



It's Froissy, a French Town, Whence Many Men Have Emigrated, Leaving the Work to the Gentler Sex

WE 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 conquering 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.

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 awful, 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, imitatively 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.

IT'S FROISSY, and it isn't more than fifty miles from Paris. You can remember that when you have run down the last militant suffragist of Gallic persuasion and complexion in the capital and have decided that the portraits of Rosa Bonheur in trousers are the only objects of art worth studying. "Rosa in Pants" isn't an inspiring theme, no matter how firm may be your convictions. The men modistes, who ask you \$200 for a "creation" in skirts, would prove far more amusing if they weren't the tyrant sex, and too expensive to boot.

Whether you ignore their existence, and so leave yourself plenty to spend on pleasure instead of vanity, or whether you succumb to their fascinations and must be poor for the rest of your trip abroad, you will still have left the modest sum needed to make the excursion to Froissy and its Evies.

EASY OF ACCESS

It is a simple enough journey to take the train as far as St. Just and there turn off on the curving branch line that runs for a distance of fifteen miles apparently nowhere. But that is just where foreign expectations disappoint themselves. For Eden is nowhere, and this nowhere is the particular Eden you're looking for. It's the village of Froissy, in the department of the Somme, well up in the north of France and near enough to the border to make a motor trip across no more than an hour or two.

To the south, no more than five miles away, lies Montreuil. At Froissy's feet, so much a part of the village that a child—when there are any—can dabble its toes, rise the headwaters of that ambitiously named creek, the Noye river. There was just such another nice little stream in the original Garden, where Adam and Eve used to jump across it until they were thirsty and then drink it dry. It affords a pleasant way out, too, for you can travel its whole length in a brisk day's walk, although you may need a pair of overshoes in the middle of it, where it joins that other noble flood, the Miramont river, above Amiens, and lets the mighty Somme, a highly popular wash tub, roll on majestically to the ultimate sea.

Well, you have arrived. If you are a real, earnest, war-to-the-bite suffragist—say, of the lines Millholl or Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay brand, with good eyes and a figure to match—you'll be careful to take along a male or two, in order to let them experience the anguish of seeing how women can get along without

The 60-Year Drummer Boy of the Suffragette Paradise



General View of Froissy, the Town Ruled by Frenchwomen

them, even in notoriously romantic France.

The conductor of your train, for all the imposing grandeur which invests conductors in every clime, wears a look of abdication as the village draws near. He might be the emperor of China approaching the last gasps of Manchu rule. But don't crow too soon over this incoherent evidence of the cowardice of his sex; wait, and your last laugh will be the best one.

His is another story from any seemingly obvious explanation of the embarrassment that crows him.

No mere response to the general humiliation of his sex makes him lower that proud crest of the French government official; his increasing abasement is intimate and personal. He is Chantecler, officially henpecked. At the station, the superintendent, who receives his train and bosses him around, is his own wife. She it is who tells him what his orders are; she it is who, portentous with the awful dignity which marks the high rank of superintendent, if only of fifteen miles of roadway, makes him look like a franc and a half and brooks not the smallest infraction of her imperious rulings.

When the situation of that pair's affairs becomes patent to your devoted escort, it is the duty of a lady suffragist who has been reared in a good, kind, American home atmosphere of tact and kindness to move on hurriedly the minute she hears their teeth begin to grate or observes them biting off a couple of inches from the points of their nice mustaches. It isn't regarded as fair to kick your enemy when he's down, although any woman knows it's her sacred duty to do so.

Explain that it is in your place, as a visitor to Froissy, to call on the mayor. Those males will perk up right away, knowing what a work of art a French village mayor can be when he has American visitors to impress and a pretty woman induces him to cut himself loose.

Oh, certainly, the mayor will be rejoiced to welcome you to this fair city; desolation would have reigned if the so distinguished visitors had not condescended to favor Froissy with their delightful presence.

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



The Female Switchman of Froissy

superficial, 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 Froissy is a woman, too.

That ought to be a happy quarter of an hour, for a 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 importance that appertains to her, and she'll throw in a few truly feminine frills along the lines of maternal solicitude for the welfare of her village that would make any male mayor pluck himself baldheaded with envy. Withal, you will find her a good, worthy, sensible homelody who can relax officialdom and talk crop prospects and high-waist effects as well as any farmer's wife who lives fifty miles from New York and would be happy if she got there four times a year.

