ash, whose empty charms cheated the ardent hero of "Phantastes." That heart of yours is as little as that hat of yours is huge; and he who makes the mistake of loving you courts pain and disaster.

At this point, please pause in your righteous indignation and accept the apologies of all American citizens, who didn't so much as think these dreadful libels and heard them from stranger lips with horror equal to your own.

You aren't any of those things, are you? You are what we have always thought you, whether it was in the blissful shadow of the seaside porch or on the platform in your graduation gown.

We know it ourselves, of course; but when some one who is supposed to be accustomed to observe, and with an international reputation, comes along and insolently announces such disheartening discoveries about you, every one of your sincere admirers feels that those who know you so well ought to rush to your defense.

And it's lucky for the fellow who libeled you that he got away before one of the dozens of American women, who could dissect him with his own scalpel, had time to undertake the duty.

THERE are plenty of women in other countries who could be content with the little compliments that went with the cruel verdict.

As E. Phillips Oppenheim, the English novelist, was making ready for his homeward voyage, after a brief six weeks in the United States, he furnished the surprise of British tourist interviews.

He admitted that American girls are beautiful; that they are clever; but, after studying them in Newport, New York, Boston and various other habitats supposed to be most favorable to the development of their species, he could only classify them as a combination of hats, beauty, self-concentration and cocktails that was altogether too much for him.

Clever though they were, they had no real intellectuality whatever; loveliness as they were, they had no hearts to love with; all they wanted was a hat buyer, to keep them supplied with the amazing creations that adorn their empty little heads, containing an insatiable vacuum bordered with quotation marks. Compared with the gentle, sentimental English girl, they were composed of exorbitant; compared with the ignorant French girl, their inquisitiveness makes them a spur to a man's mind that fairly keeps him on the jump. But they are, after all is said and done, simply brilliant, hollow shams, crowned with the gorgeous hats which are the sole objects of their craving and adoration.

Mr. Oppenheim's diatribe made a great hit, if the measure of greatness in a hit can be gauged from the pain it inflicts on hostesses who have been kind to a guest. It was almost as great a hit, being almost as ungrateful, as Kipling's letters were about the United States, after everybody had wined and dined him, from the Pacific to the Atlantic. But, then, Oppenheim isn't Kipling, by a long shot, and all you need do with a mosquito is slap it.

Josephine Dodge Dakam, who knows the American girl so well that people can't get enough of her stories and that entrancing topic might have given Mr. Oppenheim his needed rap if she hadn't been too busy as the affectionate wife of Selden Bacon, a Wall street lawyer, making home happy and, when she can spare time, writing clever verses and delightful novels that leave Mr. Oppenheim's character studies looking like a train of freight cars in a ditch, with a runaway locomotive for the pilot.

Mrs. Edith Wharton, who wrote her famous "House of Mirth" ten years after her marriage to Edward Wharton, of Boston, might have consented to an introduction to Mr. Oppenheim as a friendless and ignorant stranger; but the woman whose studies of her sex here and abroad include "The Greater Inclination" and "Madame de Tremezay" could scarcely have regarded him as an equal, either in knowledge of social conditions or in comprehension of what real women are.

And suppose Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, wife of Dr. Charles M. Freeman and acknowledged authority on the American girl, had chosen to comment on the Oppenheim judgment; or if Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, wife of Cale Young Rice in her delightful home in St. James, court, in Louisville, Ky., had honored him with some of the humor of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"; or if Mrs. Josephine Preston Peabody, who is the wife of Colonel Simon Marks and the author of delightful verse

and drama, had told him of the girls she knew when she was instructor in English literature at Wellesley—perhaps Mr. Oppenheim might have suspected that the typical American girl of nice breeding didn't make a practice of flinging her rounded arms about the neck of any stray, baldheaded little British novelist who happened to earn enough money with his thrillers to afford a six weeks' vacation in the United States.

