

SHOULD MEN, not WOMEN, be SPECTACULAR in DRESS?

Have Fine Clothes Made the Female an Anomaly in Nature?

IF, ladies, at any time in the Phœbus course of your climb to the zenith of grandeur you should encounter Dr. Andrew MacPhail, you may be tempted to jab a hatpin into his frame, and jab it hard. This Dr. MacPhail has the scientific effrontery to declare that you are all anomalies.

He has precipitated himself and his opinion into the arena of publicity hitherto devoted exclusively to rivalry in adulation of your perfections; and now he proposes to take the very clothes off those areas of your admirable backs which fashion still permits to remain covered.

The hatpin is recommended merely because it will always be handy. But even your gentle souls, when you learn all that Dr. MacPhail has said of you, may incline to some ancient and more fitting punishment—something lingering, with a touch of boiling oil to it.

Whatever you do to him, when you catch him, you will consider deserved, perhaps not simply because of his accusations against you, but because he has started whole choruses of the tyrant man into echoing shouts. Even other scientists have had the temerity to agree with him.

YOU may remember having seen pictures of those bygone days in Europe, when the cavaliers, in all their glory of fine raiment, had gorgeous King Solomon hitched in the dressing room, while the dames and damsels of that pitiful epoch meandered about in a simplicity of garb beside which most women of today are splendidly arrayed.

That's the state of affairs which Dr. MacPhail is quoted as declaring to be natural and proper. But he is far from being satisfied with a simple sartorial revolution. If he had his way, not only would man return to his innate love of finery, while women should be shorn of her plumes and prettinesses, but suffragette would be as far from her thoughts as flying was from man's twenty years ago, her proud pre-eminence in social functions would vanish like Cinderella's glass slipper and the other fairy things, and she would be relegated to the nursery and the household, where, declares this scientist, she belongs.

The new assertion, that woman—the American woman especially—is an anomaly, is based upon the general regulations of nature. In the animal kingdom, nature makes the male "the gaudy, strutting creature"; the female, usually, is quietly garbed and less ostentatious in manner. The lion is a more magnificent, showy animal than the lioness; the peacock assumes all the gaudiness of the peafowl family.

Should not man, then, and not woman, be the gorgeously attired representative of the human family? Dr. MacPhail lives in Montreal, Canada. As an aid to identification and capture, it may be mentioned that he stands very high in his profession, and, in England, receives such deference when he writes his philosophic-scientific opinions that solemn and learned periodicals are not only willing to publish them, but to go a long way toward endorsing them.

When the recent discussion of the alleged extravagance and bad taste of New York society broke out, he clipped the leash, and England's journals opened wide the door of print, and thereby aroused a mighty debate in all that land.

"It is not the American woman peculiarly," said Dr. MacPhail. "The American women, in the mass, are sound enough. The American woman of the indictment is to be found elsewhere than in the United States—in Canada, England, France, throughout the modern world. But she is more visible in America because she is more adulated and more advertised there."

The accusers of women harked back to a romantic illustration of the alleged fact of the American woman. The old-fashioned American novelist was pressed for an explanation of the waywardness of his heroine, he found that she had a French mother. The novelist of today finds another explanation of the caprice of his heroine: She is simply an American woman.

THE DANGERS OF WEALTH

To the American woman of fiction, it is the life of luxurious idleness which alone appeals.

While the reasons are largely beyond her control, it is nevertheless the fact that the primitive functions of woman—such as the preparation of food and clothing—have become less incumbent upon her.

"With the one exception of maternity," the scientist observes, "those functions have been usurped by the male, or been placed in the hands of hirelings. Every advance in industrial development has continually makes for the destruction of the family. The country has grown rich; but the family is destroyed."

"There is money and idleness for the women of the well-to-do; idleness alone for the women of the poor. For the daughters of the poor there is the refuge of the factory; for the daughters of the rich there is nothing but idleness, and both classes are more unhappy than when they lived in the trees."

That was going pretty far back—back to somewhere which was very close to the state of nature. And the state of nature was precisely the precedent appealed to.

Gaze to be eloquent about it—upon the gorgeous peacock. Is he a lady? By no means, remark the critics of woman-kind. He is the shouldering genuine male of his species, holding on like grim death to all the picturesque that is coming to the peafowl family.

