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## THEY DO NOT MARRY. AND YET COLLEGE GIRLS MIGHT IF THEY CHOSE.

This Claim Is Made by and For Them—A  
Few Personal Experiences—Do Men Value  
Hands More Than Heads?—Girls Who  
Could, but Would Not.

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FEW chapters of personal experiences are worth more than a volume of theorizing. Cynics may sneer, talk about men not offering themselves to strong minded women and hint that the reason in most cases is the lack of opportunity. Let their ignorance be pitied while we seek for actual conditions and leave the moralizing until later.

To say that less than half the women who graduate from colleges marry, and a fair proportion of these after they are 30, calls for proof. There are two kinds—first, a comparison of the catalogue of a ladies' seminary with one of a coeducational school, and second, examples that come within my own knowledge.

Take a catalogue of a fashionable girls' school and place it beside one of a college where the sexes study together. In the first case you will find the title "Mrs." after three out of four names, and in the second after one out of every five.

Before proceeding with my second proof I will answer the cynic who, in reading the caption of this article, will exclaim: "Why? They do not have the chance!" That is a shoddy hammer blow from a wedge shaped mind. If the cynic will look back on his own history, he will see many women who might have married had they been content with him. Every woman has an opportunity to marry. Gain the confidence of the most forbidding unmarried woman of your acquaintance, and in your confidence she will give proof—a ring, letters or other attestation of her "three offers."

I challenge any sane woman in the United States who has passed 30 to deny that at least one man has wanted to marry her. No, the ironic reply that women do not have a chance to marry does not hold good. "Barkis is still willing," but Peggy has learned to reason. It is a fact that there is a large class of unmarried women in this country who have no wish to marry. On one side of individual reasons, there is a general cause for this, and it is found in the difference in intellectual growth. Woman is progressing, while man is retrograding. A German woman of intelligence, who has spent some time in America in the wealthiest and most refined families, made a neat summary of the conditions when she said: "The American women know something about everything. The American men know everything about one thing—business."

But to return to the second proof—examples of college women who have not married and their reasons. Some years ago I graduated at a first class college. Of five women who were in the same class only one is married. They were pretty, bright, and in one case rich. Then why have they remained unmarried? I have seen them all within the year, and having the subject on my mind I sought their reasons. The first was a physician, the least handsome, but the cleverest of the quintet. After listening to an enthusiastic resume of her work, I asked abruptly, "Why have you not married?"

"In the words of Sammy Roach, an old Englishman who worked for my father, 'I never loved but waned; we love died an I never loved again.' That is, he died to me when he painted a Darby and Joan picture of our future. We were to be one. Fancy being one when the man is always a whole one. Such a career is like the sign after a figure to denote a fraction which is less than half, or like the inverted V in mathematics in which the opening is always toward the greater quantity and which is read 'is greater than.' The comparison this man > this woman did not charm me."

"Did Darby find his Joan?" I hazarded interrupting the flood tide.

"Yes, two of them and is now in search of a third. He is the shepherd of a little flock in the mountains and I think he especially wanted me because I inherited a barrelful of sermons from my grandfather."

"Will he find her—the third Joan?"

"Not here. Sometimes I have been almost tempted to marry. It is so hard for an unprotected woman in this day of protection. But now since I have found my way through a medical college and into a reputable practice I can still guide my timid steps. I shall

never marry, for I tell you in candor that no happiness is equal to that of a woman in this day who has kept her independence and fulfilled her ambition. We are the happy women."

"Six years ago, was it not, since I saw you?" said I to the trim looking nurse I went to see after leaving the satisfied doctor. "Six? Yes, it was. We neither of us thought then that my education would make me a philanthropist."

"No, for when I saw you your education was leading you into what was called a good match."

The nurse blushed a little and after a minute said, "Yes, I had almost decided to marry."

"If it isn't too painful to recall," said I, as she hesitated.

"Nonsense," with a little laugh, "but I am always ashamed to give the reason. It seems so frivolous. Mr. pronounced 'put' as though it were the first syllable in 'putty.'"

"Oh, no, you cannot put me off with that reason. You are too sensible a girl to care whether the man you loved slaughtered the whole English language. There is a deeper reason."

"Pronunciation is important in these days," she replied evasively. When she saw my incredulous looks, she finally confessed. "Well, if you will know it, here it is. It seems silly when I express it in words, but it has always been adequate to my mind. I was sitting in the library one evening waiting for my fiance when I heard him talking with his brother at the gate. The brother was asking him to bring me with him to some family party they intended having. Mr. called out gayly as he bounded toward the door, 'All right, Jack, I'll bring my woman with me.' My woman!" The trained nurse looked very untrained. "My woman! That is the reason I never married. I have never met a man who somewhere in his affair mind did not harbor the thought 'my woman' instead of 'my wife.'"

