

ARE WOMEN LOWERING THE STANDARD OF CONDUCT?

SEVERE JUDGMENT OF REV. DR. HAYWOOD.

ISAY without hesitation that the New York woman of to-day is dragging down moral standards, not only for the next generation of her own sex, but for the men among whom she moves and whom she endeavors to attract by means to which her mother and her grandmother would never have stooped. If her influence did not extend beyond the confines of Manhattan Island the situation would be less appalling; but, alas, she is selected as a model by women all over the country—women who see her in her own environment or as a guest in their homes or towns or who read her eccentricities, her attractiveness, her daring in the public press and periodicals of all sorts. Indirectly, as well as directly, she thus becomes a source of contamination.

ONCE more the New York woman is arraigned at the bar of social opinion. And all because in a recent sermon Rev. Oscar Haywood, pastor of the Collegiate Baptist Church of the Covenant in West Thirty-third street laid the downtown tendency of New York city's morals at her door, says the New York World.

Following this sermon with a direct statement to the Sunday World, Dr. Haywood says:

"I say without hesitation that the New York woman of to-day is dragging down moral standards, not only for the next generation of her own sex, but for the men among whom she moves and whom she endeavors to attract by means to which her mother and her grandmother would never have stooped. If her influence did not extend beyond the confines of Manhattan Island the situation would be less appalling, but, alas, she is selected as a model by women all over the country, women who see her in her own environment or as a guest in their homes or towns or who read her eccentricities, her attractiveness, her daring in the public press and periodicals of all sorts. Indirectly, as well as directly, she thus becomes a source of contamination."

"New York may well be termed a Babylon. It is poisoning the very foundation of our national social health by drawing women of other cities to itself—and away from the wholesome standards, forms and habits of generations past."

"The women of the household are responsible for the moral slough of New York. Take the single question of whether the family of the typical New Yorker shall live. For the sake of his children the husband and father would be quite willing to live in the suburbs, enduring all the inconveniences of commuting. But his wife will not bury herself in the 'deadly dullness' of a quiet suburb. She wants to be where she can see and be seen. She demands excitement, the social life and the night life peculiar to this city. She insists, in fact, on being in the swim, and being in the swim in New York she imagines means indulging in all sorts of dissipation, not only in private, but in public, so that all who come may see that she knows just what 'smart' women are doing."

"Concerning the modern habits of women, let us first consider smoking. I hold that smoking, especially cigarettes, leads women to a far lower point of degradation than drinking. Many a man or woman who drinks is not morally bad, but the average man or woman addicted to cigarette smoking betrays a moral standard that is appalling, strikes a criminal note that is shocking and shows a decided tendency toward degeneracy. And figures go to show that more women are smoking cigarettes in New York to-day than they ever have before."

"Drinking follows cigarette smoking, and the combination is fearful. Women who indulge in these two habits can wreck a community's morals, for, remember, the old generation is disappearing, and the oncoming generation will look to the woman of to-day, not of yesterday, for its example."

"And what sort of an example does she set, in dress, for instance? In the ballroom at the theater, on the street, the New York woman leaves nothing to the imagination. The country youth, watching her pass, blushes at the vision of exposed ankles, clinging, suggestive skirts, low-cut necks beneath open fur, the hat crushed down over the eyes as if to half-blind the invitation to admire. 'Look at this woman and ask, if

you can, why immorality among children is on the increase, why chivalry is on the decline, why family life is disintegrating, and why, all over America, there is a tendency to abandon the spiritual for the sensual, why marital infidelity is on the increase and lawlessness is forgiven so long as it goes undiscovered?"

"The New York woman, with her loose habits, will have much to answer for, to her nation and to her Lord."

The foregoing statement was shown to many prominent New York women who agreed that many of Dr. Haywood's statements were only too true. On the causes of existing conditions they did not agree, however, and their comments are here set forth as sufficiently interesting to challenge the attention of every thinking New Yorker.

By Mrs. E. L. Fernandez, Vice-President Professional Woman's League.

IMAY be old-fashioned, yet I am continually engaged in questions of the day. I see and hear things, and participate in affairs that interest the public. But my old-fashioned views inspire these comments on Dr. Haywood's interview:

The trouble with New York women is their lack of interest in their home surroundings. They feel no interest whatever in their homes. Home is a place to sleep, perhaps even to eat in when the bank account runs low and they cannot spend the accustomed amount in public restaurants.

