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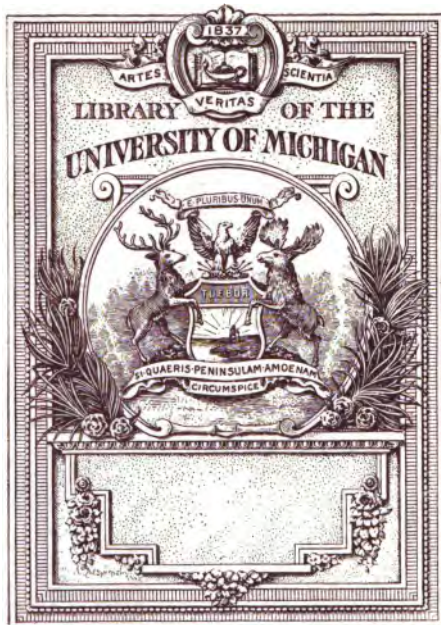
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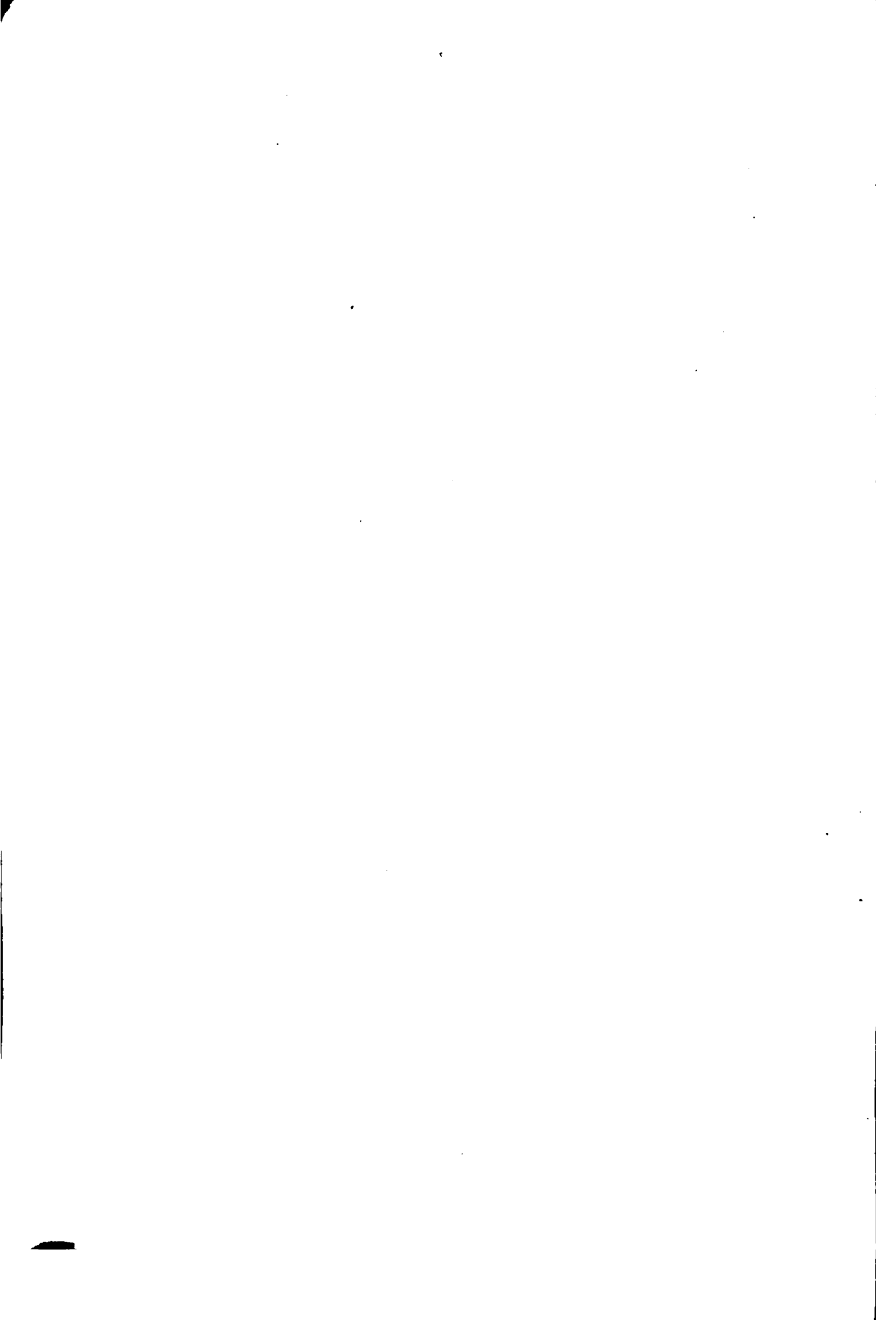
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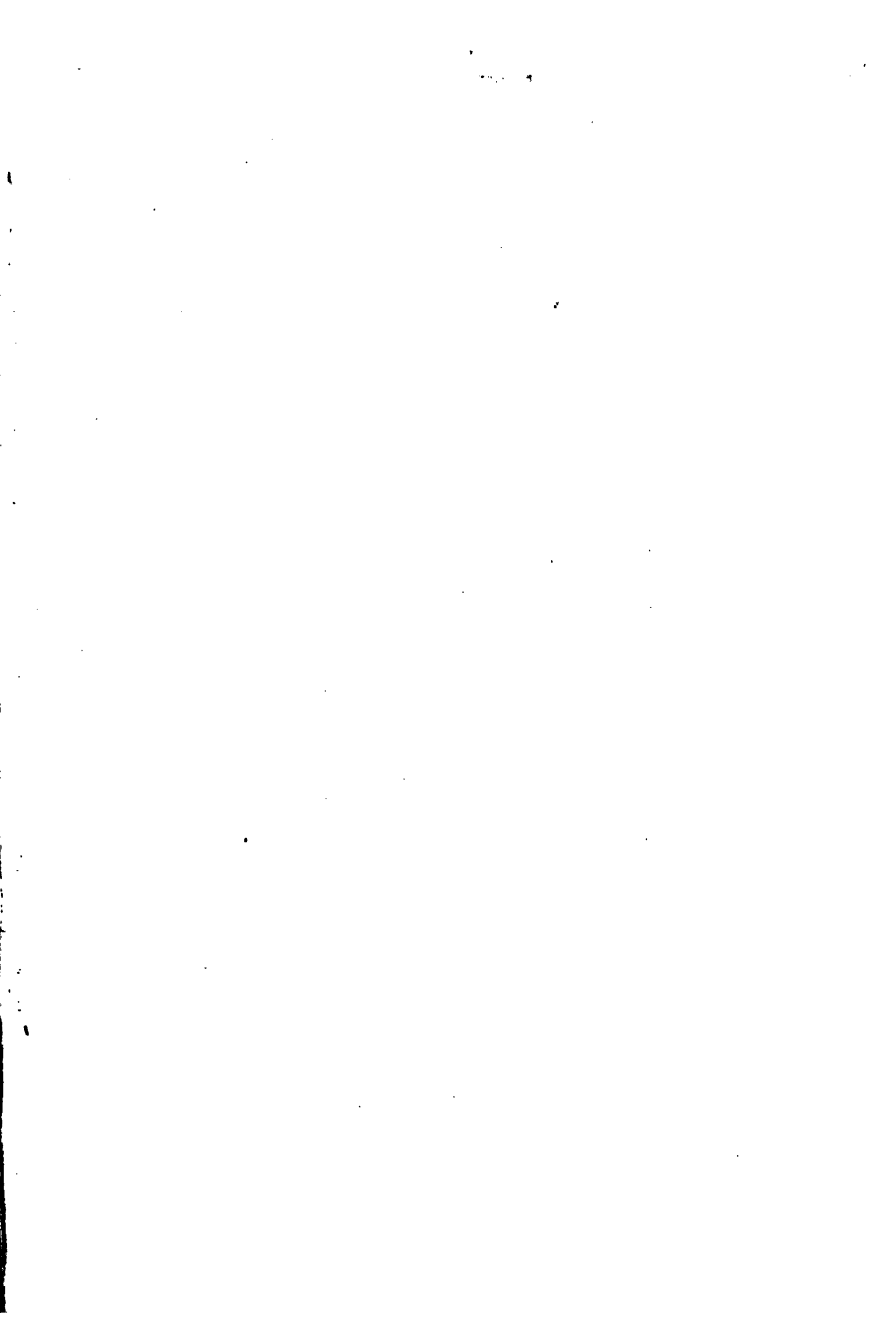


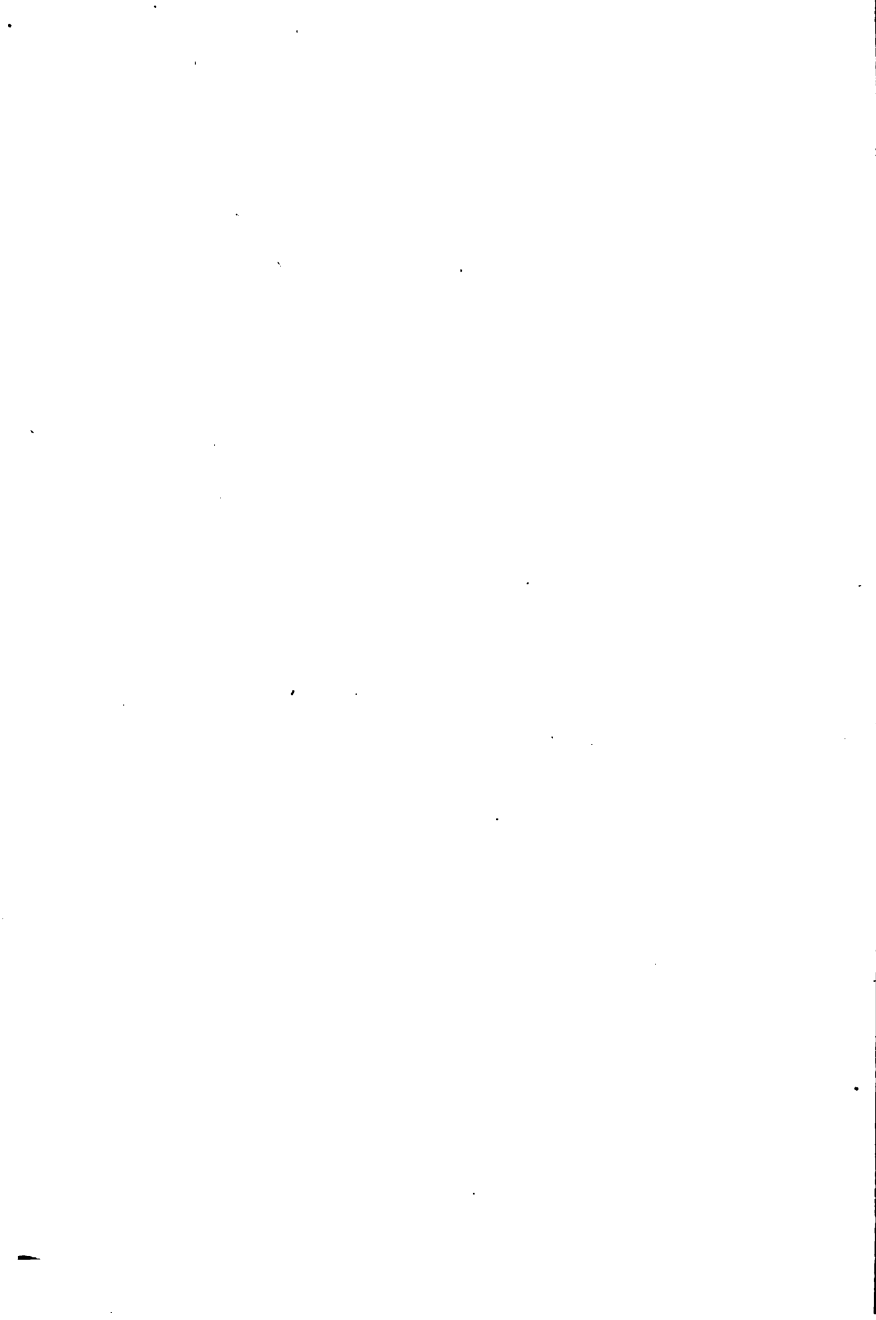
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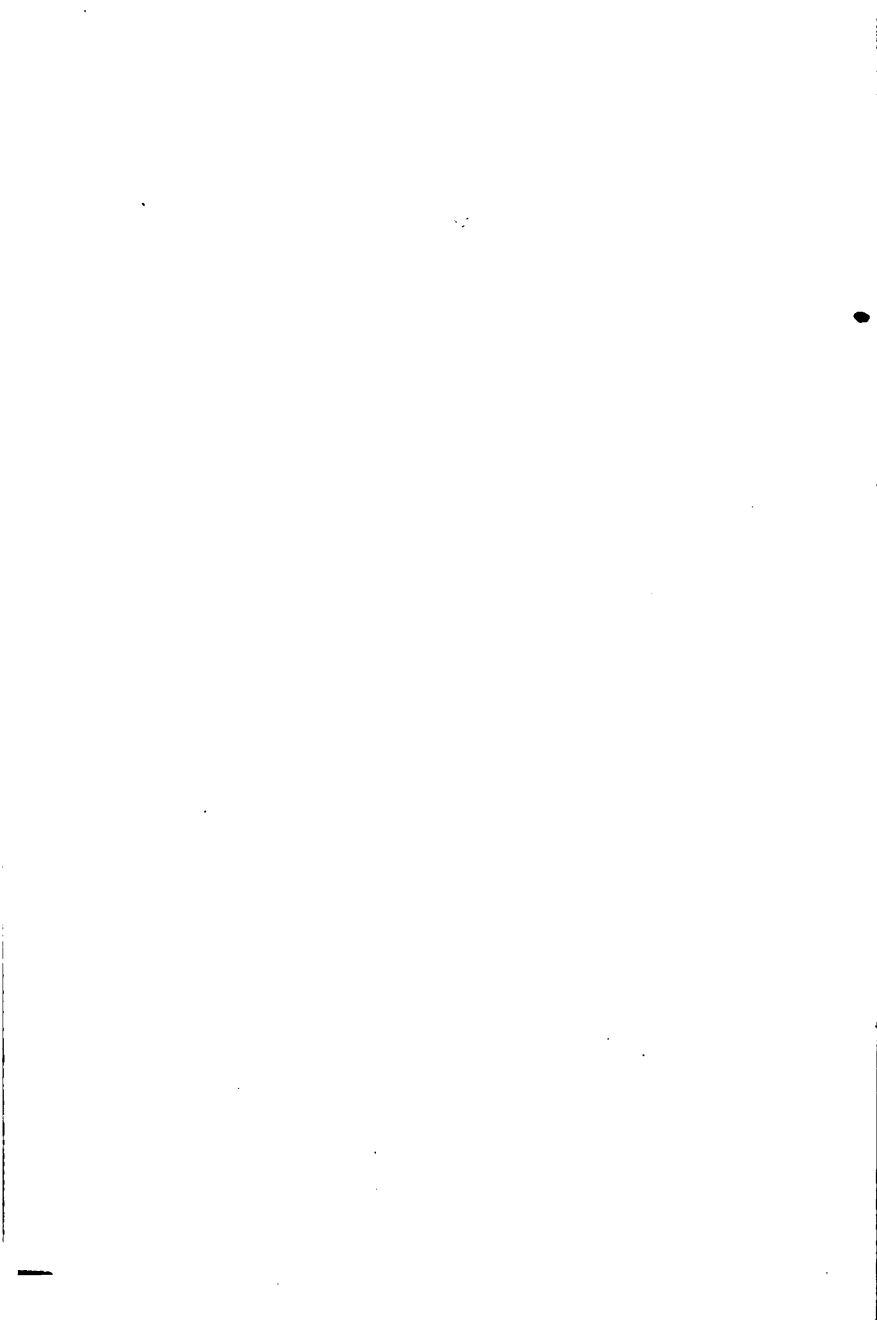
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THE YOUNG WOMAN
IN MODERN LIFE



THE YOUNG WOMAN IN MODERN LIFE

By BEVERLEY WARNER, D.D.

*Author of "The Young Man in Modern Life,"
"English History in Shakespeare's Plays," etc., etc.*



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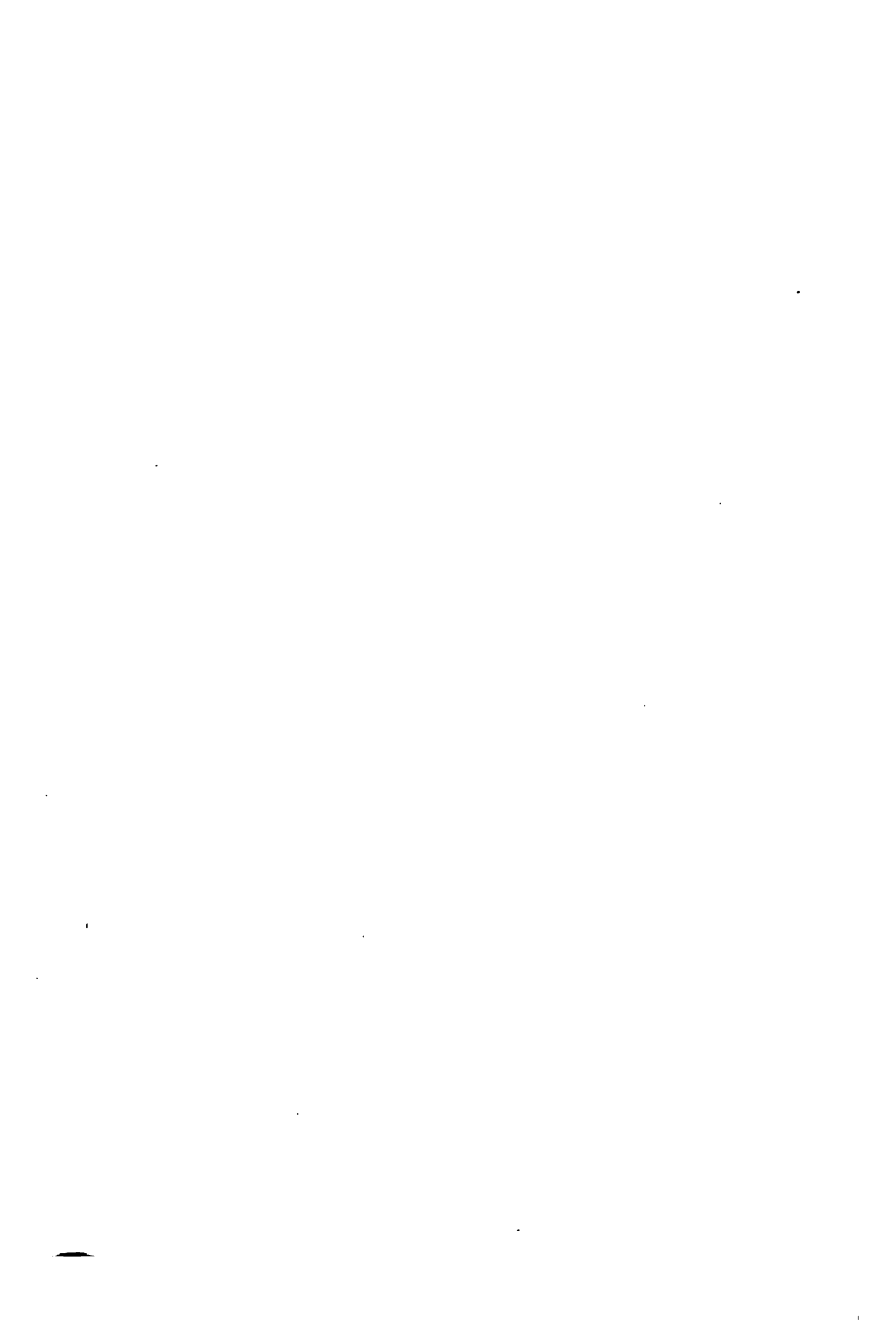
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TO
MY DAUGHTER GERTRUDE
AND
THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THREE,
NEWCOMB COLLEGE,
NEW ORLEANS,
THESE PAGES ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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P R E F A C E

THIS little book is an attempt to set forth in plain and simple terms some of the problems with which the Young Woman in Modern Life is bound to concern herself.

It is written from the standpoint of one who believes that with women, to a greater degree than with men, lies the weal and woe of To-morrow.

The coming woman may vote or not. I neither know nor care. But it is not by means of the ballot that she will yield her greatest power over the still plastic mass of our young democracy.

Many a man sinks down to hell because of her, who would as readily follow her to heaven. This may be weakness on the part of the man; but we are dealing with the facts, and this is a fact.

Preface

The young woman is not always conscious of the influence she exercises as the most powerful factor in the sum of life.

I have tried, therefore, to indicate certain way marks for her little journey in the world, and to point out some of the pitfalls which men perceive more readily than their mothers or sisters.

