

WHERE THE WOMEN DO THE WORK

If Your Wife, Sister, or Mother Finds It Hard To Sew Your Buttons, Send Her Abroad and Let Her See What a Snap(?) Other Women Have.

By Bertha H. Smith

DOES your wife call you names because she has to cook and wash dishes for you? Does your mother look unhappy if you ask her to mend your coat or sew a button on your shirt? Does your sister give you an icy stare or a hot word if you suggest that she might darn your purple sock or take a stitch in your noisy necktie? In short, are you made to feel, by word and act, that the American man is the only downright tyrant and slave driver on earth and that the American woman is the only one that submits slavishly to such tyranny as you choose to inflict?

Well, the very next time your wife or your daughter or your sister gets ugly about what she has to do, slip quietly down to the nearest railroad office and buy her a ticket around the world, give her a six months' leave of absence and put her on the first train. If a boat goes earlier, start her west instead of east. For your own sake, don't waste any time. And as you press her hand in parting, just whisper to her:

"Now, dearest, look at the women of other lands and tell me when you come back which ones you envy most."

It isn't altogether necessary to include England in the itinerary. England does not wholly serve your purpose. English women are almost as spoiled as American women. In some ways they are more so. They never think of turning a hand to housework. A man may be only a "telegraph" operator or a railway conductor, but he manages somehow to let his wife keep at least one maid. A pewee parson in the most unheard of corner of the most remote county manages to scratch together enough to keep two or three maids. And plenty of people who are nobody at all in London have from four to six servants to stumble over in their dingy halls.

But English women have to make up for this extravagance by wearing the most shockingly ugly clothes, for Mr.

takes to the tow path, drawing heavily laden boats along the canals.

Would your wife or your mother or your sister like to trade places with any of these?

Would she like to go out at day-break into the field and draw a plow backward and forward and when the furrows are all made retrace her steps with a harrow, and again retrace the steps casting seed?

This is not an occasional sight. In Belgium, in Germany, in Bohemia, in Italy, in Switzerland the woman with the hoe or the plow or the harrow is as common as the man whom poet and painter have immortalized. Sometimes she hires herself out for a few cents a day, but more often it is simply a question of earning her own share of food and clothing by doing what is accounted her share of the family work. She works side by side with her man, and now and again comes the time that she must do not only her own share



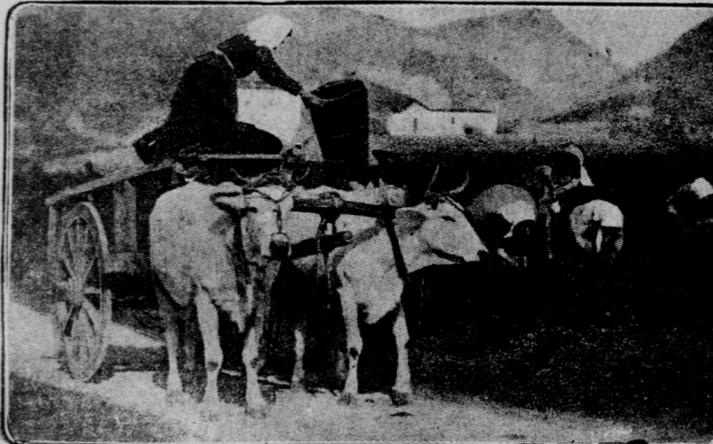
BETWEEN SEED-TIME AND HARVEST, THE EUROPEAN WOMAN TAKES HER REST THIS.



IN ITALY WOMEN WORK LIFE-AND-DEATH HORSES, CARRYING FULL WATER WINE—EVERYTHING—



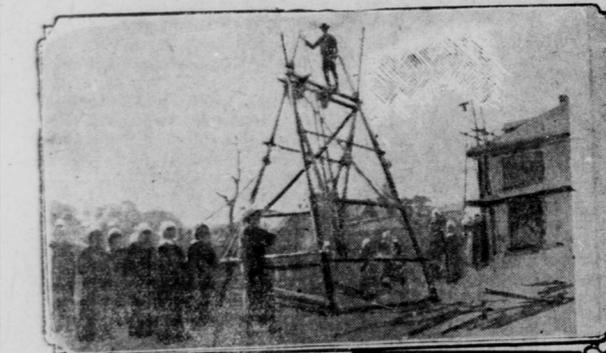
THE PARIS WOMAN, CABBY.



