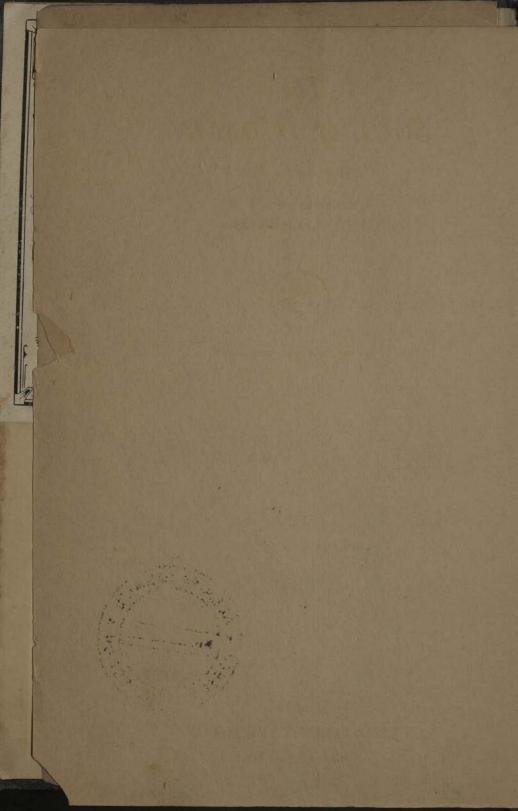


M.A: SECTION



THE SOUL OF WOMAN



The SOUL of WOMAN

L'Anima della Donna

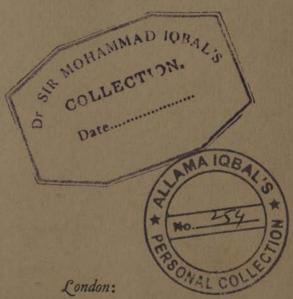
REFLECTIONS ON LIFE BY

GINA LOMBROSO

D.L., M.D.



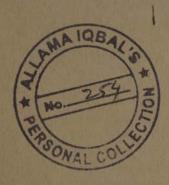
'I write for those who suffer'



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EPISTLE DEDICATORY

To you, my own dear Nina, I dedicate these pages. I thought of you while writing them, of you and of your little friends who, like sparrows, flock around you, laughing and playing. In them as in you deep instincts still lie dormant. You still know why you laugh or why you cry. But in a few years

everything will be different.

For as life proceeds we grow more and more estranged from our own selves. We understand ourselves less and less. As the years go by, external objects, easy to measure and estimate, lose their value, while hidden impulses, hard to measure, grow all-important. The reasonable things that dominate your childhood's world—the good things you get to eat, the beautiful things you look upon, the suffering caused by punishment or a broken toy-will soon mean little to you, whereas vague but profound pleasures and sorrows will thrill and torture you. You will not understand your emotions nor will you dare confide even in me, my dearest little girl. You will not dare confide in anyone, because even to yourself you will be unable to confess the reason for your tears or your joy.

When that time comes I want you to read this book, Nina. I have written it to try to help you then. In this book I have tried to embody the sum

of experience life has brought me, I have tried to register the things which I thought would help those who are starting out on the road of life and who have not yet learned to interpret the hidden voices in their souls. You see, each of us thinks that such voices speak in his own soul alone. In reality the same voices speak in the souls of all of us.

May these pages, my dearest heart, spare you some of the suffering in store for us all. That is the humble, unbounded, and, alas! so often, vain hope

of every mother.

PREFACE

Although this book is written by a modest devotee of science it is not intended to constitute a scientific work nor a series of special psychological or philosophical researches. It is the result of spontaneous and frank observation of woman and of long reflection on the problems which darken her life

and which might be avoided.

Woman's soul, heart and mind, the problems of love, justice and culture are not examined here from a theoretical point of view. My object is not to add another stone to the edifice of feminine psychology but to give a practical analysis of woman's character which will enable man to understand woman and help woman to solve some of the problems which trouble her most. My object is to try to determine woman's real aptitudes, aspirations, qualities and defects and point to the conclusions which society should draw from these premises.

As this book is the result of sincere thought and observation as to woman's soul and nature I should be happy if it met with equally sincere study and

comment.

As it springs, furthermore, from the conviction that not education or coercion, but passion and woman's destined mission determine specifically feminine impulses and qualities—impulses and qualities which make woman's soul and mind as different

from man's as she is different from him physically—the object of the book is to try to convince men and women of this fact and thereby to combat the tendency to masculinize woman, a tendency which in the long run will deprive society of a precious asset without giving woman the happiness she im-

agines she can gain.

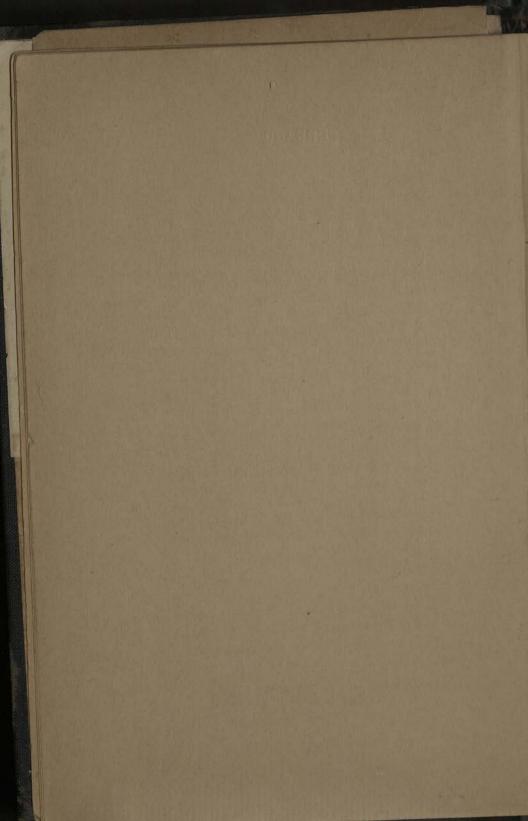
I am perfectly well aware that the object of the book is much beyond the reach of any one writer or any one book. But if one does not convince by merely affirming something, one may do so by starting discussions and obliging others to reason things out as one has done for oneself. My remarks, however, are intended to be not the conclusion but the starting point for more general observations and reflections. The chapters of this book have, for the most part, been discussed privately and publicly by men and women of the most diverse culture and education, nationality and profession. They are also, to a certain extent, the result of debates on the soul of woman which the author would be very glad to continue with the reader.

In every sincere expression of thought there is always a grain of truth, and it is this grain of truth

that the author here offers.

And it is particularly to you, humble mothers devoted to your mission in life, it is to you that I turn, and to you, young girls, whose hearts are already heaving with longing to hold a little child in your arms. Oppressed, crushed, bewildered by all the talk of woman's great social and political mission, you stand aside, hiding, almost, as if ashamed to be so different from all the others. Your hesitancy is

mistaken for indifference, your passion for narrow-mindedness, your function in the world is contested, you are called the deluded victims of an ancient order of things. I am writing to defend you, to prove that you still exist, and that the yoke from which they are trying to emancipate you holds your real mission, that universal aspiration common to all women who know what it is to love.



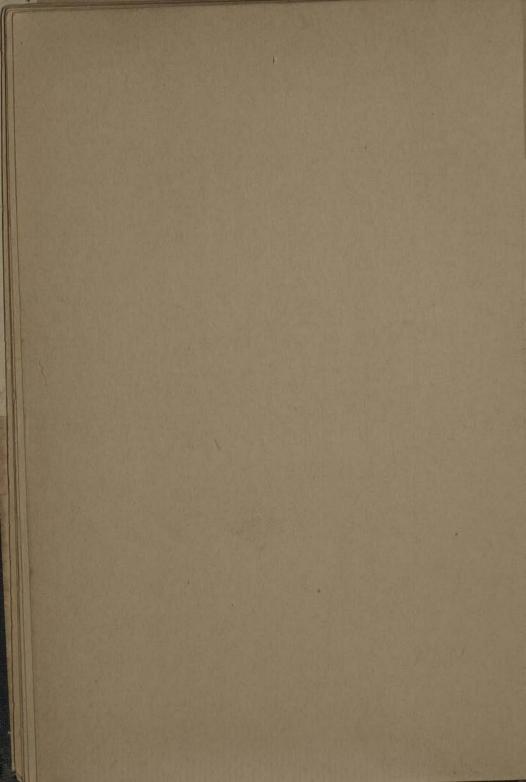
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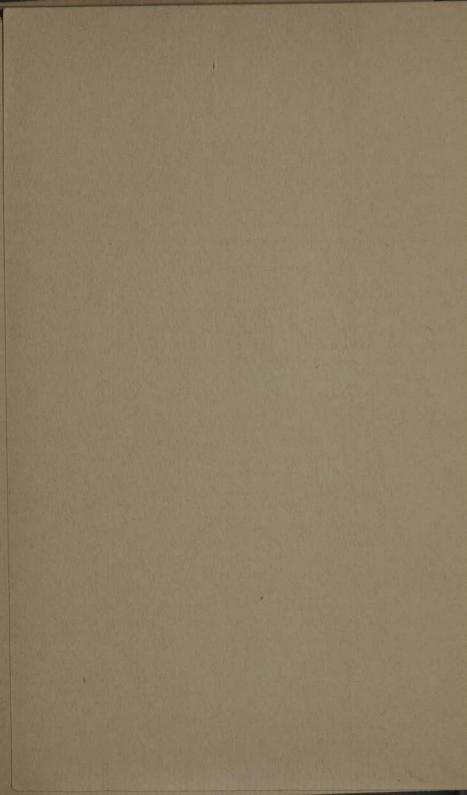
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BOOK I WOMAN'S TRAGIC POSITION

The happiest life takes on a tinge of tragedy for the one who is not protected by inherent selfishness.



