

THE WOMAN-TAMER

By Thomas O'Meara.

He said, "She shall be my slave!
 Lesser in all than I;
 Feeble of body and brain,
 She shall carry a golden chain,
 And dwell until she die
 In the golden cage I gave." . . .

And he found a treacherous creature of
 hate and fear,
 With teeth and claws that were ready
 when he came near!

He said, "She shall be my star!
 I will set her high above
 This dusty world of mine.
 I will bow me down at her shrine,
 Pray for the light of her love,
 And worship her from afar." . . .

But he found that the light of her love
 had been withdrawn,
 Leaving only a faint, chill pity, a faint,
 chill scorn.

He said, "She shall be my friend!
 Side by side let us stand,
 For I need your help and you.
 Comrades loyal and true,
 With my hand holding your dear
 hand
 We will see life out to the end." . . .

And she turned and her eyes met his;
 and I think she cried
 (But she laughed through her tears)
 and she came to her place at his
 side.

—The "Englishwoman."

THE GREAT UNREST AMONG MODERN WOMEN

II.—Worker, Wife, and Mother.

(From the Christian Commonwealth.)

"If we compare one country of the civilised world with another, or one part of England with another, we find that the degradation of the working classes varies almost uniformly with the amount of rough work done by women. The most valuable of all cap-

ital is that invested in human beings; and of that capital the most precious part is the result of the care and influence of the mother, so long as she retains her tender and unselfish instincts, and has not been hardened by the strain and stress of unfeminine work."—Dr. Alfred Marshall.

One of the pleasant conventions about women's work, still sedulously maintained by those who are unwilling to face the harsh reality, is the fiction that all the rough and disagreeable tasks are discharged by men. The "stronger" sex chivalrously spares women the heavy bodily labour which they are physically unfitted to sustain; and for a parallel reason women are excused from work involving prolonged or arduous mental toil. In a hazy, indefinite fashion, no doubt most people honestly believe that the work of the world is divided on this admirable principle. And they would be considerably startled, and perhaps shocked, if they could be made to apprehend the grim fact, against which women are increasingly inclined to revolt, that an immensely disproportionate share of the unpleasant drudgery of daily life, a great deal of the dangerous work, and most of the monotonous and semi-automatic work, is borne by women.

Miss Cicely Hamilton,

indeed, has suggested that as the world grew more crowded and less a place to fight in, that first rude division of labour which allotted to man the duties of hunting and fighting and to women all the other tasks was broken down, and men began to invade the "sphere of women," and to divide the industries hitherto heaped upon the other sex: allowing women to keep those trades which men did not care to enter, and which were naturally the most disagreeable, monotonous, and laborious duties of their common life. And with sardonic humour Miss Hamilton points out that if the world's work were divided on the principle of giving to men the heavier tasks and to women the lighter and more pleasant duties, the ordinary male clerk should