SOME UNUSUAL SCENES

With the moral advantage gained, you can now drive the iron into your companions' souls until they writhe. Discover that you must have lost an indispensable hairpin at the station and lure them back in time to see the woman switchtender roll her handsy iron gate; walk them down the street of Froissy, so that they can note excellent Mme. Dubour wailing some grateful, stray male and discharging her function of letter-carrier to the satisfaction of the favoring French republic. It wouldn't be a bad idea to arrange beforehand a telegram to yourself, addressed to Froissy, for the sake of having the official messenger girl, Mme. Lesbore, come hurrying with it. Ten years has Mme. Dubour been letter-carrier at Froissy, and long ago the telegraph company decided that the nimblest gamin of Paris would be less de-



The Clerk of the Froissy Post Office

pendable than Mme. Lesbore. They twain are institutions there.

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 seeing confusion overwhelm your doubting Thomases at the surprising debut of Mme. Druhou-Marchardin, 80 years old and still the drummer of Froissy. She marches forth into the street and rolls forth her arousing call with a rattaplan of the kettle drum until all the doors turn ajar and all the heads pop out to learn what the proclamation is. A fine old specimen of womanhood, this sturdy octogenarian; and you'll have hard work keeping yourself from trying to induce her to quit her post, then and there, and come across the sea to drum up voters for The Cause.

Be not afraid of any disconcerting find on the part of your escorts. Let them search around for themselves, to unearth at least some vestige of male domination. Sooner or later, they're bound to gravitate to the Froissy barber, in the last, despairing hope that where the whiskers go there must they find some last superior male.

They won't. There's the barber; but not a male. Behind the wagon shed, while the hens cluck in sympathetic congratulation, they may find young, attractive Mlle. Jeanne Marchardin wielding the deft razor on the lathered chin of some hawkbeaked patron, who has traveled half a dozen miles for the dear delight of feeling her thrilling touch upon his weather-browned face. Or some tourist, in quest of a new sensation, doubtfully trusts his cherished features to her blade. They say that the gentle Jeanne has received, from the little shaving chair, more proposals than any belle or helpess of the department of the Somme; and they add that she can give such a warning caress with her razor that no suitor has ever had the nerve to insist on receiving serious consideration. But that is a mean libel on a charming tonsorial artist.



The Mail Carrier of Froissy

an 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 colonies, by the hope of making their fortunes, and only the old men remained. They have had their gnarled 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, in the conditions that prevail, has conferred on tiny 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 purse strings and sits at the cashier's desk in her spouse's shop, that virile enterprise and pride would let such a shame rest upon their 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 all at once forget about Froissy and suffrage, and begin to wonder whether, when you two become old enough to hope the boys will stay at home, they will desert you and leave to your empty hearts only superfluous tendencies and majorities to comfort them.

Greenland Is Green

GREENLAND is green in more ways than one. Its wonderful miniature trees are a most beautiful green, and travelers declare no such color is found elsewhere in the world.

Greenland is practically a great group of green mountains covered with ice that has a green tint, and which has formed great icebound glaciers, that are tied between the mountain ranges and can be penetrated only by a drill.

Where the sun strikes with sufficient force the ice and snow let go, and the glaciers, which are called "live," often melt enough to slide and dash down the mountain, or drop with an awful force into the inlets. Very often such glaciers do a lot of damage to shipping that has sought shelter in bays or inlets.

During the long night period the country is often illuminated with what we term northern lights, or aurora borealis. Without this electrical display, the country would be wrapped in darkness of a peculiar density,

the girls who have gone and married chauffeurs, coachmen, automobile salesmen, and so on. The list would be extended. These romances of upstairs and downstairs are too common to be interesting. It took Julia Morosini to inject a dash of novelty by marrying a "cop." Until she set the fashion, the millions of the law had never been pestered much by heiressees.

When a woman wills she will, though, and that is all there is to it. Some years ago Mrs. Florrie M. Cullen proved this when she allied herself to James Cullen, an associate of "The Allyn," one of the most select gamblers of New York. She was only 15 then, and she knew better by the time she got to Reno. Not to anticipate, however, she made a bet that she would, and she did. Happily, she had enough money to enjoy the best that Reno had to offer while she was paying off her bet.