BOOK I WOMAN'S TRAGIC POSITION

THE COMPLEXITIES OF THE WOMAN PROBLEM

LIFE is like a mountain panorama.

In gazing at a mountain range from a distance, the peaks seem to rise against the sky-simple, bold, dazzling. They seem to be of easy access, and no obstacles appear to hinder him who would climb to the top. But as you draw near, everything changes. Deep ravines open up underneath your feet, dark valleys and abvsses cleave the sides, mad torrents wash across the path, and terrifying glaciers prevent all progress. What seemed so simple at a distance grows infinitely complex as you draw nearer. So it is with life. When we first begin to think of life it seems simple to us; we imagine we can master it as easily as a child plays with its toys. But as we grow older and see more of it, as we gather experiences along our path, we see how complicated it is. We realize that in life, too, valleys and plains and mountain peaks are bound together, and that the smallest detail of the one changes the aspect of the other. In other words, instead of being able to master life and do what we want with it, we find ourselves hampered by an infinite number of details which, each one of them,

must be mastered before we can progress.

Is there anything, at first sight, more unjust than the condition of subjugation in which women live and, especially, lived before the war? Why should woman, the mother of the race, the most essential creature in the universe, obey man, a creature inferior to her according to the laws of nature and probably also from a moral and intellectual point of view? Why should woman's position in society be less important than man's? Why should she not have the same rights as man? Why should she be cut off from satisfaction considered most precious, such as fame, honor, power, the best paid and most responsible posts in public or private enterprises? Why should she lose her good name by committing actions which men take pride in? Why should she be bound by a moral code superior to man's, obliged to make sacrifices infinitely greater than he?

For a long time I felt convinced that man's injustice was the root of everything. Man had taken the best part and it was for woman to assert herself and claim her due. And I imagined that social injustices would be easily remedied. But as time and experience taught me to examine my heart and my impulses—which one does not do in youth—and as I began to see the innumerable effects of woman's attitude on her development and that of society, I began to realize that these injustices spring from something much more vital than an artificial usurpation of power or social oppression: from woman's mission in the world and the aptitudes which this mission creates in all women, instinctively, whether

they admit it or not, whether they glory in it or defy it; and I also began to see that they are all necessary to social harmony, as the pipes of varying lengths and widths are all necessary to the organ's musical harmony.

The Key to Woman's Nature Is Her Alterocentrism

There is no use denying it. Woman is not man's equal. Take any work of fiction or romance, any ancient or modern poem, and try to picture as men the heroines described therein. Imagine for a moment, as men instead of women, the feminine figures of the Old and New Testaments: Rebecca, Naomi, Ruth, Magdalene, Mary. Imagine as men, Helen of Troy, Hecuba, or even Balzac's Eugénie, or Walter Scott's Rebecca, or Dickens' Dorrit, and answer truthfully whether the resulting figures would not be both ridiculous and monstrous.

Aside from the evident physical and intellectual differences between man and woman, there is another which overshadows and stamps them all. The fundamental fact which determines woman's attitude toward life is that woman is alterocentrist, that is to say, she centers her feelings, her enjoyment, her ambition in something outside herself; she makes not herself but another person, or even things surrounding her, the center of her emotions; and usually this person is someone whom she loves and by whom she wants to be loved, husband, son, father, friend, etc.

Woman is affected by the pleasures and sorrows of the people around her. She cannot enjoy herself, work or even tear down without considering them. She wants to stir their approbation or disapproba-

tion, their affection or dislike. Woman, who is not absorbed by the selfish pleasures of the palate, the eye, the ear, the intellect, can act only if she has someone to think of who thinks of her, someone else in whom to center her thoughts and who in turn centers his thoughts on her, someone for whom she can act, for whom she can provide, with whom she can cooperate. "Woman, who is ever ready to live for others," sacrifice herself for others, and who appreciates every favor rendered by others, suffers if others do not appreciate what she does for them. In other words, woman lives for others and the flame which burns within her goes out if there is no one to help her keep it alive. Even selfish and perverse women who care only for their own advantage and who want to harm others concentrate their feelings and emotions in others: they are selfish in an alterocentrist way, so to speak. They do not think of themselves, but want to get ahead of others; they are not satisfied unless others pay attention to them. They want the admiration, the affection, the attention of others. In good as in evil they make others the center of their desires.

Man is not like this. Man, like all living organisms unstamped by potential maternity, is egocentrist, that is to say, he makes himself and his pleasures and his activities the center of the world in which he lives.

As by reason of his nature man does not need others in order to live and enjoy things, he is indifferent to the joys, sorrows, thoughts of other beings living around him. He does not long to take care of them, he is not interested in their feelings, he does

not care whether others take an interest in him or are grateful to him for what he does for them. Anxious to spare himself, he tries to avoid all emotion, and, provided that he can avoid all emotion, he can live without loving and without hating, without enjoying and without suffering; he is perfectly able to direct his own life without wondering about other people's approbation or disapprobation. He enjoys the pleasures of the palate, eye, ear; he finds satisfaction in wealth, power and intellectual abstractions; he can keep alive, alone, the flame of life received at birth.

Look at children when they are living under the same roof, cared and provided for in exactly the same way, before education or training has developed them differently. The little girl wants a doll to play with and make clothes for; she rocks her baby sister, tends her and minds her. The little boy wants a gun, a ball; he wants to prove his strength and courage. The little girl likes to play house, school, or hospital; she is fond of children smaller than herself; when she sees them she rushes up to them and pets and kisses them. The little boy wants friends older than himself to fight and match his strength with; he likes to play at being general or commander and to order others about. And whereas the little girl is obedient or industrious in order to please her mother or teacher, the boy has to be persuaded to obey or study by bribes of candy, or pennies, if he is not inspired by fear of punishment. As in childhood, so it is in later life. Man is

As in childhood, so it is in later life. Man is interested in himself and his own pleasures, his own activities, while woman is interested in others and

finds her pleasure in others. She likes to busy herself with others and expects them to be interested

in her.

Look at old people in whom character stands out unconsciously in a much clearer fashion than with young people. As soon as he can a man likes to retire and live in peace, he wants to do as he pleases, even if this causes worry and annoyance to those around him. At this time of life he usually feels the need of a family if he has none. He likes to have people caring for him without having to bother himself about them.

When woman gets to the same point she does not want to withdraw from her sphere of activity, she does not want to live unmolested. She feels that now the time has come for her to do something, and she redoubles, if not in activity and emotivity, then at least in a desire for activity and emotivity. If she is unable to do things for others, she wants others to do things for her and to sacrifice themselves for the causes she considers just. The children and grandchildren who surround her become simultaneously her idols, her torment and her victims. She wears herself out for them. She is convinced that no one loves them, takes care of them or can bring them up as well as she. One might almost say that her life is an incessant search for new duties, new anxieties. Forgetful of past satisfactions-for the joys of alterocentrism are unstable-she remembers only sufferings, which memory increases and irritates. Regrets and rancors grow bitter within her, and at the time when she could rest and enjoy life she suffers more than she has ever done.

The happiest time in a woman's life is when family and social duties absorb her absolutely, exhausting every physical and mental force within her, when her soul is in a continual state of real and natural emotion, when her passion to busy herself with others and have others busy themselves with her has a natural outlet, and when others, without effort on her part, are inclined to have recourse to her; when, in other words, she is the nurse of her children, their educator or teacher, or else fulfils her rôle as a woman who loves and is loved.