One profound conviction underlies every written word in these pages—that the sex distinction involves far more than a diversity of physical functions. The woman is so far different from the man that she must be judged by other standards, even by other moral standards.

It is not until woman realizes and man admits this fundamental sex distinction in all its spiritual length and breadth, that the one will be enabled to perform her proper functions in society, and the latter leave her free to do so.

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MY LADY

Age cannot wither her nor custom stale
Her infinite variety; other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.

—*Antony and Cleopatra, Act II., Sc. 2.*



THE YOUNG WOMAN IN MODERN LIFE

I.

MY LADY.

MANY women will not recognize the picture I am about to draw. Many others, while admitting its possibility, will declare that it is too ideal. Some may feel sorrowful over it, for it will recall, perhaps, broken dreams of their own girlhood. Many will avert their faces with scorn; it is not their ideal. They are beyond it.

Of these latter—there is a further word to say. All “new” women, so called, are not to be catalogued together. The species of which I speak is the sort concerning whom it may be conservatively alleged that the mother of the divine in man is not their ideal of achievement. Motherhood

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of any sort is their intellectual "sorrow's crown of sorrow" instead of joy.

They will easily reject the story of that midnight hour in Bethlehem, and eagerly grasp the legend of Eden, wherein it is said that sorrow waits upon maternity; and in their souls they decide that all sorrow is a curse.

Among the many problems offered by the Sphinx 'Eve is this most curious one, why so many women seem to despise, or complain of, the sex distinction.

Mere man has a reverence for womanhood, as such, which must be divinely implanted indeed to have withstood the rude shock of woman's not infrequent attitude of self-pity and contempt.

This is one of the phases of the subject over which the present writer begs to hasten, and upon which he will but lightly touch even in its proper place. He deprecates in advance the criticism of the illuminated. He does not believe that the species is a very large one, fortunately for the race. It makes most noise, however,

My Lady

and passes in the market place as possessing far greater importance than it deserves.

The writer warns his readers who may be of the daughters of Eve, that Mary, the Mother of the Babe of Bethlehem and the Man of Nazareth, is his ideal of womanhood, rather than Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite.

He admits, however, that over each of these types of the eternal feminine the same words were spoken in Holy Writ, "Blessed art thou above women."

* * *

My Lady is not always all glorious, either without or within. If she were she would be a difficult and unsatisfactory creature to deal with,—more so than she is now.

The Young Woman in Modern Life, concerning whom and for whom these pages are written, is the charming chameleon of earth and time.

After a certain age, her father views her with something akin to dismay. Her brother, with naive brutality, looks upon

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her as a valueless encumbrance upon his time and pleasure. Her lover, believing her to be kin to the angels, is perpetually harassed with doubts as to the accuracy of his classification. Her spiritual director is most puzzled of all, for she is at once his greatest help and greatest hindrance.

* * *

She is in the way of receiving more advice than the young man, which she conceives to be a gratuitous attention. Her elders are continually laying stress upon her youth, its advantages, its joys, its responsibilities.

Now the young woman of healthy body and red blood becomes tired of this high strain. She not infrequently grows mutinous, although being an adept in the concealment of her feelings beyond the wildest imaginations of man, she fastens innocent eyes upon the wise face of counsel, and with a demure and absorbed attention that would deceive the very elect, appears to listen.

My Lady

But this young woman grows after a while either to listen not at all with heavenly composure, or as she listens, to wonder that man, vain man, should be so self-deceived as to think that he knows anything about her at all. Above all that he seeks to counsel her majesty as to her mind, her heart, her soul, her habits, or her thoughts.

While we talk of the awful glory of her youth, her capacity for happiness, her influence for good, she is uncomfortably aware of the daily disadvantages of her sex and youth. She is not her own mistress. She is under perpetual orders to do this or that thing, which she cannot co-ordinate with her ideas of life. She feels the pressure of discipline. She has her little sorrows, discouragements, mortifications, stunning experiences, humiliations. The word "Don't" is constantly ringing in her ears, with the mournful and monotonous insistence of a one-stringed lute.

The very heights and depths of her royal dower of womanhood lay her open to falls

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and bruises, which men never know. And through it all, the woman must smile and hold in chains the impetuous tumult of her often outraged sensibilities, where a man would growl softly in his beard and take himself off.

The Young Woman cannot take herself off with equal facility. She is most often bound, as no man feels himself bound, to her environment. She is hemmed in by circumstances. Her cage may be gilded, her food and water of the best, her feathers of silver. And yet the cage is there, and she is in it. The bars do not always appear. The material bars are not always in existence. The finest souled woman needs no outside pressure to keep her within the bars of duty. Her honor and her self-respect, not seldom her pride, builds the cage which confines her life. But no repression can prevent the quickened throbs of a wounded and sorrowful heart, a baffled soul. The wings are tired and bruised often, not against the bars but against herself. It is the pressure from within, not

My Lady

the pressure from without, that hurts most of all.

* * *

Now, for one I do not blame the average young woman for her tenderly hypocritical attitude toward the counsels of perfection which we urge upon her, when, as is too often the case, we make the mistake of failing to take into account the trials, the perplexities, the embarrassments of her youth. In justice these also must be mingled in the balance of our well-meant advice.

Frankly acknowledging this, I still have something to say to the Young Woman in Modern Life (with an occasional excursus addressed to her mother), who, in spite of her faults and follies, her whims and caprices, her frills and fripperies, and her little hypocrisies of speech and gesture, is the fairest bloom of earth and time.

* * *

My Lady:

Princes bow before her. Peasants are ennobled by her smile. The fairest fields

The Young Woman in Modern Life

of the beautiful old world take on new color as she sweeps over them. Dull souls brighten in her presence. Tired hearts thrill with a fresh impulse and beat more hopefully in the light of her eyes. From the hour of her innocent babyhood, when lying on the mother's bosom she appeals to the strongest and mightiest by the compelling trust of her baby stare, until in the mid-day of her gracious womanhood she turns the world about her soft fingers, she reigns, My Lady, serene and tender, in the kingdom of good men's hearts.

The smile of the baby, the coy glance of the girl, the shy pride of the young woman, the serious dignity of the wife, the transfigured pain of the mother,—all these are part and parcel of a womanhood we all know and we all reverence, in which we rejoice and are glad.

But this is not all.

The source of this radiance of My Lady lies not only in her eyes, nor is her charm merely that of beauty. For the grace of the fashion of these perisheth. The power

My Lady

of womanhood which compels the homage, awkward and brusque though it be, of the rougher man, lies back of the tint of color and grace of form, even in the heart whose keenest joy is found in service, whose finest bloom is self-sacrifice for others; whose sorrows are as nothing in the balance with duty; whose supreme law of life is endurance.

My Lady is all glorious within. The cuddling of a sick child to her warm bosom, the stroking of a fevered head; the hushing of a cry of pain; the close pressure of a sympathetic hand in hours of perplexity; the calm facing of trouble and disaster with those she loves; these are a part, a divine part, of her majesty.

So it comes to pass that in the olden time God and Our Lady were mingled in the prayers of the faithful, and the model of all womanhood is not an earth-crowned queen with ball and sceptre, but Mary the Virgin Mother, building a throne in her pierced heart for the Boy who was to be the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief.



HER RESPONSIBILITY

“Woe is me, the mother of a hero!”

Or since thou art a woman, thou shalt have
More tender tasks . . .
To lure into the air a face long sick;
To gild the brow that from its dead looks up;
To shine on the unforgiven of this world;
With slow, sweet surgery restore the brain,
And to dispel shadows and shadowy fear.

—*Stephen Phillips.*

II.

HER RESPONSIBILITY.

IN spite of what seems a tiresome iteration, stress will always be laid upon the responsibility of youth.

Gray heads and furrowed brows are not very susceptible to counsel. Aspiration is seldom in the souls of the old. Ambitions have either been fulfilled or blighted. They are occupied with memories, not hopes, and therefore the voice of the counsellor is turned to the young.

And we turn to young women with even more anxiety and hope than to young men.

Woman's influence has become a hackneyed phrase, but surely because of the vital reality expressed in the words. Axioms do not become trite unless they contain truth.

If the middle-aged man will confess his soul freely, he will admit that most of the important events of his life have been

The Young Woman in Modern Life

moulded more or less directly by one or more women.

The woman's inspiration is over us all. We creep or climb as we have been struck down or lifted up by feminine indifference, friendship, hate, or love. This is why we speak of the responsibility in general terms of the young woman. Not responsibilities. These have relation to her actions. Her responsibility has to do with her inner conception of her place, privilege and duty in the world.

* * *

The responsibility of the young woman, I repeat, is infinitely more serious than that of the young man. It is not from a conviction of her inferiority, but of her superiority that we deprecate her insistence (when she does insist) upon the suffrage fetich as her chief right, and her deprivation of it her chief wrong. In another place I will have something to say on this head. Just now I wish as well as I may to dwell upon that responsibility of sex which is far

Her Responsibility

more important and more far-reaching than any "rights," fancied or real.

Womanhood, as such, brings man to his knees. He apprehends something fine and beautiful and worth seeking, long before he can comprehend it—if he ever does. The boy worships his teacher and slips a big apple slyly into her lap, hoping no one else will see. As he grows older he develops what inconsiderate and foolish people call a calf love. It is at just such a crisis that his mother may teach him what a holy and awful temple he is approaching. She may inspire him with high and noble ideals of womanhood, or shame him into becoming a profaner of the Shrine.

The wise mother moulds her son as no one else. Unfortunately the foolish mother does the same.

* * *

I have said above that womanhood brought man to his knees. It is quite true that she takes pride in masculine achievement. She rejoices in the striving, the courage, the power to do, and steadfast-

The Young Woman in Modern Life

ness in doing. She exults in the one she can call Master. But the man does not weigh the woman in any such material scales. The pretty charm of the child attracts and softens, the attractiveness of the young girl moves, the grace of the woman stirs and thrills the very best that is in him. This is partly the sex mystery in a pure and refined way. (Every woman worthy of her womanhood holds herself in such reserve, that there are some unexplored tracts of character filled with unknown wonders which fascinate the other sex, and force him into worshipful mood.

7 The woman who has revealed her whole nature, even to her closest friend, is either a shallow creature whose depth offers no problem, or a foolish babblers, an unfit guardian of her own treasures.

✓ The woman's great and supreme responsibility is in the field of morals. That is, every woman who is worthy by intuition and character to rule and influence, has a more dominating influence in the matter of conduct over men, than men of the same

Her Responsibility

type have over women. There are exceptions to this, but a little observation will amply warrant the main contention. Men look to women for a moral code, and the average man either adopts that of the good women he knows, or is secretly ashamed of himself for rejecting it.

The peculiar and ineffable glory of womanhood is her finer spiritual perception and sensibilities; her exquisite self-abnegation; her sympathy with divine ideals; her clearer sense of and power of living for divine things—her nearness to God.

The secret of man's deference to woman lies here. When he speaks of her as of a finer clay, a diviner mould, he is not using the language of gallantry. He is making instinctive acknowledgment of a fact. When he looks towards womanhood it is with uplifted eyes; because he expects to find her on a higher level.

Surely responsibility lies here. Whenever and wherever the woman realizes this her heritage, and out of a heart tortured by doubt perhaps, or from lips tremulous

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with sorrow, offers the living sacrifice of self upon the altar of common life, then and there has she found her place, is doing her whole duty, and is leading the world into better paths. Upon the common things of life she casts a radiance; over its sordid cares and routine duties she throws a glory; and for shame's sake turns man from bitterness to joy and from indolence to toil.

* * *

The other side, alas! holds true also.

Her responsibility for good is, if not balanced, at least shadowed, by her responsibility for evil. The weak or silly or frivolous or cold-hearted woman has renounced her heritage. She can and does drag down, she never can or does lift up. Moreover when she is evil minded, or utterly selfish, the influence of her life is inconceivably worse than that of a man.

Women (some women) are impatient when they are told this, but there is a reason.

Men expect goodness, plain goodness, in

Her Responsibility

a woman, and are genuinely shocked and horrified at even small lapses from their ideals. I am not arguing as to the fairness or the justice, but of the fact, of this attitude.

Men do not usually express such thoughts to the women who call them forth. They seldom betray them by either language or actions, and thereby perhaps women are deceived into thinking that they are approving themselves in the eyes of the man. The right sort of men are secretly disgusted, and the wrong sort are surprised at, while they take advantage of, the woman who fails in goodness, in purity, in truth.

* * *

Now when men, especially young men, expect goodness in the women they know, and do not find it, they are apt to lower their own moral tone to accommodate themselves to the feminine standard. This may be weakness, but it may also be indifference. Right or wrong, they argue, why should they be restricted by a moral responsibility which is higher than that of the sex

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with whom they have been taught to associate the highest moral sense.

Young women should not deceive themselves on this point. Men will laugh and jest with them on any topic whatsoever, but they do not respect light talk on the lips of a woman, or that skating over the thin ice of doubtful subjects in which many perfectly pure women seem to delight to indulge.

The audacious boldness of women who use the cloak and shelter of their sex merely to tease is appalling. Many women are protected by the sweet innocence of an unstained nature from recognizing evil. They throw out a sort of moral invisible defence and are safe; others acquire a habit of appearing innocent of things said and done before their eyes, of which propriety requires that they be ignorant. We admire this cool assumption of ignorance. But what are we to say of the woman who deliberately permits herself to be put in the position of seeing what she should not see and hearing what should be an offence to her ears.

Her Responsibility

Do not quote that easy motto which is often the refuge of the silly and the bold, evil to him who evil thinks. It is often overworked and usually misapplied.

If you are innocent, my friend, you will never think of that motto. It falls oftenest from the lips of the hardened. If you are innocent, avoid unveiling that innocence of your young soul. Do not hunger to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. That knowledge will one day be forced upon you. It will hurt and sting. Do not go out of your way to seek it.

* * *

A final word in summing up. May I ask the young women in society, the habitués of the theatre, opera, card party and ball, to think, if she never has thought before, of the responsibility she has for the moral tone of the community in which she lives.

Your standard will be adopted as the standard of the men with whom you associate. With here and there an exception, the young men will follow your lead. They,

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naturally, expect better of you than they act in their own lives.

Anything said or done on your part that justifies a man in thinking lightly of your sex, qualifies his respect for you. Are you willing to run the risk? If you are, there is something wrong with you.

We hear young women sometimes lay claim to the distinction of being "a man's woman." They frankly confess that they do not like women, and that women do not like them. They seem to be proud of it, as though they were emancipated from some horror of degradation.

But in what distorted mirror of vision did that reflection ever present itself to the young girl as a desirable and worthy achievement—to be outside the pale of her own sex?

Let not the modest young woman who is stepping out of girlhood avow that silly and wretched pose. If you cannot get on with women, there is something wrong with you. The affectation of manly habits adds nothing to your attractiveness among

Her Responsibility

men. They will laugh with you while you swagger, but they will laugh at you behind your back. A good man seeks the feminine in you; the very qualities that make you liked and loved by your own sex.

Do women ordinarily care much for men who are not liked by other men? Why should the reverse be true?

* * *

It is with the mother, very properly, that the education of the children lies. You cannot avoid it by saying, "Go to your father"; and one day you will have to answer for it. The sword of motherhood will pierce your heart. Happy the woman whose sons and daughters will themselves apply the healing balm.

If you shrink from the responsibility of discipline, of guidance, of education, and the control, especially of your daughter, you are turning from the sure and certain divine commission about which there can be no doubt.

You may give no excuse. Your shyness, your timidity, your social duties, these are

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not reasons. Any other claim upon your time, your patience, or your talents sinks into insignificance. You are a mother by your own act. You are in a small way a creator. You might have declined the responsibility, but you assumed it. If you do not live up to it at any cost, you are as recreant to your stewardship as the servant who hid his talent in a napkin. You are worse. He did not seek for the talent, you did.

* * *

Motherhood ought to be a profession. It is too often a *pis aller*. Women go into convents and are taught and trained for years to become what is called a religious. Others spend years learning to embroider table covers and doilies, growing anxious over shades of silk, and cunning in the search for designs. They will spend money and time like water to learn a new game of cards, and weary themselves in holding their own in the social maelstrom.

How many of them study motherhood?

Her Responsibility

How many study the dispositions of their growing girls, as they do the development of a new lead in whist? How many of them put as much thought on the unfolding mind of the child as they do upon the shade of color best suited to show off its complexion?

A home is not merely a house to be furnished, or a barracks to be kept in order, but a nursery of souls and bodies. Good mothers, do you study the science of home? You are caring for human bodies. Do you know anything of the laws of health and hygiene? You have the care of minds. How often do you not turn your children over to teachers, who may be quite competent to teach mathematics and geography, but not sonship or daughterhood? You have the awful cure of souls. How often do you talk to your children on their duties to God, and their privileges as His children?

* * *

Is all this too much to require?

If you think so, you are quite unfit for

The Young Woman. in Modern Life

the joys and pains, to say nothing of the responsibilities, of motherhood.

But you do not think it is too much.

It is just what you know you ought to do and mean to do. Few mothers but that have these thoughts, and few, I imagine, but that realize their failures and mistakes.

Most curious of all is the attitude of many who are the best mothers possible, according to their lights, but who dwell under the impression that children draw from the atmosphere the material for their mental and spiritual growth, as they absorb from their food what is needed to sustain the physical nature.

They forget that (children are first of all animals.) We may as well expect a lion's whelp to grow into an archangel, as a boy or girl untrained and undisciplined to grow into a proper man or woman, although sometimes they do. The mother who leaps at the conclusion that her children will be of the exceptional class is laying up regret and sorrow for herself and for them.

Women nowadays (I speak as one who

Her Responsibility

yields to no one in profound admiration for the sex) have clubs for everything under the canopy of highest heaven. They ponder over the prevention of cruelty to animals and children. They construe Browning and Shakespeare. They lift their silvery voices in debate over the suffrage and the color line. The mother has a greater and more awful problem than any of these.

I know this little excursus to Mothers is liable to be sniffed at and pooh-poohed. There is a certain class of elderly ladies who think they have legislated, or will legislate, woman nature unto man nature, and who positively think the good God did not act on a principle of justice when He created two sexes instead of one. I am not writing for this class. They are relieved from consulting these pages, which are intended for women who accept the sex distinction, with the sex limitations. These are in the great majority. Moreover, I am not making wild charges against modern motherhood. I am but asking questions

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for the modern mother to answer in the secrecy of her closet.

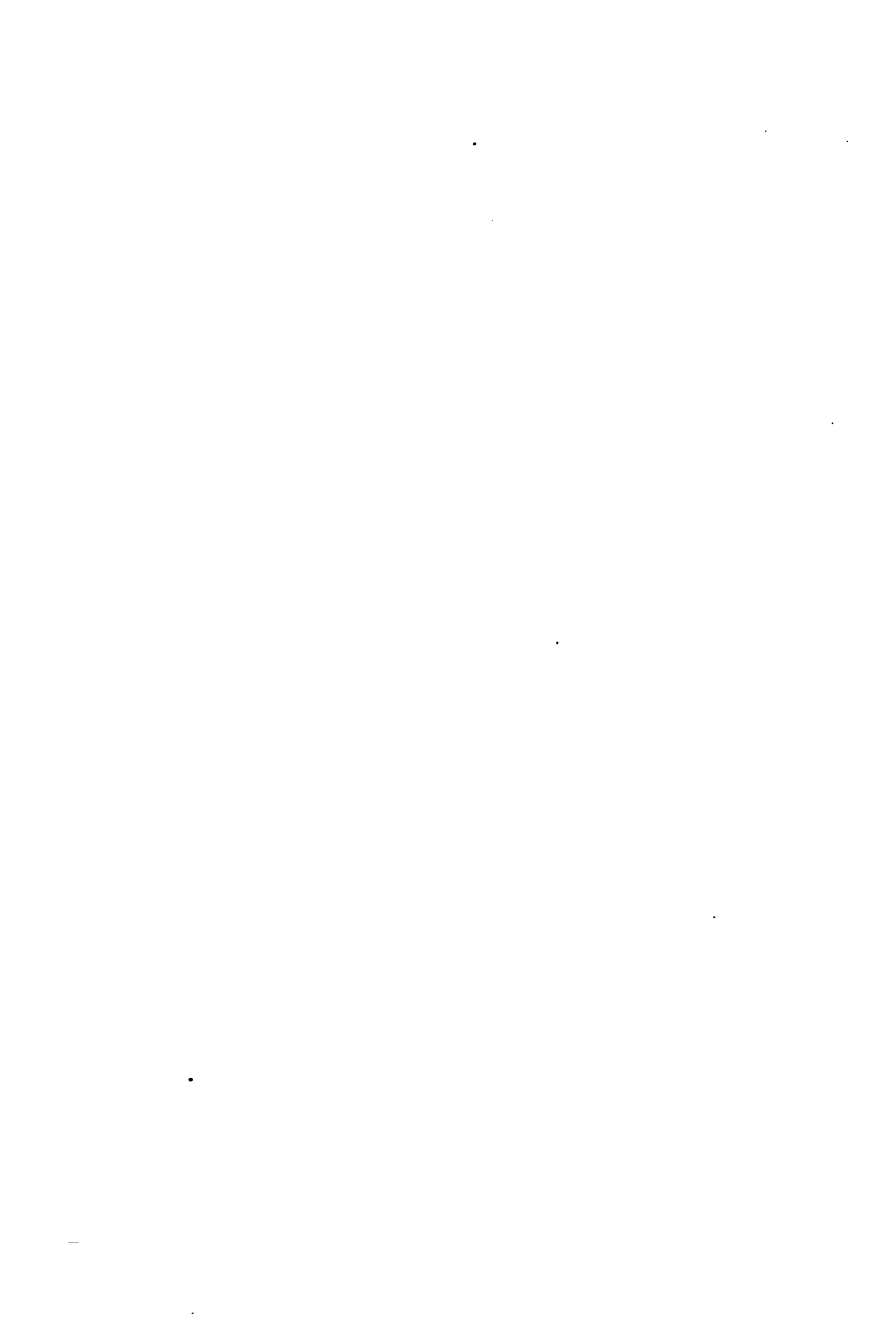
The prime question for the mother of daughters to ask herself in these days is, not when can she secure her rights as a citizen of the republic of politics, of art, of letters, or of science, but how she can carry out her responsibility toward these bodies and souls who came in answer to her summons, to live in a world of her choice, not theirs.