Dr. Carl Kelsey, professor of sociology in the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, when he saw how cruelly Oppenheim had rasped the sensibilities of our girls, remarked:

"I remember reading, as a boy, the story of the Englishman in the land of Hans Brinker. One of the skaters on the canal brought out a sandwich of fearful complication and solemnly assimilated it. The Englishman hastened to haul out his notebook and make an entry that when the Dutch went skating they always ate extraordinary sandwiches. That's the way the average comment on a people is made.

THE ELUSIVE "ORDINARY"

"It isn't the extraordinary, but the ordinary thing, that is most significant, and the ordinary thing is just what travelers aren't looking for. The average American in Paris has an eye open only for the gayety and the dissipation, so he gets the impression that the French are totally different from the people he knows at home. He doesn't realize that the average Frenchman lives the normal home life of the person who is very absorbently occupied with the business of earning a living.

"The English novelist who comes to America travels around for a few weeks at fashionable resorts, and persuades himself he is 'keeping his eyes open.' His perspectives may be limited to a crowd of nouveaux riches on the one side and the throngs of poor but strikingly dressed working girls on the other. In the United States the difference is not so easily detected between the girls who have plenty of money and those who work for a living, and dress as finely as they can during their vacations.

All Women Must Work, She Says

WOMAN, whether she likes it or not, is fated to work.

Olive Schreiner says so, after studying her sex and her subject for half her lifetime—and she is old enough now to have a daughter who is a woman grown.

If the members of her half of humanity don't work, or won't work, or can't work, then our very civilization is doomed to shameful failure. Woman must work for her own salvation; and man must let her work, unless he is willing to have her ruin his.

That is the moral of her new book, "Woman and Labor," about which clings the terrible romance of war; for it is, in itself, as sad an incident in a writer's life as any that have been told of famous authors in the past.

FOR any writer, woman or man, the books are, in very truth, children of the brain, loved and cherished as tenderly, as carefully, as real children can be. When Olive Schreiner was first moved to write, she began to prepare chapters on the position of her sex in this, fearfully difficult and complex world. She did it like a scientist, with thorough studies of the relations of sex in the very lowest orders of animate life. A monumental work, in two great volumes, had been finished in the manuscript when the Boer war broke out.

WORK OF YEARS LOST

The author was forced to leave her charming home in the Transvaal. In her absence her house was looted, her desk was broken open and the manuscript of the book, on which she had spent the better part of her life, was chucked in the middle of the floor and set on fire. Only some fragments of that immense and loving labor remained. She had not the heart to attack the task again. She took the material that was left, arranged it, touched it, and gave it to the public for what it was.

But the thought of the lost great work need not swallow up the wealth of material that was left as

Mrs. Edith Wharton who is all that Oppenheim says American Women Aren't

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, who never placed hats before hearts



Josephine Dodge Dakam, Nothing is Not Affectionate



Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, A Model Young Wife Who Married for Love



Olive Schreiner, who has investigated women and labor

evidence of its greatness. One can only wonder what astounding, what convincing chapters were destroyed, when he reads the impressive arguments that remain.

She sketches those scientific analogies that prove, from the life of the lower animals, that the female has always had her work to do, in addition to the bearing of the young, and that, in many species, she is fitted by nature to dispense altogether with the male as defender and provider. She reviews savage existence, where woman bears the children and performs all the drudgery. She reviews the highest society, where women will neither turn a hand to honest labor nor fulfill their God-given function of being mothers to their kind. And her conclusion is unescapable:

"Finely clad, tenderly housed, life became for woman merely the gratification of her own physical and sexual appetites, and the appetites of the male, through the stimulation of which she could maintain herself. And, whether as kept wife or kept mistress,

"In either case, his observations may be pertinent; but they will scarcely be convincing to the sensible, well-informed citizen. The truth is that the observations of most men on women are wholly superficial.

"Our critical Mr. Oppenheim may be joking—trying to make a sensation. If he was endeavoring to get a few deep-seated convictions out of his system, he has 'merely stamped himself as a superficial observer. If he was having a little fun at our expense, we can afford to laugh and retort in kind.

