

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

Douce Halvers.

WOMEN IN OFFICE.

It seems the approaching great Fair in Chicago has a "Board of Lady Managers." Whether this is the Central Board or merely a Sub-ordinate Board I am not certain; but I infer from what I have seen in the papers that it is the Controlling Board of the Fair, which, as a Show, is to beat all creation. In one of the *American Bee Journals* not long ago I noticed some misgiving expressed in regard to the matter. It was hinted that Apiculture at the Show would stand a slim chance under the Lady Management. Canada is also interested a little in this matter, as Canada may help to make up that great Show:

Now, while I cannot speak for Canada (which *Grip* always represents as a fair maiden) I can speak for myself on this question. I have my misgivings. Not that I distrust women. I am in favor of women. I had a woman for a mother—have one for a wife, and have a daughter—all good, and am, therefore, if anything, biased in their favor. I have no prejudice against the sex, and am disposed to do them full justice. In the running of things generally, and in the continuation of mankind upon the earth women are absolutely indispensable. It has been said that they are something man can neither live *with* nor *without*. I regard that as a slander on the women. Man certainly does succeed in living with them; but very few do succeed in living properly without them. What I am trying to get out (with a good deal of trepidation, as well as circumlocution), is this: I am opposed to a Board of Lady Managers to manage a Great World's Fair. The ladies will, no doubt, stop here to catch for their breath. But I admonish them to keep cool. I say again that I am strongly in favor of woman's rights and of curing their wrongs—such as they are.

Man has his sphere; woman has hers. Nature has duly attended to that matter, and her decrees are inexorable and irrevocable. I am delighted to see woman in her place, and pained to see her out of her place. So is every man who has a proper appreciation of the sex. In her proper place a true woman is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Out of her place she is—well, "a round peg in a square hole." This is like going at one step from the sublime to the ridiculous; but no matter, the truth must be told.

I think woman is out of her place managing a World's Fair. She doubtless could manage some special department of it in which she was personally concerned, and we would not object; but we object to her being "head cook and bottle

washer" for the whole world. I admit woman's right to get to such a position if she can. A woman's right to be a policeman or even a hangman if she wants to. At the same time I would not think much of a woman who wanted to be a policeman, a hangman, or, say, a butcher! I would not care to see a mother, sister, wife, or daughter in a position of that sort. I do not think any civilized, right minded man would. If woman wishes to maintain her position as woman, and retain the respect, the affection, awe, the worship of man she must keep her natural place. She must not unsex herself.

"But to be on a business Board is not to be a butcher," she says; "this is not degrading to our sex, and we are in nowise lowered morally." Perhaps not. Still I insist it is not woman's place. Why? Well, if I must give the true reason, here it is: She has not the requisite brains. She has not the comprehensive grasp or the business ability required for a position of that kind. And I make the prediction that should the general management of that, to be "the greatest Show on earth" be left in the hands of women it will be badly managed. Nor would such a result be any discredit to the sex further than the discreditable folly of aspiring to or accepting such a position, because it would be unreasonable to expect any other result.

In some respects woman is superior to man. In the moral, social and æsthetic realms of mind she rises above him. But in strength of body and breadth of mind man towers above woman. Hence his superior judgment and business ability. Moreover, women are governed more by their feelings than men are; and be it known to all women and some men that not feeling but reason should guide. Women live in the emotions.

The Americans are the only nation on the earth who would put women in such a position, or allow them to put themselves there. The women exhibit weakness and vanity in aspiring to such places, and the men exhibit weakness in helping them there. A year or two ago in a town in Kansas or Iowa, I forget which, the women took it into their heads to run the town. They had the franchise, and they "got there," so far as the offices were concerned; but they failed to "get there" in doing the business. The mayor was a woman, and the aldermen were women (they were not in office long enough to get portly on beer), the police magistrate was a woman, and in fact everybody (I mean every officer) was a woman; and everything, (including the women themselves), was "lovely,"—that is, at first. But the loveliness rapidly diminished, "and grew beautifully less." The world knows or—ought to know—the result. In official conclave, and in the