The woman who has no one to care for or to busy herself with, who has no one to give herself up to and no one who is devoted to her, the old maid without brothers or sisters, nieces or nephews, for instance, whom she loves and who love her, or who has no way of exhausting her altruistic impulses by caring for the poor and the wretched, the woman who has no outlet for her intuition and activity, the woman who is not a teacher or a nun, who has no real and living center in her life, who has not a growing plant to comfort her and to be dependent on her care, becomes a deformed and hardened creature.

Nothing is more painful to woman than inactivity, indifference, passivity. Nothing is more trying to her than a life untouched by natural emotions. Nothing makes her suffer more than the lack of someone to love, hate or influence, than the impossibility of loving and of being loved in return.

If you glance at the little slips of paper which so-called fortune-tellers at the fairs hand out to the throngs of girls and boys, expressing the sentiments which, in their simplicity, in a sense embody the wisdom of the ages, you will inevitably find, for a woman, that "she is tender and loving, and deeply in love with a man who causes her much sorrow, but that soon her love will meet its reward and she'll marry the man she loves."

A man's fortune, on the other hand, invariably reads that "he has struggled against hardships to reach the top, that soon success will crown his efforts, his merits will be recognized while he will win great

wealth and fame."

If you notice the way women and men brag, that is to say, express not what they are but what they would want to be, not what they do, but what they would want people to think they are doing, you will invariably find the women dominated by alterocentrist tendencies and men by egocentrist ones. A man will say he has changed the face of the world; he will explain how politics and other movements should be directed; he will discuss peace and war and explain how he would have done things. Even the most selfish women will brag about their sacrifices for their sons, husbands, friends, or for ideals. The most rabid feminists are always bragging about what they have done for others, to save women and children, to preserve and cure humanity of all sorts of diseases, etc. That is to say, women want to impress others with the magnitude of their altruistic mission, men with their power, fame and selfish achievements.

The Why and Wherefore of Woman's Alterocentrism

Woman's alterocentrism does not necessarily imply a higher moral standard, since egocentrism and

alterocentrism are both equally capable of inspiring generosity, perversity, self-sacrifice, meanness. It is merely an instinct which stamps the radical difference between the two sexes.

In all animals as well as in human beings we find the same devotion among females, and the same

egotism among males.

Among the plants, too, we find the same tendency. The feminine flowers sacrifice their petals, which are their eyes, their mouth open to the world, in order to allow the seed to develop. We see the butterfly strain every effort to care for her offspring—which she will never see—and die on the damp ground near the roots of flowers where she finds no sustenance but where her eggs can be deposited under conditions which will enable them to develop.

Feminine altruism is a necessity of the species. If the female were not endowed with it the life of the world would cease, since the creation and education of the young presuppose a parent willing to sacrifice all or part of her existence to the new creatures, and this parent cannot be other than the parent who

creates, that is, the mother, the female.

Woman's alterocentrism is therefore merely an expression of the fundamental instinct to which all instincts are attached, that of attaining the object for

which one has been created.

What is the object of our lives? What do we unconsciously tend towards, men and women, with all our strength, fighting tenaciously, striving painfully from birth till death? We want to leave an imprint of ourselves, perishable creatures, in the

eternal world, we want to grasp as ours some molecule in the infinite that surrounds us.

Nature has set two stimulants in the world to urge us to attain this goal: love, which makes us unconsciously tend with our flesh and blood toward the flesh and blood which will prolong us throughout time; ambition, which makes us strive to create, with our brain, something palpable, moral or ideal that will be greater than ourselves, that will prolong our being in space and in time and leave an imprint of us in the infinite.

What is death, what is suffering, what is the greatest sacrifice in the world if it enables us to attain

this goal?

No mother has ever refused to face the perils of death and suffering in order to perpetuate the race, just as no man hesitates to give his life for the cause

he believes in.

Suffering—the advanced sentinel that warns us of danger—suffering, the most intense, turns into joy when it becomes a means of conquering the object of our love or ambition, when it enables us to perpetuate ourselves, perishable beings, in time and space. And just as mothers in a shipwreck die without murmuring provided their babies find room in the lifeboats, so sculptors, painters, writers, starve and suffer from cold and all manner of privations in order to complete, to save, as it were, the work of art they believe in.

Neither of the two motives can be called the exclusive attribute of one sex or the other. Ambition can urge woman forward as well as man. But as a general rule it cannot be denied that love gives woman, much more than man, the opportunity to

attain the goal of her life.

The birth of her child alone gives a woman the sense of really having created something, the assurance that some living and vital parcel of her spirit and body will be perpetuated into the future, gives her, in short, an illusion of eternity. This is what causes woman to aspire unconsciously or consciously to love; it is the thing that makes woman want to give herself up to the man she loves, renouncing everything for his sake, often giving even her life. This is also the reason of the intuition, passion and activity with which woman is endowed, since it is impossible to make another being the center of one's life without understanding him intuitively, loving him and wanting to do things for him.

Woman's alterocentrist character also springs from the same cause, since in order to create life and protect it woman must make another being the center of her emotion and activity, since the child which is to prolong her in space and in time is a being outside

herself.

It is not the same with man. Man cannot count on love to give him a bit of eternity. He does not create materially. He can only create with his brain, his heart, his hand. This is what causes his egocentrism, that is to say, his tendency to make himself and his own desires the center of his life. This is the explanation of his indifference, his passivity and his reasoning power. This is why he aspires toward the joys of ambition, fame, power, riches, which he

sometimes even prizes more than his own life, as may be seen from the fact that everywhere governments can induce men to give up their lives but that no government has yet been able to make them do

away with personal ambitions.

By this I do not mean that alterocentrism, with its intuition, passion and activity, is exclusively feminine, nor that egocentrism, with its indifference, passivity and reason, is exclusively masculine, nor that the virtues and vices springing from egotism and

altruism are limited to one sex.

The differences I have pointed out are not absolute. They constitute generalizations, and to all generalizations there are exceptions. Many men have feminine virtues and defects, and many women have masculine faults and qualities. This is natural, since there is a certain amount of altruism in every man's make-up, just as every woman has a certain amount of egotism in her. But the degrees of altruism and egotism vary among individuals, and this is precisely what produces the different types of humanity.

What I mean to lay stress on, however, is that the virtues and vices and the way of thinking and feeling which we call "masculine" are based on man's fundamental egocentrism, while the virtues and vices and the way of thinking and feeling which we call "feminine" are based on woman's alterocentrism. The virtues and vices of each sex will be modified by the degree of alterocentrism or egocentrism which in-

spires them.

The Tragic Consequences of Woman's Alterocentrism

But if inherent with woman's mission in the world is the necessity of making another living being the center of her life, this fact constitutes a tragedy in woman's life and the most insurmountable obstacle to the solution of the woman question. It is because woman's happiness is dependent on others that it is so hard to give her the happiness which should be hers by right.

As woman makes something outside herself—not her own person—the center of her joys and ambitions, she is absolutely powerless to attain happiness by her own means. Because of her fatal love for

others woman inevitably depends on others.

Patience and ceaseless toil enable a man to attain wealth, honor and high position. He can satisfy the longings of his senses, he can attain those ideals of art or politics which he aspires to. Man can set out to win, by his own means, the objects of his passion. But woman cannot do this. The affection of others does not depend on her own feelings or actions, but on fate. Her happiness is dependent on the people she comes in contact with, on being born first or last in a family, on being of a more or less expansive nature, on being more or less beautiful, on meeting sooner or later a man capable of understanding and appreciating her. Her life is in the lap of fate, her happiness a matter of chance. A woman may have the greatest and best will in the world and yet be unable, by her activity, merits and qualities to win the love of the people around her,

if these persons do not happen to respond to the particular charm of her personality. Love cannot be bought, nor won, it comes spontaneously. But what a tragedy for woman that love, the plaything of

caprice, should be the center of her life!

Woman's alterocentrism creates other tragic contradictions in her life. As she makes other living creatures the center of her emotions and as their interests are necessarily different from hers, woman is perpetually placed in the peculiarly difficult position of always having to choose between her emotions and her interests.

What constitutes a person's interests? Everything that helps to increase his moral or material potentialities, from health to wealth, fame and honor. These things appeal to man and in winning them he satisfies his instinct as well as his interest. The pleasures of the palate, which appeal so strongly to him, correspond to care of his health. The satisfactions of wealth, honor, fame correspond to increase of power. But fame and wealth cannot satisfy woman! In order to be happy she must love and be loved, she must create life, take care of living creatures around her-all this constitutes her passion, the basis of her joys and sorrows. But if she obeys her instinctive longing to love and provide for others she almost always finds that she is acting against her own interests.

