

JONATHAN'S DAUGHTERS.

Max O'Rell Contributes Some Interesting Notes on the American Lady.

In an article on "The Typical American," which appeared in the North American Review, I ventured to hazard the opinion that the typical American does not exist, as yet; that the American gentleman differs not at all from a gentleman of any other country, and that no citizen of the Great Republic can be pointed out as typical, although in the ordinary American are to be found two traits which are very characteristic of him, and of other dwellers in new countries, viz., childishness and inquisitiveness.

But, although I failed to find a typical American man, I am very strongly of opinion that the American lady is typical. Good society is apt to mould all who frequent it into one pretty even shape, and it is all the more astonishing, therefore, to find the American lady with such a separate individuality.

Of the ordinary American woman I am not in a position to speak. In my wanderings through the United States I made acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men; but coming to the petticoated portion of the community, I had practically no opportunity of studying any but ladies.

The American lady, in my eyes, is a distinct type; her charm is distinct from the charm of any European lady, and is certainly equal in extent to any. Two traits struck me very forcibly in her, and to the first of these I think she owes a great part of her success. They are, naturalness, or utter absence of affectation, and—shall I say it?—a lurking contempt for man. Not a militant contempt, not a loud contempt, but a quiet, queenly, benevolent contempt. I talk about her owing her success to the first of these, but who shall say whether her triumphant progress has not been greatly due to the second?

I have often tried to explain to myself this gentle contempt of American ladies for the male sex; for, contrasting it with the devotion, the lovely devotion of Jonathan to his womankind, it is a curious enigma. Have I found the solution at last? Does it begin at school? In American schools, boys and girls, from the age of five, follow the same path to learning, and side by side on the same benches. Moreover, the girls prove themselves thoroughly capable of keeping pace with the boys. Is it not possible that the girls as they watched the performances of the boys in the study, have learnt to say: "Is that all?" while the young lords of creation, as they looked on at what "those girls" can do, have been fain to exclaim: "Who would have thought it?" And does not this explain the two attitudes—the great respect of men for women and the mild contempt of women for men?

When I was in New York, and had time to saunter about, I would go up Broadway, and wait until a car, well crammed with people, came along. Then I would jump on board and stand near the door. Whenever a man wanted to get out he would say to me, "Please," or "Excuse me," or just touch me lightly to warn me that I stood in his way. But the ladies! Oh, the ladies! Why, it was simply lovely. They would just push me away with the tips of their fingers and turn up such disgusted and haughty noses! You would have imagined it was a heap of dirty rubbish in their way.

Just as one of the hardest ways of earning a living is to be a middle class English wife, so one of the loveliest sinecures in the world is to be an American lady. A small, sometimes no family to bring up; very often no house to keep; three months' holiday in Europe; a devoted, hard-working husband ever ready to pet her, worship her and supply the wherewith; an education that enables her to enjoy all the intellectual pleasures of life; a charming naturalness of manner; a freedom from conventionalities; a bold picturesqueness of speech; a native brilliancy, all combine to make her a distinct type and the queen of her sex.

The freedom enjoyed by American women has enabled them to mould themselves in their own fashion. They do not copy any other women, they are original. I can recognize an American woman without hearing her speak. You have only to see her enter a room or a car, and you know her for Jonathan's daughter. Married or unmarried, her air is full of assurance, of a self-possession that never fails her. And when she looks at you, or talks to you, her eyes express the same calm consciousness of her worth.

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Would you have a fair illustration of the respective positions of women in France, in England, and in America? Go to a hotel and watch the arrival of couples in the dining rooms. Now, don't go to the Louvre, the Grand Hotel or the Bristol in Paris. Don't go to Claridge's, the Savoy, the Victoria or the Metropolitan in London. Don't go to Delmonico's in New York or the Thorndyke in Boston, because in all these hotels you will probably run the risk of seeing all behave alike. Go elsewhere, and, I say, watch.

In France you will see monsieur and madame arrive together, walk abreast towards the table assigned to them, very often arm in arm, talking and smiling at each other as though married. Equal footing.

In England you will see John Bull leading the way. He does not like to be seen eating in public, and thinks it very hard that he should not have a dining room all to himself. So he enters, with his hands in his pockets, looking askance at everybody right and left. Then, meek and demure, with her eyes cast down, follows Mrs. John Bull. But in America! Oh, in America, behold the dignified, nay, the majestic entry of Mrs. Jonathan, a perfect queen going towards her throne, bestowing a glance on her subjects right and left—and Jonathan behind!

They say in France that Paris is the paradise of women. If so, there is a more blissful place than paradise, there is another world to invent to give an idea of the social position enjoyed by American ladies. If I had to be born again, and I might choose my sex and my birthplace, I would shout at the top of my voice: "Oh! make me an American woman!"