Very meekly I said, "That same man is today president of one of the richest banks in the country"—"And one of the best men in the world in his family," she finished for me; "I know, for I married in his family." "How did you happen to do that?" "I was sent," said she as conclusively as though there could be no such thing as an excuse when she was hidden.

"Weren't you just a little bit sorry to do it, all?"

"Sorry! No; I would rather endure all I have in trying to take care of myself than marry the president of the United States if he would not recognize my equality with him. Sorry? No," she called back defiantly as she fastened out to bind up the broken body of a weasby who had been run over by a heavy dray.

"You are 29 years old."

The woman to whom this was spoken was handsome. She was well dressed. Her manner was that of a person who had won the world.

"Brutal to tell me, but then 'Gott sei dank,' the old maid is gone out of style. I only know of one. She is my age. Was a belle, cycles ago, but some way was counted out when the matches were made. Now her brain coils, like her eyelids, are painted with rosy hopes of men. When I see her my supreme feeling is gratitude—gratitude that I live in a time when a woman can be something besides a spouse or a spinster."

Following up my point, I interrupted her, "Twenty-nine, unmarried and—rich."

"By choice, in all my life, although I have met men of nearly every country, I have never had a lover who did not love the ducats my father left me. I have never blamed them. Nothing is so helpful to a young man as half a million. Amiable and pleasing as I have been, I have always learned at the last moment that my would be husband had written to my bankers to find out whether I had complete control of my fortune. That is my secret."

"Well, then, your life has been a failure. Your money spoiled you for the ambitions that the other women in the class had."

"You are wrong. There is no happier woman than I. Some women may be more content for a year, but as a permanent possession I have contentment. I travel, I study and I am no mean business woman. My fortune has almost doubled, although I spend recklessly. When I reach 40 I may see a gray future, but I shall endow an orphanage and take care of the waifs unfortunate marriages have thrown on the world."

The fourth woman who graduated eight years ago from that western college will never marry. I saw her, but we talked of nothing but her work. She is principal of one of the best known women's colleges in the country. Three years ago her lover was drowned and she has never spoken his name since. Her face is one of the saddest I know, and her life the noblest. Her life shows that loyalty is a virtue that education does not eradicate in a woman.

The last of these college girls had been the most ambitious of all. When she carried off honor after honor, her friends prophesied great things for her. Always wanting to be a lawyer she entered the law school of the University of Michigan the year after she graduated. So well poised was her mind, so judicial her temperament, that the examiner singled her out from a large class as worthy special commendation.

She even reached the fame of three

lines of Associated Press matter, always printed advantageously in the newspapers under a half column descriptive of a Kansas woman's fight with a bear, under the double header "What Women Can Do." This woman married a man to whom she had been engaged in her college days. He studied law in the same school. Of southern birth, he wanted to settle in Georgia, the state which seemed to him pregnant with possibilities. They settled in Georgia, although the wife had always had a longing for Minnesota. He is now a rising lawyer and she an excellent housewife. I was with her for two days before I could quite explain the heart-broken look in her face. We were sitting together one evening, and I said: "Your husband doubtless owes something of his success to your well balanced mind. How happy a man must be who has a wife that understands all about his business!"

"You are still a theorist, I see. My husband is too tired when he comes home at night to think of his law cases. He never mentions them. I tried to help him, but no man with a good brain needs a woman's head. He only needs her hands." Then, turning to the little daughter at her side, she said, with an energy that recalled the ambitious school-girl to my mind: "This child shall know from her mother that a husband is not necessary for a woman's happiness, and a profession is. What would I not give if I could feel this night my brain on fire and every pulse quickened by the eager study of an intricate case at law!"

Of these women who graduated eight years ago the four unmarried are the contented ones. Volumes of theorizing would not prove as conclusively as these examples that college women do not marry because marriage makes it impossible for them to fulfill their ambitions.

LINDSAY JARVIS.

A Coming Dramatic Star.