WOULD YOUR WIFE LIKE TO GO AT DAYBREAK INTO THE FIELD?



IN MUNICH AND IN BERNE, WOMEN CLEAN THE STREETS.



IN JAPAN WOMEN WORK ON BUILDING GANGS.



THESE WOMEN DO THIS FOR FIFTY CENTS A DAY.



ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS TO BE SEEN IN BELGIUM.

John Bull simply will not be run over by Mrs. John Bull. There are several million more Mrs. John Bulls than Mr. John Bulls on that tight little island, and when they finally succeed in sharing Mr. John Bull's jealously guarded right to vote, which they surely will in time, they may get hold of the purse strings and thus have a bit more spending money. But at present, while Mr. John Bull will not allow Mrs. John Bull to lower her dignity or harden her large hands with housework, he gets even with her by keeping her positively snobby as to clothes. And, maybe after all, your wife or your mother or your daughter would not envy a woman who has to dress as English women do, even for the sake of emancipation from housework.

But if you land her in Belgium one of the first things she is likely to see is a woman hitched to a cart with a dog, and that first impression of the European farmer for women will stand out in her mind past all the surface gaiety of Brussels or Paris or Vienna. In all the European capitals there are enough well-dressed, pleasure-seeking women to make the continent seem a fair place to live and their care free life something to be envied. But your wife or mother or sister will be going, of course, to the cathedral towns and to some of the quaint and picturesque villages. In these smaller places and in the country that lies between she will see the foreign women living lives according to a foreign standard that is very different from our own.

A woman working beside a dog in the shafts of a cart is a common sight in a half dozen countries of Europe. Sometimes she is hitched with a horse to a heavy plow in the fields, and in Holland she puts on a breast strap and

but his that he may do service in the army, and a pretty contrast she makes bending over the farm tools while he lounges jauntily about in a brass buttoned, gay colored uniform. While the grain is ripening the woman has more time to devote to the cattle, to milking and cheese making or hauling the milk through the streets of the nearest village to sell from door to door. After this cheerful and pleasant respite comes the harvest, when she goes out again to the fields to cut and bind and stack the grain, to rake and stack the hay. And when the hay has been driven in a cart by the stalwart man to the house to be stored in the attic for winter use no one thinks it strange if a woman whose grandchildren are playing about the yard works for half a day carrying up the outside stair bundles of hay, any one of which would press down into a bale. And by the by, would your wife or mother or sister like to trade her three or four or six room cottage or apartment, steam heated and electric

lighted, with running water and a bathtub, for one of these big German or Swiss or Austrian farm houses that look so quaint and artistic in the postcards she sends back to you? Perhaps she might at first thought. But she will change her mind when she learns that the horses and cows and chickens usually have most of the ground floor, and the hay and winter food supplies all of the top floor, and that the people have a layer or two in between, with no heating arrangements to speak of and no water except what is carried in from a well or a nearby stream, and candles for lights most likely. Perhaps the most sordid lives are those of the Swiss country women, if one may judge by their faces. A smile on the face of a Swiss farmer's wife is as rare as a flower on the Alpine meadows in January. And no wonder. When in the spring they lead their flower decked cattle from the valley to the hillside they face months of ceaseless labor. The little square plots of ground staked out on the mountain sides must be plowed and harrowed and planted and cultivated and harvested, the cows milked and cheese made,

and before it begins, they have cooking to do for their families and the everlasting knitting. And now and again, as they squat under a tree at the noon hour to take a bite of lunch, some older child brings a tiny babe to those who are mothers to be nursed during the rest hour. Some of these city jobs are looked upon as sinecures. Many a woman in Europe envies her sister who drives a taxicab in Paris or tends a streetcar switch in Munich or works in the parks of Dresden. And even these women sometimes smile as if they felt themselves favorites of fortune. Carlsbad is a very good place to include on the itinerary of the wife or mother or sister who thinks her lot a hard one. Particularly if, in addition to her other hardships, she thinks she has not as much money to spend as she ought to have.