HER SPHERE OF INFLUENCE

Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

—*King Lear, Act I., Sc. 1.*

"It's a model young woman who is uplifting even to the retainers."—*A Young Woman's Comment.*



III.

HER SPHERE OF INFLUENCE.

THERE are some stock phrases that seem a great deal more formidable on the surface than they prove to be when carefully analyzed. The one at the head of this chapter is a fair sample.

It has a truly sublime sound. It is used on platforms, in magazine articles, even in novels, until it has imposed upon the modern imagination.

It can be simply enough defined, however. A woman's sphere of influence is "that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call her."

(If the reader is one who declines to admit that God has aught to do with the management of human affairs, she would better close the book here, for she will find no help or comfort in these pages.)

We do not hear much of man's sphere

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of influence. Individuals achieve fame in certain lines of activity, and to them we very properly attribute a "sphere of influence." In finance, economics, education, statesmanship, there are eminent names around which, as suns, revolve the lesser planets of smaller men. But it is not because they are men (sometimes the exception is a woman), but because they are specialists.

In general terms we take it for granted that a man's sphere of influence is his work, whether it be ploughing or poetry.

* * *

Let the young woman understand that her sphere is exactly the same.

It is true that women were formerly shut out from many advantages of education and development enjoyed by men, but she has been moving always toward the goal which has now been reached. If her step was halting, and she found many stumbling blocks in the way, that was an inevitable part of the process of evolution.

It is true also that man once crept about

Her Sphere of Influence

in slimy caves and ate his food uncooked. In the long journey upward from his close kinship with the earth, man has groped and stumbled not less than woman.

It has been already noted, however, that with intellectual and physical disadvantages (the latter being of divine, not human origin), woman, however limited in some ways and debarred from advance in certain directions, has always possessed the moral advantage of man.

The moral development of the race has been largely the result of woman's influence, and this seems to be significant, that her peculiar strength lies in the domain of morals.

But there are restless spirits who seem to be uncomfortable under a sex distinction. They apparently resent the divine fact of maternity as their heritage. They wish they were men; and not being able to accomplish this, they seek to break down every possible barrier between the masculine and the feminine.

Their present aim is chiefly to become

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citizens in the sense of possessing the right of suffrage.

* * *

Now I wish to speak fairly and charitably and honestly on this matter. It is a subject that cannot well be put to one side in any address to the young woman in modern life.

The facts of the case seem to be as follows: Some women—it is very difficult to get at the statistics so as to know in what proportion, but probably a minority of women—feel that they are unfairly treated in this republic because they are denied the “right” of suffrage. They pay taxes, and suffer under misgovernment; their money is taken by the government without their being allowed a voice in its use; their children are educated in the schools concerning whose management they have nothing to say. In a word, they are subject to a government in which they are not represented. They demand the suffrage, not as a favor, but as a right.

I suppose they think this would remove

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the disabilities under which they are supposed to exist, and they have no doubt; according to their representatives in the press and on the platform, that the affairs of cities and nations would be much better managed.

* * *

But there are some items in the general movement of modern civilization to which they seem to give no attention.

The suffrage is not a natural right, and never has been considered so. It is a privilege. Universal suffrage in this great democracy of the United States has proven to be such a failure in the development of our civilization, that the movement in modern political life is toward its restriction.

In every Southern State, and in many of the Northern States, the suffrage is undergoing a revision. We have been brought face to face with its evils. It is not a question of white or black, or male or female, but of capacity to use the ballot for the greatest good of the greatest number.

Constitutional conventions are continual-

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ly acting upon the proposition that there are no inherent rights involved in the matter. It is a question of social and political wisdom whether some women should have the ballot or not. I have no objection whatever to some women exercising the franchise in matters where they are vitally concerned. But that all women should have the ballot as a right is an unsound proposition. This is one of the problems for social democracy to work out. There must needs be agitation. But at a time when the wisdom of the wise seems to be against universal, and working along many lines for a restricted, suffrage, it seems to me to be unwise for woman to be lifting her voice and using her influence in the opposite direction.

* * *

Leaving this vexed and vexing problem, let us look at the facts in the case of the woman in modern life, as to her natural position, the facts as they exist.

The first law of divine and human being

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and development, is that set forth in the old Catechism of the Church, "to learn to get mine own living and do my duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call me."

God has something to do with it.

An Englishman in England, and an American in America, each has been called to a certain state of life, and each has a certain duty to perform in that state of life. Duty may eventually lead any one of these to other lands involving other duties, but the solemn obligation of a human soul is to do the thing that lies next him, wherever he finds himself.

As to the young man at school, preparing for business or profession; at college, in an office, store or factory, beginning the work of life,—there is no question as to his primary duty.

* * *

A young woman who is settled in a home has the same obvious obligation laid upon her. We will leave out of account women

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who are, so to speak, specialists; that is, who are preparing for an occupation as definite as that of their brother. Everything to be said of a young man may be said of those young women. But I speak of the great majority of young women who are within the four walls of home.

Her natural, normal, obvious sphere of influence is in that home.

The woman's influence there is the most powerful factor in its happiness. I am speaking now from an observation extending over many years of life in every grade of society. As the woman is, the home will ordinarily be.

A young woman should learn to keep her house, as the young engineer should learn to keep his engine.

With all the occupations opening out to women; with all the callings and professions open to her knock, where are the great mass of women found, but in their homes, with its cares and responsibilities upon their shoulders?

Allowing for all exceptions, the young

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woman in modern life is an anomaly who does not look forward to a home of her own which she is to "keep." This is, and always will be, the destiny, the privilege, and the high and awful responsibility of woman.

Now, home making and home keeping are no more to be "picked up," if properly understood, than mining engineering, or a knowledge of surgery.

How much time does the average young woman spend in learning how to build the interior of a home? Not a lodging house nor a barracks, but a home which will be a centre of moral and intellectual stimulus and peace and happiness.

It is growing to be a matter of more vital importance every year, this home keeping where there shall be an atmosphere of joy and happiness; where there shall be a refuge from the storm and stress of business and professional life.

Children are not in the home as much as they used to be. The development of outdoor life, the complexity of modern

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social life, the demands it makes especially upon young men and women in society, are such that parents do not see as much of their children as they once did, and as they ought to (I speak as an old-fashioned man).

* * *

So the home should be developing *pari passu*. The attractions, the allurements, the occupations of the home should be growing in power and influence.

The man cannot do this by the nature of his outside life. If the woman does not, it will not be done. The home ties grow slighter; the larger part of the time will be filled apart from the domestic hearth; the home will become less and less a factor of the young man or woman's life,—and woe to the nation whose people have no ideal of solidarity in their homes.

The Jewish race is justly proud of the chastity of its women, of the tender care of its poor, of the freedom on the whole from any large proportion of crime and crimi-

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nals. And the Jewish home is an example for all the world.

* * *

Of course, I know the comment that some will make. You would make woman a drudge. You would forget her higher nature, and make her merely a slave, to get up dinners and mend clothes and sweep out rooms.

God forbid!

A man may with equal justice say, "What am I but a drudge and a slave, working as I do from eight to eighteen hours every day to provide for my family and to do my part in the work of the world?"

What would we think of a man who argued after this fashion?

It comes to pass in this world that homes must be worked for, or they are not to be enjoyed. If a man is unwilling to make the sacrifice of toil and task, let him give up the idea of having a home, and spend his days as a lodger, or as a more or less well-dressed tramp.

A home involves drudgery, cost, sacri-

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fices in other things than in incessant work. But the true man pays that price and is happy and glad in it, that he may have those things for which the home stands.

* * *

Now comes the woman's part.

If she is not willing to contribute her share of the home making and keeping, she is at liberty not to enter into any agreement. Let her give up the idea of a home, if she so desires. But let her not expect to have the home without paying the price of it.

There are some men whose sole idea of a home is that of a board and lodging establishment for a human machine whose main life business is at his desk or in his shop. He looks upon his wife as a chief servant. There are some women with whom the dominant idea of home is an "establishment," and they look upon their husbands as treasurers to draw checks for its maintenance.

But these are exceptions, and I do not believe that they are many among the mass

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of men and women who are helpmates, comrades, and friends. We need not take them into account.

* * *

But the young woman is not yet married.

In the home of her father and mother she ought to be earning her living. Does this seem strange or unnatural?

She ought to be doing this for two reasons.

First of all, she ought never to be without definite occupation of some sort, and the occupation of home keeping is ordinarily the closest thing at hand. If she is a young woman of large mind and generous heart, she will find other occupation for her spare time in other things, concerning which I will speak in another chapter. No woman or man should bow over the grindstone of a single occupation without changing the routine.

In addition to having a definite set of duties in her home, as the balance of her life, she owes it to that future toward which maidens look with awe and modesty,

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the future of possible wifehood and motherhood, that she should train herself for those duties and responsibilities. The partnership of married life demands the house-mother's aptitudes as well as the house-father's provisions.

The young women should think of the burdens of that home as one who is to share in them; not as a drudge and an inferior, but as an equal and helpmate.

And the mistress of a home must know the routine of service, or she will never get good or fair service from those she employs. In her father's home, if she has a wise mother, she will learn to be a mistress of all the arts and intricacies of the proper keeping of a home.

* * *

But her sphere, because it is rooted in the home, inevitably extends beyond it.

No man who is a man is ever satisfied with the mere bread-and-butter wages of his calling. He aspires to be of use to the human race in his own community, and sometimes beyond his local borders. It is

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this voluntary desire to contribute to the larger life of humanity that has lain at the bottom of the best of human progress. It is this that founds colleges and builds hospitals, maintains charitable organizations and carries on the vast work of the churches.

Now, as a man ought to do a great deal of toil that goes unrewarded at the world's market prices, so ought a woman.

I have already spoken of her responsibility for the moral tone of the society in which she moves, which rises and falls as she dictates.

Her sphere of influence extends to all social questions in which she may be an expert or an authority. Society is her peculiar realm.

Here she is the dictator. She can mould it as she wills. She can give it a high and sweet tone, or she can degrade and coarsen it.

The average "society woman," so called, is the object of a deal of more or less good-natured badinage, and of a great deal of

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unmerited abuse. Our comic illustrated papers would be badly off indeed without her to occupy the foreground of their sketches. One "fast" group of women are taken as the models of society women in general, and the press and pulpit grow livid and hysterical over the folly of the few.

But the fast set is an exceptional set, and the attention paid to their more or less sinful foolishness is merely an argument for my contention, that we look to women, especially the women who are leaders in society, for the best, not the worst.

* * *

The average society woman throughout the length and breadth of the land is a good woman. She attends to her home, looks after her children, and is loyal to her duties and responsibilities. She is not fairly represented by a group in New York, or at Newport, or any other centre of social life, where enormous wealth, selfish luxury, and abnormal and eccentric methods of killing time attract the public attention.

But—the society of our larger towns and

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cities tends toward a certain laxness which would not have been tolerated a generation or so ago.

I am by no means a Puritan in the narrow sense of that good old word. But I see one tendency in modern life for which women are mainly responsible, which is breaking down the barrier of our best and highest civilization.

It is the growing disregard of Sunday as a day of worship and rest.

The question of religion is one which for the present I do not mean to more than touch upon, reserving its consideration for a chapter by itself. But the question of Sunday as a day separate from all other days as to its use, is one of the most important questions of our civilization.

It is true that man was not made for the Sabbath, but the Sabbath for man.

It is on that very ground that I wish to present here some practical considerations for our young women to ponder.

* * *

Anglo-Saxon civilization stands for high-

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er ideals in the development of the human race than any other. It has always had religion as its basis, and the chief institution of religion has been the setting apart of one day in the week for rest and worship.

The Sabbath was made for man because man needed it, not out of a divine whim, or as the result of what some people are pleased to call ecclesiastical despotism.

Formerly, in the truly best social circles of the land, dissipations and occupations which were countenanced and encouraged on week-days were distinctly frowned upon on Sunday, and it was considered bad form to indulge in them. But there has come a change.

Under one guise or another, the first day has been invaded by the amusements and relaxations of the other days of the week, and the blame must be laid mainly at the door of our women.

Three results of the invasion are plainly to be noticed.

A disregard of the rights of servants. House servants need their relaxation as well

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as clerks. They need their rest as well as their employers. But the growing use of Sunday as a day of special entertainment is in direct violation of these rights. They have a right to plead their religious duties and the enjoyment of their religious privileges. Domestic service for women is the hardest service they are obliged to perform. The true woman, house-mother, home keeper, will be as thoughtful for the kitchen as for the library.

The use of Sunday for social entertainments, moreover, is bound to open the door toward secularizing the day along other lines. The cry of labor which rises to our ears pleading bitterly for more time in which to truly live, as well as a greater share of wages upon which to live, is one that is growing louder and more insistent.

Sunday has been the one barrier between labor and capital, preventing perpetual serfdom. When the final story is written, the workingman will realize what a true friend the Church has been to him, in pro-

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tecting him from slavery, by insisting upon a seventh portion of his time to himself.

But the pleasures of the rich and comfortable demand the services of the poor and needy. The opening of theatre and opera are no more justifiable than the opening of saloons and other business. Competition will slowly force Sunday into another working day—as it has in many quarters—until all barriers will be let down, and men will have to learn, as the French learned, by bitter experience, that one day in seven for rest is a divine as well as a human need for work of any sort.

The women of modern society should consider this, and should set their faces sternly against any encroachment upon the rights of men to be men, instead of beasts of burden. Her afternoon teas and evening musicals seem to be very innocent little functions indeed, but they are working evil. They are the entering wedge. They will inevitably lead to a general giving up of the day to uses which will be hostile to man-

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hood and womanhood, and hence to civilization.

* * *

Again, the use of Sunday for amusement and entertainment is hostile to the influence of the Church and the furtherance of the cause of religion.

I must protest here that I am not speaking as a priest, but as a man, and in a small way a student of history. The Church has been and is the cement of our best civilization. Take it out of our social and political life, with its ideals and realities, and civilization will be badly off indeed. The mass of men are religious each after his own kind. But religion is not a vague and nebulous cloud floating in the air; it is a definite entity, nourished, taught, propagated, and preserved in active usefulness by the institutions of the Church.

The Young Woman who flouts it or is indifferent to it is not an attractive person.

The Church's appeal to men and women to preserve Sunday as a holy rest day is an appeal based on experience. Where there

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is no vision there the people perish, says a wise man of old. The Church does hold up these ideals, does sweeten life, does comfort many souls, does enable us to face the future beyond the grave. The Church is the refuge, the school, the hospital, for men and women in need, in ignorance, in trouble.

The great foe of the Church is the secularization of the Sunday.

* * *

And the Young Woman holds the use or abuse of the day very largely in her hands.

Protect the day and you are helping the cause of truth and purity, the individual and corporate life of the community.

Make it the same as other days, and you are sapping the foundations of morality and civilization, to say nothing of religion.

Now, young women, cultivate a womanhood, helpful, serene, and tender. The strain and stress of life fall, after all, largely upon the man (I speak of classes, not exceptional cases).

Is it old-fashioned to plead with you to

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make your homes bright and enticing, so that rest and peace shall be their atmosphere, against which the bustle, confusion, and turmoil of the outside world shall have no effect?

* * *

To mothers there is a final word to be said. Do train your daughters to find in their homes the finest and most useful life. Teach them that there is the natural centre from which they are to work out their life problem, and to accomplish what lies in them.

Make your home such a place of beautiful influences; environ your daughter about with such an atmosphere of happy content, that she will seek her chief pleasure and occupations within its walls, rather than outside of them.

Teach her that in her home lies her first and most sacred duty of making herself useful, attractive, and helpful to others; that, while other things may come, and doubtless will come, into her life, they will be sweetened and strengthened in the doing

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of them, in proportion as the Young Woman realizes that her rights lie in her capacities, not in resolution of conventions, or constitutions of societies.

Teach her that the sphere of Home in which she finds herself To-day is but a preparation for To-morrow, whatever that morrow may bring forth.

HER OCCUPATIONS

The honest, earnest man must stand and work;
The woman also—otherwise she drops
At once below the dignity of man,
Accepting serfdom.



IV.

HER OCCUPATIONS.

WHAT shall the Young Woman do with her time? I am speaking now of the Young Woman at home, who is not obliged by the *res angusta domi* to work for her daily bread. The working woman needs and deserves a chapter to herself, which will be found in its place.

It is becoming more and more absurd to think that any one should be without an occupation of some sort. But there is a tendency among our young women to make an occupation out of their amusements, with occasional forays into more sober temporary pursuits, such as language classes and charity bazaars.

A young woman is liable to a temptation which does not, to the same extent, affect young men; namely, to measure her occupations by the standard of her amusements,

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instead of the reverse. Upon the man is laid the burden of earning his pleasure. The Young Woman has hers put before her, with only the necessity of choice.

* * *

By occupation, I mean a pursuit with some useful purpose. The charge to subdue the earth and have dominion over it was not given to the man only, but to manhood and womanhood. The woman must hear that divine call to labor equally with the man. Therefore the woman has the charge laid upon her to make her life a life of high quest and noble purpose.

A woman is not in the world merely to pass the time. She is as bound to fill her time with worthy and purposeful work as the man.

From her schooldays the young girl should be preparing for a life vocation of some sort. This is conceded in the case of a boy. But it is practically denied to his sister. This matter assumes serious importance if the girl is to grow up into some-

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thing more than a doll, a plaything, or a pest.

* * *

What are the facts of the case for mothers to ponder? Despite the growth in size and number of colleges for girls all over this country, the average Young Woman is ordinarily occupied in acquiring "accomplishments" which will make her attractive to the other sex. She is taught to preen her feathers, ruffle her plumage, and utter silvery calls, even as the birds of the forest, to draw attention in prospect of a satisfactory matrimonial alliance.

This does not sound pretty, but it is the underlying philosophy of too many mothers, some of whom shamefacedly admit it.

There is so much of true nature in this that we do not find fault with it as a detail of the girl's life at all. A young girl ought to make herself as attractive as possible. She ought to enhance every charm the good God has given her.

But she ought along with this to remember that the true charm of womanhood is

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not in being able to do many things, however beautiful, but in the development of a character. She ought to be taught that the end and aim of womanhood is to be a good woman, not merely to make a good marriage. Marriage ought not, properly speaking, to be the supreme end toward which a girl's life should be directed,—concerning which I shall have more to say at greater length when I come to speak about her preparation for wifhood.

* * *

The accomplishments of finishing schools end usually in what? We have them all about us, object lessons of what woman's occupations ought not to be. We have hosts of young women who paint badly, not being artists; who perform on the piano badly, not being musicians; and who sing badly, having no voices to warrant their efforts.

The college training which is now offered our young women is a correction of the old vice of accomplishment-seeking. It weeds

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out the absolutely incompetent, stiffens the moral fibre of the weak, and, while not necessarily preparing girls for professional life, develops their womanhood after such a fashion that the modern educated young woman offers a far more attractive personality than her sister who prides herself upon her accomplishments merely.

Education leads out the whole woman. Accomplishments are local and artificial. It is the mind after all that gives direction, purpose and meaning to the body. Mathematics and Latin do not contribute to the gaiety of the drawing-room, but they do enlarge and beautify the personality of those who adorn drawing-rooms.

* * *

But unfortunately a college training and true culture are not always synonymous. It is certain that in the development of the higher education of women grave mistakes have been made, and continue to be made.

The most grievous fault that inheres in the curriculum of the average woman's col-

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lege is that it is fashioned too closely after that which has been prescribed for men. This is endorsed by respectable names, and it becomes one who is not a trained educator to be wary of pronouncing judgment. It is possible, however, that parents are as competent, if not more competent, judges of the practical bearings of a course of study upon their daughters than educators who may not be parents.

