THI STANDARD, TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 1912



The Temmine Barber of Freisey The Bollear DrummerBo of the Suth It's Froissy, a French Town, Whence Many Men_Have Emigrated, Leaving the Work to the Gentler Sex

WE'VE all wondered how we would get along in an Adamless Eden-with the Adams probably peeking over the fence. The enemies of suffrage have done their worst to spread the impression that Eve up to date has nothing less exclusive in mind, although some of them have been magnanimous to admit that perhaps the conquer-ing heroines may let an Adam or two occupy the doghouse. You can never be too sure about the wild bulls and the serpents, you know.

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But these have been speculations. We can forget them now. The reality has been discovered. The Adamless Eden, if not of romantic fancy. at least of modern, amazonian fact, has been discovered.

It's in France, where they do some amazingly original things, and then cut loose so soon on another that they forget all about the first.

France at large, and Paris in particular, are so desperately occupied with being good and avoful, dull and brilliant, edifying and shocking, that they have lost sight entirely of their most advanced community, in which, long ago, the problem of woman's right to government was solved and all inquietudes were laid to rest. The suffragist of Great Britain and the United States could descend upon that overlooked, lost village and find all her brightest dreams come true.

She would probably make her escape within twenty-four hours, in hasty flight from the bleak, inimitably feminine, pitifully Adamless condition of affairs; but at least she would have beheld with her very own eyes how successfully any community of women can scratch along, under twentieth-century conditions, without the help of any man, from running the railroad to sharpening a lead pencil.

T'S FROISST, and it isn't more than fifty miles from Paris. You can remember that when you have run down the last militant suffragist of Galie persuasion and complexion in the capital it have decided that the jortraits of Ross Bonheur trousers are the only objects of art worth studying. Ross in Pants" isn't an inspiring theme, no matter when may be your convictions. The men modists, he say jou 3000 for a 'oreation' in skirts, would prove ar more amusing it they weren't of the tyrant sex, and o expensive to boct.

teneral View of Froissy, the Town Ruled by Erenchwomers.

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Don't be greedy for that greeting. Be a well-bred.

The Railway Post Office Clerks

suffragist, and keep modestly in the background, while the eager opposition rushes in where their angel is a little too shrewd to tread. Manage it so that you drift in elegantly behind them, so as to get the full benefit of their shock when they discover that the mayor of

of their shock when they discover that the mayor of broasy is a woman, too. That ought to be a happy quarter of an hour, for suffragist accompanied by male admirers who don't believe in The Cause. You can rely on Froissy's mayor, She will furnish 100 per cent of the official discover that appertains to her, and she'll throw in a few truly feminine frills along the lines of ma-ternal solicitude for the weifare of her village that wild make any male mayor pluck himself baldheaded wild make any male mayor pluck as well as and tak properties and high-waist affects a year.

SOME UNUSUAL SCENES

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intendent of the Froissy Railway Stations

pendable than Mme, Leseboro. They twain are institu-

If you can happen to time your visit to greet any proclamation by the mayor, or any warning words of the tax collector, you can have the satisfaction of seeconfusion overwhelm your doubting Thomases at the surprising debut of Mme. Druhou-Marchardin, 80

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Ten Years excellent business woman, whose glances alone are sharp enough, on occasion, to deter her admirers from

talking love instead of money. How did it happen? Simply enough. All the young farmers of Froissy and its neighborhood have been lured to Canada or the United States, or the French lured to Canada or the United States, or the French colonies, by the hope of making their fortunes, and only the old men remained. They have had their gmarled hands too full with their acres to assume any office, however trivial. So they let the honors, and whatever profits there may be, go to the women, whose instinct for economy will not let a sou slip by. A natural outcome, to be sure; yet one which, fi the conditions that prevail, has conferred on finy Froissy the distinction of being the one civilized community which is ruled entirely by the fair sex-and ruled as well as any bunch of Frenchmen could do it in high hats and evening clothes. The wrathful escorts, when you fare back toward St. Just and Paris, will contend it is only in France, where madame holds the pures strings and sits at the cashier's desk in her spouse's shop, that virile enter-prise and pride would let such a shame rest upon their sex.

sex. But don't you care. You will have captured an object lesson strong enough to clinch your arguments for years to come-certainly until you find some escort who happens to be so persuasive that you sli at once forget about Froissy and suffrage, and begin to wonder whether, when you two become old enough to hope the boys will slay at home, they will desert you and leave to your empty hearts only superins tendencies and mayoralities to comfort them.

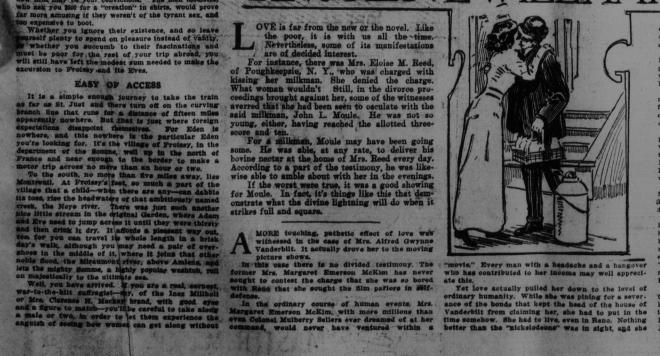
Greenland Is Green

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the girls who have gone and married chauffeurs, coa

VGSLOVE WILL MAKETHEN

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