

Yet, as Shakespeare has it, "A woman moved is like a fountain troubled: muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty; and while it is so, none so dry or thirsty will deign to sip or touch one drop of it."

And some scholar has stated: "*Propter ovarium mulier est*;" and Gay, the poet, no doubt is correct when he says, "'Tis woman who seduces all mankind; by her we first were taught the wheedling arts." "Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null," irregular, impersonal, or defective, "for age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety," if in the neutral class.

From the classical pages of him who wrote "As You Like It," "The Taming of the Shrew," etc., we present from "Julius Cæsar" a brief dialogue:

Portia—I should not need, if you were gentle, Brutus, within the bonds of marriage, tell me, Brutus is it expected I should know no secrets that appertain to you? Am I yourself, but as it were, in sort or limitation; to keep with you at meals, comfort your bed, and talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs of your good pleasures? If it be no more, Portia is Brutus' harlot and not his wife.

Brutus—You are my true and honorable wife, as dear to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart.

Portia—If this is true, then should I know this secret. I grant, I am a woman; but withal, a woman that Lord Brutus took to wife. I grant, I am a woman; a woman well reputed: Cato's daughter. Think you I am no stronger than my sex, being so fathered and so husbanded? Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose them. I have made a strong proof of my constancy, giving myself a voluntary wound here, in the thigh. Can I bear that and not my husband's secrets?

Lionel Van Vleck, in his "*Away Back in Eden*," gives us his views "when Adam delved and Eve span":

Ere Adam saw a woman's face
He led a discontented life.
 He thought this world a lovely place
When God created him a wife.
 How quick was Mother Eve to plan
The way that it was best to tread.
 Each scheme for overthrowing man
She looked upon with greatest dread.
 All day she tried, at night she dreamed
The thing that it was right to do;