The modern young man's education is being more and more specialized. The great colleges and universities no longer insist on a four-years' iron restriction upon every student. After the foundations are laid, we are hearing less of studies for the mere end of mental discipline, and more room is given for mental development, both on the lines of a proposed career, and also of individual bias and capacities.

It is in this latter concession that I find an argument for some reform in the school and college curriculum for girls. The professional student, man or woman, must travel one road, but the student of general

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culture should have a larger liberty. As there are differences between young men, so there is a greater difference between young men and young women. Their place in society is not the same. They are not called upon to fill the same niche in the world's development. The sex distinction is a very real one. It is part of a divine order, not a human arrangement for convenience' sake.

* * *

The one grave mistake which too many of our educators in charge of girls' advanced schools and colleges make is that which is vulgarly called "cramming." The supreme object of many of them seems to be to "raise the standard" of their institutions, instead of an endeavor to broaden and deepen the characters they form and stimulate. I believe, on the testimony of many troubled and perplexed parents, as well as from my own observation, that too much is attempted in the average curriculum. Instructors complain of the special and partial students very often, when it is

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a choice with them between a partial course or no course.

Now, while the value of a classical education is not to be minimized, and by the present writer is not at all unfavorably criticised, it is worthy of note that the effort of some modern educators to insist upon an education along the old lines, for women, is coincident with its abandonment in colleges for men.

Some women are responsible for this. They apparently proceed on the theory that the only way to assert the equality of Eve with Adam is to bring her up as though she were not a woman but a man. The attempt at an equalization of the sexes is as logical as to feed an ostrich and a humming-bird on the same food because they both have feathers.

Perhaps it is because the average young woman has no special vocation for which to prepare that the mental menu set forth for her consumption is so varied. Now, bulk does not necessarily imply nutrition. Yet it does seem that too much importance

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is conceded to the number of books and pages gone over in a certain time.

* * *

As an illustration of what I mean, let me instance an occurrence of a few years ago in a city which shall be nameless.

Two months of the college year had been lost by prevailing local conditions. This was not to be borne, so extra hours, holidays, even Saturday, a rest day to pupils from time immemorial, were crowded with lessons, in order that the sacred curriculum might be carried out, and no time lost.

I believe the object was secured, and the authorities drew a long breath of relief at the end of the year. Not a page had been lost.

But something had been lost. The work could not have been as well done. The hours of recreation were shortened—always a disadvantage. Thoroughness must frequently have been sacrificed to fatigue. It is quite possible that in some cases health was interfered with.

Again I speak under correction,—but I

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am not to be persuaded with my present light, that work laid out carefully and systematically for a nine-months' course can be satisfactorily accomplished in seven months.

The mere keeping up with a printed curriculum might have been sacrificed without anything of real value lost to the pupils.

This is an illustration of what I mean when I say that bulk receives too great consideration in many of our modern educational schemes.

* * *

The Young Woman should have some occupation which will give a vertebrate consistency to her life, and she should be prepared for it in the schools and colleges as men are.

What is the reason that so many young women drop their books on the day they are graduated? Because there is no incentive for further work.

Let there be an incentive. Every girl likes one of her studies better than others. Every girl has the capacity for some pursuit, if it can be developed. The school

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and college ought to act as the developer. The atmosphere of her young life encourages her to think that there is no real purpose in her life beyond the performance of certain social functions, or such haphazard trifles of domestic assistance as over-indulgent mothers may suggest to fill in the time.

Naturally she turns to pleasure, and puts the full power of her abounding vitality into the round of social life, which utterly wearies and palls on all save the shallowest, after a brief indulgence.

Let her mind be informed as a part of the school or college discipline, that she must have some definite purpose in her life, that she must enroll herself among the workers, or that she is no better than a cumberer of the earth.

If this seems vague and hypercritical, it is because the mind of the average reader is permeated with the idea of feminine indolence as a condition of modern womanhood.

* * *

What, then, can a young woman do who is not obliged to work for her living?

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Surely, the Young Woman does not truly live by bread alone; she ought to live for her self-realization.

I believe that the average girl with an average education can become a specialist in some pursuit that will be capital for her in her own lifting up, in the joy of living, in the enlargement of her life, in her pecuniary support, even, should she be suddenly called upon to make her own way in the world; a condition arising so often among the one-time wealthy that we should think more people would be prepared for it.

Two practical examples which have fallen recently under my own observation will illustrate this contention of mine.

A young woman while at school and college became interested in Mediæval French History. After her graduation, against the wishes of her mother and sisters, who babbled feebly *cui bono*, she went abroad to study at the fountain head. She became a real student. That is, she studied because she wanted knowledge, not because she had to pass an examination. Upon her return

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home, she settled down among her books and continued her studies, again against the gentle clamor of her family, who thought she had wasted time enough. Suddenly came one of those reverses of fortune so common in life, and that family of women were thrown on their own resources. The student was the only one who did not have far to fall. She had something besides elegant manners and a collection of coon songs and cake walks. She became a University Extension lecturer in her specialty, and when I last heard of her was meeting with conspicuous success.

Another girl, with an ordinary fashionable school education, was brought into contact with the beating heart of real books. She read voraciously. Her mind grew disturbed with the divine unrest. She wanted to do something worth while, but her education had not cultivated the soul of her self, and she did not know what she could do. One day she stumbled upon Art. She did not begin to paint placques and decorate tambourines, but took her way to an art

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school, and began down among the grubby rudiments. One day it became necessary for her to earn her living. She has become a successful teacher.

These are not exceptional examples. There are very many. There are also examples of others, who would not persevere in what they were planning and dimly intending to do—because there was no pressure upon them, until the crash came, and it was too late.

* * *

My contention, however, is not directed wholly or even mainly toward the market-place value of a purpose that may become a pursuit. Either of those women above referred to might never have been forced to earn a penny; nevertheless, they were both better women, possessed finer characters, and approached nearer the secret of happy lives than they would had they not trained their lives about the trunk of purpose.

I have already dwelt upon the sphere in which Woman may find a most noble task.

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It is a very beautiful achievement to build a true home—an immortal achievement.

But the Young Woman of leisure has in these days a graduate school in which, whether her tastes be domestic, or literary, or neutral tinted, she may prepare herself for any state or condition of life to which she may thereafter be called. The name of the advanced school for graduates is the Kindergarten.

All of our large cities, and most of our large towns, are now equipped with a training school for Kindergartners. I doubt if there be any better professional school for the wife, mother, and home keeper, than the two or three years' training and experience necessary to graduate from one of these institutions.

This is not the place to enlarge upon the advantages of the Kindergarten method of teaching the young. It is enough to recall that these methods which centre about object teaching and the training and discipline of the senses are being adopted in the education of older students.

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But the training of womanhood is quite as notable a feature of the scheme. No problem of the home or the child is left untouched. It matters little whether the Kindergartner, after her term of service expires, becomes a professor of mathematics, working out her book problems in single blessedness, or the head and heart of a home with living problems to solve—she will be better fitted for either and all of her tasks.

If the Young Woman with time and money does not know what to do with herself, and yet is not content to fold her hands, let her take up the study of kindergartening. She will not only have a profession in itself, but a broad foundation upon which to build the house of her life after any fashion whatsoever.

* * *

There is another channel through which she may pour the abounding power and energies of her young life.

The voluntary charitable and benevolent

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works of the village and city are increasing in number and variety every year. Through the Church or some social organization, the Young Woman has the opportunity here for helping the body of society of which she is a member. The administration of charity has passed, in the theory and practice of wise men and women, from the heedless and indiscriminate giving to any and every need which is presented, without investigation and therefore without certainty that the need is real and worth assistance, to something better.

The clear note of modern philanthropy sounds in behalf of prevention. Its effort is to find the causes of poverty and suffering, and to remove them. It recognizes that to give money to-day, without something else, involves giving money to-morrow, with nothing accomplished. Charity organization under one form or another seeks to make workers, not to galvanize paupers. While it always will relieve the poor, it continually endeavors to go back of the poverty and to prevent its becoming pau-

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perism, by helping men and women to preserve their self-respect in the earning of their own living.

Much of the effort and the struggle to bring about better conditions must be voluntary, and unrewarded save in the consciousness of the worker that good is being done. And this is peculiarly woman's work, because of her peculiar heritage, which, if its glory be not dimmed by idleness, or dissipated by carelessness, makes her the handmaid of the Lord in doing His work in the world.

The majority of all the great work accomplished in the social settlements which now begin to dot the country from end to end is done by women. Settlement work is one of the foundation stones of the coming new order, in which poverty is to be reduced, pain assuaged, and the dull conditions of much of our urban life brightened and ameliorated.

Here is something, a noble and worthy something, to engage the time and talents of the Young Woman in Modern Life.

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We hear a good deal of comment, that thinks itself caustic, with reference to the greater proportion of women than men in the Church and charitable work. It is a patent and notable fact. But what is the point of the comment? Is it a fair inference that religion and good works are not approved of by men, and that they are turned over to women as beneath masculine dignity?

He is a poor logician who draws any such conclusion as that.

It is the man who makes it possible for the woman to support the Church and the charities of the world. The woman is the power, the energy, the active agent of the family in doing what the family must do as a unit of society in preserving and evermore uplifting society.

The average man who may not go to church as often as his wife and children is not an indifferent cynic. He is often a tired and worn-out human. He might get more rest than he thinks in the Father's house than in his own library, but he would not

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have the Church done away with or religion abolished. His argument may not be a very able one, but still he does argue that the Church and religion ought to be maintained, so long as he gives of his means through his wife and children.

If the hour should ever strike when some sudden calamity overshadowed the outward and visible organizations of religion in any community, the Sunday morning lounge, emerging from the waves of the Sunday papers inundating his library, would shoulder his gun and buckle on his sword in defence of the Altar he sees so seldom, and the Faith of his womankind, which is his faith, too, dim and cloudy though it be.

I am not apologizing for the man who does not go to church regularly. I think he loses something of infinite value, but I believe too that he also works for the cause of God,—in his way.

* * *

And here is a word of counsel to wives and sweethearts. Your men folk will value the offices of religion—even if they seem

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indifferent to them—in the proportion that they see you value and make use of them. A woman influences a man in this profoundest point, not by the frequency with which she urges him to go to church, but by her own regular appreciation and use of religious offices as a precious and invaluable privilege.

The mother, too, will influence her children ultimately, not by her words, but by her example.

So when the woman is cavalierly referred to as the pillar of the church, with the inference on the outskirts of the phrase that it has no use or value for the man, let her remember that this is a part of her womanly heritage, to be the handmaiden of her Lord, to her husband, her brother, her sweetheart. Let her further remember that her influence is so powerful that if she shows indifference or carelessness in the duties of her religion, in order to please or conciliate, that the man will argue all religion to be a pious sham and fraud.

Let the woman be cheerful under these

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infections. Let any man be ashamed to hinder his wife in the practice of her religious duties.

* * *

To the Young Woman who may be moved to take upon herself the high vocation of ministry to the "submerged" classes of society, I have a few words of warning.

Count the cost of any work before you begin it. There will be necessary cost in time, in patience, in bodily fatigue.

If you enter upon a task carelessly, just to pass the time, and drop its responsibilities as carelessly because of some sudden impulse to amuse yourself, or from some single hour of weariness, you are encouraging a frivolity of temper and mind that will increase your inaptness for any sustained effort. Moreover, you will retard, hurt, and maim the work you deal with so lightly and the cause you value so little. Much good work is ruined by this lack of a sense of responsibility.

Finally, as a daughter of your father's house, remember that your first duty, the

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clearest revelation of divine purpose in your life, is that which lies at home. Your parents have the first claim upon your service.

* * *

A word to mothers may not be out of place here, and should not be taken amiss.

Train your daughters so that life will hold out happiness and noble achievement to them, even though they never marry. While marriage of the right sort (of which more anon) is the crowning glory of womanhood, it is a degrading thing to bring up your daughters with the idea that womanhood without marriage is a failure.

You encourage your boys to have a purpose in life; encourage your girls after the same fashion.

Have more to say than you are apt to about their studies, and refuse to allow them to be over-driven, harassed, forced into lassitude and fretful, nervous dispositions, because routinists with capital letters after their names insist upon treating fifty girls of varying temperament and degrees

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of health as though they were cast in one mould.

Finally, good mothers, and of the gravest importance, train the girls, from the tiniest childhood, to a sense of responsibility for whatever they undertake. Unwise, foolishly affectionate, or thoughtless mothers are often to blame for the failure of the Young Woman to realize the responsibilities of life. Teach them the *noblesse oblige* of carrying out whatever obligations they assume from the smallest to the largest. Teach them that it is a point of honor, having put their hand to the plough, not to take it off until the furrow is drawn and the day's work is done.

HER AMUSEMENTS

This subject has not had the thought it merits. It seems trivial. It concerns some hours in the daily life of each of us; but it is not connected with any subject of human grandeur, and we are rather ashamed of it. . . . Our modern system of division of labor divides wits also. The more necessity there is, therefore, for finding in recreation something to expand man's intelligence.

—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

Rest is necessary to recruit your intellectual forces; sympathy is necessary to prevent your whole nature from stiffening like a rotifer without moisture; love is necessary to make life beautiful for you, as the plumage of certain birds becomes splendid when they pair; and without amusement you will lose the gaiety which wise men try to keep as the best legacy of youth.

—*Philip Gilbert Hamerton.*



V.

HER AMUSEMENTS.

THE average Young Woman in Modern Life needs no urging toward the duty of recreation.

Unfortunately the unwritten constitution which governs our social code has for one of its principal articles this, that the young woman is to be entertained and amused. This is the atmosphere in which she lives, moves, and has her being when she graduates from school or college and casts her dainty gauntlet into the arena of life. To please my lady, this is the first thought of right-souled men, young and old. And it is a fine trait of character. Every man is nobler and better for taking some trouble or making some sacrifice, in order to give pleasure to a woman who is worthy of his homage. There is little to wonder at, then, that so many young women in society (I use the word in a larger than its

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customary sense) are led to look upon pleasure seeking as their occupation, until marriage rearranges their lives and resettles them upon other foundations.

It follows, of course, that in seeking to please, the man studies my lady's tastes and wishes. He does this in conversation (such conversation as survives in modern social intercourse), in the offerings he is permitted to make, and in the entertainments he contrives.

Young women are heard to complain very often that the young men of their acquaintance treat them with too little deference to the serious side of their characters. They accuse them of substituting harmless prattle for sensible talk, and of assuming that the feminine half of society knows nothing about and cares nothing for, anything beyond the balls, and parties, and dinners, and teas, and flirtations, and gossip, that make up a part of their lives.

They indignantly repudiate the assumption that politics, literature, art, and music above the vaudeville standard are beyond

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either their comprehension or their tastes.

One may pardon a sensible young woman for this resentment. But I venture to say that the Young Woman ordinarily receives in the way of attention, in quality at least, what she desires. No man who seeks to please makes such a mistake the second time. He may be pardoned for making it once, if his experiences and observation have led him to set forth such wares as he believes will be acceptable. A young woman need not descend from the plane of sense and dignity because she is invited to by one who does not know her. If she does she has no right to expect anything but a repetition on the next occasion.

The Young Woman is bound to remember that the man is trying to please. In the very nature of the case, then, he will not take her to a vaudeville performance if she prefers "As You Like It," nor will he prattle vacuously of other people's foibles, if he thinks she is not interested.

The Young Woman has entirely in her

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own power the intellectual treatment she may receive.

She must remember also, with the pitying tenderness of her sex, that men cannot rise higher than the level of their own minds and capacities. Many of the men she is bound to meet in the highways and byways of human intercourse are not gifted beyond a very ordinary standard.

The Young Woman cannot always choose whom she shall know, but she may always discriminate from among the crowd those whom it is worth her while to know well, as friends and comrades.

That amusement is a legitimate factor in the life problem of young womanhood needs no demonstration. I repeat what I have said over and over again, that the joy of the young is not only their rightful heritage now, but is a stored-up capital of memory and experience against the drawing in of evil days, perhaps, when they shall say they have no pleasure in them.

But as with the man, so with the woman; her relaxation from the task and occupation

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of life should be of such a nature as to help on the development of her selfhood and the edification of character.

Because she chooses at first, and is not chosen by, her pleasures, they have a double effect, upon her own life, and upon the lives of the young men of her social environment—for we cannot separate the Young Woman in any realm from the powerful influence she exerts upon men. In this lies a part of that heavy responsibility which is the dower of her sex.

* * *

Her choice of amusements, then, is always and necessarily qualified. Chiefest of all qualifications is that which we call moral. The innocence of ignorance is no longer as common as it once was. The decadent theatre, the problem novel, the very billboards which flaunt their immodest pictures in the face of every passer-by, have brushed away that bloom; but the innocence of free choice remains.

If I am not the victim of a damaged memory, I venture to assert that wives,

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mothers, and daughters are seen at theatrical performances in these days which were considered not only not respectable but positively demoralizing a generation ago. A certain kind of performance both on the regular stage and in the vaudeville theatres has come into vogue and is patronized by women, which within recent memory was attended almost *sub rosa* by men only. Now I believe that the stage has as high a mission and as definite a place in the uplift of the world as any other art. I am not speaking, therefore, from the standpoint of a Puritan, and say nothing on this head that cannot be matched for severity by criticisms of the secular press and some of the leading actors on the stage.

The Young Woman has a duty with reference to this question of demoralizing theatrical performances, from which she has no moral right to shrink. She must face the accusation of narrowness and singularity, and setting herself up in judgment over others, and must refuse to give her countenance to the creeping paralysis of

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decadence which has fallen upon a large section of the modern stage. She must steel herself against the temptations of music, and the subtle whispers of Art for Art's sake.

Is this prudery? I hope no young woman will think it so. She may believe very honestly that she is unhurt by witnessing scenes on the stage, by listening to the conversations of men and women in the mimic intercourse of the theatres, from which she would indignantly revolt in her own social life. The modest, self-respecting girl or woman undoubtedly does so believe. But the possible injury is not alone to herself. She stands in the hard place of responsibility, whether she will or no, to others. If by her presence she endorses the public exploitation of themes from which in private she shrinks, she places upon them the hall-mark of her private approval. She cannot escape it. A public performance witnessed by the cultivated and refined womanhood of this generation receives thereby a certain authority. It may, and often does,

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mislead the unintelligent or moderately intelligent to draw the inference that it is wholesome and good for food. She, the exception, may be unharmed, but her neighbor may be degraded and demoralized.

If the Young Woman thinks it a hard thing that she should be deprived of an intellectual treat (for some artistically great actors and actresses dabble in these nasty waters) because of a responsibility which she does not seek, she may well ask herself two questions. Need she really be deprived of intellectual stimulus because she declines to take it under these conditions? And if she thinks so, ought she not to make this sacrifice also, among the many her womanhood demands of her, to avert the possible staining and bedraggling of the ideals of purity in others?

* * *

My lady's amusements should be enjoyed with a keen regard for the health of her body as well as her soul and mind. The outdoor life of women which was held in considerable disfavor by our grandmothers,

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and a generation ago by our mothers, is fortunately winning its way in the life of the modern young woman. Not but that those dear old grandmothers had some good sense in their admonitions which we may heed. They would be dismayed at certain departures from the formal grace and propriety of their golden age, and well might they be. An outdoor game or sport which destroys the charm while it hardens the muscles of the young girl is not to her advantage. Better the sweet primness of the colonial dame than the exaggerated mannishness of certain of her granddaughters. But these extremes are few in comparison with the great number of women who find health and happiness in the fields, on the links, and at the courts. The young body through whose veins courses the red blood of abounding health is a joy to possessor and beholder. A young woman need not be handsome or even pretty to be physically charming, if she be wholesome and virile, springy of step, and vivacious of mind, all of which are the certain results

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of rugged health. The children of the next decade will be a bonnier set because of the altered physical life of the young womanhood of to-day.

* * *

And yet manners maketh the woman. A delicate repose of body and "that most excellent thing in woman, a voice soft, gentle, and low," are the two places in her armor which outdoor sports attack with most effect. Foot-ball manners are not always pleasing in men, never in women. The voice that calls out "fore" across the hills need not be harsh, and the active movements in the tennis courts need not be rude and ungraceful. The outdoor girl need not be a "sport," although in her exuberance of spirits she often affects both actions and language which arouse the amazement of onlookers. Vigor and Violence are not synonymous.

* * *

Akin to this there is a word to be said to the Young Woman about her extraordi-

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nary use of the English language. For Slang is generally the child of the open air, and most often will be found to originate in sports where men do congregate. There is something to be said in favor of some Slang—*pace*, thou teacher of pure English! Allowance is to be made for an occasional piquant lapse from the dignity of the vernacular. But the habitual use of slang loses piquancy and becomes—alas! that one must say it—vulgar.

Again, it is the woman's part to hold up and maintain ideals; to set herself by example against defiling the simplicity and purity of every-day speech. The intercourse of men and women should have a certain stately dignity, without losing in the quality of humor or becoming pedantic in style.