Miss Maxine Elliott, who is considered one of the most promising actresses of the stage of today, is beautiful and talented, but she probably owes her success more to her strength of will and power of application than to the first qualities named. She has always been a great student and a voracious reader, but she began her dramatic career with absolutely no friend whatever to help her along. She was born in Rockland, Me., of respectable but poor parents and traces her descent from New Eng-

land settlers. She has a superb physique, a splendid carriage and her features are of Grecian regularity. Since last September she has successively personated with the highest approval of the press the parts of Dora in "Diplomacy," Grace Harkaway in "London Assurance," Mrs. Allenby in "A Woman of No Importance," and Alice Verney in "Forget Me Not." After leaving Miss Rose Coghlan's company, Miss Elliott played under Mr. Augustine Daly's management, making her debut as Heart of Ruby in a translation of Judith Gautier's "La Marchande de Souffres." She is to appear in Mr. Daly's company the present season.

No Law to Stop Them.

American women bicyclers ought to contribute a fund for the purpose of a leather medal for Alderman Crabtree of Chattanooga, and the medal should have the figure of a woman bloomer rampant on both sides of it. Alderman Crabtree tried to get a resolution passed through the Chattanooga city council forbidding women to wear bloomers or "bifurcated garments" on the streets, for the reason—think of it!—that the wearing of bloomers was a menace to the peace and good morals of the "male residents" of Chattanooga. Of course such a ridiculous ordinance could not be enforced, even if it were passed, for bloomer garments are not men's attire. Even if the women should appear out and out in the garments usually worn by men, it is doubtful if there is any law in America that could stop them. The matter was tested by Mrs. Tomari Job, time and again, in Chicago, some years ago. She and her husband gave street entertainments by which they earned a living and she wore men's garments because they were more convenient. Policemen occasionally arrested her and she came off victorious every time.

E. A. Q.

A Block of Five.

A contemporary speaks expressively and reminiscently of Harrison, Reed, McKinley, Allison and Morton as a "block of five."—St. Paul Globe.

POOR OLD CRUSOE.

His Hut to Be Torn Down and a Prison Erected There.

There has been received during the past 30 days news from Chile which will not be regarded as joyful intelligence by the friends of Daniel De Foe. Poor old Robinson Crusoe's hut on Juan Fernandez island is to be torn down, and in its place will be erected a prison station, to be used as an auxiliary to the Chilean penitentiary at Santiago. Juan Fernandez is to be thrown open to settlers, and rumor is extant that Mocho island will also be advertised as "a splendid place for a poor man to make a fortune." Mocho island is mentioned in connection with the story of Juan Fernandez, because, according to South American historians, the spot was probably the landing place of Sailor Alexander Selkirk, whose adventure De Foe elaborated into chapters of marvelous narrative, instead of the lonely rock several hundred miles in a southwesterly direction from the port of Valparaiso. Doubt still exists in the minds of a number of Chilean writers as to the identity of the island on which Selkirk spent four years of lonely existence.

The Chilean department of colonization has never been inclined in time past to invite settlers to the islands lying off the coast of Chile and owned and controlled by that republic. Robinson Crusoe's domain has been zealously guarded by representatives of the Chilean government, and all attempts to settle upon it or to learn the secrets of its queerly shaped canyons, ranges and peaks have been discontinued by stolid officials of that little southern nation.—San Francisco Bulletin.

BAD ST. BERNARDS.

If This Be True, School Readers Will Have to Be Revised.

All except the most depraved cynics will grieve to learn of the sad indictment of the St. Bernard dogs, which are supposed to be trained to regurgitate travelers in the Alps. These noble beasts, which everybody has been told possess fidelity more than human, have been accused of base treachery by certain mountaineers. Thus one traveler writes:

"I was approaching the summit of Piz Laugard in company with a friend when a huge St. Bernard met us on a narrow path. With a very transparent assumption of good feeling toward us the brute ran at us and tipped us over the ledge. Providentially the next ledge was near, and we fell softly on the snow. Then the fiendish ingenuity of the brute became apparent. Instead of attempting our rescue, as the dogs in foolish old legends do, this great cur busied himself with the luncheon basket, which had burst with the impact, and ate our cold chicken, while we, with some deft alpenstock work, at length retrieved our safety. The sooner these mountain pests are extinguished the better."—New York Sun.

Those Society Rumors.

But of all the Vanderbilt rumors the most grotesque is that young Cornelius Vanderbilt, a mere child of a boy, is paying serious attention to Miss Grace Wilson, the charming daughter of the luckiest family that ever lived.

By Jove, but these Newport gossips are funny!

We shall next hear that adorable old Peter Marie is to marry some miss in short dresses or that John Jacob Astor's son is engaged to Miss— But my galantry and her age forbid me to mention the lady.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

A Boundary Monument Gone.