In many households there is little love of family. Women do not wish to have children. This condition in itself is enough to wreck the morals of a country, for no matter how bad the woman if she has a child the spark of goodness and womanliness still burns. On the other hand, the woman who deliberately shuns the motherly duty becomes hard and bad at heart.

This lack of home ties leads to dissipation. The idle wife must be amused. Once she begins to drink she is forever restless. The world holds not enough to divert her. She must go out every night and then to supper and to drink some more. She must lunch and dine here, there and everywhere and liquor accompanies every meal.

Her home bores her. She escapes from it as every opportunity. She is off with other men because they interest her for the moment and furnish excitement. She begins to regard her husband as a human bank account, and resents the situation when she finds she has overdrawn her account.

This condition nine times out of ten will end with divorce. To-day, even, divorce in the eyes of some women is a diversion. It gives them something to do. It furnishes excitement to jaded sensibilities.

Smoking represents exaggerated stimulation of minds and bodies. Vulgarity in dress is the natural result of the woman's deadened sense of decency.

When a woman drinks she turns reckless. Her first recklessness may hardly be apparent even to herself, but gradually it becomes more marked. As a result she will say anything she desires; she will do anything, no matter how disgusting, that she wishes to do, and she will wear the most outrageous clothes imaginable.

Analyze the nervous, high-strung woman of to-day, the woman who flaunts her petty vices in the face of society, and you will find that the word "home" means nothing to her.

By Mrs. Harriet Johnston Wood, Vice-President of the Woman's Equal Suffrage League.

WHAT is the matter with the New York woman? Her husband!

If she has no husband, then her men friends. For New York men are directly responsible for what New York women are to-day.

Does a woman smoke? Then it is because her husband demands her companionship even in smoking. He may have traveled in countries where women smoke. He has become accustomed to this, and misses it if his wife does not join him in a cigarette after the salad, or with their coffee. His selfishness leads her into the habit.

Does she drink? Then her husband, or her men friends; have asked her to do so. They go out to dinner together. The first question asked by the man is: "What sort of a cocktail?" Or if he has feared her preference the cocktail is ordered before she has drawn off her gloves. She drinks at first not because she likes the taste of the cocktail, but because the man expects her to be his "good pal."

When she finally learns to crave the liquor he taught her to drink the man condemns her. Does she wear low-cut gowns or

planation for this, and I should be greatly obliged if some medical reader would put me in the way of understanding it. Is it that the cold acts in some soothing way upon the nerves, thus "freeing the self-conscious man temporarily from his timidity? Or is it that the fever accompanying a cold has a stimulating effect upon an otherwise slightly torpid brain?"

Abjuring His Allegiance. Judge Lowell of the United States circuit court is speaking before the

Compensation Found in Cold

Has Stimulating Effect on the Brain, According to Writer.

I have often asked to be told why it is that a man with a cold in the head feels himself to be a superior sort of being to the man with no cold. You must have observed for yourself that this is the case. Take indeed, your own cold. You refer to it, thirty or forty times a day, as "my cold." You feel quite sure that everybody

you meet will know that you have a cold, and that everybody will be interested in its progress. You will find yourself, when in the full enjoyment of a cold, alring opinions that you would certainly give to yourself under normal conditions, and casually contradicting the statements of those for whom, as a matter of fact, you cherish a very sincere respect. There must be some simple physiological ex-

indulge in any extremes of dress? Be sure he has admired them on other women. Men of to-day demand that their women folk shall be in style, regardless that styles may be shameless. A New Yorker will not have a dowdy for a wife. And when the women have tried putting on all the finery they can begin to strip it off again. Just at present it seems to me that they have taken off about all they dare—to satisfy man's desire to parade about with a marvelously-dressed doll!

Why are ballet girls clad in daring fashion? To please male theatergoers! Women at home know this, and sacrifice all womanly dignity to compete with women of the stage whom their husbands may admire.

A woman of leisure must lie, cajole, pet, pamper and please men in order to obtain what she wants or even needs. Marriage as a trade has made women what they are. Some day they will wake up. They will cease to pamper and pander to men.