Young women have a slang all their own which they imagine to be harmless and know to be expressive. One sometimes overhears conversation between them which needs interpretation into the common tongue. It is a phase of development. But

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let it be a phase and not harden into a formula.

* * *

Akin to the habit of slang is the habit of adjectives and adverbs. By the time they appear in the white gown of the debutante, very many of our young women have so overworked the qualifying expressions of the language in which they were born, that no words remain by which to express ordinary pleasure or pain. Why should they use so many adjectives and why should they maltreat them when they do use them? Few things are "adorable," and fewer still are "awful." What is the mental process of a young woman who "loves" her mother and "adores" chocolate bonbons? What is there in common between a poem and a pug dog, that both should be "perfectly lovely"? And the likeness of a sermon to a rag-time melody, that they are spoken of as "perfectly grand" in one sweeping generalization? Do put a curb upon your imagination in this particular, and you may

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be very sure that your words will go farther and carry more weight.

* * *

We have been betrayed into a slight digression, and return now to our immediate consideration of taking one's recreation after a healthful fashion.

Our Young Woman who ranges over the links with clubs and caddy, drinking in the fresh air, rejoicing in the sun, and not shrinking from the mists, with a delicious inconsistency of which she does not seem to be aware, not infrequently seeks to impair the vigor thus acquired by the dissipation of absurdly arranged hours in the ballroom and after-midnight suppers.

In the great cities the pressure of social life is a menace to the health of the young women who find themselves caught in its mesh.

It will not suffice for women to plead the customs of society. They make the customs and they remake them if they will. We have fallen on the days of a rapidly increasing complexity of life. The stren-

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uous life of mankind battling with the ever-changing combinations of a material civilization, is finding its feverish counterpart in the strenuous social life of womankind. The men are the greater immediate sufferers. They are forced to burn the candle at both ends, or else to drop out of the social world. But women are laying up future trouble for themselves, and, unless they are careful, for their children.

The naive excuse of fond mothers that they take care of their daughters' health by insisting that they lie abed most of the day in order to be about their usual business most of the night is—well, it is merely naive. That this should occur on exceptional occasions is to be expected, but that it should become a habit, is startling to the social economist, as a mother's contribution to the solving of the intricate problem of her daughter's life. For it is a serious inversion of the proper relation of duty and pleasure. Recreation indulged in without a due sense of proportion in the use of time, is the acme of folly. If one is forced

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to sleep away half the daylight hours in order to recoup for nights devoted merely to pleasure, how is one to render an account only for the loss of time?

* * *

The Young Woman is bound to proportion her time between her amusements and her serious occupation. She was not created by divine energy and endowed with divine purpose to waste the one and fritter away the other. She ought to control her time as she ought to control her moods. Her soul, if she is conscious of a soul, cries out for it in flashes of transfiguration that come upon her, but her body demands it daily and hourly. I have said elsewhere that the study hour should not encroach upon the recreation hour, for reasons of health. It is equally true that pleasure should not grow to be a Frankenstein spectre perched on the mirror of my lady's boudoir, driving her to weariness and fatigue and that last state of degenerate womanhood, the recognition of "nerves."

* * *

In considering the relations of young

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people in modern society, it is impossible to omit comment on a delicate topic—the unconscious but real responsibility of the Young Woman for some of the extravagances of the young man. In writing in another place to the young man I have tried to point out that to be in love and to be in debt are not necessarily synonymous terms. But they often have a certain practical relation, and the Young Woman is the responsible party of the second part.

The incentive of the lover even is not always needed to plunge young men into a morass of obligation beyond the warrant of their incomes.

Often mere admiration and esteem, and above all the desire to keep up appearances, to assume the possession of a purse if one has it not,—these are spurs to an ill-afforded extravagance which the Young Woman has it in her power and ought to have it on her conscience to check.

She is innocent of fault here until it is called to her attention, but an unwritten law of modest young womanhood ought to

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lay her under an obligation to receive no presents which may be measured by money value, and to moderate the expense of all social attentions paid to her charms.

The most valuable thing a man can give a woman (not counting himself in matrimony, which is always a debatable proposition) is his desire to serve and honor her. This will manifest itself in a variety of ways according to circumstances, environment, and power. The giver is of more importance than the gift; the homage of service than the outward means by which it is paid.

* * *

The foolish young man will lay more stress on the outward signs than the inward grace—even if, like the foolish virgin of old, he is forced to borrow oil from his neighbor. The foolish young woman will encourage this borrowed sacrifice to her vanity. But in time the foolish young man will grow wise, and the foolish young woman will find one altar the less raised to her honor.

The safe way, my lady, is to bar all but

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the simplest tokens, such as books and flowers, and especially to be well nigh as careful of your photograph as you are of your heart. A woman once remarked to me that she had never given her photograph to any man since observing the progress and history of feminine portraits in her brother's possession.

It—with a capital I—was first in the place of honor (for even man is vain) on his dresser and before his mirror, where he would see it most often. It migrated to the mantel; from there to the table in a not very well-lighted corner of the room; afterward to a bureau drawer, where it became one of many, and the last appearance of this once cherished picture was its disappearance from the ken of man among other rubbish.

She was a wise woman.

* * *

One hesitates to particularize in the matter of amusements when one is forced to characterize adversely social customs of long standing and wide acceptance. But

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when pastimes develop into diseases which affect the morals of society, there is no alternative.

Our society is reverting to the habits and customs of the good old vicious days of the Georges and Queen Anne, in the matter of card-playing. Now, card-playing in itself considered may be a very ladylike and innocent amusement, but not when it occupies too much time, and is accompanied by glittering prizes or small or large "wagers"—women, I believe, never "bet."

The card habit garbed in some ever-changing fascinating form moves in waves of periodicity.

As an evening's amusement it is rational; as an afternoon's occupation it is irrational; as a morning's indulgence it is unpardonable except on a rainy morning in the country on a holiday, when the daily papers are exhausted and the last year's almanac re-read.

* * *

Time, the hours and days and months and years, is the raw material out of which

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we are to work the fabric of divine purpose, we who are made in the image of God. How can we account one day for the gross waste of so much of the precious stuff?

The playing for prizes, which has become so common as to no longer excite remark, and without which many thoroughly nice people feel that a game is waste of energy, encourages a distinctly lower moral tone in society.

Few can escape the danger of playing for the prize rather than for the "rigor of the game." Recreation must be for recreation's sake, not for gain, or it ceases to be recreation in its highest and best sense. When one sees fair women with flushed faces and glittering eyes actually cheating an opponent, for the honor of a cut-glass decanter or a silver bonbon box, one becomes disenchanted. The fever of the gambler does not adorn the brow of beauty.

And the heavy responsibility of encouraging the gambling habit in the men of your set, young women (and old or middle-aged), ought not to be lost sight of. There

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is a difference between playing for prizes and playing for money—a real difference. But hardly so much in the principle involved as to warrant you in assuming a high moral tone toward your poker-playing husband or brother.

How much of the above is rude and disagreeable and preachy I submit to the jury of young womanhood.

Also how much of it is true.

* * *

A little excursus to mothers may, in conclusion, be admissible.

For the education of your daughters you are primarily responsible. Some mothers may differ in opinion here, but as to the amusement and recreation of your daughters there can be no difference of opinion. This is the side of their lives on which danger lurks, and therefore where unsleeping vigilance is required.

The mother has more and more to contend with a *zeit geist*, which seeks to emancipate her daughter, in her choice of pleas-

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ure at least, from the maternal control. It is a subtle and difficult foe. The battle cry of freedom from tyranny and oppression has invaded the nursery. Insinuating voices call and importunate fingers beckon this way and that, apart from the simpler way, until, under the spell of disappointment, your children rise up and call you old-fashioned instead of blessed. You must set yourself against this flowing tide of increasing social demoralization. You have the primal right in and the first right to your child whom you bore in pain; society has but a secondary call upon her. Teach her this. Your chief ally will not be your power of persuasion but your power of example. Your influence over your daughter will be strong in proportion as it is emphasized by character. Do not be deceived in the deception of the weak, into thinking that your authority as such will be of much use save in the most superficial way.

At a certain age your girl is no longer a baby to be cuddled and amused and commanded to do this or that. She becomes a

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self-poised moral being, of an independent intelligence, perhaps keener than your own.

That is a bitter hour in a mother's life when she has to admit that her child is a woman; that she has her own little world of thought and action; her beatings of heart and tremblings of purpose of which she is shy of betrayal. But the bitterness will pass—although life will never be quite the same again—if the mother will but take up into the higher life of comradeship this child who has slipped the moorings of girlhood.

If you attempt to force her back into her former place of obedience because you are the superior, she may obey you, but the bloom will have been brushed from your tender relationship, nevermore to be restored.

You may influence her—if your character and daily life illuminate your counsel—but you cannot force any obedience that is worth while. What the mother does is sufficient law for the daughter without prescribed rules. The responsibility is truly awful, when we reflect that what the mother

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does is not always a safe guide for the daughter's discipleship.

* * *

Teach her, good mother, as she grows up, this little maid, with listening ears and plastic temperament, that she is to be the handmaid, not of a social Moloch, demanding a sacrifice of health and delicacy and grace—because Vanity Fair is crowded with altars and the majority of men are worshippers at that shrine—but of the Lord, who expects her loyal service in the consecration of her womanhood to whatever is true, whatsoever is honest, whatsoever is just, whatsoever is pure.

HER USE OF BOOKS

As in men, as in books, the soul is all with which our souls must deal; and the soul of the book is whatsoever beautiful and true and noble we can find in it.—*Charles Kingsley.*



VI.

HER USE OF BOOKS.

THE Young Woman who does not read books, and has no taste for literature, is self-deprived of one source of happiness which lies within reach of the large majority of humankind.

If her school training has not taught her to read, it has been largely wasted. She is unfitted to hold her own in society, however great her physical charms, for the whole grace of womanhood is not on the surface of a fair face. An enriched mind, an alert intelligence, a fine sense of humor,—these are the springs of that womanhood whose “infinite variety age cannot wither nor custom stale.”

Whether her lot is cast in some intellectual desert, surrounded by uncultured people, or among men and women who

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think and talk of something besides stock reports and domestic tribulations, it should be the same to the Young Woman; she should be a reader of books; a pupil of the masters of literature.

Intellectual culture is its own great reward, but even the most superficially minded will realize that to maintain one's position in society one must be able to listen with intelligence and to answer with understanding.

This power does not come of itself, but with the culture of the mind, and Matthew Arnold's perfect definition of culture (as to its process) is that it is "Reading, but reading with a purpose to guide and with system."

* * *

The culture of the mind is effected much after the fashion of the cultivation of the soil. The ground must be broken up, and the clods submitted to the chemistry of light, air, and heat. Nature then takes her course. So the mind must be broken up.

Her Use of Books

The thoughts and visions of other minds must freely play upon our own. This creates disturbance where there would else be stagnation. Out of new combinations, effected by the jostling of stereotyped ideas, new thoughts are born, and the world so far enriched. This is the prime reason why the Young Woman should read books and be a student of literature. She cannot otherwise properly develop herself, or occupy with dignity any station in life which she may be called upon to fill.

There is another reason, by no means trivial. A taste for reading provides for the noble use of those empty hours of which there may be many in the average woman's life, and the sad hours, of which there are sure to be some.

The woman who does not know what to do with the half hour before dinner, or with the chance moments thrown upon her hands by accident, is a pitiful and pitiable creature. The woman who reads will not only occupy those odd hours most happily, but

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will be laying new foundations for a still broader life.

* * *

When we consider the further question as to what the Young Woman should read, we are dealing with one of the most vital problems she is called upon to solve.

We are living in an age of specialties. We have more subjects to study than our fathers, and of making many books there is still no end. The Young Woman cannot read everything; what should be her principle of selection?

The purpose she has in view will naturally determine her choice of books—if she has a purpose. And it is only reading with a purpose, as we are reminded by Arnold, that makes for true culture.

Have a purpose, then, and a purpose not too ambitious. The history of one people; the literature of one age; one branch of science; any one subject completely mastered is worth a dozen with which you may have a smattering acquaintance.

I am bearing in mind that these words

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may be read by young people who are not able to devote their reading hours to any such course of regular study. They have limitations of time and place and purse. They should not give up in despair, however, because they cannot have what they would. As a radical suggestion which will provoke disapproval in high quarters, I should say to the young woman who is unable to lay hands upon the books of her choice, read anything—excluding indecency and dirt—you can get.

Carlyle says, "Not the wretchedest circulating library novel which foolish girls thumb and con in remote villages but will help to regulate the actual practical weddings and households of these foolish girls."

There is a distinction to be made, however, in "wretched circulating library novels!" They are indeed apt to regulate weddings and households, oftentimes uncomfortably.

* * *

The novel is the most fascinating form

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of literature to the average young girl and woman. If she does not allow herself to be guided, or has no one to advise her, she will flounder through a great deal of trifling, wishywashy stuff, before she finds her way to the heights of pure literature. The novel will help the untrained mind, if it be a good novel, and it will be a source of infinite pleasure to the trained mind, as a relaxation from sober study. The novel, therefore, is not to be excluded, but it should be carefully selected.

The woman who reaches middle age with no capacity to read anything except fiction is a poor woman. Therefore, the young woman who never thinks of middle age, save as a far-off calamitous event, will prepare herself against it by cultivating a taste for something beyond the magazine and "hammock reading" habit.

How shall she protect herself?

She should have a teacher of reading, as she has of mathematics. And she should during the early years of her apprenticeship

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to books keep steadily to the rules laid down for her observance.

The average "sensational novel," so called, stunts the growth of the intellectual life. One sees the dwarfing process going on every day. The youthful mind, burdened with enervating material, can rarely acquire the power in after life to throw off the weight. Instead of a natural healthy mental activity, there is a muddy flow.

* * *

In another place I have said that there is a way by which women might continue to be attractive even when the color of youth had flown and the physical charms faded. This power is to be acquired by keeping the mind alert, the brain clear, the vivacity of intellect undisturbed.

As the woman increases in years, she should increase, not decrease, in interest, in grace, and in her powers of attraction. The woman who has cared for herself, and not merely for the pleasures of the hour, ought to be, and is, a far more beautiful creature at forty than at twenty. In former years

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it was not the bread-and-butter miss, just out of school, who brought men of the world to her feet, but full-aged women who had not lost the charm of girlhood in the ripened glory of womanhood. It is just as true to-day as ever it was. The "trained woman" has been a sort of cant phrase for commencement speeches at woman's colleges, and sometimes the noble speakers inconsistently walk off with the untrained butterflies, leaving the capped and gowned graduate to wonder what it all meant.

Man is a poor creature at his best, that is what it means. He still has the barbaric mood upon him at times. He is prone to pick out the brightest eyes to look upon, and listen to silly twaddle as though it were the conversation of the gods.

But he gets over that, and when he comes to himself, he is properly penitent—and punished.

The "trained woman," however, is one of the joys of modern life. And the one part of her training which will bear the most beautiful blossoms and fruit in a richer

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and broader life is found in her reading and her choice of books.

Culture does not imply the highest order of intellect as its basis. All that any one is called upon to do is to live up to the capacity of her intellectual powers. She will then, and not else, have justified her creation.

* * *

Let no woman confine herself to fiction. Let every woman have some one subject, not arbitrarily selected by some one else, but the choice of her own tastes and desires, which shall give direction and suggestion to her choice of books.

If a young girl finds herself without any special taste, let her be turned loose in the garden of good literature, properly walled about, there to browse until she finds some herb sweeter to the taste than others. She will find it beyond a doubt.

* * *

A frequent complaint of young women (and not unknown on the lips of young

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men) is that they have difficulty in remembering all they read, and many are so far discouraged at this, as to allow themselves to drift away from the reading habit.

Again Matthew Arnold comes to our assistance. "Now, simple as it is," he says, "it is not half understood, this reason for culture; namely, that to read to good purpose, we must read a great deal, and be content not to use a great deal of what we read." Certain habits may be acquired which will enable us to hold all we ought to hold of our reading. Of these I will speak presently. Now let me urge the truth of Arnold's point.

No one is expected to remember all he reads. No one would think of finding fault with himself for forgetting, were it not for that irritating person who is forever saying, "Oh, do you recall this or that passage in the Pandects of Justinian?" or something equally erudite. Any human being can ask questions that will puzzle the average human to answer. Any one can cram up a subject to display special knowledge.

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But the young woman with a sense of humor (which she should cultivate) need not be put off her self-poise by the fact that some one apparently knows more of Chinese Metaphysics than herself.

* * *

The fact is that we do remember on the whole the substance of what we read, if we are sufficiently interested in the reading, and observe one or two simple rules. Verbal memory is not all of memory. As we read we accrete what we are capable of, and although we may not be able to recall it all in detail, it enters and becomes a part of our intellectual capital.

To be interested in our reading is the best guarantee that we will remember what is worth while in it. Every one has a bias, a trend of mental development. The true culture of the individual is achieved in the development of the individual taste. It is with books as with people; we associate with and get the most from those with whom we have a sense of comradeship. The college

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has long since recognized this in the establishment of the elective system of studies.

* * *

Some of my readers will not have had the advantage of a college training and a classical education; and they will feel perhaps that they hold an inferior position to that of their more fortunate friends. It is true in a way. The educated woman is the superior of the uneducated. But the woman without a college degree is not therefore beyond the pale of the best literary advantages. She hears the classics extolled, and feels that the matter of Greek and Latin authors is locked away from her. We do not mean to depreciate the value of the classics in the original, but there is a vast deal of cant written and spoken about them. If one is tempted to sigh over the fact that she cannot read Horace in the classic tongue, she may console herself with the assurance that most students a few years out of college, except specialists, who desire to wander through the groves of antiquity, do so by the aid of translations.

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Classically educated fathers are very apt to hand down to their hopeful sons lexicons and grammars that have not been opened since the final examination for degrees.

* * *

There is something to be said under the head of how the Young Woman is to read; and some counsel as to method and habits of reading.

What I have to offer is a bundle of hints and suggestions, the fruit of experience and failure. I lost many years which I have never been able to make up, in the way of reading, because I had to find my own way. They were the precious years between sixteen and twenty. How one regrets and laments those wasted hours, in the crowded days of middle age! And how vain the regrets, unless one can pass on the experience to the young people who have not yet fallen into the mistake of foolish and desultory browsing among books, without purpose or system!

* * *

As already said, the best results are ob-

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tained by reading with a definite purpose. Desultory reading is better than no reading at all, but it is not an intellectual ideal.

Of first importance is the habit of consecutiveness. By this I mean to avoid the haphazard custom of doing one's stent to-day and neglecting it to-morrow. To grow in culture and even to acquire knowledge, one must adopt the order of nature. However little the time one can give to one's books, that little hour should be a sacred daily obligation. If social engagements are allowed to interfere, and trifling interruptions permitted to break the regularity of the daily work, the Young Woman might as well throw down her books altogether. She must count the cost and be willing to pay the price. If she expects to achieve intellectual development by bargain-counter methods, she will find herself sadly disappointed. Lapses between times are sure to fray and unravel the edges of our work. Too great loss of time and energy are involved in picking up the threads of what

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we have been reading in order to proceed intelligently.

* * *

Try to shut yourself away from interruptions. Certain good people break in upon one's reading or writing with the pleasing but wholly fallacious idea that one can go on where one left off without loss or trouble. One can't do anything of the sort. The Interrupter is the father of many evils. May his tribe decrease! Meanwhile, lock him out if you can.

* * *

It is far better to make your tale of daily work well within the limit of time at your disposal, and never to do less, than to have large and bountiful plans and to fail in carrying them out.

Far more can be accomplished by reading one hour daily than by giving to the same work four hours on Monday and three on Friday.

This persistent regularity, however, should not be made so iron-bound a rule as to interfere with an interchange of work.

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Any special subject involves more or less frequent excursions into contemporary fields. These may be mental recreations, strengthening rather than weakening the main purpose.

To illustrate. If one were reading English History for the purpose of mastering a certain period, there must be at least three side lines to be taken up: Contemporary history of other nations; biography of the men and women who make history; and the novels, plays, poems, essays which illustrate the period under consideration. Two of these classes are of the lighter sort, relieving the strain of the chronicle, while interpreting and illuminating its story.

* * *

It may seem superfluous to urge the necessity of giving attention to one's books; the courtesy which we accord the living teacher. We are bound to listen to the lecturer who will presently ask questions. We ought to feel bound to attend as closely to the writer who speaks through the types. We must indeed, if we are to get his mes-

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sage. But even old students and hard readers often lack this very obvious qualification. Flippancy of attention is a daily temptation against which there must be daily struggle.

* * *

Readers may be roughly divided into three classes, and any reader may have partaken of the characteristics of each one in the course of her career.