It is not to woman's individual interest to have children with whom she must sit up half the night and for whom she must worry and suffer all her life. Children do not improve her health or add to her wealth, fame and honor. Woman's interests do not demand that she leave her father's home where, as a rule, she is both queen and idol, and give up her liberty, wealth and position to follow a man who, very often, is unable to provide any of the comforts to which she has been used. It is not to her interest to tend the sick or visit the poor. It is not to her interest to fill the house with flowers, birds, dogs or other living creatures for which she must provide and care. It is not to her interest to marry off her children and remain alone at the time of life when she needs their affection more than ever. From the point of view of personal interest it is absurd for Eve, at the birth of Cain, to throw herself on her knees and cry that God has forgiven her because He has given her a son, since this son constitutes a series of sacrifices, for Eve, and not a series of joys. And yet Eve's cry is woman's instinctive cry of thanks because she has at last found satisfaction for her instinct, because, in giving birth to the child, she has attained the goal she was striving for obscurely and has satisfied a longing which has no justification outside maternity, but whose satisfaction, nevertheless, is the only thing that counts.

Nothing is more difficult than to distinguish between one's interests and one's pleasures and balance one against the other. Most of the tragedies in woman's life come from the difficulty in measuring the relative value of her personal interests and the satisfaction of her fundamental, instinctive longings. Carried away by the illusion that she will find most satisfaction in the development of her personal interests, woman, as history shows us, now and again

abandons her natural rôle, that of mother, vestal of the fireside, voluntary victim of love and sacrifice, to enter into the political, social, literary and scientific arenas to increase her economic and mental potentialities and acquire a personality more in ac-

cordance with her own personal ambitions.

This is what is happening at present. The new generation looks at us of the older with wonder and commiseration. "Maybe," the new generation says, "there was a time when woman was the victim of love and concentrated all the forces of her being on others, and there may still be some who want to do so. But this is merely the expression of an absurd and shocking atavism which we, of the younger

generation, are rapidly doing away with!"

But it is not the first time in the history of the world that such an attempt has been made. You are not the first generation to try to break away from the past, but always—after having satisfied her ambitions and interests, attained independence, wealth, fame and honor—woman has withdrawn, disgusted, from the general competition, realizing that she has been pursuing a shadow and neglecting to satisfy the cravings of her heart. In the midst of her triumphs woman has realized that they gave her no real satisfaction, whereas she has found satisfaction even in the midst of the greatest hardships when fulfilling her rôle of mother and protector.

Woman sways like a pendulum between her interests, as reflected to-day in the woman's rights movement, and her passions, represented by her altruistic, alterocentrist and maternal instinct, and love.

After following her instinct for some time and

when wounded by man's ingratitude and embittered by disillusions in general, woman tries to seek consolation in satisfying her interests. But disillusioned, because the attainment of egocentric goals does not satisfy her, she soon gives up seeking her interest to follow her inmost longings.

This dualism constitutes another tragedy which man escapes. Not only can he attain, independently of others, the object that corresponds to the craving of his nature alone, but he can attain it without coming into conflict with his own personal interests and ambitions. In fact, with man, instinct and interest

often coincide.

Woman, on the other hand, is placed in a peculiarly difficult position because not only is she interested in people around her who have different tastes than she, but these people are different in regard to one another. That is to say, a woman strives to please various people at the same time, and she has to adapt herself accordingly, and frequently this is a very complicated task. A mother, for instance, has to proceed along different educational lines with each child, and, at the same time, her affection for her children must not conflict with that for her husband or her parents. She has to live up to each person, so to speak, harmonize old affections which she leaves behind with new ones in the family into which she marries, adjust her affection for her parents to her husband's feelings. It is not without reason that tradition has always demanded of woman that she break off ties that bound her before entering into a new family.

Nothing of the kind is demanded of man. The

objects of his passion, when they are not centered in himself, are separated in time and space, as it were; they do not conflict. There is nothing to prevent a man from liking music and politics, antiques and good wines, simultaneously, if he desires. He can plan his life without considering that his feelings will conflict in any way with his relations

with other people.

Finally, woman's life is made difficult because the living beings constituting the object of woman's passion change continually. The young man expects his sweetheart to be the embodiment of poetry, grace, ingenuousness, inexperience. When the same young man becomes her husband he expects her to be a perfect housekeeper, robust, strong, with a clear comprehension of life and experience. In a sense a man is right, since love is not the main object in his life but, on the contrary, something that will make his life easier. But how can woman help suffering at what to her seems an inexplicable change of attitude?

To take another example, that of mother and child. For years, while the child is small, the mother is at its constant beck and call. She does not have a free moment, she must guide him at every step, sit up with him at night, guard him by day. A few years later the boy will ask only one thing of her, and that is to leave him alone. He does not want her advice, will not listen to her experience, wants to live his own life. The child's instinct is right, in the sense that each one of us must make our own experiences. But how can a woman used to being

everything for her child suddenly resign herself to

being nothing?

And the people with whom woman comes in contact not only change their demands but judge her by different standards. The child, for instance, is utilitarian. It pays no regard to social position, beauty or intelligence; in its feelings it appreciates people according to the services they render. The nurse, teacher or maid is often preferred to the mother or aunt, if nurse, teacher or maid takes more interest in it.

In other words woman is subjected to innumerable contrasts which make her life full of minor or greater tragedies, which man escapes since he is dependent on himself, not on others. Man does not have to change personality and standards all the time in order to attain fame or fortune. On the contrary, he has to unfold steadily the same characteristics and he is repaid in direct proportion to the efforts he makes. He can satisfy all his passions or a few, can continue along the path he laid out for himself or leave it. He can do as he pleases, for he is not dependent on others for the satisfaction of his passions and, especially, he is not dependent on people who are in opposition to each other and who, most of the time, demand the most contradictory things.

Therefore, not laws nor the malevolence of men are the cause of the unhappiness in woman's life, but her mission in life which makes her dependent on other living creatures whom she has a need of loving and by whom she wants to be loved. But if woman's mission is tragic and places woman in opposition to herself and her interests, it saves her from going against society at large and its laws.

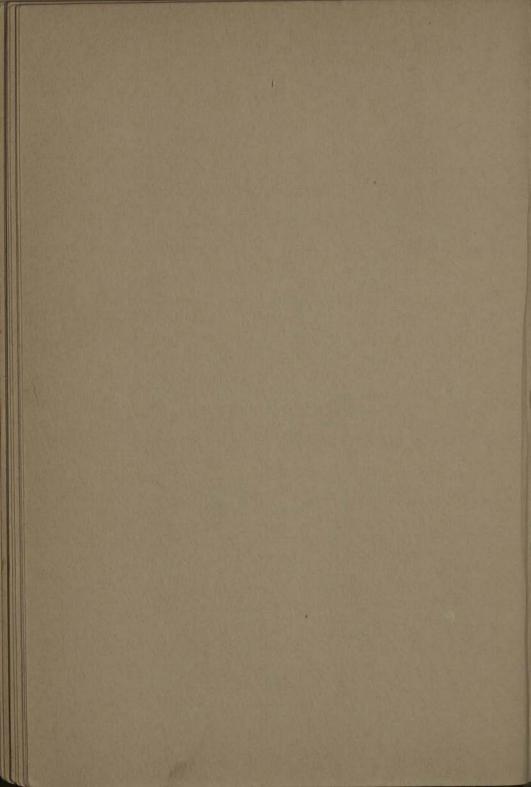
Because her passions are altruistic and her mission is a social one, her passions correspond to her

mission and her duty.

Woman does not need laws, nor even education or religion, to respect the lives and property of others, or to have pity on the fallen, the weak and the sick, to feel gratitude, love and respect for her father and mother; nor does she need laws to remain chaste and pure. Her passions coincide with the object of all law and order, that is, with general well-being. Woman alone can dare erect her passion into a standard, to consider her heart a legal code.

BOOK II THE SOUL

The attempt to project one's own soul into others is the fundamental cause of the misunderstanding between men and women. A tendency to go to extremes is the root of all woman's defects.



BOOK II THE SOUL

PART I

I. CHARACTERISTICS DUE TO PASSIONALITY AND INTUITION

IF you think of essentially masculine virtues and defects, if you consider man's conception of justice and love, if you consider man's intellectual processes, you will always find them influenced by egocentrism, which has been explained above as manifesting itself in indifference, passivity and reasoning power.

If you think of essentially feminine virtues and defects, if you think of woman's conception of justice and love, if you consider her intellectual processes, you will always find that at bottom they are inspired by alterocentrism, which has been defined above as implying activity, passion and intuition.

Intuition, passion and activity, which not only serve to express alterocentrism but constitute it, each affect woman's mentality in different degrees. Activity is an essentially feminine characteristic, but the element that really marks the difference between feminine and masculine psychology, that is the source of her qualities as well as her defects, that is respon-

sible for her way of thinking and feeling, loving and suffering, is (as I shall call it) passionality, which

is never separated from intuition.