I AM an old man and have been a constant sufferer with catarrh for the past ten years. I am entirely cured by the use of Ely's Cream Balm. It is strange that so simple a remedy will cure such a stubborn disease.—Henry Billings, U. S. Pension Att'y, Washington, D. C.

I SUFFERED more than ten years with that dreadful disease, catarrh, and used every available medicine which was recommended to me. I cannot thank you enough for the relief which Ely's Cream Balm has afforded me.—Emanuel Meyers, Winfield, L. I., N. Y.

Honey in the Goddess's Head. The St. Louis Republican says: Officer Musgrove, of the capitol police at Austin, Texas, lately ascended to the dome of the granite capitol at that city to inspect the nostrils of the statue of the Goddess of Liberty. The figure is seventeen feet high and surmounts the dome, which is over 300 feet high. Officer Musgrove says there are probably several barrels of honey in the bronze head of the goddess.

The Best of Friends. Ethel—Why don't you go and talk to the other girls? You know I don't care whether you go or not. Jack—Yes, I know. But I am not interesting, you know. In fact, I'm a perfect bore, and I'd rather bother you than them.—New York Epoch.

STORIES OF THIS BIG TOWN. The Women I Met in Mulberry Street, From the New York World. I thought at first she was drunk. Now and then she staggered from side to side and clutched at the air as she kept on ahead of me, and once or twice I thought she would fall. A drunken man arouses no pity. You feel disgusted at the idea of a strong man coolly and deliberately lowering himself to the level of the swine. But a drunken woman! It is a spectacle God never intended humanity to see. Humanity never sees it without grieving.

By and by she halted at a grocery, and as I followed her in I saw that her face was pale and pinched, and that I was mistaken in thinking she had been drinking. She leaned against a barrel like one dead beat with hunger and exhaustion. Her eyes had a scared look as she approached the grocer and made a request. "Look here!" he bluntly replied, "it's no use to come here! You can't get another thing till that bill is paid up!"

"Just one loaf of bread!" she whispered. "Not even a cracker!" "But my husband is sick, and the children—" "Can't help it; get out!" She went out, crying, and when I followed on I found her sitting on a doorstep not far away. "I heard what you said to the grocer," I said to her as I came up. "Is it true that you have nothing in the house to eat?" "Not so much as a crumb, sir," she replied; "but I wasn't begging on the street, I haven't broken the law."

"Can I go up and see your husband and children?" "Will you come? You don't mean us any harm?" "Of course not. Come back with me to the grocery. There, now, you go ahead!" "What back again?" shouted the grocer as he caught sight of her. "Now you skip or I'll call an officer!" "How much does this woman owe you?" "A dollar and a half, sir."

"And yet, knowing her husband is ill, you'd let the family go hungry because of that paltry sum? Here's your money!" "Yes, sir—all right, sir—some thing you wish this evening?" he blandly replied. How sordid and grasping the human heart is! How it cries for pity when we are unfortunate, and how tightly it closes up when misfortune has overtaken our neighbor! We went elsewhere for what we wanted, and by and by she led me to the tenement-house and up the dark stairways to her "home." Three small rooms and a backload of furniture; a husband lying on an old lounge almost a cripple with rheumatism; three children lying on the floor, with the tears not yet dry on their cheeks.

Perhaps you never inquire after the welfare of your fellow-man? Perhaps, you never listen to the stories told with tears and sobs—such a sermon as even the great Talmage never delivers. There is no paid choir no loud swelling organ—no rustle of silks and flashing of diamonds as an accompaniment. Clothed in rags and tatters—hungry, disappointed, discouraged and desperate—they tell you stories and preach you sermons to sink down into the heart and be remembered forever.

And as this poor and wretched family suddenly found food set before them, and as they wiped away their tears and ate their fill for the first time in weeks, I wondered that the millionaires of New York never allowed themselves to experiment on human beings. They buy fine dogs and teach them good (dog) manners; they buy blooded horses and inquire after their condition daily; they experiment more or less on cats and birds. But they never experiment on unfortunate humanity. They might pay \$20,000 for a painting of what I saw that night in that lowly home, but would they have parted with a dollar to lift the helpless out of their despair? There's a beautiful hill in beautiful Greenwood which millionaires have vainly sought to buy. A marble shaft standing there would look down on the two great cities and millions of people. And yet, ask one of those millions to write an epitaph for that stone and what would he write which one single man would care to read and remember for a day? But it is so, and who can change it? We print Bibles for our poor, instead of offering them work by which they can lift themselves out of the slough. We send millions to the far-away heathen, but we haven't even hundreds for our own race, who are worse off. We praise God as we sit in our grand churches, and we think our duty done when the pew-rent is paid. We boast of our charity, but we have no bread for the poor.

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