First are those whose mental equipment enables them to grasp mechanically every word and sentence that pass under their eyes; and retain them as wax pressed by a seal. They are not numerous, but they exist, the wonder and the despair of the majority. A perfect verbal memory is one of the rarest of human possessions. Valuable, however, as it is for certain purposes, it has its distinct drawback with which we who possess it not may solace ourselves for the loss. The mind that receives and records automatically learns too readily to use its treasures mechanically; to hold the letter and to lose or fail to grasp the spirit. There

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is so much said about the style of writers, that the young student may be in danger of being misled. It is not the outward form of the author's message, but the message itself, that is of most importance. We are to avoid the letter of literature that killeth as surely as the letter of religion.

Cultivate the memory, of course, but realize that what a man says is of far more use than how he says it. Addison was the polished exquisite of letters, and Carlyle the lumbering barbarian, but "Sartor Resartus" is the message of a soul, rudely uttered, but virile and full of power; while the essays are pretty things, classical toys, through which no note is heard of the deeps calling unto the deeps.

* * *

Another class of readers is that of the brilliant pupils who are the envy of their plodding mates at school. They catch instantly at the meaning of what they read, and can stand a stiff examination for the moment on any subject that has interested them. They have, however, an equal facil-

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ity for forgetting. If the former class is like wax which holds a lifeless form of the soul's impress, the latter is like a sponge,—the porous quality which enables it to absorb quickly, renders it liable to be squeezed dry by the pressure of the next hour's pursuit.

* * *

The third class is composed of those who, either naturally or after persistent training, are able to grasp the spirit of their author, and eschewing the husk, assimilate the kernel of what they read.

This is a possibility to all by proper attention. It is unattainable without it. The mind must be held to its task as steadily as the hand. Our often quoted New England philosopher complains of his own inefficiency: "I remember in my library the wants of the farm and have all too much sympathy. I envy the abstraction of some scholars I have known, who could sit on a curbstone in State Street and solve their problem."

Yet this abstraction is necessary to obtain

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the best results from books. And if the harassed woman will realize that having acquired this habit she may be for one or any number of hours daily absolutely happy, contented, and satisfied; oblivious of babies' shoes and aggravating bonnets, and deeper disturbances than these, it will act as a spur for her to take every means of increasing her powers of abstraction.

Perhaps the observance of a very simple rule will help the young woman who is floundering in a sea of bewildering counsels.

This rule is to force one's self to read daily for fifteen minutes at least, something difficult for the mind to follow. Bishop Thirlwall said of Browning's "Ring and the Book," "I am sometimes forced to read a passage three or four times before I am sure that I understand it. That is why I say, read it if you can."

By forcing the mind to ponder upon something difficult to grasp, a tonic is administered which will result in a healthy habit of applying the mind wholly and intently to every subject before it and at all

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times. Take a mathematical problem—if you can—a page of Kant, half-a-dozen lines of Greek, a chapter of political economy, anything that will force your attention and involve the closest application to comprehend it. I will venture to say that a short time daily used in this manner, regularly and without interruption, will much sooner than you think result in the power of self-abstraction so necessary to the reader whose time for reading is limited.

* * *

To read with pencil in hand and a convenient note-book within reach is trite advice, but it is oftener given than used. The notebook has more than one advantage. What you take the trouble to write down either by way of reference or *in extenso*, you will fix more clearly in your mind. But if you are something more than a skimmer of books, and have any imagination whatsoever, your reading will stir up your mind to the point of production. You will have thoughts, original with you, although as old as the everlasting hills.

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You will have dreams and visions which you ought not to lose, but which will surely escape, if you do not put them down in black and white. Note down, then, what you think. It may be crude, awkwardly expressed, out of proportion. Nevertheless, it is yours, and yours only.

Of course, the intelligent young woman will understand that I do not mean to counsel such thrilling sentiments as "how lovely!" "alas!" "grand!" etc., which adorn the margins of so many circulating library books.

Nevertheless, the impulse which results in such pencilled ejaculations is the true impulse of the student who is more than an intellectual sponge.

If you are reading a great tragedy, you must have some opinion of the motives which inspire the actors. Was Hamlet mad? Was Macbeth the victim of his own or of his wife's ambition? Was Brutus a patriot or a traitor? These are problems for every reader. You are not really studying Shakespeare if you are reading only

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under the spell of some editor or commentator. You must be your own commentator first, and afterward compare your observation with others for qualification.

Do not be scared from your critical standpoint by great names. A critic is but a man plus training and sometimes prejudices. Have your opinions and write them down. Modify them afterward, if needs be, but the modification should be your own and not another's.

* * *

But why all this trouble if one does not intend to become an author? You may become an author without intending to in the beginning of your intellectual pursuits. You may have something to say to your fellows which will be of use to them. Prepare yourself to say it. But if this should never come to pass, you should consider yourself of value as an audience. We talk to ourselves. Why not write to ourselves? One follows music not as a professional career, but for self-expression. The violin voices many a mood and the soul finds relief. The

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pen may do the same. Your poetry may never be published, your essays remain in manuscript, and your novel remain unread by other eyes than your own. They may be ever so bad as works of literary art. They will have done you good.

Write then as freely as you read.

* * *

Avoid solitary study. If you can, have not only a guide, but a companion or companions, not more than two or three, in your work. Certain hours of absorption must be, of course, when no most intimate voice should be heard. But the best use of books is in partnership with a congenial soul. However well furnished one's own mind, however disciplined, broad and tolerant, nevertheless, it has a certain bias, and unconsciously estimates all that comes before it by an individual and arbitrary standard. The frank interchange of two or three minds prevents narrowness and undue partisanship. They are as flint and steel. Each adds something it had not before, and no one is robbed in the process. A closer

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attention is given in the certainty of cross-examination. We get at a clearer apprehension of the truth. Fallacies melt away.

By all means let the Young Woman read in partnership.

* * *

Use the imagination always. Make pictures of ideas and events to carry away from your book. As the reader of history should never attempt to read without the aid of maps, so the reader of anything should have a mental map spread out, wider than the book before her eyes.

* * *

Learn the use of books and life will hold something for you which it is very, very barren without.

Take mental exercise as you take a walk or play tennis. We are reminded on the highest authority to serve God with our minds as well as with our hearts and souls.

* * *

Make of your brain a dynamo, not a lumber room.



HER MARRIAGE

So shall we live.

And though the first sweet sting of love be past
. . . then shall succeed a faithful peace;
Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind,
Durable from the daily dust of life.

—*Stephen Phillips.*

A scheme of life . . . astonishingly unlike the dreams and aspirations of most lovers. For it was devoid of selfishness, and they looked for happiness—not in an immediate gratification of all their desires and an instant fulfilment of all their hopes, but in a mutual faith that should survive all separation and bridge the longest span of years. Loyalty was to be their watchword. Loyalty to self, to duty, and to each other.—*Henry Seton Merriman.*



VII.

HER MARRIAGE.

BEFORE every young woman of pure heart and healthy mind lies a possible future of such happiness as the angels might envy. As she dreams through her young girlhood of the prince who is to come one day and knock at the door of her heart, her imagination rarely, if ever, transports her into the details of that life beyond the threshold of maidenhood.

She can think of herself as wife and mother only in the general way, of making a home bright and beautiful, of always reigning queen of her husband's heart.

True, she has seen shadows fall upon the lives of her friends in married life, but that these will ever come to her is wildly improbable. She instinctively holds the right idea of marriage, that it is a comradeship of souls growing closer and closer together as the years pass; strengthening each other,

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consoling each other, understanding each other, deepening in tenderness and loyalty and love, until death parts—and that only for a time—to resume the life of eternal love and the realization of love eternal.

This, vaguely or clearly, is the maiden's dream. She knows very little of men, of that side of men, at least, with which she is to come into such close contact as to make her marriage an absolutely new existence. But when she stands before the altar she thinks she knows all about one man, and he imagines he knows all about one woman.

Both are mistaken.

* * *

It is hard to generalize and say where most of the responsibility lies for the happiness or unhappiness of married life. It is not wholly within the power of the stronger of the characters. The dull obstinacy of the weak may wear out the patience and play upon the nerves of the strong. If one were to give the result of observation, one would say that the heaviest responsibility lies upon the man. Tem-

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perament has much to do with it; heredity something; education somewhat. The only certain thing one can predict of marriage is that no one can predict anything whatever about its outcome in any individual case.

* * *

All the more should the woman ponder the problems involved in her marriage—beforehand. There are considerations for her to face which are of more importance to her, in the present state of society, than to the man. She stands in an entirely different position. Marriage means far more to the woman than to the man, although it is the most serious step in his life.

If she enters married life with a deep sense of the words “for better, for worse, until death us do part,” she must realize that it is an irrevocable step. If unhappiness, or dreariness, or indifference follows (from whatsoever reason), the man may fly from them without incurring much critical censure (I do not say that he ought)—the woman may not. He may find his compensation in the world; she, if she respects her-

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self, and especially if there be children, must bide at home. He has his club, she has her lonely hearth. He is unchanged in a way; she is so utterly and radically changed that she can never be quite the same again.

Marriage is the breaking away from the old life of girlhood. But it is more. It is the passing into a new life altogether. It is not merely a change of conditions. It is a transformation. A man may resume his bachelorhood, a woman may never renew her girlhood.

This should cause her deeper searchings of heart as she thinks upon her marriage, than will ever stir the soul of a man.

With this in mind, then, this solemn, awful fact of woman's larger share of the burden of human kind, I beg the Young Woman's attention to some of the things she ought to ponder.

* * *

Marriage is your coronation, if you have found your mate. The real union of souls, hearts, and bodies in one beautiful fellow-

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ship was surely the supreme purpose of God when he made man in His own image, male and female. Do not be affected by the bitter tongue of those of your own sex who declare that marriage is a state of slavery and serfdom. That is a two-edged sword, by the way, as some men may testify. The abuse of marriage is not alone on the man's part.

There is one condition of marriage which is intolerable. Based on the primal and elementary law of nature, it could never be tainted if human character were perfect. The word "obey" in the marriage service has nothing to do with it. But as all human intercourse depends upon the characters of those concerned, so this. Many a man doubtless learns too late that he has broken down his happiness by asserting his rights as the head of the family, and destroying the personality of his wife. The outraged cry of womanhood often beats upon the ear of God. Marriage is not of a superior with an inferior, but of equals, with equal privileges, also with equal rights. Let the

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man look to this. But the woman may teach and lead him, if they truly love each other, far more than she thinks she can. And the woman may always remember this—it will save her sanity sometimes—that no one can touch her soul with a taint but herself.

* * *

Marriage is not a serfdom for the woman; all such talk is against the imperious voice of nature, the teachings of religion, the instincts of common sense. Let the Young Woman think of marriage as her heritage, let her dream dreams and see visions of it:

But—

Not marriage merely for a home or maintenance, not marriage as a mere refuge from spinsterhood, as though that were a disgrace.

Marriage is sacramental in its essence. It is a holy and sacred thing, not to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, and in the fear of God. Some women do marry for

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the purpose of escaping from the narrow and dull lives of dependence upon their kindred to the free independence of wifehood. Some mothers even encourage this spirit. No father does.

He gives up his daughter (always a little girl to him) with the reluctance of agonizing apprehension. His grief, which he seldom shows, is only chastened in the smallest degree by a knowledge that the man is worthy, so far as any man may be worthy of any good woman. Will the young woman think over this idea of marrying as an escape even from the dullest routine, so far as to realize that if she marries for four walls and a roof she has no right to expect anything else? Will she remember that she is forsaking her own safe nest to fly into a far country, where she may find no man to give unto her the things that are at the very heart of happiness and content?

* * *

There may be exceptions. But no woman can certainly tell that her case will be one. If she marries for any reason but for

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a love of the man—a love stronger than death—she must face the possibility of finding her grave in life.

The *mariage de convenance* finds its natural sequence in the divorce courts, or in dead hearts and scorched souls. When it issues in contentment, it is usually the contentment of tolerance, not of deep and abiding joy.

One could wish that our young folk were not so continually in the presence and under the influence of flippant comments on matrimony. The comic papers make it a jest. The caricaturists find in it rich material for their trade. One hears silly babble on the most sacred of all human relationships, which makes the thoughtful shudder. Much of this is thoughtless. But thoughtlessness is sometimes a crime. A man would be a brute who would jest about his mother, his wife, or his daughter. Is he any the less a brute if he jests upon motherhood, wifehood, or daughterhood?

* * *

I speak as a man having reverence for

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womanhood as womanhood. I think most men who have put away childish things have the same reverence. We would not wish any other attitude of mind. And to such men the *mariage de convenance*, under whatever mask it is effected, is a degradation. It is true that the love marriage often turns out badly, and men and women grow sorrowful and weary under the pressure of ties that no longer mean what they once did mean. But they have something still. The ideal has been theirs. Noble memories and tender thoughts are still theirs. If life is a wreck, it is the wreck of a happiness that once was, and that ennobles them forever. Moreover, they may have hope. It does not yet appear what we shall be. The misunderstanding may one day be cleared away; the sorrows assuaged; the tears dried; the hearts beat again in unison—for there is something real to afford foundations whereon to rebuild. But where that never had any existence, that audacious faith in one out of all the world, that firm belief and trust—what has the broken soul

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to look back upon or forward to? Those who were sometime pledged in sacramental love may in the long hereafter find each other again, and those who look upon each other now with cold or half-averted gaze, may see with another vision once again; but those who began with a bargain in clothes, in money, in position, in anything but love—God help them—He only can.

* * *

The Young Woman can better afford to work for her daily bread in any honest and honorable calling, than to outrage her dower of womanhood and do violence to the sanctities of marriage by taking the vows of that holy relationship, in order to escape from the limitations even of already unhappy conditions, or to be able to deck her body in costly clothing.

* * *

It must not be understood that the present writer is an advocate of love in a cottage without something in addition. He has warned young men, in another place, that to be genuinely in love does not necessarily

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involve that one must immediately, or perhaps ever, marry. Love does not excuse a violation of common sense. Love is a condition not wholly supplied by heart throbs. Men and women must govern themselves, subduing their desires and longings to their powers and capacities. If a girl should not marry merely for a home, she should not marry without the certainty that her marriage will make a home. And in the home making she must bear her part. She must give as well as receive. She must be an efficient partner or she will be a weary drag. Young men in their ardor are ever saying, "My wife shall never have to do anything. Everything shall be done for her." He is thinking of the young girl, care-free, joyous, without experience. But one day, and very shortly, she will be a woman with cares, garnering experience, having sorrows as well as joys. She will have to "do something" if she be a true woman. She cannot be idle. She will not be content to fold her hands—except in his.

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She ought therefore to bring something to the new hearth whereon they kneel together to light and feed the flames of domestic life.

* * *

What?

Herself as a distinct personality, first of all. When she surrenders her heart, she should grow in importance, not lessen. She should no more become an echo than her husband. While the large duty of her life lies in wifehood and possible motherhood, she does not become in marriage a mere acquiescent, nor should she bring herself to the new home as a chattel. The unconditional surrender of her heart should not carry with it the abandonment of her distinction as a person. The twain are made one, not by merging one into the other, but in their development by contact, into a larger and more fruitful life of partnership.

The man who seeks to bend his wife's spirit to his own, so that she will gradually lose her self-respect as an independent intelligence, is both a brute and a fool. A brute

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because he is using his strength and legal position after an unmanly fashion, a fool because he is making comradeship impossible. Two people in one house bound together by indissoluble ties, who have nothing in common, are a melancholy exhibit of life's possibilities. And neither may be consciously at fault.

* * *

So let the woman carry to the making of her home an alert intelligence, a self-poise of soul, and a personal identity, as well as a loving and tender heart. Hearts are valued by men in association with brains, after the first fever of desire is over, and women must encourage that infinite variety in herself which age cannot wither nor custom stale. How she may do this has been discussed in another place.

* * *

In a former chapter I have said something of the preparation of a woman for her home making. The simplest rule of common sense suggests that no one should enter a community life without prepara-

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tion for the community obligations. There is much vulgar jesting anent the avidity of the college girl for metaphysics and psychology, in comparison with her moderation in the humbler pursuits of what is now called domestic science. But there is a sting in it, and the sting lies in the fact that it is so generally true. In most cases it is the fault of the mothers. Our dear old colonial dame walks stately before our eyes with keys at her waist and discipline on her brow. She knew her household from cellar to attic. Her servants could not impose upon her presumed ignorance, for she had at her finger ends every detail of her establishment.

Nor was she a drudge. She was no less stately in the minuet, no less charming at the head of her table, no less gracious in her charities.

* * *

The Young Woman in Modern Life should bring to the upbuilding of the Home some knowledge and some experience in managing the details of her house-

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hold. The young man whom she is shyly worshipping as something between a Greek god and a knight of romance—alas! is a mere man after all. He will take all of the incense of worship she will burn before him, but he will pine between whiles for a quiet household and a well-ordered dinner table. Marriage is a condition, not a theory.

* * *

Most young couples are bound together by the laws of economy. Most young men enter the state of matrimony either on a salary or at the beginning of an independent professional or business career. Much of the trouble that overshadows the lives of young people has its origin in narrow incomes accompanied by liberal tastes.

The bread that is earned is sweet. The bread that is borrowed turns bitter. Crusts are not always appetizing, but the honest crust leaves a better taste than the cake eaten at the cost of debt. Some debts are honest. But no debt for any luxury whatsoever is honest. It is very hard for a man who



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loves his wife to feel that he cannot give her everything that her heart could possibly desire. If he is justified in marrying at all, he can give her enough. It is her fine duty to bring to him and to the Home a contented mind, and to let him know that the utmost possible wish of her heart is gratified in the possession of such things as are the honest fruits of the day's work. If they are comrades at all, they are comrades at work as well as at play. The Home has its limitations as it grows, which are not to be measured by the standard of what other people possess. "Content's a feast." Covetousness is a sin of sins. It degrades the soul, embitters the temper, and strains the cords of love to the breaking point.

* * *

The wife must bring something else to the common treasury of Home.

There is a time in a man's life when, if the stuff of real manhood be in him, he is looking forward eagerly to success in his vocation, and marks with a white stone the winning of honors and the outward symbols



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of achievement. He dreams of it by day and night, builds noble mansions upon it, talks about it with eager enthusiasm if there be a listener's ear into which he can pour his thoughts, or sympathetic eyes before which he can unfold his visions.

Then the day comes when the success is his, the ambition is reached, the end achieved. He is surprised at first that the world looks exactly the same. After the first thrill of the song sung, the book written, the picture painted, the position of authority attained, the keenest of his pleasure grows a bit dull. If success follows success, so surely does not added pleasure—unless he shares what he has won with one whose commendation is more valuable than that of the whole world.

And this is a perilous hour. It is an hour in which the woman who truly loves him may stimulate or deaden his soul.

What he needs is not applause—the world will give him that, and he knows how cheap a thing it is, how ephemeral its value. He needs an intelligent sympathy with his work, of whatever sort it may be, because

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it is his—not as a task accomplished or an ambition gratified; but his task and his ambition; not for the fame it brings or the money that accrues, not for the price of it in the market-place, but for the toil that brought it to the market-place.

But suppose the day's work brings failure instead of success?

Then, if the wife be standing by, not looking for rewards or counting the worldly advantages his labor brings, even the bitter hour of failure, which comes to most of us at one time or another, has its compensations. Many a woman loses the respect of her husband by counting the dollars his work brings, estimating him, so to speak, by the world's valuation. The true wife does no such thing. The world applauds and pays, or hisses and turns away. It is all one to the soul of the man whose wife judges him (for judge him she must unless she is a simpleton) by the effort he makes, the service he renders, not by the achievements of the one or the rewards of the other.

The world's stamp of success is often

Her Marriage

placed on men who know that life is a failure in its most essential parts.

* * *

To the Young Woman, then, whose horizon of life includes the vision of notable deeds and brilliant achievements for the man who has won or is yet to win her heart, let me say this.

You will naturally be proud if the man whose name you bear carries that name to distinction and honor. You ought to be, of course. But if he be a public man, bear in mind that the price you must pay is to share him very largely with the public, and if he be a private citizen, the conditions that win fortune are those of absorption and unremitting toil. Be willing to pay the price. Do not haggle over your happiness, nor let him see that you grudge the very conditions of his success.

But, too, give him a love and devotion that abides apart from any worldly conditions whatsoever, whether of poverty or wealth, obscurity or fame. The price of success is sometimes a very costly one. The

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compensations of moderate achievements are many.

The honor of a man may call upon him sometimes to sacrifice the outward sign for the inward grace. He cannot give away his independence for preferment. He cannot in honor always exchange a lower for a higher position. He cannot hide his principles or gloss over his opinions on vital matters because they may be unpopular. Sometimes he must stand by and share in causes dear as the soul's hope—hopeless as the brute's grave. A woman has no right to put the man she loves (even out of the depth of her love) in the position of seeming to choose between love and duty—between her selfish or sacred demands and the higher demands of a responsibility to God for the use of His talents, be they few or many. There is no choice. He reverences her far more in sacrificing even her peace at the call of duty than by yielding to the craven instinct to turn his back upon a danger or an obligation, because to respond will cause her grief.