What does passionality imply? Passionality is the instinctive attraction or repulsion, often unreasonable, for a person or a thing; it is the impulse to love or hate unconsciously inspired in us; it is the impulse which, willy-nilly, at a given moment leads us to act in a certain way even if this be in absolute contradiction to our interests and our reason; it is the flame which makes us feel pleasure, joy, satisfaction in the midst of the greatest sacrifices; it is a force quite independent of all reasoning power which deprives reason of all authority; it is the feeling at the bottom of all joys and sorrows, since there exists no greater joy than passion requited and no greater sorrow than passion unrequited.

The object of woman's passionality—and this is what distinguishes woman's psychology from man's—is always a living creature outside of her, independent of her, but near her, a creature capable of joy and sorrow, or believed to be such. The object of man's passionality, as a rule, is frequently an impersonal thing, an abstract theory or idea, inca-

pable of joy or sorrow.

Woman could not make living beings the object and center of her passionality if she were not able to know their state of mind, their needs, their de-

sires, even when these are unexpressed.

Woman could not make actions which are not based on reason the center of her pleasure, if she were not endowed with some other faculty which can take the place of reason and establish, even unconsciously, limits to her ambitions and her actions.

Intuition fulfills this object marvelously.

What is intuition? Intuition is the possibility of foreseeing what the effect of a given action will be on another, before it takes place; it is the ability to sense the emotions and feelings of another person before they are expressed; it is a sort of third eye that can see through even the most impenetrable bodies and souls.

Intuition is one of the bases of alterocentrism and passionality, since it is impossible to make another being the center of one's attention, help him, consecrate oneself to him, without feeling or sensing what he wishes before he expresses it. But while passionality cannot exist without intuition, there can be intuition without passionality, as with man. Man does not lack intuition, but it is intellectual and deliberate; it is limited to the field of his interestsstudies, profession, art, business. A series of blinds seem to prevent him from using it with reference to the living things that surround him, if this is not particularly to his advantage. To man intuition is like a closed canal the keys of which are guarded by his mind and his interest. He does not look unless it is to his advantage to do so; his intuition is independent of passion.

But woman's third eye, her intuition, is always open to gaze at the living world around her. Her intuition is like a rushing torrent or a broad river that pours forth steadily, unhampered by dikes and

sluices.

From the almost indissoluble association of woman's passionality and her intuition come many feminine characteristics which frequently are a source of misunderstanding between man and woman. From her ability to know other people's desires, even though unexpressed, comes her ductility, the docility with which she bends to the most adverse circumstances, changing about again when conditions change. She can be extravagant or parsimonious, intellectual or housewifely, according to the desires of her husband or the nature of circumstances.

From her passionality and her keen intuition of the desires of others springs the generosity with which she gives herself to others, as well as the intelligent devotion with which she takes care of them—of children, for instance, or of patients who are dependent on her and are unable to express themselves in words or explain their needs.

From her passionality and intuition comes her tact, her ability to manage people and master situations. Woman feels what others feel, wish or fear before they give expression to their feelings, and she is able to comply with their wishes without

obliging them to express them.

Sometimes woman possesses such a high degree of intuition that it almost amounts to a gift of divination, the intuition of things and facts which she would not seem able to know. On the other hand her intuition often leads to oversensitiveness, because she feels the antagonism of others even when it is not expressed.

From intuition comes also curiosity: she wants to know about the sufferings and joys of others, and sometimes this leads to gossip, to interfering with

other people's affairs, in order to satisfy this curiosity.

Woman's generosity springs from her intuition. She feels the suffering of others and inevitably wants to alleviate it; she unconsciously takes the part of the weakest, the most helpless, the most afflicted; for the one who she feels needs her most instead of for the one who could be most useful to her. She is inclined to forgive others if they are miserable, and usually does not ask any return for sacrifices already made.

It was with wisdom that youths in the Middle Ages were sent to learn delicacy of feeling by working as pages for a noble châtelaine. Woman alone feels a passion to defend the weak, to stand up for the oppressed; she alone understands suffering and can convey an understanding of suffering to man who, having scarcely any intuition, does not suspect that others are suffering around him.

Self-Confidence

One of the most important consequences of the association of passionality and intuition in woman is her self-confidence, her spontaneity, that ability of hers to make quick decisions which sometimes, through a most peculiar contradiction, is apparently accompanied by the greatest indecision and irresolution.

Woman has faith in herself, in her aspirations, in her opinions (which she likes to impose on others); she is sure of her qualities, her defects (which she looks upon as qualities); she is convinced that everything she does is well done, that her advice is always excellent (as, in fact, it usually is). Woman so feels, as a rule, because her unreasoned altruism enables her to perceive clearly the passion and interest of others and consequently the opportunity presented by the action they are about to take.

Woman possesses a spontaneity, a rapidity of decision that one hardly knows whether to admire or to fear. She goes unhesitatingly from thought to action, even in regard to things of the greatest

import to her.

When Abraham's servant goes to his master's homeland to find a wife for his master's son, his eyes fall on Rebecca, who gave him to drink and who watered his camels, and he asks for her hand for Isaac. The mother, father and brother hesitate, want to think the matter over, want to see the bridegroom first, finally ask for ten days to decide the matter. The servant insists, and to every one's surprise Rebecca replies that she is not only willing but anxious to follow the old man who is to lead her to her unknown husband.

Woman is made like that. Spontaneity is such an ingrown part of her soul that she only likes to do the things she can do spontaneously. Furthermore she is disposed to forgive defects which she believes are spontaneous, whereas she cannot bear defects or even qualities which are the result of reasoning and reckoning. A gift, a kindness mean nothing to her if she thinks they result from delib-

erate calculation or reasoning.

Man often misunderstands woman's instinctive self-confidence, mistaking it for pride, arrogance, vanity, for sentiments, in short, by which men and women try, at once, to hide from themselves their own weakness and to make others believe in their

own superiority.

But woman's self-confidence is not assumed; it is real, unconscious. It is absolutely spontaneous and independent not only of her reasoning power but of other people's opinion. The person who, in public, is proud and arrogant, usually, in private, seeks advice, advice which he rejects loudly before others, but follows in secret. The vain person is easily led by flatterers who pretend to believe in his authority; the arrogant person is skeptical and only faintly idealistic.

Real self-confidence, such as woman's, does not need ostentation, it is not weakened because others do not believe in it, it does not cease when it is no longer looked up to or considered advantageous. Even in the face of contrary experiences woman's self-confidence does not decrease; it does not weaken, as does arrogance born from vanity, which is only an artificial sentiment dependent on the judgment of others. Woman's self-confidence is an intrinsical sentiment, founded on the deepest instincts of her nature, and upon it woman's soul seeks support while it forms the basis of her life.

Obstinacy and Partiality

Although woman's self-confidence is providential and necessary, it frequently entails certain disadvantages. Such, for instance, as her obstinacy for good or for evil, which springs from her self-confidence, and which is as little affected by reason and logical arguments as it is by the results of experience.

It frequently happens that a woman advises you to do certain things in the way she did or does them, and in the very same breath expresses regret at having done them. In other words, she contradicts herself by proving that the advice she calls excellent is in reality worthless. Very often, for instance, a woman praises her own educational methods, and, if she can, even obliges you to adopt them, while confessing that her own children never could be made to obey and do as she wished them to do. Or she claims that her selection of foods is the only judicious one for children while deploring the sickness or death of one of her own.

Women's inordinate self-confidence is, I believe, the cause of women's lack of confidence in each other, as it is the reason for their failure to respect

each other.

Why is it so hard for a woman to be well served? Why does she have more difficulty than man in keeping employees, even within her small domestic circle? Because she feels that no one does the work as well as she does it herself, or in the way she wants it done. Yet she would not be happier if anyone were to prove the contrary to her, because her excessive self-confidence leads her to believe that even merits and qualities which she herself does not have, are defects, just as she regards as erroneous every belief and conviction that is not her own.

By exerting her will-power woman is able to admit that women who are more or less like herself are her superiors or equals. But she looks inexorably down on all others. The woman who knows how to cook scorns the one who does not, the eco-

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nomical woman frowns on the extravagant one, the practical woman depreciates the intellectual one, while all women invariably look down on women who are different and therefore believed by them to be inferior. A woman may love her daughter above anything else, believe that she is better than anyone else in the world, except herself. Yet no one can convince her that her daughter could manage the house as well as she or make the sacrifices she has made. In other words, although she thinks her daughter is superior to everyone else, she never believes she could be her own equal or superior.

Women are even more partial when it comes to judging the way in which other women try to please, or hold their husbands, bring up their children or

keep house.

