

at the result. The fad began with a woman who thought she looked like the "Mona Lisa," which was stolen not long ago from The Louvre, in Paris. So she sat for the photograph reproduced above.

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**"THE MOTHER OF THE MAN."**

By Hal Caine.

When the Lord of the Creation gave the woman to the man  
In that blest but brief existence 'ere the rule of ill began,  
Then He knew what of her conduct, whether innocent or frail,  
That the female of the species would be scapegoat to the male.

When He banished them from Eden for the sin that each had  
wrought  
And the flaming sword of vengeance sealed the fate that both had  
sought,  
Then He knew throughout the ages long as man should tell the tale  
That the female of the species would be temptress to the male.

When He cast His children from Him and by primal earthy vow  
Doomed their seed to eat their life bread in the sweat of blood and  
brow,  
Then He knew where paths were reddest down the line of labor's  
trail,  
There the female of the species would be slavemate to the male.

When He dowered the man with passions, when He formed him  
from the dust,  
With its wilderness of instincts, with its lava stream of lust,  
Then He knew that in the whirlwind of his manhood's wasteful gale,  
Still the female of the species would be subject to the male.

When He ordered that the woman, both as mother and as wife,  
Should obey her law of being as the vehicle of life,  
Then He suffered it to happen, lest the generations fail,  
That the female of the species might be "deadlier than the male."

But when the Lord of Creation gave the woman to the man  
In that blest but brief existence 'ere the rule of ill began,  
Then He willed it that if sharing in man's fault and in his fate  
She should therefore be his equal and the partner in his state.

Not to govern or cajole him, not to court or speak him smooth,  
Not to snare or to enslave him, but to cheer, inspire and soothe. —  
Not his temptress, not his slavemate, not his subject, not his squaw,