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If the average woman dissents from this opinion I do not blame her. There is a feminine point of view into which a man can never enter. The woman will always be forgiven for listening to her own fears in the presence of danger to one she loves—except by that one—if under the pressure of her affection he yields a point of honor and betrays himself. He will never forgive.

* * *

The books of romance and poetry are full of the spirit of Marlowe's line,

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

The book of life is crammed in every page with its refutation.

Attraction at first sight; admiration, interest, intellectual curiosity—but love! So we have many hasty marriages followed by dull years of mutual toleration or long years of repentance.

Outward attractiveness, which is purely physical, must be the symbol of an inward attraction, which is spiritual. It is a standing

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puzzle to men what certain women see in certain other men to cause them to be willing to marry them. Young people, unless they keep vigilant guard themselves, are always tempted by outside appearances. X Now, the young woman must be specially on her defence here. She likes strength, power, mastery. I am given to understand that she likes to be taken captive. Her instinct is to retreat, as did her savage ancestors in the days of the cave dwellers. She does not resent pursuit, however, and rejoices in the forceful energy that breaks down her defences and makes her captive. X

But these characteristics may exist together with an utter lack of the simple domestic virtues; and it is in these virtues that the woman will find her happiness. A man may be a daring soldier, a brilliant statesman, a captain of industry, and a very unpleasant husband.

You must know the man you are going to marry not as the world knows him, but as the four walls he calls home knows him. Has he the qualities which will last: a

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temper under control; a tongue in fetters; a confidence in you outranking his confidence in other women? Above all, has he that attribute of patience and forbearance which does not expect perfection at all times, but makes the same allowances which it demands?

A man may command an army or lead a Senate debate, and yet be thrown off his moral balance by the amenities of the breakfast table.

Little things? Your married life will be made up of little things. Happy, indeed, will you be if you can keep them in a moderate state of adjustment.

* * *

Our social life sees more of mixed marriages than formerly. In some communities they assume a considerable importance. I mean more particularly marriages between Protestants and Roman Catholics. Naturally this is a very delicate subject to touch upon, but not to be avoided on that account.

As a theoretical proposition, mixed marriages are not advisable, especially if the

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religious feelings of either the man or the woman are deep and their outward expression positive. They tend to divide a household in its very heart of hearts.

One knows, of course, of many such happy unions, where there has been a mutual agreement to disagree, where each goes his own way worshipping after the faith dearest to him. There is always a delicate situation, however, and the grave danger that the religious life of the family will become unsettled in the problem of how the children are to be reared.

Still, the human heart is the human heart, and views not love as a theoretical proposition. The young man and the young woman will continue in the future as in the past to be governed by impulse rather than by rubrics. I have a few words of advice, therefore, to the young woman of the House of Capulet who yields to the young man of the House of Montague.

* * *

Bear in mind that in contemplating such

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a marriage you complicate the problem of your life, and be willing to pay the price.

You may yield all other points to your lover with dignity and respect. You cannot yield the sacred matter of your religious belief. At whatever altar you worship as a girl you should be married as a woman. No cajoling, no covert threat, no charge of a lack of affection, should force you to insult the faith in which you have drawn near to God, in so far as to kneel before strange altars, to take the most solemn vows and to enter upon the most tender and awful obligations of life. I know the arguments that are used, the pressure of one sort or another brought to bear—the lacerations of heart and sorrows of soul caused. There is but one sufficient answer. The formal act of marriage is in the woman's right of control. If the man who is the choice of her heart loves her truly, while he may fume a little for family reasons, he will always yield, for down in his heart he knows she is maintaining her self-respect, and in the end he will hold her in far higher estimation than if

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she annuls her self-respect in order to marry him. Let the woman always keep the safe path of being sought. It is she who confers the honor and grants the privileges. No honorable price is too high for a man to pay for the surrendered heart of a pure woman.

* * *

The rearing of children in a household of different faiths is a difficult task, surrounded by dangers. Some compromises are made that result in no religious life whatever, and the children grow to manhood and womanhood with an indifference to religious obligations or a confused idea as to the principles of the religious life which are harmful and sometimes fatal in their results.

If man and wife are left alone to settle their domestic affairs—which does not always happen—and if they really respect each other's point of view, an agreement may usually be reached which will produce a possible *modus vivendi*. But I must maintain again the superior right of the mother

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in her children. Bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, she pays the sorrowful price of maternity after a fashion of which man cannot dream. Often she conceives in sorrow, and always brings forth in pain. Upon this holy ground she stands alone.

The sanction of the New Testament, at least, is given to this claim of the mother's right of eminent domain. It is not definitely stated in so many words, but that St. Paul allowed the circumcision of Titus on the ground that his mother was a Hebrew is unquestioned. And this at a time when a great struggle was going on between the Judaizing and the broader Pauline School as to the necessity of circumcision as a preliminary to baptism. St. Paul met with bitter criticism, for this act was apparently inconsistent with the fundamental theory of Christianity as to baptism. But St. Paul was right. He yielded no principle.

Now, even if I did not think that St. Paul's course of action here buttressed my contention, I should still hold to it. The woman is the educator of her children. She

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may with perfect propriety yield or readjust her rights, after whatsoever fashion she deems wise. But that her rights in her children's religious bringing up are supreme I must maintain.

* * *

After marriage the whole world is changed for the young woman. She shall leave the house of her father and mother, and enter the house of her husband. Let no one henceforth come between them. If they are not competent to settle upon the new foundations, and to build the fair temple of a new home, no one else can help them; any fool or friend may hinder.

Two souls are linked in an awful but beautiful way. If each will put the other first, they will fare forth on the journey undismayed. Respecting each other's reserve, they will never weary of each other's faces, nor grow dull to the music of each other's voices.

The glory of my lady's face will never pass from the vision of the man who has glimpses of a pure soul, and has been trans-

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figured by the brooding tenderness of a loving heart. She will always be to him the fairest, the most gracious, the most interesting woman in the world. He will be jealous for, not of, her. He will always see the girlish face he first adored in undimmed beauty. There will never be wrinkles, or fading charms, or harshness of voice—but always the luring of her heart drawing him out of his lower self upward with her.

This has been and will be.

* * *

And if not.

Unwise marriages do not always appear to be unwise as the two are made one "in the sight of God and in the face of this company." Often the unwisdom lies a generation back, but not infrequently it develops after the threshold of the new home is crossed, and while the fire upon the hearth is flaming with the brightness of its first kindling. These first months hold the seed of the harvest of after years. Be very careful how you sow and of what sort.

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Do not expect too much of this man. You need not take him from the pedestal, but you will be obliged to change your point of view. Too much incense stifles. Too little ardor chills. He is a vain creature; the best of him, is man.

If the dark shadow of an unloved wife falls upon you, or if the bitter chalice of an unloving wife is yours to drink, God help you; but in either case you may help yourself also. You may keep the secret and suffer in silence. It is the price, perhaps of folly, perhaps of wilfulness. Let it never be the price of sin. You are still yourself. Keep your soul unstained. The future is not hopeless. Hearts never really die, though sometimes they are numbed. In the large to-morrow of Eternal Life the secret of your life lies still unopened; the key is in the hand of God. No failure here conditions a failure There, save the failure to bear your cross and to keep yourself unspotted from the world.

* * *

If I turn now to the mother of the young

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woman in modern life for a few words by way of conclusion, it is because of a profound sense that she may save her daughter much of the unhappiness that lies latent in the marriage state.

Do not suffer your child to grow up with the idea, uttered or unexpressed, that marriage is the only achievement worth while in a woman's career. Women sometimes confess that their mothers forced them unwillingly into a marriage, thinking that a marriageable daughter "on their hands" is a failure. Many women learn to bear this degradation, and many mothers repent. But the degradation remains and the repentance is futile.

Do not put your daughter in the marketplace for sale, to be knocked down to the highest bidder. Sometimes you do. A brilliant marriage is to be desired, I suppose. Wealth, station, fame, prestige, are not to be despised. But you are dealing in human hearts and feelings first of all. Many people feel that gold and stocks and fine houses make up for disappointments, indifference,

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cares, for lack of love and tenderness. Few who have made this exchange think so.

Good mothers who think to provide for your daughters by bill of sale, think what you are getting for her! You are getting something that very happy people often do without; you are giving something so precious and yet so fragile that if it be uncared for she will die long before she is called away from earth.

Scrutinize the life of the man to whom you yield her up. Make proof that he is fit to touch the hem of her garment before you give him the care of her heart and body.

* * *

And when you are satisfied of the honor and truth and worth of the man, there is a further duty from which you too often shrink, but which is the most imperative charge laid upon your motherhood. It is taken for granted quite too often that young women know what is physically involved in marriage.

Do you take it for granted that your daughter knows nothing, and tell her at

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whatever cost. I assure you it will prevent some miseries, and it will indefinitely postpone many marriages that ought not to be. If pure-minded, delicate women think men are on the whole thoughtless brutes, the fault very often lies with the mother, who shrinks from the sacrifice her own maternity lays upon her—the sacrifice of telling the truth in detail to the young girl, to whom it may mean the life and death of her soul.

And then, poor mother, when the two are one and flutter about the building of their nest, make your last, most sorrowful sacrifice, and let the husband and wife work out their life problem in their own way.

You will be tempted by your experience, your anxiety, your tenderness, to interfere. Remember the days of your youth. Be careful lest in an excess of affection—be careful that you do not aggravate when you would heal. The place whereon they stand—this husband and wife—is holy ground.



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And only the Master shall praise us, and only the
Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall
work for fame;
But each for the joy of working, and each in his
separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God of
Things as they Are.

—*Kipling.*



VIII.

THE WOMAN WHO WORKS.

THE young woman who works with hand and brain is becoming a potent factor of American civilization.

A great deal of what is contained in the previous pages is therefore addressed to her as well as to her sister who, for better or worse, is under no obligation to earn her own living. A great deal of it, however, does not apply to her, and there are some things to be said about her state and condition of life, and the use she may make of them, that does not concern the other half of the sisterhood.

The working girl begins the task of bread-winning at an earlier stage of life than was formerly the case. The grinding Moloch of mill and factory sucks in many poor little bodies at pitifully tender years. Legislation has been invoked in

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most of the States of the Union to regulate the hours, the work, and the age of the little white slaves. But no legislation can be of permanent effect which does not receive the co-operation of parents; and those who are fighting for the rights of the children too often find their bitterest foes in the fathers and mothers who coin shameful dollars from the bodies and souls of their own flesh and blood.

The "cry of the children" is the bitterest that rises from human lips, and sorrowfully must it beat upon the ears of the Compassionate Father.

* * *

But we are concerned now with the working woman of maturer years, and we may distinguish two classes into which the toiling thousands of her sex are divided.

There is the woman who works as a *pis aller*, waiting for something else to happen—a god from the car, or a prince halting by her side as he journeys. She expects to be married as the *summum bonum* of existence, and works with more or less heart in her

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daily tasks while waiting for that consummation.

There is that other woman who makes her work a real vocation, and goes about it as a man does. She is not exempt from the dream of married life, nor ought she to be. But she is not prepared to admit that life is a failure if destiny marks her out for spinsterhood.

* * *

I would like to write a dissertation on old maids, so called. There would be more of them, for one thing, if they knew what some marriages involve. And while I yield to no one in my faith that a happy and congenial marriage is the highest good that can come to men and women, I am quite ready to endorse maidenhood as the higher state for women, until custom and law gives the married wife the absolute possession of her own body. There can be no deeper inferno in which to dwell than that wherein a pure woman is by law the chattel of even the best man.

* * *

The two classes may be differentiated,

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then, as the women who work because they must, and the women who work because they want to work. We will deal first with the former.

The woman who works because she is forced to in order to live, or to support those dependent upon her, is tempted to dislike her employment because it is the sign of hard necessity.

But before she lays hand to the task she must face this matter of necessity, and accept her vocation as, for the time at least, an irrevocable destiny. She will thereby reduce a large part of her troubles to the disappearing point. Many a young girl is needlessly embittered because she fights this battle of the necessity of toil again and again, instead of fighting it out once for all, and resting upon the result as a closed question. She cannot afford the many struggles of vexation and worry. It creates a restless and unsettled condition of mind and heart, which is not only the foe to good work, but is the gangrene of contentment.

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Do not discount to-morrow's efficiency by writing of your day's worries "to be continued in our next."

* * *

The task work once accepted, the arguments pro and con exhausted, and the necessity of toil admitted, remember above all things else that the work must be well done—as well, that is, as lies in your power. And this for several reasons. Otherwise you are betraying a trust, and a very high trust. Whether you are measuring ribbons behind a counter, or teaching a child his letters, you are a steward of the treasures of God. It is not canting rhetoric, but the inexorable logic of life, that declares honest work in any corner of the earth to be a carrying out of the divine commission to have dominion. The allegorical mattock and spade of Adam and Eve are in the hands of all men and women. You dare not rob God of your service in helping bring about the divine, far-off event toward which the whole creation moves.

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But you rob God if you rob your employer by laziness, by shiftlessness, by carelessness, as by wilful neglect.

There is a suspicious bombast about the old tradition of Shakespeare's method of killing a calf, during his alleged apprenticeship to a butcher, doing it with "a high air and making a speech," but there is a hint of truth in it.

The dullest work may be transformed into a thing of beauty if we carry the "high air" of *noblesse oblige* to its performance. Dull or bright, however, the task that lies at one's hand to do is to be done thoroughly, or we are defrauding both God and man.

* * *

And further, to fail of the best is also to mock one's self. It is not difficult for a time to shirk one's work, to make a fair appearance and to achieve very little. Such frauds are found out in the long run, of course; but whether discovered or not, like the children cheating at examinations in order to pass, they cheat no one quite as disastrously as themselves.

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Our work results in wages, but if it does not result also in self-development, it is not good work. The young woman, with whatsoever common a task, who does not put into the duty of the day her best effort, cheats herself by the atrophy of her powers. She deteriorates. She loses the divine characteristic of a sense of responsibility. She walks on the levels when she might be climbing the hills into a purer air. When the woman with a singing voice spends its glory on rag-time melodies, the glory fades. When the woman who works for wages fixes her eye on the wages alone, and not on the worthiness by which they are earned, she abdicates her kingdom.

For the work which presses hardly upon her time and strength and temper is after all her process of self-realization—now. If she lives up to the responsibility of every part of that process she is, however unconsciously, developing powers and capacities for other and perhaps more congenial labor. One cannot expect to be put in charge of five or ten talents if she slights the care of

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one. She who will let one rust cannot keep ten bright.

* * *

It is the "next thyng" at hand through which we may be sure we receive our divine message. It may be sordid and wearisome. Much of the lot of womanhood, as well as of manhood, is both. The result of common toil may seem to sum up in nothing but the pitiful day's wage. But that is the devil's subtle lie. Every hour of it, every commonest bit of it, worthily done, with the whole power of talent and strength, bears eternal fruit in the enlargement of life, in the deepening and strengthening of that character which is our final account to God for the talents with which He endows us.

The connection between the world's work and the world's wages is artificial. Of two women who receive exactly the same pay, one may earn it and the other not. The woman who does not earn more than is represented by her wage is not earning what she should for her employer, still less for herself.

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I mean this to apply to the humblest of work and of workers, and that the shop girl should take just as much honest pride in her toil as the professional woman in hers.

I do not mean that there are no differences, or that one vocation is not to be preferred over another. One would rather paint a Sistine Madonna than grind colors. One might rather teach literature than sell perfumery. One's lot in life, or corner of the world's workshop, is determined by so many limitations and qualifications that one may not always choose. But every sort of service is needed in the perfection of a divine order. If we can grow to look upon our work as an obedience rendered to the higher powers, it will become service instead of servitude.

* * *

There is now another reason why the young woman should go about her tasks cheerfully and contentedly. She thereby shares in the joy of living, which is her rightful inheritance. A joyless girlhood is high treason.

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Joy is the proper heritage of womanhood. The normal young woman should be a radiating centre of happiness to others. Sometimes she is this while her own heart bleeds. There is nothing in this world that will stanch her wounds comparable to the giving of happiness to others. But if she cultivates the happy heart, the cheery nature, the contented soul, everything that she does will make a little corner of the world better. Labor will be a blessing, not a bitter curse.

* * *

The other class of working women are those who deliberately choose a life of occupation rather than of ease. They need not work for bread and butter, the food for the body; they must work to justify the possession of their talents, or under a sense of noble obligation; they must feed their souls.

* * *

All honor to the women who have won

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the right of their sex to stand in the marketplace alongside of men. It has been a long struggle. The way is strewn with the bones of martyrs. Within the recollection of this generation is the shuddering amazement with which the first woman doctors were received. And when they proceeded to the study and practice of the law, it was thought that the end of all that was respectable had come.

The record of woman's advance to an equality of opportunity in the struggle of life is a record of heroic effort against contempt, obloquy, and persecution.

She started in the upward journey handicapped by the very general conviction that she was an inferior being. Says one of her sex, who has done as much as any one in her generation for the enlargement of the life of woman, and referring to the fact that during all these generations women have only now and then risen to heights of intellectual greatness: "Born and bred for generations under such conditions of hindrance, it has not been possible for women

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to rise much above the arbitrary standards of inferiority persistently set before them."

* * *

Womankind is divided in opinion still over some of the problems of her modern life. The final adjustment is not yet. All great movements dealing with vital reforms of the social body progress slowly. Man is not merchandise to be moved in bulk. "The world at large will be better when individual men are better, and social justice will reign when individual justice reigns."

It is a full generation and a half since John Stuart Mill's essay on the "Subjection of Women" appeared. It created a perfect furore. Not only men raged at its effrontery, but women blushed for their advocate. It called forth torrents of abuse, columns of castigation, reams of indignant protest. Such epithets as "radical" and "revolutionary" and "brutal" were the mildest expressions of opinion.

With this in mind, turning to the book to-day, one stands in amazement. What was the indignation all about? With the single

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exception of the privilege of voting (which also has been granted in some sections of this country), the wrongs he recites read like a chapter from ancient history. His arguments are obsolete. His complaints chopped straw. The volume is a literary curiosity as marking one stage of the world's growth, but it adds nothing to the discussion of the woman problem to-day, save where it treats of the suffrage. Within a generation the sex has scored an advance for which she has been waiting for some hundreds of years. How do we account for it? All these years have been holding it in solution. When the race was fitted the matter precipitated. It was not the work of one generation, but of all the ages, converging toward a given point.

But Mill's book still sets the key to much of our modern discussion. There is a great deal of talking and writing which are but echoes of his famous essay, without the existence of the conditions which gave rise to its production.

I think we should take this into consid-

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eration and clear our minds of cant. There is too much of real wrong to be righted to spend our time on images of straw.

* * *

What are the facts as to the intellectual and social status of woman *to-day*—not what were they fifty years ago?

The woman and the man are on exactly the same terms to-day as regards their social and intellectual opportunities. Schools, colleges, institutions of all kinds are open. Any woman who has the means, inclination, and ability can make herself socially and intellectually the equal of any man. The professions are open to her, business is open to her, the trades, within the limitations of her physical organization, are open to her. Moreover, she is filling these places.

It is the merest rhetorical stuff to deny that a woman may be in these things to-day what she *can* be. There is one qualification to be made. In many, if not in most, pursuits, where men and women mingle, there is an inequality of reward for equal service. When the woman actually performs the

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same work, and performs it as well as the man, she is surely, by every economic law, entitled to the same *quid pro quo*.

* * *

The young woman who makes choice of the independent life of a business or profession in these early days of the twentieth century thus starts on practically equal terms with her brother. But she must remember that she is subject to the same conditions that limit a man. If, for example, a man chooses to be a clergyman, he shuts the door of his opportunities for political distinction which any other calling would keep open for him. He makes his choice. He cannot have his cake and eat it too.

So the young woman may choose any vocation for which she can fit and prepare herself—as long as she remains unmarried the door is open. When she makes choice of the lot of motherhood, with its physical obligations, the door is shut on many callings. A supreme court of mothers might block the wheels of government, and

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retard the progress of national development.

I have dwelt at some length upon these general propositions so as to clear the ground for certain suggestions to the young woman who, for whatsoever reason, proposes for herself an independent career.

* * *

Unless you have resolved to lead a single life (which you very frequently affirm to be the case), you labor under one serious disadvantage to which man is a stranger.

He takes up his vocation as a life work, whatever may happen. You take up yours with the possibility of matrimony in the near foreground. A man expects to marry, and his occupation is a part of his preparation for marriage. You expect quite naturally to drop the mattock and spade when he leads you to the altar.

However earnestly, then, you enter upon your career, there is always the danger that you will be tempted to live just below the best that lies in you, because it is to be only for a time that you may be occupied with it.

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I do not call in question the dreams and visions of a happy marriage, which are the young woman's right. But I would urge upon her to pursue her vocation as though it were to be her life work. Single womanhood, transfigured by service along any line of toil, is a noble power in the world.