A woman approves no other arms than those she uses herself. The frivolous woman is sincerely convinced that the reserved girl is a fool, the lazy woman really disparages the woman who is active, while the sincere, emotional woman abhors artifice.

This mutual distrust complicates the relationship between women considerably, even (and often especially) when they are closely related, like mother and daughter, or sisters-in-law, and makes extremely difficult the cohabitation of entire families, which, under the patriarchal system, is so convenient in so many ways, and so economical. This distrust is the cause of the cordial animosity that reigns between women, and of the discredit which any woman in particular throws on all women in general.

Every woman claims at some time or other to have come in contact with despicable and really wicked women. If you try to go to the bottom of this so-called perfidy, you will usually find it springs from a different standard of conduct. As woman does not admit the justification of any other viewpoint than her own, she considers any contradictory attitude deliberately malicious. This sentiment is furthermore increased by woman's unilaterality—her tendency to look at things from one side only, from the side which, momentarily, her intuition presents to her.

Intolerance

Obstinacy and partiality combined give rise to intolerance and despotism, which is a desire to impose one's own tastes and views on others.

Woman does not understand liberty in the sense that the women around her can have desires different from hers, ideas different from hers; she cannot conceive how they can regard as good that which she thinks is bad, or how they can consider

intelligent a person whom she finds stupid.

If a woman runs an office, a school or a settlement, she is not satisfied to teach or direct it, but demands that the working girls or pupils she comes in contact with be well taken care of, well directed, well lodged, according to the rules of hygiene, education or instruction which she believes in. She wants them to bring up children the way she has brought up her own, to direct their house the way she directs hers, to be generous, or parsimonious, in the same way that she is, to dress as she does, to feel saddened by whatever causes her sorrow and to rejoice in whatever gives her pleasure.

Woman wants all women she comes in contact with to look upon her as a model. You will often hear a woman speak of having changed another woman's character as if it were a personal triumph. She is proud of having taught a silent one to talk, a talkative one to be silent; in other words she is proud of having imposed her own way of looking at things. At bottom there is something of the preacher dormant in all women.

It often happens that a woman who would gladly throw herself into the flames to save her daughter's life makes her daughter perfectly miserable and hinders her mental and moral development simply because she persists in imposing her own ideas and tastes.

Despotism

This intolerance gradually leads to despotism, a sentiment all the more deeply rooted in woman because it is essential to her mission in life: maternity and the keeping together of the family.

To bring up a child you must not only substitute your will for the child's, but you must oblige him to accept your point of view. You cannot stop to ask a child whether he wants a bath or not; you simply must give it to him.

In the same way, in the management of a home you cannot go about asking each individual member what he thinks about this or that. Someone has to impose his or her will after realizing the needs, desires and potentiality of each.

These qualities of mastership, which spring directly from self-confidence, are among the most

common and most deeply rooted in woman. No one can sense as a woman can what another person wants and needs, or knows how to give such good advice; no one knows better than she how to satisfy the demands of others, and impose her own will

upon them.

Man finds it a bore to direct a home. He resigns himself to be the legal head of it because state, religion and social customs look upon him as such, but he does not take any real, active interest in it. Woman, on the contrary, is intensely interested in having a house to organize, servants to employ, a family to plan for, to have, in short, a scope for her altruistic instinct by providing for and dominating others.

But it is evident that her dominating instinct does not always stop at its natural limits. It is not like mother's milk, abundant and rich while the child needs it, and vanishing as the child is weaned. The desire to rule exists in women when it is superfluous as well as when it is necessary. It lives in the young girl long before she can satisfy it. It persists in the woman of mature years whom death and age

have deprived of her natural domain.

Woman always wants to impose her will on the people around her, even if this is quite beyond her competence, even when they no longer need her, even when she risks making miserable the very people whose happiness she wants to guard. And the less real opportunity she has, the more obstinate she becomes. The woman who has no home of her own, no children to bring up, is more obstinate than the one who is absorbed by her work.

Woman's domineering instinct is sometimes mistaken for selfishness. There is no selfishness whatsoever in it. The very fact of wanting to impose one's will and interfere with other people's affairs proves, on the contrary, an altruistic or alterocentrist instinct. In imposing her will woman does not want to gain anything for herself, she does not try to satisfy her passions, but she wants others to do what she thinks best for them and what she imagines they ignore. It may be misplaced altruism, but it is altruism just the same, just as man's tolerance is merely justified or well-directed selfishness, but selfishness nevertheless.

Man, who thinks of himself and his well-being or his career, would be extremely bored if he had to spend his time wondering about a new-born baby's needs and wishes and substituting his will for that of the infant. A man wants to find things in their place without having to bother about them; he wants to go ahead with his own affairs without annoyance from others, and on this condition he is magnificently

tolerant toward everyone.

Man, who is so intent on his work, his ambitions or his studies, does not care particularly whether others are well off or miserable, and provided they do not interfere with his affairs, he grants perfect freedom of thought and action to others. It is because man does not feel the need of busying himself with others that masculine institutions grow so easily bureaucratic and are run by rigid rules and regulations. He does not like to intervene, impose his will on others, assume responsibility. It is because he does not want to take the trouble to lead that

man frequently lets himself be ordered about by women even when they are not competent. A man may think that others believe in wrong ideas, that it would be better for them to act differently, but if their ideas and their actions do not interfere with his own plans and ambitions he pays no attention to them. He is inclined to live and let live. He is not altruistic by nature, but it is precisely because of his egotism that he is tolerant.

Man's tolerance springs from indifference and it is often dangerous. But whether it is a virtue or a vice it is the basis of liberty, of social life, and to a certain extent the basis of progress and happiness, since we are often mistaken when we imagine others are in the wrong, while nothing is as painful as to have to limit one's own liberty of thought and action

according to the ideals of others.

An effort should no doubt be made to counter-balance woman's intolerance and despotism. They should be frankly classed as vices, and woman should be trained to beware of them. The woman who has been out in the world and who has met many different sorts of people is more tolerant than the woman who has never been outside her home circle. Man's influence in this respect is often beneficial. Man's tendency is to counteract woman's intolerance and thereby blunt her despotic spirit.

Woman is much more intolerant in countries where men and women lead widely different lives than in countries where both sexes meet more freely. The married woman is more tolerant than the old maid, and it seems to me that women of the younger generation are less despotic and intolerant than

women of the older generation, precisely because they have been to schools and universities with men and have come more in contact with men in their work.

Furthermore, as woman's intolerance is greatest when she has no real outlet for her instinct of sacrifice—as when she cares for a new-born infant, for instance—I think it would be useful to train women to acquire some purpose in life when their maternal vocation is finished or does not find any outlet, while all girls should be taught from childhood to try to curb their despotism and to be tolerant of others.

Woman's self-confidence — sovereign self-confidence—has therefore many drawbacks, but are they so great that they outweigh the advantages? I believe not.

Self-confidence, faith in our instincts, is the basis of our life and an essential attribute for the fulfillment of our mission in the world.

In order to tend and bring up new-born babies who do not know how to express themselves and do not even know what they want, it is necessary to substitute one's will for theirs and to use one's instinct to determine what is best. In order to rely on one's instinct one must have self-confidence.

If a mother doubted her own instinct, if she tried to be guided by the baby's tastes and imagined that these were very different from what she knows they ought to be, she could no longer act or provide for it. To be a mother a woman must trust her instinct, she must trust herself. And the normal woman cannot limit her faith in her own instinct to tending

babies. She must apply the same self-confidence to

everything that she takes up.

If woman, in fulfilling her mission on earth, were to lose confidence in herself and begin to doubt, she would be left absolutely helpless. She would begin to doubt everything, and her uncertainty as to what to do would bring her to the point of insanity. Self-confidence is the basis of woman's authority, too, and it is a force which multiplies our power a hundredfold. Self-confidence gives woman faith in her ability to do what is right, it gives her the courage to live and to struggle, that absolute assurance and trust which man rarely finds in his convictions based on reason.

It is because she has self-confidence that woman is so audacious, and as a rule so lacking in skepticism. Men, on the contrary, are often skeptical because they are filled with doubt, which leads to science, while woman is inspired by love, which leads to faith.

It is because woman believes in herself, because she relies on her inspiration, that she believes in love, in men, in ideals, in justice, in the triumph of all the ideas she looks up to, no matter how many apparently valid reasons should deter her from this belief. Woman's conviction is rarely based on reason: her conviction is equivalent to faith.

No matter what religious formulas a woman may have been taught to believe in, no matter how cultured or uncultured she may be, she rebels at con-

densing life into abstract dogmas.

