

The Reason Woman is Unreasonable.

Why are women less 'reasonable' than men? What is the reason for their tendency to resent criticism, no matter how just it is, and to keep right on doing things their own way regardless of the rights and protests of others? Is it something inherent in the nature of woman or is it something arising from the difference between her training and experience and that of men?

Every business man will admit that when he first started to make his way in the business world he 'thought he knew it all,' and was highly indignant if any one tried to tell him that he did not. This is the attitude of nearly every youth when he starts out for himself. And it is especially true of every young man who has been brought up in good circumstances and well educated. Every mature man expects to find this conceit in the unfledged youths who go to work for him.

But the mature man in the high tide of his success aims to learn something from every one he meets, and it is his boast that he can digest and profit by all criticism, just or unjust, that is aimed at him. How did the business man arrive at this wisdom? How did he so completely change his attitude from that of 'knowing it all' and resenting criticism to the rational attitude of readiness to learn from every one he comes in contact with? He says he learned it from experience, by hard knocks out in the cold world. He never could have learned that wisdom if he had been coddled at home all his life as the average woman is during her youth.

The average woman of mature age, living at home, has never learned, as the man out in the world has, to submit to criticism. She does not easily submit to rules of order and procedure. She is not 'reasonable.' Her pleasure is law enough for her, and she feels bound by no other. No matter what mistake she makes in the conduct of practical affairs, she resents criticism and refuses to profit by it. For instance, she is told how to get off a street car, but, as a rule, she thinks the directions are of no importance. She is angry if the conductor makes a suggestion. In most things she follows her own whim or pleasure, and woe betide the man who tries to argue with her. If he be her husband she takes refuge in tears; if he be a mere acquaintance she looks, or says in words, 'You are no gentleman!' Of course this is not universally true, but it is so true that lots of men say, 'Never try to tell a woman anything.'

Most men say it is hard to make a woman keep a contract if she happens to change her mind before the contract is executed. When she comes out ahead she thinks a contract is a fine thing; when she loses she too often draws back and shows herself willing to let somebody else shoulder the loss. It is commonly heard among business men, 'I hate to transact business for a woman.'

This is not because women do not mean to be honest and honorable; it is simply because they do not recognize the value of a contract or of other business procedure. They do not look at these things in the strictly rational way that men are trained to do.

It appears that experience in the business world has done for the man what experience in the home world has failed to do for the woman. There is reason for this difference in result arising from the fundamental difference between these two worlds of experience. A home is a mimic world that may be run on independent lines according to the particular ideas or tastes of an arbitrary ruler. At the most a home is made to conform to the ideas of only three or four people, and as a rule a home is run according to the ideas of one person—the mistress of the home.

A woman in her own home is something of a queen; her pleasure is the law of that home. There are a few civic regulations as to sanitation, etc., that impose themselves on

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the home, but outside of these there is nothing to restrict the absolute liberty of the mistress. She may make up the beds before breakfast, without airing, or she may leave the beds open until noon; there is no one to dispute her right to do as she pleases. She may clean house one room at a time, or she may tear up the whole house and keep every room in confusion until everything is done. Every woman has her own theory about every detail of her housekeeping, and she usually manages to follow it.

A mere man might say, 'Well, there must be a right way to do everything, and the woman who does things the poorest way is a poor housekeeper and a failure.' Every woman knows that her way is best and she follows it.

But business and professional life moves on larger lines. A man's business life is directly connected with and is a part of the whole great world of affairs. The business or professional man finds himself a part of a worldwide scheme of things. His attention is, therefore, constantly being called to the necessity of submission to broad general laws of procedure that he sees are obtaining everywhere in the civilized world.

Woman under the infinitely smaller horizon of a single home tends to develop only on the line of least resistance. She becomes more and more like herself and less and less like the world at large. In the home and in social life personality is magnified; charm, personal magnetism, family, count more than exact procedure. In fact, when these are opposed in great measure one is released from a strict following of exact procedure. Women do submit to the arbitrary decrees of fashion, but these train women in the wrong direction, since the law of fashion prescribes constant and utterly illogical change.

The business world is stable, conservative, and its laws change slowly. Every business is carried on under the same general laws and is successful in proportion as it exemplifies those laws. The domestic world is comparatively unstable, capricious, arbitrary, because each little home has independent laws for its internal government.

Here, then, in this difference in experience we find sufficient reason for woman's 'unreasonableness'—her tendency to resent criticism and her tendency to make her own whim or pleasure her only law.—John Howland in the Chicago Tribune.

Tired of Masquerading.

'Didn't you have a pleasant time at Cousin Maria's?' the grandmother was asked, when she returned several days earlier than was expected from a long-talked-of visit.

'Y-e-s, O, yes,' but she breathed a little sigh of relief as she looked about her at the home belongings. 'Everything was nice at Maria's, and she and the girls as kind and hearty as could be, but it was all a front-door sort of life—just studyin' how things would look from the front door—and seemed like I wanted to get home again. I didn't mind sleepin' on a bed that had looked like a piano all day, nor keepin' my clothes in a box that was rigged up for a sofa, nor eatin' my meals on a table that slid out from what looked like a fireplace—you see, they live in a flat, and

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Maria says all them things is conveniences; I s'pose they are. But both the girls work down town, and when Anna packed her patterns and dressmaking tools into something that looked like a music-roll, and Lily put up her dinner in a box that looked for all the world like a camera, seemed 'sif I'd got into a place where I didn't belong. I wanted to get back where things are real; where good, honest work ain't a thing to be ashamed of, and the food it earns is a blessin' to be thankful for.'—J. R. Miler.

Your Boy and Good Manners.

Mothers make a mistake if they do not insist on good manners in the family. There is no reason why a boy should be boorish when his sister is polite, that a boy should be grumpy and awkward, ill at ease before strangers and unacquainted with table etiquette when his sister possesses the 'savoir-faire' of good breeding. We are talking about the growing boy. While he is still under your daily care, teach him to take off his hat when he meets you on the street, to rise when you enter the room, to place a footstool for his grandmother, and to carry any bundle or parcel not too heavy for small hands. A little fellow who is permitted to wear his hat in the house when only his mother and sisters are present cannot be expected to take it off because visitors have arrived.

'Freddie, why do you stand there with your hat on,' asks the mother, severely, when Freddie thus transgresses propriety, and the minister's wife or the lady from Baltimore or the aunt from Philadelphia is in the room. If Freddie had been taught always to stand bare-headed in the house, if it were his custom to pull off his hat whenever he met a lady or an older person of his own sex out of doors, the act would be automatic. Let him button your shoes, put on and take off your rubbers, perform little services at home. If you are wise you will send him on errands to your friends, give him notes and messages to carry, and otherwise make him at ease when obliged to address some one he knows slightly.—Margaret E. Sangster in 'Woman's Home Companion.'

Three conditions must be fulfilled in any successful undertaking: First, it is necessary to have an end in view—vision; second, a thorough belief in the possibility of attaining it—faith; and third, a practical confidence in the means that are being used to accomplish this end—knowledge.—Charles Cuthbert Hall.

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