Do your day's work as though it were a block to be fitted into the mosaic of your whole life. You will be far readier for the home building, if that lot should ever come to you, if you have given yourself wholly and completely to your occupation. And if that dream should never come true, you will still know down in your soul that your life has not been a failure, but a glorious success.

* * *

Do not expect favors because you are a woman. Industrial and professional business cannot be carried on after that fashion. There are some women who are a constant source of joy and gladness to the circle in which they move. They are in the world to add a glory and beauty to life. The

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sight of their faces justifies their creation. Men are proud to serve them, and honored in the service.

But no one of these natural claims to homage may be exploited by the woman who competes with man for fame or wealth. The sex distinction does not exist in the pursuit of commerce, of law, of medicine, or the arts.

Men, being such as they are, will always be influenced by the eternal feminine wherever he meets with it. But if the woman lays claim to exceptional treatment—on that ground—in the market-place, she will meet with a quiet but persistent opposition, and will hinder the efforts of others of her sex to achieve independent callings.

* * *

One responsibility, however, will always attend the public life of the woman who embarks on this career. She can never abdicate the throne of her superior moral nature, and if she mingles in the life of the market-place to any extent she will be expected even there to maintain the highest

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moral standard. It is said sometimes, with how much truth I leave my feminine readers to determine, that women have another and lower standard of honor in small things than men. If she exhibits this in the drawing-room or the ball-room she is usually forgiven. If she allows it to influence her business or professional life, she will be undone.

* * *

The mother has her potent influence to exert in this, as in all other matters that pertain to the training of girlhood. The wise mother will not discourage the use of talents on the part of her daughters, if they have any. Family traditions and social conventions are often the cause of sorrowful lives.

The old colonial dame was accustomed to look upon her daughter as her natural successor in housewifery. Beyond this, and the elegances of accomplishment in music, dancing, and embroidery, she did not dream for her child. She would have been distressed and horrified at the mere idea of

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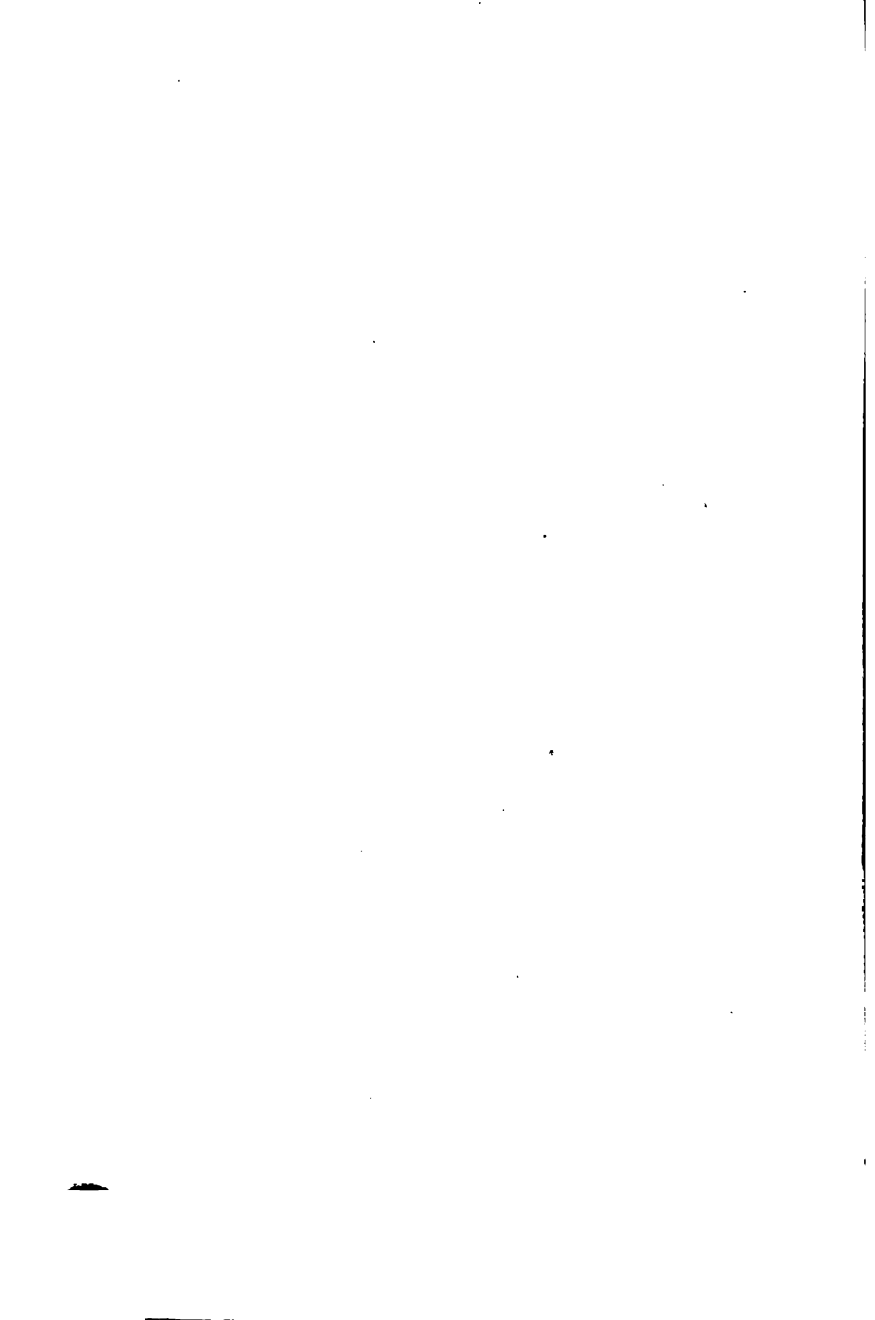
a professional career, although she proved herself to be very often a most capable woman of business.

This was the metier of that age. But old things have passed away; and among them the conception of the noble art of housewifery as the only occupation fit for young women. In the passing of that old ideal something has been lost and much gained.

At all events, the modern mother must deal with the facts of modern life. Her daughter may do anything in the world that lies in her soul to dream and her hands or brain to accomplish. The environment of the young woman to-day is clamorous with voices summoning her to be something more than a daughter in her father's house. The enlargement of her life may lie in any one of a dozen pursuits. Let her instincts have free play. Do not let her reach middle age with the conviction that she might have achieved something worthy had she not been restrained by an over-fond or over-anxious mother.

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Under another title I have said what occurs to me to be the truth as to the occupation of the young woman. I can only add here that if she is so far accomplished in any department of knowledge as to be the mistress of it, she has something laid up against the rainy day of poverty or sorrow which may relieve the one of its bitterness and from the other withdraw its sting.



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Go put your creed into your deed.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

You may see continually girls who have never been taught to do a single useful thing thoroughly. . . . You will find girls like these, when they are earnest-hearted, cast all their innate passion of religious spirit, which was meant by God to support them through the irksomeness of daily toil, into grievous and vain meditation over the meaning of the great Book, of which no syllable was ever yet to be understood, but through a deed.

—*John Ruskin.*



IX.

THE RELIGIOUS VOCATION OF EVERY WOMAN.

AT the beginning of these pages I laid stress on the greater responsibility of the young woman for the purity of the social life of her place and time, and based what I conceived to be the *noblesse oblige* of her womanhood upon the fact that she is possessed of a finer and keener spiritual sense than man. Upon her intuitive sympathy with divine ideals; her readier capacity of living for divine things; in short, upon her nearness to God.

* * *

This is the reason back of the popular idea that religion means more to women than to men. It forms a larger part of her life. It occupies more of her thought. She finds in her faith, unless she is shallow, her surest consolation and her most certain joy.

But like every more ample possession of

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every soul, the heavier is the responsibility involved. The religious vocation of womanhood is a trust to be administered as well as a talent. The religious influence of women upon men can hardly be exaggerated, howsoever strong terms are employed to express it. Many a woman sets a standard in religious belief and example of which she never dreams. However men may think and talk about God, and His life in the soul, they experience a shock when they come in contact with an irreligious woman. They know that she is a traitor to her best self. I firmly believe that the average man is religious after a fashion. Sometimes the fashion is eccentric, and oftentimes it seems without form and void. Now, in the nourishment of this instinct he turns to some authority or standard, and he is far more apt to look for it in the woman he respects than in the professional religious teacher, whom he often avoids. If he seeks in vain he receives a moral set-back.

With this potency of influence as her dower for good or evil, I beg the attention

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of young womanhood to certain of the considerations involved.

* * *

The subject of religion has been postponed until the last in these pages, because it is the summing up of all her life to the woman; because all other impulses and occupations, all other pursuits and details of her life have an influence upon, and find their deepest meaning in, her religious life. Therefore I have wanted her to ponder upon the elements that enter the warp and woof of her womanhood as womanhood, before I set before her the privileges and obligations of her religious vocation.

We are at the very citadel of the woman now. We are dealing with that about which no soul can finally decide but herself. It is so solemn and awful a part of her inner self, that she who feels most deeply and earnestly seldom speaks of it, even to her spiritual pastors and directors. As a woman rarely tells her whole heart, so she seldom unveils her whole soul.

Her religion is her acknowledged rela-

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tionship with God. She takes the Father literally at His word. She listens to the Angel of the Annunciation, and in that beautiful blending of Hebrew and Christian thought to which Mary gave utterance, says from her soul, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!" All other things of her life will be colored and determined by her conception of what a handmaid of the Lord should be.

* * *

Your religion is your protection. Your kindness, your pity, your gratitude, most of all your affections, may betray you. Through the very richness and warmth of your nature you may be led away from good. The tempter of souls, in whatsoever other garb he appears, never assumes the garb of evil. Wise in his generation, he arrays himself as the child of light. He will not tell you to be selfish, or cruel, or wicked, but he will seek to lead you into those paths through their opposites. You must guard against yourself, and especially against your sympathies and your affections.

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If your religion be of the rational sort, a consciousness that you are truly a child of God, however unworthy to call yourself by that high title, you will suffer the obligation of that relationship to dominate your thoughts as far as possible, your action in every case. As a child of the earth and time, you must dwell in the one and live in the other. As a child of God you must subdue the one and consecrate the other. Voices will ever be calling to you that youth and health have supreme claims upon the pleasure side of your life. It is through these voices that you are tempted to treat lightly or to violate your religious intuitions. An ever-deepening and developing sense of your relationship to God, in prayer and sacrament, will protect you against the subtle approaches which the tempter makes through the natural desires of your heart. It will strengthen you in such struggles as you may have, even when in the struggle you are called upon to suffer or give suffering to others. God is always the third party in every earthly transaction. As you

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are bound to Him by the ties of creation and preservation, as you must one day go back to Him and tell Him your life-story—so you are bound to make His will your will, and in every crisis of this long day's work to say, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"

* * *

Nourish, therefore, your spiritual life, as of supreme importance in your earthly schooling. The woman may well give largely of her talents and time to the Church; for the Church first rescued her in a very real way from the position of a toy to the dignity of a companion. I know that the companionship is often abused by individual brutes. But the Church asserts her right of equal companionship, and claims for her sex the dignity which is her natural heritage as a child of God.

Whatever form her religious faith may take, there will be some external symbols, institutions, sacraments, which are the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace. Let her cling to these.

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To the Christian woman, living in a Christian environment, the divine imperative of that midnight institution long ago in the little upper room should leave no question as to one source, at least, from whence she is to draw spiritual strength and consecration. The Master, who knew so much of life and of men, surely knew what He was about when He promised to be with His disciples to the end of the world, and gave them a rallying point in the institution of the Feast which blends the Jewish memorial with the Christian hope. This is not the place for any sacramental teaching. But to woman as to man must be pointed out the fact that the spirit of life comes to earthly creatures in vessels and through channels. A flag is a bit of silk and bunting, but it is something more. A cross is an intersection of two pieces of wood or metal, but it is something more. A sacrament is a ritual ceremony, but it also is something more.

The sacramental idea moves all through human life. This is for the comfort of

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those who are perplexed and perhaps influenced by the subtle argument of the shallow or the irreligious person, who assumes a high intellectual attitude of self-reliance, and looks with pity upon the woman who seeks help and comfort and consecration at the altar of her God.

When a woman has risen above the felt need of the offices of religion she has left behind her the source of inspiration from which she draws strength for the highest achievements of womankind.

* * *

The young woman, then, if her views conform at all to these convictions, should be intent upon weighing her daily life problems and perplexities by the religious standard. Lawfulness is not the sole justification for the action of men, still less for women. Expediency in its moral aspect should be the powerful limitation.

The rule of expediency is not merely cold policy with an eye to results. God forbid that any woman should get that idea from these pages. Better be hurt and wounded

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by following a sweet and generous impulse than to cultivate such a cautious restraint of word and action as to be ever looking forward to what people will say and think. But the woman, as peculiarly the child of God, holds her childhood in trust, and she must make many a sacrifice of her own dear wishes and innocent desires that her example may not be distorted out of all semblance of good.

An ugly woman is noticed where an ugly man passes without comment. The un-beautiful action, the untender word, the harsh judgment, the coarse thought of a woman, are accented and noted far more than in a man.

If this is a penalty, it is a penalty of the most precious possession. For everything we must pay the price. The price of spiritual and moral potency is found in the law that while all things are lawful all things are not expedient.

* * *

Your religious responsibility, therefore, develops certain obligations. Do not allow

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your social duties to conflict with them. The springs of life must be kept sweet and clean. The social pressure of our complex civilization attacks the inner life by carrying first its outworks, its symbols, its sacraments. If you realize that the institutions of religion are necessary to preserve the spirit of religion, your duty in upholding and maintaining those institutions is obvious and important.

The opera on Saturday night ought not to prevent worship on Sunday morning. If it does, in spite of the pressure in behalf of the social functions, you are sinning against knowledge to allow it in your own case.

Many a fond mother exercises her powerful influence against this. But many a fond mother is blind. There are not two kinds of right. The Church and the institutions of religion are either what is claimed for them and allowed in the experience of men, or they are perfectly absurd interferences with our pursuits and our pleasures. The relegation of the Church to the background of life, as a respectable adjunct to

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the progress of civilization, is an attempt to relegate God to the same place.

The torrents of cant that have been poured out on the theme of finding God everywhere save in His own temple, and of worshipping in every conceivable place save before His own altar, what do they mean?

They mean that while admitting a vague religious obligation, people are trying to escape from the performance of the duties that transform these passive emotions into active habits.

God is not mocked after any such fashion. If a woman really believes that the dissipation of a night is sufficient reason for her to omit the use of those offices through which her soul receives its life, let her say so and stand by it. She can serve God *or* Mammon, and call whichever of them she pleases by the sacred name, but she cannot serve God *and* Mammon, under any circumstances, however disguised her image of Mammon or distinct her image of God.

* * *

Do not suffer in your presence, Young

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Woman, your religion or any one's religion to be lightly or irreverently treated.

At a certain age, usually the dawning of manhood, you will hear some young men assuming a lofty scorn of religion, referring darkly to their doubts, hinting of the struggles of their soul travail, and holding the Church responsible for the chief miseries of society. They pity the priest at the altar, when they do not declare him to be—well, if not a hypocrite, at least weak-minded. Their mighty intellects have grasped a larger truth than religion represents in any one of its age-old forms.

This is a perfectly well-known disease, and if not interfered with passes off as a fever. I had it once, and know something of it. One is proud of it at the time, but not for long.

While it lasts the young woman will see and hear something of it. If she has a sense of humor as well as the religious instinct, it will not harm her; but cost her what it may, she has a duty when she is brought in contact with it from which she may not shrink.

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Jesting on the subject of religion is an evidence either of the cub state of intellect or of a profane mind. The cub may be dealt with, the deliberate profaner of holy things is to be rebuked and avoided. The man who does not deal tenderly with your religious faith gives every promise of tearing your heart and abusing your body if he gets the chance.

* * *

There is much flippant talk involving the deeper things of God and His relation to men which is not evil but thoughtless. The young woman should not suffer this in her presence, much less indulge in it herself. She need be neither a prig nor a pedant to stop such utterances. If she permits them she practically says that she esteems her own religion lightly, and, as I have said above, her religion is her protection, her citadel. If she seems not to care whether it is belittled, no one else will care for her. Even the man who talks like a fool or a knave is amazed when his folly or knavery

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meets with no opposition from the woman he addresses.

* * *

In laying stress upon the use of the offices of religion, as an integral part of the religious vocation of women, I would by no means fail to warn her of the danger involved. In all times all people have tended to confound religious performances with religion. There is a real and vital connection. The Jew has not forgotten the Ark of the Covenant, and after centuries of persecution the Passover Feast is still observed. The Christian has transformed a badge of shame into a standard of glory, and after generations of disputing and misunderstandings, still kneels to receive the Blessed Sacrament.

Supremely necessary as the rites and ceremonies of religion have been and ever will be, they are but means toward an end after all. All the Christian institutions in Christendom do not make Christianity. Prayer, scriptures, sacraments, services, all are instruments; channels of the divine life.

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There is a deal of fetichism in the everyday religion of many a man and woman who would be horrified at the idea, if it were clearly brought home to them.

Religious mechanics are to be avoided. To "say" a prayer has no intrinsic spiritual value. To say it a thousand times only multiplies the cipher a thousand times. To read the Bible (the 8th chapter of I Chronicles, or the 14th chapter of St. John, indifferently so long as it is the Bible) cannot be a channel of spiritual grace. To go to church as a formal act, or to receive the sacrament as a badge of membership,—these need not be religious in the vital meaning of the word. They may be merely the performance of a function.

If they are not used as channels of the divine life, they will not convey the divine life.

* * *

Question yourself, when you arrive at years of discretion, as to what you mean by any religious office you are called upon to perform. What do you mean by saying

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the Lord's Prayer? Are you a parrot, or a child of the Heavenly Father, striving to keep in communion with Him, to conform your will to His will? What is the message of the Bible to you? You might better be studying Browning than to be reading with spiritual intent that "Ner begat Kish, and Kish begat Saul, and Saul begat Jonathan and Malchishua, and Abinadab, and Eshbaal."

God forbid that I should trifle with sacred things; but some things are called sacred that are not. And the way some people read the Bible—so many chapters a day and so many of a Sunday, in order to finish it within a prescribed period—seems to me to be a very irreverent and profane way of treating the Word of God. Moreover, to endow a list of proper names with the spiritual message of the Prodigal Son is the height of intellectual absurdity. And we are bidden to serve God with our minds as well as with our hearts and souls.

* * *

Avoid "performing" religious offices.

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Find the message, the meaning, the object, of the institutions of your religion. Use all means within your reach to live a good, religious life in all its length and breadth, but do not confound the most beautiful or effective ones with the end you have in view—the living as a child of God, unspotted from, while dwelling in, this world.

* * *

Deal tolerantly with a lack of religious faith in others or with differences from your own. Remember that you will justify your soul's belief, both in its essence and in the outward form it assumes, far more by life than by argument. A true daughter of the Church is loyal to its creed, obedient to its law, submissive to its discipline. She will be a far more potent witness for the Divine Law in her actions than by her words.

* * *

If mothers think that I have said some hard things in these pages concerning the care of their daughters, they are doubtless right. The bitter draught and the keen

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knife are age-old instruments of cure. Upon the mother, under all ordinary circumstances, lies the responsibility of folly or wisdom in the daughter's moral makeup.

Train your girls to the religious vocation, not as a decent or traditional form, but as the prime working factor of life. There is a period in her development when you can inspire her as no one else can. Sometimes mothers shrink from the religious training of their children. They hesitate to touch upon the things pertaining to the soul. In some natures it requires a painful effort to talk of God to those they know best.

Again, it is your solemn burden, and, like the prophets of old, you must speak, though it is a pain and grief to you.

Above all, do not make the fatal mistake of allowing your daughters to grow up into womanhood without training in the Church as their natural heritage. You do not let them choose for themselves—as children—in any other important matter which concerns life. Train them up to your own faith. It is the best you know, or it would

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not be yours. The poor fallacy often employed—that you would prefer not to bias their minds, is an absurdity to which you should scorn to give utterance.

You might as well say that you would not bias their minds against the French and German languages by teaching them English.

They are the children of God. You cannot change that. If you are a religious woman you have found God in and through the Church, and you have been helped to clearer knowledge by the faith you profess. You may take it for granted that knowledge of God is taught and learned as is other knowledge. Children do not learn the Commandments, the meaning of creeds, the power of sacraments, by absorption, any more than they learn multiplication tables by looking at the stars.

The Church is the school of God. See that your daughters go to school to Him, or you abdicate one divine imperative of your motherhood. Oh, mothers, do remember again the heavy burden of responsibility

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that is one day to clothe your daughters as a garment of which they may not unclthe themselves!

If the day ever comes that they feel called upon to leave the temple of their childhood to worship at some distant shrine, that is theirs to choose. But give them a shrine from which to go. If they see wise cause to build other altars for the better expression of the life in them, let them carry with them the memory of an altar which will always be precious, because before it they knelt with you. They will never blame you for that. Nor will the good God.

THE END.