Woman, who feels so much ardor within herself, who sees something almost living and part of her

own self in the inanimate objects around her, cannot help but vivify the mysterious force that surrounds her. Whether this force be called Zeus, or Hector, or Corambo,* woman believes in a living being or spirit that surrounds her and protects her. She depends on it, feels that she is a part of a living whole, that she is the link of a chain, the slave of something living, something almighty, something higher than herself and all those whom she loves. She believes in something living that will absorb her soul and prevent her joys and sufferings from being scattered to the winds, that will welcome her in Heaven or on earth, in the present or the future, in her distant descendants or in the fruits or flowers that surround her. Perhaps this is not the God of the masculine dogmas, but the sentiment through which woman sees God.

Indecision

Although woman is despotic, absolute, when she is called upon to decide the affairs of others, or when there is at stake something serious that brings her instinct into play, she is pitifully weak and vacillating when it comes to making up her own mind about things that concern herself.

It is said that she is vacillating because she has always been brought up to obey instead of to use her own judgment. This is not so, as may be seen from the way she likes to dominate those dependent

^{*} Elizabeth Browning made Homer's Hector into a god. Corambo was a divinity that George Sand had created and which she speaks about in her Memoirs.

on her. If she is submissive and frequently allows others to decide for her in questions of her own affairs, it is because she does not know how to make up her own mind. It may be remarked incidentally that the more insignificant the decisions are, the more hesitant a woman is. Never does a woman hesitate more than when she is choosing a dress, a chair, a present, or making up the list of guests for a dinner

It may be said that men are vacillating too. Certainly there are exceptions to my remarks. But at the same time, ask servants, workingmen, tailors, cooks, and others who deal with men as well as with women, and hear what they say about the respective merits and characteristics of men and women. You will invariably be told that there is no comparison between the two when it comes to making up their minds. There is no limit to the patience necessary in submitting to the perpetual orders and counterorders which abound whenever woman has to choose something for herself.

Incidentally the founders of the big department stores have made tremendous fortunes by allowing their customers to bring back goods already bought, for by so doing they help women to make up their minds by giving them the illusion that their purchases are not final, and the same stores make large profits by cutting material up into short lengths and selling them as remnants, so as to save women the necessity of making up their minds as to the number

of yards which should be bought.

Woman's indecision springs from the fact that

with one decision she wants to satisfy many needs, to kill several birds with one stone.

She wants her dress to be comfortable and becoming, but also cheap, so as not to exceed the family budget; she wants it to please her husband and her children, but she also wants it to attract attention among strangers; she wants it to last several years, to be of material that can be dyed and remodeled; she wants it to be made by one person and look as

if it had been made by another.

Her indecision also springs from the fact that she is guided by her intuition and not by her reasoning power. Intuition is something that you either have or do not have, and if you do not have it you cannot call upon it or develop it as you can reasoning power. If a person is blessed with intuition he or she is in a state of absolute self-confidence, able to reach decisions rapidly and spontaneously. Man, who has no intuition, trains himself to reason things out. To reason things out demands time to weigh the pros and cons, time to choose the wisest course, and it implies the existence of doubt. Man, who is used to making up his mind by reasoning about things, is always doubting; he thinks a long time before acting; he never feels absolutely sure of himself, but at the same time he is never so tortured by indecision as woman.

It is different, however, with woman, who is used to being guided by intuition. When moved intuitively woman is sure of herself, she does not hesitate before acting, she does not ask for time to think things out. What would be the use of hesitating, taking her time? Intuition is what it is, and it can-

not be bettered by reflection; time cannot improve it, but will only weaken it. But when she lacks intuition woman is quite at sea. Then she has nothing to guide her to get the best of her hesitation, but falls into the greatest discouragement and suffers all the tortures of indecision.

The Lack of a Standard by Which to Be Guided

While woman can make the most rapid decisions whenever her instinct is brought into play, she is extremely vacillating when circumstances are such that her instinct is not awakened. Under those conditions she is left practically helpless because she possesses no standard by which to regulate her decisions. The fact that she has no standard puts her, in turn, at the mercy of the person who is guided by one, that is to say, man.

Egotism is the backbone of life. The fortunate beings who are born with it have a fixed point within themselves according to which they can regulate

their actions to their own best advantage.

Egotism is the light that brightens one's way. The person who is endowed with selfishness needs no one to guide him in order to get on. Consciously or unconsciously, without assistance, he attains the object he strives for. He knows where he is going and he can go his way alone. But it is very different with the altruist, the alterocentrist, who needs a guide, who wants someone to love and to be loved by. The altruist is like the ivy that strives to cover the bare wall but dies if it finds nothing to cling to.

Woman lacks the backbone which egotism gives man. For this reason she needs man, she needs a

fixed point that remains immovable, imbued with its own tenacious purpose. She needs a force to concentrate her ardor and direct it.

It is said that woman's desire to find someone to lean on is due to lack of intelligence or training on her part. No. Lack of training or intelligence has nothing whatever to do with it. On the contrary, her desire for someone to rely on increases rather than decreases with her intelligence, since the multiplication of ideas drags her into a vortex of sensations which she does not know the reason of and from which she is not able to derive any advantage. As woman's intelligence is not based on reason but on intuition, it does not help her to make a decision. For intuition suddenly confronts her with a result without explaining the stages necessary to reach this result by way of logic. Consequently woman never feels so sure of herself as does man, whose conclusions are based on reason. And the more intelligent a woman is, the more she needs the support of an intelligence different from hers which will complement hers and help her make the best use of her intuition. Otherwise, like hothouse flowers that lack stamina and pistils and are doomed to die when their petals fall, the products of her intelligence will be buried where they were born without even producing the modest fruits which even the humblest wildflowers bear.

Only virile women do not feel the need of another intelligence than theirs. The woman who, through social necessity or habit or special ability, has acquired man's egotistic light can stand alone. But

in so-called "feminine" women this light is practically non-existent.

Woman's indecision and her helplessness in deciding her own affairs, her need of a man to counsel her, is the cause of much of woman's admiration for man, whom she unconsciously looks upon as a protector. On the other hand, her humility and admiration flatter man, who finds himself unconsciously drawn toward her. Man, who is blessed with a certain amount of conceit and enough selfishness to direct both himself and woman, is pleased at woman's obvious recognition of his superiority, especially as it requires but little effort on his part to live up to the rôle. Men prefer timid, bewildered women whom they can please without much trouble to clear-headed, firm, virile, débrouillarde women who do not need a man to lean on.

Woman is happy when by her indecision and helplessness she attracts the attention of a man strong enough to guide her, who can lend her his egotism and aggressiveness, who can defend her, direct her, protect her, and use her activity and ardor to the

best advantage.

For this reason I think it is a mistake to proclaim, as suffragists do now, that woman is an independent creature having no need of man's advice or counsel, and that the man who lets her develop freely is

worthy of praise.

As woman is fundamentally vacillating, her famous liberty crystallizes into taking a burden off men's shoulders (which as a rule he is delighted to lose, since he usually considers it a tedious duty to

think about his family) while adding to woman's

perplexity, indecision and remorse.

Woman's indecision is the cause of man's commands, although the opposite is usually thought to be the case. Woman is submissive because at heart it does not displease her to obey man, especially if she happens to like him. Besides, in obeying, she not only believes she is guarding her own interests better than if she were acting on her own responsibility, but she is relieved not to have to shoulder the responsibility of making a decision. Thereby she avoids much regret and remorse which are inevitable when she has to choose for herself.

But, it may be asked, would it not be better to train women to act independently instead of trying to oblige men to take care of them? Many women remain unmarried and have to earn their own living:

to whom shall they go for advice?

Undoubtedly it is a good thing to train women to be less vacillating, and if this end could be attained it would be a blessing to society; but the roots of woman's indecision are so deep-seated, especially if the woman is of fine, high-strung, unselfish character, that I do not see how this defect can be absolutely eradicated.

Instead of making a campaign to emancipate women I would suggest one to increase man's chivalry, and this campaign would have the double advantage of making men more agreeable and women happier.

As a matter of fact the assistance which man is more or less obliged to give woman is one of the most potent means of moderating man's selfishness. Woman is altruistic because the creatures dependent on her would perish if she were not so. It is the same way with men if they are placed in somewhat similar circumstances, as may be seen in the relations between officers and soldiers during the war.

Inversely man's egotism increases when no one expects him to help others and he can consider himself exonerated from all obligations in this respect.

Social harmony has therefore everything to lose and nothing to gain by emancipating woman, while society and woman have everything to gain by obliging man to be chivalrous. When man is obliged to help woman and care for her, his best instincts are developed, while she finds greater satisfaction than by trying to "live her own life."