He swells around with his dazzling iridescence flashing in the sunshine, a creature so magnificent that the Queen of Sheba would be a kitchen maid beside him. The hen is so inferior that she is scarcely noticeable. She is in her proper place laying eggs and hatching them.

Gaze, likewise, upon the superb lion of the desert. He carries a mane that is as magnificent as it is ornamental; his carriage suggests dignity and lordly power; he is the embodied picture of strength and greatness, while the poor lioness has to go around with no greater supply of ornament than a bull pup. Notice the rooster and the cock robin—both illus-



The Peacock and His Mate of Quiet Flies

trating a natural law in showing the resplendence of the male creature; the magnificently antlered, kingly looking male of the deer family and the meek-looking female.

And then, holding the mirror up to art, gaze on woman.

"In the state of nature," remarks Dr. MacPhail, "it is ordained that the female shall go quietly. But in the race to which we belong, it is the woman who is glorious; and this burden of splendor, falling upon an organism which is unqualified for the task, breaks it down hopelessly and renders it unfit for the performance of its proper functions."

"The possession of splendid apparel involves the necessity for its display, and out of that arise vanity, jealousy, rivalry and all uncharitableness."

Have you ever witnessed the performance of a troupe of trained animals—dogs, for instance? The doctor finds in them a parallel for the modern woman. He pities the animal that is compelled to perform a new and ungenial task—the dog in a dance, for example.

NERVES WEAR OUT EVEN DOGS

Off the stage, he avers, the animals are subject to fits of ill temper, to outbursts of emotion, to discontent; they crave excitement more and more eagerly until, finally, they break down under the nervous strain.

Symptoms of a somewhat similar nature have been observed in the case of the American woman as the result of her performance.

While the function of maternity necessarily remains the office of woman, the care of the offspring has been handed over to the male or to female hirelings, and the wide outlet for physical and mental activity of woman has been effectually stopped.

Deprived of the care of her children, a woman suffers a diminution of affection, which is replaced by a noisy sentimentalism, equally disastrous for the mother, the child and the husband.

It is the maternal instinct running riot. Dr. MacPhail finds that it exhausts itself upon the infant, leaving none for the growing child, to whom it might be of some value. "The American mother," he announces, "is famous for her care of her infant and her neglect of her child."

She is, in reality, merely an amateur in a role that



The Lion and the Lioness

is new to her. In a society which has grown up by a natural process during the course of slow centuries, the woman performs her duties easily, almost unconsciously. But in a society that is the product of only

a generation, the woman pays the penalty of aspirations beyond her primitive functions. Of the American man, the critic in Canada has comparatively little to say, and that little is more merciful



Subdued Men and Spectacular Woman

than caustic.

The men are primarily to blame. Simple-minded, old-fashioned creatures, they have the notion that the hallmark of poverty is the spectacle of woman working. In general, the men of America believe they have extricated themselves from poverty's curse when they have relieved their womankind of the necessity of doing anything.

The women have taken more than kindly to the theory. The ambition of the American woman, it is asserted, is to live in idleness.

MEN STICK TO WORK

As for society, the American man finds in it something mysterious, occult, beyond his own understanding. So he is content to stick to his specialty—plain, hard work—and to leave the arrangement of all social activities to the women.

It is more than a mistaken kindness. It is positively cruel folly. The man, with his sturdy physique, his steady nerves, his faculty for organization and his habit of exercising the mental faculties, is qualified to manage his social affairs as readily, as efficiently as he directs his business interests.

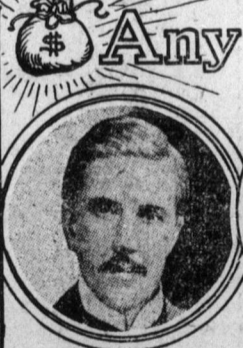
But, allowing the whole burden to fall upon the woman, he is both recreant to his responsibilities and cruelly careless of her inborn weakness. She may imagine that she is indulging her own free, sweet will; but she is headed straight for the emotional breakdown that befalls all victims of misdirected energy.

She is, says Dr. MacPhail, an anomaly of nature.