The granite monument marking the Mexican boundary at Tin Juana, in San Diego county, was upset last January by a flood shortly after it was erected by the international boundary commission. This elaborate shaft fell into quicksand. Strenuous efforts were made to recover it. The sand was probed to the depth of 25 feet, but no trace of the lost monument could be found. It has been necessary to buy a new site for another monument, 100 by 100 feet, and erect a second shaft thereon.—Los Angeles Times.

The Wonderful Phonograph.

Some curious studies in the phonograph have recently been made by scientists in Europe. As the marker runs over the wax cylinder the investigators have traced the vibrations photographically on glass plates, thus obtaining the curves of the tones peculiar to each vowel. Edison caught and fixed the sound, and these experimenters are now showing it in diagrams. The possibilities of the phonograph are vague, but they are plainly in the region of the wonderful.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Great Wheat Market.

Eureka, S. D., claims to be the largest primary wheat market in the world. The town is the terminus of the Milwaukee railroad, in the center of a great wheat growing region, and there are 30 warehouses and elevators there. It is expected that about 3,000,000 bushels of wheat will be handled there this season.

Needs a Good Business Man.

Every Republican presidential boom should have a shrewd purchasing agent in charge of its southern delegate department.

## CLEVELAND SILVER SPOONS.

The President's Grandfather Made Them In a Connecticut Village.

William Cleveland, grandfather of President Grover Cleveland, was a silversmith in drowsy Norwich town among the hills of eastern Connecticut and deacon for more than a quarter of a century in the village Congregational church. The house in which he spent his long life is still standing. His shop, a weather beaten rockery, was torn down several years ago.

The "Deacon," as he was always addressed, was an expert workman, and his goods were always in demand. As a consequence the country families about Norwich town have Cleveland silver spoons in abundance, coming down by inheritance from old time ancestors.

A Norwich town woman's legacy of two of the spoons—exquisitely wrought specimens of painstaking work—was recently transmitted to Ruth Cleveland, and in return a personal letter of thanks was received from her distinguished father.

President Cleveland's great grandfather, Aaron Cleveland, was a business man and politician in Norwich town in post Revolutionary days. He was active in speaking and writing and took the lead in opposing slavery in Connecticut, introducing the first bill for its abolition, and being dissatisfied with the gradual emancipation measure adopted in 1790. Later he became a Congregational minister.

The old village records of Lebanon, 12 miles north of Norwich town, declare that Mrs. Cleveland is a great-granddaughter of Mrs. Mary Rogers, a Lebanon woman.—New York Herald.

IN A MILLION YEARS.

A Conversation on Immortality Between Mrs. Beecher and Mark Twain.

A current paragraph reports Mrs. Thomas K. Beecher as having concluded a conversation on immortality, in which Mark Twain has "taken the agnostic side," by asking him whether he would confess his error if he should meet her in heaven a million years hence. Mark promised that he would, and sealed the promise by writing appropriate stanzas on three stones found on the banks of the Chemung river, the three stones being fragments of what once was a single rock. The "contract" is dated Elmira, N. Y., July 2, 1895, and here are the terms of it:

If I prove right and I prove wrong, A million years from now, In language plain and frank and strong, My error I'll avow.

(To go for dear, mocking face.)

If I prove right, by God his grace, Full sorry I shall be, For in that solitude no trace There'll be of you and me (Nor of our vanished race).

A million years, O patient stone! You've waited for this message— Deliver it a million years— Survivor pays expression.

—Critic.

Enforcing the Blue Laws.

Pontiac, Mich., is going a little further in the enforcement of Sunday laws than any other place yet heard from. Restaurants, saloons, candy stores and tobacco stands are closed on Sundays, and ice cream dealers may not deliver their goods to customers on that day. Now over a hundred citizens have signed a petition asking that the livery stables be closed, and yet another petition has been circulated and extensively signed asking that milkmen and ice-men be prohibited from plying their business on Sunday. There is a notion among the Sabbatarians that the latter petition is a device of the enemy, but if so the enemy is working it very seriously and energetically, and with a good show of success.—New York Sun.

Days of Miracles Not Passed.

Farmer John Heiden of Verona, N. J., believes the days of miracles are not past. A few days since he mowed a large quantity of hay in the great field at Caldwell. Next day he took several teams to draw the hay home, expecting to find it in an unfit condition for hauling without throwing and drying, as a heavy rain passed over the section the night before. Mr. Heiden was surprised to find that not a drop of rain had fallen on his meadow, while to the west, south and east of his land the ground was saturated.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Up to Date Blue Grass Belles.

The Blue Grass belles have taken the stump for woman's rights. Maids and matrons of Kentucky are now delivering fervid addresses in various parts of the state under the auspices of the Equal Rights association of Kentucky. A few days ago Miss Laura Clay and Mrs. Eugenia Farmer stirred up a big audience in Bowling Green to "immense enthusiasm."