"I presume that the people of any nation see more of the serious side of their own existence than does the transient visitor who goes abroad for a good time. Here, people who play hardest often work hardest. What possibility of seeing that real, that serious side of our American life came to him? One can scarcely judge the true, the serious reality of our American life from the ordinary gaiety of the crowds he encounters at the seashore on a Saturday and Sunday. There is in our existence an intensity which may or may not be wise, but is certainly different from the more leisurely methods of Europe. We work while we work and play while we play. And our American girls are keen enough in their efforts to help foreign visitors enjoy themselves.

"It's quite possible," continued Professor Kelsey, with a grin that matched Mr. Oppenheim's own, while the novelist was scoring the girls who hadn't proved willing to spoon with him, "that our visitor's observation of feminine American hearts may have been based on his impression that American girls consider European visitors as purely business propositions. The average American man has never noticed any lack of sentiment on their part.

"As for the intellectual capacity of our girls, my own observations have satisfied me that they are the equals of the men in all fields of learning where they meet for rivalry.

NOT AN INFERIOR

"The old opinion that woman was to be regarded as man's inferior is a philosophy now discarded among the people who are best informed in that particular subject. One of the reasons so many college boys dislike coeducation is that they do not like to be compelled to prove the mental superiority which is their boast. I have frequently heard students criticize the Phi Beta Kappa organizations because too many women were admitted to membership; yet that is an honor which is to be fairly won in scholastic competition. The girl's interest may be more concentrated in her college studies, but the fact is not to be gainsaid that she does work quite as good as that of the boys.

"But there really isn't any necessity for treating Mr. Oppenheim's comments seriously," concluded Professor Kelsey. "An opera like 'The Girl of the Golden West' may be beautiful from the artistic and musical stand-

she contributed nothing to the active and sustaining labors of her society. She had attained to the full development of that type which, whether in modern Paris or New York or London, or in ancient Greece, Assyria or Rome, is essentially one in its features, its nature and its results. She was the 'fine lady,' the human female parasite—the most deadly microbe which can make its appearance on the surface of any social organism. Wherever in the history of the past this type has reached its full development and has comprised the bulk of the famers belonging to any dominant class or race, it has heralded its decay."

As for woman's primitive function of child-bearing, Olive Schreiner declares the problem of race suicide is simply the outcome of economic conditions which make the production of many children needless, perhaps harmful. She goes so far as to declare: "It is certain that the time is now rapidly approaching when child-bearing will be regarded as a lofty privilege, permissible only to those who have shown their power rightly to train and provide for their offspring, rather than a labor which in itself, and under whatever conditions performed, is beneficial to society."

All the old occupations for women, she perceives, have been swept away by man's invention, and has enormously enhanced powers of co-operation. Even the minor domestic operations are tending to pass out of the circle of woman's labor. The very carpets are beaten, the windows cleaned, the floors polished, by machinery or by extra- and often male-labor. Vast armies of women exist in the big cities, and in the country, too, who are doomed not only to race-suicide, but to the deprivation of marriage altogether; other vast armies are doomed to relationships that are not sanctioned by wedlock. The whole time is out of joint unless the sex, robbed on the one hand of its function of motherhood and on the other of its offices of housekeeping, be given some occupations which shall protect it from the deadly sin of parasitism. And she formulates the demands of her sex:

"We demand, in that strange new world that is arising alike upon the man and the woman, where nothing is as it was, and all things are assuming new shapes and relations, that in this new world we also shall have our share of honored and socially useful human toil, our full half of the labor of the children of women. We demand nothing more than this, and we will take nothing less.