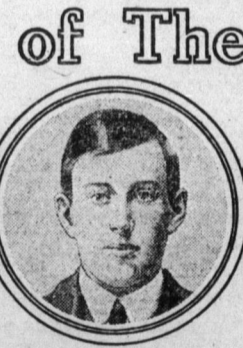
Will American Heiresses Capture Any of These?



Lord De Walden



Lord Percy



Duke of Leinster



Marquis of Anglesey



Lord Rock

SEVERAL attractive titles still remain in the list of British peerages that might be captured by American girls of charm or wealth, or both.

While almost any sort of a title seems to appeal to the young—and old, for that matter—women of this titleless country, the highest value is set upon British titles.

A British peerage is inherited only by the possessor's eldest son or nearest heir, and so the list is restricted—subject only to such additions as

the king may choose to make from time to time.

On the other hand, in many countries of continental Europe all the children of the owner of a title have titles themselves. Hence the enormous crop of Italian counts, German barons and Russian princes.

As a rule, the possessor of a British title doesn't have to go begging to induce some fair one to share it with him. Among the rather small list of wifeless peers at present are some who are considered remarkably good "catches."

magnificent homes—"Carton," one of the most beautiful estates in Great Britain, and a splendid town house in Dublin.

Some years ago his trustees sold Kilkenny Castle, where the duke was born, and its immense surrounding estate for something like \$6,000,000. They also sold to Mrs. John W. Mackay the duke's London house for a large sum. So the duke is not hard up, probably, for spending money.

One of the richest unmarried peers is Lord Howard de Walden, who owns a big slice of the West Side of London, and whose rent roll is said to be nearly a million dollars a year.

Lord de Walden is a fine looking young man, with some reputation in amateur sports, being especially proficient with the fella.

He is devoted to his mother, now Lady Ludlow, and has announced repeatedly that he does not propose to marry until he finds a woman just like her.

Audley End, near Cambridge, the de Walden country seat, is one of the finest estates in England. The house was built in the time of Henry VIII, and was once described by James I as "far too magnificent for a monarch."

Lord Percy has more to promise in the way of title than he now possesses, as he is heir to the proud dukedom of Northumberland. He seems to be a young man of considerable ability, and for that reason entitled to distinction among the titled youngsters of the kingdom. He took high honors in his university course at Oxford, has won reputation as an explorer of the remote territory of Asiatic Turkey, and has written several books.

In addition, he has begun making a career in public life; he has done good service as a member of the House of Commons and as an under secretary in the British Foreign Office.

It seems to be pretty well assured that the future Lady Percy and Duchess of Northumberland will not have a personal nonentity for a husband.

Lord Rock, whose years are yet comparatively few, is heir to the title and estates of the marquis of Cholmondeley, lord great chamberlain of England. This post will be inherited in due time by young Lord Rock.

It may be well to remember, in passing, that the lord great chamberlain is a mighty personage in the picturesque ceremonies of state, at least.

He has entire charge of things whenever the king visits Parliament or takes part in any royal function in Westminster Abbey; he is also in charge of the Houses of Parliament and the adjoining government buildings.

Houghton Hall, near King Edward's country place at Sandringham, is the principal home of the Cholmondeley family.

About two years ago the young marquis of Anglesey, head of the famous old house of Paget, came of age.

His predecessor, the late marquis, a cousin, was theatrical—almost crazy—in his ways; in fact, he developed a notorious mania for appearing before the footlights. The present holder of the title is said to be a quiet and sensible young man.

He has a good income—over \$500,000 a year, it is said—much of it from mines on his estates, which include about 30,000 acres; owns two fine country homes filled with valuable art objects, old furniture and heirlooms.

Among other unmarried peers are the duke of St. Albans and Lord Dalmeny, son of Lord Rosebery and heir to the Rosebery title and estates. In this list one does not include the dukes of Atholl and Grafton, who are elderly widowers and apparently have no idea of seeking new wives.

Perhaps the duke of St. Albans will never marry, as he is a confirmed invalid. Should he do so, his duchess will enjoy a privilege that otherwise is restricted to the queen—that of driving with her husband through Rotten Row, in Hyde Park.

That fashionable way is exclusively for horseback riders; only the king and queen and the duke and duchess of St. Albans are permitted to drive therein. This privilege was conferred by Charles II upon his natural son, along with the dukedom of St. Albans and other honors.