The stout dames who gather at the watering places in the hope of losing some of their flesh look very much like ready money so far as their clothes and jewels go. But let our American woman watch closely their method of having a good dinner. They go to the spring for their water, to which they are entitled by payment of the kurtax. They promenade up and down the main thoroughfares, glass in hand, exchanging gossip and engaging in decorous flirtations. The promenade fills the time that must elapse between drinking and eating. Then it is the proper thing to go to one of the garden or terrace cafes for coffee and a roll. Now watch the stout, dressy dames and you will see more than one of them order her coffee and then draw forth from a big handbag her own roll. This she has brought from her home, where she doubtless made them with her fat, bejeweled hand. Of course she can bring only a limited supply from home, and when they are gone she must buy; but this she will probably do where she can buy them cheapest by the dozen and carry them with her to the fashionable garden or terrace cafe. By common consent nothing of the female sex is admitted to be the weaker, and when the cart is stopped an old woman clambers slowly down from the seat and begins carrying the sacks of potatoes into the restaurant storeroom, while her stalwart son stays on the cart to keep the cows from running away.

A similar sight is seen at the various springs after the regular drinking hours when the water is being bottled for shipment. A man or two stands near the spring, operating a simple little bottling machine, while women load the bottles into huge boxes which they carry to the wagons. The boxes filled with bottles are so heavy that

four or six women bend laboriously in handling them, but no man ever gives a hand to this part of the work. It was at Carlsbad that a little fellow of 6, having seen these things, said to his American parent: "Father, in Europe ladies do all the hard work and men do all the easy work, don't they?" And the father had to answer that it certainly looked that way to him. As your American wife or mother or sister goes southward she may have rosy visions of a land where chivalry still lives. She may dream dreams of a land where women recline on soft cushions and men are their eager slaves. In Portugal her dreams will be rudely shattered when she hires a porter at the station and finds that instead of taking the luggage himself he hands it to her, and she has to carry it to the car. In Japan a woman's right to work is never questioned. At Nagasaki she helps to coal the big ocean liners, and everywhere she is at work in the fields, on the building gangs, carrying heavy stones on her back to build walls, climbing up ladders on buildings with hods of mortar, swinging the ropes of pile drivers—where not. And with all this drudgery the Japanese woman never shirks her tasks of motherhood. No amount of work exempts her from the duty of supplying men for a big standing army not only of soldiers, but of priests. By this time your wife or mother or sister will surely need no more to console her ideas of life. And while men and women share the manual work, all find time for lying about in the shade of palms. Perhaps there is some chivalry here, for the naked natives of tropic lands do not make their women climb the coconut palms to gather the fruit or boss the elephants at their work. Women pick tea and coffee and help to gather spices, but usually it is the men who carry the heavy sacks and do the part that seems like man's work. In China the women want but little here below. Along the coast a hundred thousand of them live out their lives in junks, having no other home. As often as not they may be seen rowing the junk with the strange curved oar that propels them, and when food time comes they turn the oar over to the man while they cook and care for the children.

In Japan a woman's right to work is never questioned. At Nagasaki she helps to coal the big ocean liners, and everywhere she is at work in the fields, on the building gangs, carrying heavy stones on her back to build walls, climbing up ladders on buildings with hods of mortar, swinging the ropes of pile drivers—where not. And with all this drudgery the Japanese woman never shirks her tasks of motherhood. No amount of work exempts her from the duty of supplying men for a big standing army not only of soldiers, but of priests. By this time your wife or mother or sister will surely need no more to console her ideas of life. And while men and women share the manual work, all find time for lying about in the shade of palms. Perhaps there is some chivalry here, for the naked natives of tropic lands do not make their women climb the coconut palms to gather the fruit or boss the elephants at their work. Women pick tea and coffee and help to gather spices, but usually it is the men who carry the heavy sacks and do the part that seems like man's work. In China the women want but little here below. Along the coast a hundred thousand of them live out their lives in junks, having no other home. As often as not they may be seen rowing the junk with the strange curved oar that propels them, and when food time comes they turn the oar over to the man while they cook and care for the children.