By Miss Leonora Macadam, Teacher of Deportment.

WHEN you ask me what is the matter with New York women, their manners and their habits, I see opened up before me a large and painful subject. In sorrow I must admit that women are helping to lower morals in New York.

First, too much liberty is given to the young woman. I do not mean that she should be immured in a convent until she comes out socially, but I believe that she should be taught how to conduct herself properly in public and in private before she goes forth into the world. To-day this is done only in rare cases.

The modern mother therefore is to blame for the conduct of the new generation of young women. She is not content with the sweet manners of a modest girl. She demands that worldly dash in her daughter which causes comment, yes, but which is so often the hallmark of vulgarity. The mother does not recognize this as such. To her it is style, fashion, something sparkling and altogether to be desired in her daughter.

From this scorn of sweetness and modesty in young girls spring looseness and carelessness among women in public. The young woman of to-day thinks nothing of drinking in public; in fact, she awaits eagerly the time when she may go into a restaurant and order her cocktail.

Smoking in public is becoming too common. To see a woman, beautifully gowned, smoking in her motor is most offensive, yet walk down Broadway or Fifth avenue any evening and you will see that very thing.

This all comes from familiarity with the life of the woman in the half-world. It is a difficult thing to-day to tell one class from the other. In dress, in habit, in manner, they are the same. Their walk is filled with suggestiveness. Their clothes are designed to attract the attention of men.

Here is the great trouble with women of all classes in New York. They think only of attracting men. They do not consider that gentleness of manner and dignity will interest the desirable class of men.

Until maternal censorship is exercised over the dress and the habits of the girls who have the wrong standard of manners and dress the moral tone of the city through women will gradually decline.

By Mrs. Belle de Rivera, President of the City Federation of Women's Clubs.

THERE is a vast difference between lowering morals and feeding good taste. Many women in New York do both, but, on the other hand, there are thousands of other women in this same city who remain untainted, delightful and charming.

When it comes to smoking in public I do not believe in it. I do not smoke, but I do not object to other women smoking if they choose, so long as they do not indulge the habit in public, where it offends the more conservative element and defies the customs of our nation. It is decidedly bad taste, but not immoral.

I must say right here that I cannot see how a woman's smoking would have any specific or direct effect on the moral drift of a community unless she carried the habit to excess and through that excess became irresponsible.

Drinking is an entirely different matter, and I must condemn it without reservation. I have seen a great deal of drinking among women, and when you ask me what is the matter with them, why do they do it, I would again say that it is a matter of custom, and custom is the New York woman's greatest foe.

Before drinking in restaurants became a custom among women you saw little of it. No what it is customary you see a great deal. The New York woman is a slave of custom, and when she breaks from this taskmaster and does some independent thinking she will gain much.

I do not believe that the older New York woman is leading the younger woman into bad habits. The younger woman now leads her elders. For instance, a middle-aged woman goes into a restaurant; she has never drunk anything in such a place; she sees it going on about her among the young women; it seems to be the custom; she follows the custom because she does not want to appear behind the times.

The dashing young woman in search of new sensations sets the daring example and warns her elders that they must follow or be counted as "has-beens."

Women Explain the Tendencies Deplored by Dr. Haywood



Radical and Careless Mothers Are to Blame.



Lack of Home-Making is to Blame.



Husbands Are to Blame.



Rich Women, by Bad Example, Are to Blame.

Mrs. Wilton's Expectations

By JANE RICHARDSON

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Mrs. Wilton sat in consultation with her three daughters the day after her husband's funeral. She had been a great belle in her girlhood—a large florid woman, with an abundance of blonde hair. The two elder girls, Cecilia and Edith, resembled her, both in appearance and in the indolent good nature which was their mother's chief characteristic. Susan, the younger, had been named by her father for his mother, and the name suited her. She reminded one of some plain, old-fashioned flower. She had been born with the instinct of helpfulness, and all her life had been ready to do the tasks which others shirked, or over which they rebelled and grumbled.

Her husband's sudden death had been an overwhelming blow to Mrs. Wilton. She was as helpless as a baby, and the two elder daughters scarcely less dependent; there was nothing by which either of the two might have added to their income.