And even dear, sweet Margaret Illington showed the strength of love when she was pining to escape from Reno after she had done her six months' time for her first matrimonial offense. No sooner had the judge handed her the decree than she came right back at him with a marriage license. "It would save so much time," she said. Everlastingly the one, agreed with her ideas on scientific efficiency and the elimination of waste, because he did the graceful thing and left posterity to form its own conclusions.

NO ESCAPE FROM LOVE GERM

From Reno to New Jersey is another far cry, but not far enough to escape the love germ. At Pennington there lived Miss Mary D. Winner, wealthy, 50, and likewise owner of a farm. For a time the farm claimed the presence of Clarence M. D. Knowles, only a few years more than half her age.

Knowles admitted that he had liked drink, but that he had come to love love better. At any rate, he promised to reform when Miss Winner showed signs of endowing him with her tender affections. A marriage, Knowles claimed, followed at Camden on February 16, 1910.

The family thought she was old enough to know better, and took charge of her for the purpose of putting a crimp in love just about long enough to let common sense come into its own.

But what's the use of going on any longer? One is as bad as another. The divine madness is no respecter of persons. We'll all do such things occasionally. The lucky ones are those who recover in time to keep from being found out.

THINGS LOVE WILL MAKE THEM DO

LOVE is far from the new or the novel. Like the poor, it is with us all the time. Nevertheless, some of its manifestations are of decided interest.

For instance, there was Mrs. Eloise M. Reed, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who was charged with kissing her milkman. She denied the charge. What woman wouldn't? Still, in the divorce proceedings brought against her, some of the witnesses averred that she had been seen to osculate with the said milkman, John L. Moule. He was not so young, either, having reached the allotted three-score and ten.

For a milkman, Moule may have been going some. He was able, at any rate, to deliver his bovine nectar at the home of Mrs. Reed every day. According to a part of the testimony, he was likewise able to amble about with her in the evenings.

If the worst were true, it was a good showing for Moule. In fact, it's things like this that demonstrate what the divine lightning will do when it strikes full and square.

MORE touching, pathetic effect of love was witnessed in the case of Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. It actually drove her to the moving picture shows.

In this case there is no divided testimony. The former Mrs. Margaret Emerson McKim has never sought to contest the charge that she was so bored with Reno that she sought the film parlors in self-defense.

In the ordinary course of human events, Mrs. Margaret Emerson McKim, with more millions than even Colonel Mulberry Sellers ever dreamed of at her command, would never have ventured within a



"movie." Every man with a headache and a hangover who has contributed to her income may well appreciate this.

Yet love actually pulled her down to the level of ordinary humanity. While she was pining for a severance of the bonds that kept the head of the house of Vanderbilt from claiming her, she had to put in the time somehow. She had to live, even in Reno. Nothing better than the "nickelodeons" was in sight, and she

enjoyed them, perforce, until the time came when the courts could no longer deny her the freedom which eventually waited her in a sumptuous London flat.

Even this, while it may move one to shudder at the horrible fate that drove the lovely woman into the plan to elope, is not quite so novel as the manner in which Cupid—or Venus, as you please—dealt with Edward Brown Alsop.

Mr. Alsop lives in Pittsburgh and, of course, is a millionaire. Under the circumstances, no one could forecast what he would be likely to do. These American grand dukes have a way of their own that is purchasing, if not exactly fetching.

At any rate, the fact that Pere Alsop is 75 did not prevent his noticing that Miss Effie Pope Hill, to whom both of his sons were devoted, is as pretty as they come, even from the south. A few moons ago Miss Hill was making the best of Washington, Ga. But she tired of the effort and came to New York with her mother.

Harold Alsop, 31, of Harvard, and Edward Alsop, 31, of Groton, put in their spare time admiring Miss Hill. They were at it whenever they could escape from college and school.

Meanwhile Pere Alsop decided to get in the game. Love got a stranglehold on him, and the first thing he knew he was proposing to Miss Hill. She may have taken the sons as a joke, but she was ready to recognize the old gentleman as a good thing. Their engagement was announced and the boys were game. They declared that as they had to put up with a mother-in-law, they were glad they got a pretty one. Philosophy appears to team in the Alsop blood.

From a Pittsburgh millionaire it may be a far cry to a Newport belle; but they both seem to act regardless of the love germ infects them. To prove it, it is only necessary to cite the case of Miss Julia Tuck French, who is now doing her own washing as Mrs. Jack Geraghty. However, it is hardly fair to ring in