In Japan a woman's right to work is never questioned. At Nagasaki she helps to coal the big ocean liners, and everywhere she is at work in the fields, on the building gangs, carrying heavy stones on her back to build walls, climbing up ladders on buildings with hods of mortar, swinging the ropes of pile drivers—where not. And with all this drudgery the Japanese woman never shirks her tasks of motherhood. No amount of work exempts her from the duty of supplying men for a big standing army not only of soldiers, but of priests. By this time your wife or mother or sister will surely need no more to console her ideas of life. And while men and women share the manual work, all find time for lying about in the shade of palms. Perhaps there is some chivalry here, for the naked natives of tropic lands do not make their women climb the coconut palms to gather the fruit or boss the elephants at their work. Women pick tea and coffee and help to gather spices, but usually it is the men who carry the heavy sacks and do the part that seems like man's work. In China the women want but little here below. Along the coast a hundred thousand of them live out their lives in junks, having no other home. As often as not they may be seen rowing the junk with the strange curved oar that propels them, and when food time comes they turn the oar over to the man while they cook and care for the children.

THE GROCER'S HOT SHOT
The Ruffins were newly rich and had a beautiful country home in the most picturesque section of New York. Mrs. Ruffins was strong for society and naturally looked with small favor upon Mr. Ruffins' ambition to be a statesman of the common local variety. He was making a good campaign, however, and after considerable real diplomacy induced her to give a garden party to which every voter of the district was to be invited. And at first Mrs. Ruffins made one emphatic exception.

"I'll permit every Tom, Dick and Harry to come," she said with emphasis, "but Blinks, the grocer, never can enter my house as a guest, politics or no politics. He's the most impudent, uppish thing I've ever heard of. You should hear how he talked to me over the telephone last week." "But Blinks, my dear, is a man of influence and has many friends," explained Ruffins. "Of all men, I want him to be on hand." And it was after a long argument that Mrs. Ruffins at last gave her consent, which she did with the final shot: "Well, I'll have to let him know, just the same, that he is specially favored."

Blinks' demeanor at the garden party was one of perfect self-possession, as though the occasion held nothing at all unfamiliar to him. His utter lack of subservience nettled Mrs. Ruffins so that she could scarcely restrain her anger. But at last her opportunity came when she found herself face to face with the grocer, who, with the local judge, was talking of conditions in New York city, where Ruffins' extensive manufacturing business was located.

"I think I'd like the social life of the city," remarked the grocer. "But Mr. Blinks," sweetly punctuated Mrs. Ruffins, "in New York shop keepers don't go in the best society." Blinks looked at her and nodded a smiling acquiescence. "They don't have, either," he said.

WHAT MR. COMSTOCK KNOWS
A NEW YORK bride, fresh from the country, joined a literary society. Communing with great authors had never been a favorite pastime of the bride. The literary queries propounded by the Macchavellean president of the club nearly drove her crazy. Unfortunately, she had no help at home in solving the perplexing puzzles. Her husband was even weaker than herself in the literary line. He listened with perfunctory politeness to the problems propounded, and finally wound up each discussion by exclaiming: "Oh, well, let it go. What do you care, anyhow?"

One evening, however, she presented a question that really interested him. "Who," she asked, "were the 15 famous unfaithful women in literature?" "By George," said he, "that's a corker! How are you going to find out?" "I shall look it up in the public library," the bride replied. That same night she set to work. At the end of her second day's research she appeared physically worn and brain fagged. Her husband remonstrated. "There is no sense," he said, "in your working yourself to death over these women. I'll tell you what to do. There are people who make a specialty of that kind of thing. Just write and ask them. They can tell you as easy as winking."

"I believe I will," said the bride. "It really is hard work." The next evening the bride said: "Ben, we'll soon know who those 15 famous women are. I wrote today and asked a man who knows all about things of that kind." "That's right," he said. Then, with visions of Dr. Harry Thurston Peck and other noble professors of literature swimming into his ken, he added: "Who'd you ask?" "It was the deadly seriousness of her answer that struck him speechless. 'I wrote,' said she, 'to Anthony Comstock.'"