"Cecilia might take up her music again and fit herself for teaching," she said.

"There are already 27 music teachers in Madison street," Susan interposed.

"There's your uncle Jabez, he is certain to help us. He never forgets us at Christmas, nor on any of your birthdays. Though he hadn't seen your father since he went out to California, he was very fond of him when they were boys, and he always meant to visit us."

"No, he won't forget us," Cecilia echoed, hopefully.

"We can't depend upon that either," said the practical Susan, "he may remember us, and he may not."

"You disapprove everything," said Edith. "What do you advise—that we

would not consent that he should be burdened with the support of her mother and sisters, as hundreds of other women had done before her. Burrell, who was superintendent of the electric light works, had to admit that she was right, and, while he released her, he did so with the clear understanding that he considered himself still irrevocably bound, and should continue to do so as long as she lived, or until she married some other man.

And, moreover, he came to board with them, and found consolation in seeing her constantly, and helping and comforting her in a thousand ways.

He was especially fortunate in being able to mollify old Mr. Worthington, listening patiently to his complaints and his interminable stories, and he even relieved Miss Vantage at chess, permitting himself to be beaten with the utmost amiability. But his indulgence drew the line at the old man's criticism of the house and its management. Not only did he stop him, but he intimated pretty plainly that he was ungrateful. "I reckon I am," he replied, gruffly, "but I haven't any patience with their fool talk about their rich kin; I don't believe they have any."

This, however, was to be at last proved beyond cavil. Mrs. Wilton received a letter from Jabez Wilton's agent in San Francisco—he never wrote, himself; he always telegraphed. The letter stated that Mr. Jabez Wilton would start east that morning, and be with them five days later. Mighty preparations began at once. Mrs. Wilton insisted upon giving up her own room to Uncle Jabez, and went to the expense of buying a new carpet and new curtains; she also brought out the few remaining relics of their former prosperity—pictures and bric-a-brac and embroidered cushions.

The eventful day came, dull and threatening, with a biting east wind. A fire crackled in the grate, casting rosy shadows upon the wall and ceiling of the cheerful room, which was in readiness for its prospective occupant. At the last moment Susan had filled a bowl with splendid yellow chrysanthemums and placed it upon a table by the window.

The train was due at four o'clock, and Burrell and Susan had gone to the station, hoping to recognize the expected arrival by some sort of intuition.

Mrs. Wilton ran upstairs after they had gone to see if any thing useful had been forgotten in the guest chamber.

On the threshold she detected an unmistakable odor of tobacco. She opened the door and stood transfixed.

There sat old Mr. Worthington in his shabby dressing gown, lounging in the armchair, smoking his pipe, his slippers feet on the fender.

Newspapers were scattered about, and he had been lying on the lounge, as the disordered pillows made evident.

"Well, really, Mr. Worthington!" said Mrs. Wilton, her eyes flashing—she knew him to be capable of anything—"I must say that this is unpardonable."

She was always ladylike.

He turned and glanced at her calmly over his shoulder, and did not stir.

"Sit down, Arabella," he said at length, "and don't excite yourself."

Arabella indeed! Addressing her by her Christian name! He had never been quite so impertinent as this.

She walked across the room and stood beside him, panting with indignation.

"I've a right here," he said with unusual mildness. "I'm the man you've fixed up this room for, and Susan will not find me at the station. I've been in your house some time, as you'll allow."

Mrs. Wilton did not in the least comprehend what he was saying; she was so dazed that she could not speak.

"This has been done before," he went on, "I've read about it. I wanted to make certain as to who and what you all were before entering into an arrangement that I might regret. Sit down, do." And thus urged, she dropped limply into a chair beside him. The truth at last dawned upon her, but she could only look at him in silence.

"You've been really kind and patient—and I've tried you purposely. I like you, Arabella—and Susan. She may have this house, if you agree—it will be just the thing—and you and the other girls may go back to California with me, if you have no better plan."

Mrs. Wilton had no better plan; and it was so arranged.

New Musical Instrument.