A Case of Fourteen to One.

Queen Victoria, during her reign, has had 14 parliaments on her hands, and all her speeches to them combined are not as long as one president's message. A president who keeps his messages down to a column and a half will receive general commendation and get in his work far more effectively.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Mist Name.

King Patchen of the pacing world! It doesn't sound well. He ought to have his name changed to fit the title.—Chicago Post.

## Love's Riches.

Oh! I read, my friend of friends, The days we fill'd with joy, When you were just a little girl And I a boy.

When you would say, "Now let us play That I'm a lady fair And you a little who brings a ring And rows for my hair."

Since that glad time fall many a year Has all too quickly flown, And many a smile has come the while For every grief we've known; The palace grand which then we planned, In dreams of long ago, Is ours today, for still we play The things we wish are so.

And that is why, my friend of friends, Our lives are filled with joy, For you are still my pretty girl And I your happy boy. And so to me you'll always be A lady sweet and fair, And I a king who brings a ring And rows for your hair.

—Nixon Waterman in L. A. W. Bulletin.

## A SAFE PREDICTION.

New England Will Oppose Any Further Tariff Tinkering.

Judge Lawrence, the head of the wool growing triumvirate, has written to The Wool and Cotton Reporter to say once more that "the people of New England may as well understand that the people of the country will not tolerate the infamous swindle of free wool and protected woolen goods." It seems to us more likely that the people of this country will never again tolerate a wool growing triumvirate that starts the ball rolling for a new tariff when nobody else wants it, and by adding to the duties on wool brings on changes in two or three thousand articles, and ends by driving the Republican party from power and knocking off the wool duties altogether. Perhaps Judge Lawrence can see some faint suggestion of his own image in this picture. If he cannot, a great many other people can. After the foregoing outburst he simmers down and makes an appeal to his former allies, saying:

"The time has come when New England should aid in securing protective legislation and not give aid and comfort to its enemies and to the enemies of our country and of our industries in foreign lands. Once more I make my appeal for equal and exact justice, for protection equally, fully, for all."

This is a clear implication that New England gave aid and comfort to the Wilson bill in the last congress, which is not true, but it is a safe prediction that she will oppose any tariff tinkering for a few years, at all events, being instructed by the consequences of the tariff tinkering of Lawrence, Delano and Harpster and the McKinley experiment of 1890.—New York Post.

## NEEDS OF THE HOUR.

Harmony is Growing in the Ranks of Democracy—Future Bright.

The fact that there is trifle less crowding among presidential candidates in Democratic than Republican circles should give no anxiety to the rank and file of the national Democracy, says the Philadelphia Record. Lincoln's saying that it is easier to make brigadier generals than brigades is aptly applicable to the present political situation. What the Democracy most needs today is rational and honorable harmony in its rank and file. Such a feeling of union is growing rapidly throughout every section. Immaterial and irrelevant issues are disappearing and the national Democracy is making ready for an active, earnest and intelligent campaign in 1896.

The Democratic party is the party of the people, and as a party of the people it knows that numbers with organization are invincible; without it powerless. Bosses and bossism, one man advocacy, hero worship of the individual—these must and will be got rid of.

Organization will set in with new and practical life, and the party will be equal to the battle of the next presidential campaign. Democracy isn't worrying about an absence of presidential candidates. The party of Jefferson, Jackson, Tilden and Cleveland may be relied upon to choose a safe, sound and honorable standard bearer at the next national convention. There need be no misgiving for the future. Harmony, union, organization—these are the pressing necessities of the hour.

Wages in the Woolen Industries.

The predictions of the tariff reformers that the removal of the duty on wool would not only add to the value of fleeces, but increase the trade of the manufacturers by broadening the lines of business, are amply justified by recent events. Wages in the woolen and worsted industry of Rhode Island were increased 7 1/2 to 12 per cent this month, the second advance in that state within three months, and these advances were voluntary. Equal improvement in wages was experienced by all other New England woolen, worsted and cotton operatives, notably those at Lawrence, Lowell, Nashua and Manchester, along the Merrimack. These signs indicate anything but ruin to the woolgrowers and manufacturers.—Philadelphia Times.

Campaign Boosts For Harrison.

Mr. Benjamin Harrison will probably not lack for a fat campaign fund next year if he gets the Republican nomination. His very liberal friend and post-master general, Mr. John Wanamaker, is reported to have cleared \$4,000,000 as the profits from his big Philadelphia store in 1894, with a prospect of a little larger sum this year.