"This," she adds, "is our Woman's Right."

point; but, as a real portrayal of America, it ranks more as a caricature than as a photograph. Mark Twain's stories of American life are much more valued in Europe than his discussions of European life. Observations of other peoples, based on short acquaintance, may be tremendously keen and witty; they may point out some phases which those who live the life may not have noticed; but they are all likely to rest on fallacy. The real point is that human nature is essentially one the world over, and different types of men and women are simply living expressions of different conditions of existence."

Fighting the New Modes of Warfare

SINCE the new types of air craft have made their appearance and the world has been depicting new methods of warfare, the inventors have been busily engaged in trying to produce some device that would counteract all of the new ideas of aerial attacks on the naval or land forces of any country.

The Krupps of Germany have been the means of placing various types of very destructive implements of war before the world; but their newest device is an aerial torpedo which promises to make aerial attacks very hazardous, if not impossible.

It is a self-propelling contrivance that is constructed that it consists of two distinct parts, one in which the slow powder is contained and the other containing the high explosive bomb, with a very sensitive percussion, which will not be released for action until the projectile is at full speed. The releasing of the percussion will enable the aeronaut to start the projectile without danger to himself or his air craft, and a certain speed will unlock the delicate percussion, which will be exploded if it strikes as much as a soft gasbag in the air.

The explosive bomb is so powerful it will destroy anything near it, and there is absolute certainty that any airship will not be able to escape.

The projectile can be thrown from the land as well as from an airship, and the device is so designed that aim is certain from any angle, and the distance can be increased or diminished, making it one of the most formidable projectiles yet invented.

The propelling device is arranged in a system of tubes, and is started by either an explosive of a minor character or electricity.

The device is of Swedish origin, and patents are being taken out in several of the leading countries, among which is the United States.

With such an implement of modern warfare it may be useless for people to attempt aerial attacks.

Smart Work of the Woodpecker

MANY birds show very great intelligence, but the wisdom of the woodpecker is certainly well worth a little careful study.

Some persons are of the opinion that reason is no more than keen instinct; but there is a difference when we come to study some of the habits of a few of the more intelligent birds.

The woodpeckers that inhabit some of the western wooded districts, and especially in sections of California, show a wonderful reasoning power.

They actually plan for months ahead for what they consider a very delicate morsel of food. They provide certain food for a season when that particular kind is very scarce, and they make the work of securing it quite easy, too.

While acorns are falling in the autumn months the woodpeckers climb all over the trunks of trees and peck hundreds of small holes in the wood. They carry acorns to these cavities and in some manner pound or push them into the holes they have made, with the point of the acorn in the hole, leaving exposed the larger end of the acorn.

Months after, when winter has passed and the spring has come, these birds return to the scene of their autumn labors, and there in each acorn they find a nice plump worm feeding on the kernel of the acorns they had placed in the holes in the trees. The birds stop one acorn to another, peck open the shell and extract the delicious morsel of food. The birds evidently knew the worms would be there.

It is said the food supply of these birds would be quite scarce at the spring season if they did not resort to this method of storing away a good supply of meat for that season.

"Old Mother Cray," the Fortune Maker

THE sailor is often a superstitious person, and in most of the riverside districts along the Thames, where he lodges, the woman fortune-teller does a big business. Some of these women have weird reputations in the matter of being able to foretell fortune or disaster on a voyage. They also frequently give their consulters advice in their love affairs.

One of these fortune-tellers, a woman named Cray, who died a few years back, was noted for her marvellous powers of seeing the future. She did a large business in selling charms which would enable the wearer to escape the terrible disasters that were otherwise in store for him. Her knowledge of the past, too, was wonderful. Sailors who flocked to her were informed where they had come from and what their last voyage had been like. For some days "Mother Cray" was seen by no one and the door of the filthy hovel in which she lived remained closed. At last the place was broken into. Stretched upon the floor of the front room, the searochers came on the body of the old woman. She had been dead some days. "Old Mother Cray" turned out to be a man in disguise. Concealed under loose boards and in nooks and corners of the filthy room were found gold, notes and jewels worth several hundred pounds. Who "Old Mother Cray" was never discovered.