There is something new under the musical instrument sun, according to a statement in Vienna paper. When Gustav Mahler's new symphony is produced there will be in the orchestra an instrument "which no one has ever called musical." It is our well known friend the automobile horn—not the new, many toned horn, but the old basso profundo bark which at some time has startled us all. But that is not the latest. Paderewski's new symphony will introduce the tenth, which is an invention of the pianist's. It will take the place of the instruments which until now have been used to produce thunder sounds in the orchestra.

Edition de Luxe.

What promises to be the most costly copy of Shakespeare's works is at present in the making in New York. This copy, which will run into 40 volumes when completed, will contain thousands of magnificent illustrations, and the binding is luxurious. The value placed on each volume is \$500, giving to the entire set when finished a prospective value of \$20,000.

SUFFERED TERRIBLY.

How Relief from Distressing Kidney Trouble Was Found.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wolf, 388 W. Morgan St., Tipton, Mo., says: "Inflammation of the bladder reached its climax last spring and I suffered terribly. My back ached and pained so I could hardly get around and the secretions were scanty, frequent of passage and painful. I was tired all the time and very nervous. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and after taking a few boxes was cured and have been well ever since."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



HE DID HIS BEST.

Merchant—What? You were robbed of everything on the way? Messenger—Yes, but don't worry. They gave me a receipt.

AGONIZING ITCHING.

Eczema for a Year—Got No Relief Even at Skin Hospital—in Despair

Until Cuticura Cured Him.

"I was troubled with a severe itching and dry, scurfy skin on my ankles, feet, arms and scalp. Scratching made it worse. Thousands of small red pimples formed and these caused intense itching. I was advised to go to the hospital for diseases of the skin. I did so, the chief surgeon saying: 'I never saw such a bad case of eczema.' But I got little or no relief. Then I tried many so-called remedies, but I became so bad that I almost gave up in despair. After suffering agonies for twelve months, I was relieved of the almost unbearable itching after two or three applications of Cuticura Ointment. I continued its use, combined with Cuticura Soap and Pills, and I was completely cured. Henry Searle, Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 8 and 10, 1907."

Now and Then.

He is a capitalist now in an Ohio town, but he was not always thus. He has progressed along various lines, and one mark of his progress is the open-back shirt, a comparatively modern invention. To this he is yet new, and recently commented upon it to a friend who was in his room while he was dressing.

"Look at me," he said, sticking his head through his shirt. "When I came to this town I hadn't a shirt to my back, and now—now, I haven't a back to my shirt."

WHY HE FAILED.



Aunt—You failed in your examination. How was that? George—I can't think, auntie!

COUGHING BURST BLOOD VESSEL

Says Danger Avoided and Cures Coughs in 5 Hours.

A writer for the medical press states that coughing is responsible for the bursting of blood vessels quite frequently. A cough or cold means inflammation (fever) and congestion, and these in turn indicate that the body is full of poisons and waste matter. Simple relief, as found in potent cough medicines, and whiskey, often result in more harm than good; as they cause more congestion. A tonic-laxative cough syrup will work marvels and here follows a prescription which is becoming famous for its prompt relief and thorough cures. It rids the system of the cause, except it be consumption. Don't wait for consumption to grasp its victim, but begin this treatment, which cures some in five hours. Mix in a bottle one-half ounce fluid wild cherry bark, one ounce compound essence cardui and three ounces syrup white pine compound. Take twenty drops every half hour for four hours. Then one-half to one teaspoonful three or four times a day. Give children less according to age.

Safe Place for the Author.

"In a small town where the audience calls for the author of the piece to come before the curtain, he always feels better if the curtain has a lot of local advertisements on it," said the manager.

"Why so?" asked his friend. "Why, the people in the audience are not going to throw eggs and take a chance on spilling their own advertisements, are they?"—Yonkers Statesman.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dread disease that never has been able to cure in all the world. And that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acts directly upon the blood and restores the surface of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution, and causing the nature to do its work. The promptness here is such that in its native power, that they cure One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Take Hall's Catarrh Cure for Catarrh. Sold by all Druggists. Price, 50 Cents. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Mistakes Will Happen.

Lady (to her sister, a doctor)—There—I cooked a meal for the first time to-day, and I made a mess of it. "Well, dear, never mind, it's nothing. I lost my first patient."

The first step toward keeping your mouth shut is to close it.