Fashion

Just as the united influence of intuition and passionality bring about the strange contradiction in woman's psychology, of making her so determined in certain cases and so vacillating in others, they also bring about another strange contradiction namely, that while woman is such a strong inspirer of others she is herself very easily inspired and impressed. She, who has such a profound influence on fashion, is at the same time a slave and a servile follower of it.

The reason is that where woman is guided by passion and intuition she feels absolutely sure of herself and her ideas; this in itself is enough to inspire others with one's ideas. But where she is not guided by passion or intuition she has nothing to go by and consequently she is extremely impressionable.

You will, as a matter of fact, notice that woman is essentially impressionable in the sciences, in art and literature, which do not stir up her passion or affect her intuition to any great degree, but that she is never impressionable in the world of emotions, in love, sympathy, hatred, vengeance, where she is guided by her feelings and her instinct.

This impressionability is what causes her who has such a great influence on fashion, who creates it, so to speak—to be much more its slave than man. She follows fashion rigorously—and this is the most extraordinary part of it—without imagining that

she is following it at all.

When something is the fashion, in manners, clothes, morals, literature, woman does not reason, especially if those who are dear to her have adopted this fashion. Always an extremist, she is apt to follow her leaders blindly, often to the detriment of her own interest and that of people dependent on her, and she always believes, of course, that she is following her own inclination, not fashion. Woman, who in spite of all that may be said is chaste, monogamous, maternal and sentimental, becomes cynical, corrupted and unmaternal if fashion demands it, as in the days of the old régime, before the great French Revolution. That this cynicism was only a matter of fashion is shown by the fact that when the frivolous creatures of Louis XVI's court, who had spent their days stealing lovers from one another and intriguing against one another, had to emigrate, they shed their vices, which would have given them an easy means of livelihood, and started

to work and became splendid examples of self-sacri-

fice and devotion.

The mania for following the fashion sometimes creates a peculiar state of mind in woman, as, for instance, when it makes her say that she is bored when she is doing something that amuses her, and on the contrary say that she is amused when she is really being bored, all according to whether the things she is doing are fashionable or not. Now that feminism is in fashion women pretend to be extremely interested in discussing art, literature, politics, matters which bore most of them exceedingly. In the same way women of leisure imagine themselves intensely bored if they have to do something with their hands, or do their own housework, or take care of their own children, when as a matter of fact these things really interest them.

In almost all the Memoirs that remain from the émigrés of the French Revolution, surprise is expressed at the pleasures which the grandes dames found in caring for their modest homes, a pleasure much greater than any that they had ever experienced in the reign of magnificence before the Revo-

lution.

Most girls who care to be frank will admit that hospital courses and settlement babies interest them much more than social calls and functions. Most women are bored with society life, the useless vestige of what was formerly a great feminine rôle. They pretend to like society because it is smart to play the social game, but how many women welcomed the freedom from social obligations brought on by the war?

People laugh at woman's slavish following of fashion, but in reality, granted that it is so hard for her to make up her own mind, and that she cares so much for other people's opinion, the following of fashion and tradition is a convenient way for her to reconcile her desires with her interests. In itself fashion has no great value as a criterion, but because it is so generally accepted it gives, in a sense, a background to woman's judgment. It is well, therefore, for woman to follow fashion, but it is incumbent upon society and the highest type of woman to make this fashion something worth while, instead of allowing it to degenerate and lead the rest of woman-kind into paths dangerous both to woman and to society.

The Desire to Be First

Indissolubly attached to woman's self-confidence is her desire to be first, a passion which frequently amounts to a mania. In order to attain her object she is stopped by nothing, not even by calumny, false head.

falsehood or disparagement.

The passion to be the first is a direct consequence of woman's alterocentrism. As she centers her desires and ambitions not in herself but in others, outside of herself, it is natural that woman should want to be considered, in turn, the center of other people's passions, other people's admiration, a goal which she can logically attain only by getting ahead of everybody else.

To be considered first is the most general and persistent desire of all women. How is the virtuous woman rewarded in the Bible? By being recognized as the best among women. "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

This desire to be the first springs, as a matter of fact, from the function which determines all femi-

nine characteristics: maternity.

The relation of mother to child is based not only on reciprocal affection but on the authority which the mother has over her child, which in turn is based on the faith which the child has in the mother's superiority. To obey his mother a child has to believe his mother superior to everyone else. The child thinks she is superior, and the mother spares no sacrifices in order to live up to this ideal. And as, on the other hand, woman attaches such tremendous importance to the faith of others in her, so she is able to make lightly the greatest sacrifices for her son in order to be considered superior to everybody else. The feeling that her son thinks she is the most wonderful woman in the world is one of the greatest joys maternity gives to most women.

Listen to a group of mothers talking, and you will find that each one not only tells of her baby's fancies and cleverness, but of its mistakes, its lack of experience, the proofs it gives of its deference to her, of its affection for her, and her superiority. You will notice that their talk reflects the intense and continuous pleasure which they experience at having someone around them who looks up to them and to whom they feel superior. The characteristics which mothers as a rule most love in their sons—docility, tenderness, deference—are precisely the

qualities which express most clearly a recognition

of the mother's superiority.

Listen to little girls when they play with their dolls. You will frequently hear them scolding, ordering their dolls about, trying to persuade the dolls to believe in their superiority, and impressing on them the necessity of recognizing this superiority, just as older sisters preach to their little brothers, and mothers to their sons. And perhaps it is this sentiment, the pleasure of feeling oneself superior to others, of being the center of other people's interests, which leads a woman to find so much satisfaction in nursing and in works of charity.

But woman would like to be superior to every-body in the same way that she is superior to the patient and the child. Listen in the drawing-rooms to the women who sit around and talk; listen, in a girl's school, to the hum of the whispering pupils, and you will notice that each one is exerting every effort to convince the others that she is superior to them—the first in dexterity or intelligence, in riches or beauty, in clothes or warmness of heart, in virtues and in defects—the first, in short, in that quality in which she is convinced she is superior and which she thinks is the only one worth considering.

Why does woman grow so bitter as she grows old? Why does she always find so much to criticize in her grown-up children? Why is it so difficult for mother and daughter-in-law, for mother and daughter, for sisters-in-law, and worse still, for stepmother and stepdaughter to agree? Why does the servant play such an important part in a woman's life? And why does she expect more from a servant the older

she grows? Because, as a mother grows older, she feels that she is losing, in the eyes of her children, that aureole of superiority which she enjoyed; because she senses resistance in them and she sees them as rivals to her superiority. This is increased, in the case of the stepchild, by annoyance at being confronted with someone who in some respect, even if only in youth, may be superior to her. In the case of a stepdaughter, moreover, this feeling is not counterbalanced by a mother's instinctive desire to have her children excel all others. Because a servant is at her beck and call, a person on whom she can exert authority and from whom she can receive admiration, the servant, in a sense, is the last person to whom she feels superior and from whom she can expect homage. The older a woman grows the harder she is to please, and the narrower the field from which she can cull admiration, the more she asks of those from whom she can demand that they look upon her as superior.

The passion to be the first also exists in men, but in a very different form. Man wants to be first in order to gain an advantage, or, as Abraham says in the Bible, "to leave a footprint behind him," to become prominent or win power and riches, or become immortal or think he will. Man's passion to be first is based on interest and is therefore selfish. Not so with woman. Fame, honor, power, immortality, which form the woof of man's egotistic ambition, are foreign to woman's sentiment. Woman does not want, like man, to be first in order to gain palpable privileges, but simply and solely in order to be looked up to by those who surround her, and

to increase their affection. Woman wants to be above other women, above the people she knows, during her lifetime. She does not care, like man, for general recognition, nor for the judgment of posterity.

At the height of her fame Sophie Kowaleski confessed frankly that she would gladly have exchanged her life with its world-wide honors for the simple life of any average woman surrounded by a small number of friends who looked up to her and admired her. Mme. de Staël said the same thing,

My little girl, seeing me come back rather pleased from the library one day, asked me if I was looked upon as the *first* in the library, so convinced did she feel, instinctively, that pleasure was associated with the thought of being looked upon as first.

But woman is not satisfied with being the first. She wants everything around her and everything that belongs to her to be the first. Listen to little girls talking to one another. They are always quarreling because one says her teacher, her class, her school is the best, her mother the kindest, the best dressed.

The passion to be the first, so general and so widespread among women, is, as I have said, based on her function, and it would be a harmless and even useful desire if woman were satisfied to be considered the first when this is justified, or if this passion induced her to train herself to resemble the ideal she wishes to express. On the contrary, it usually leads to quite the opposite, to extravagant pride, to bluff, to the denigration of others, from calumny to falsehoods which render her so odious.

What sort of lies do women usually tell, how do they bluff, or show their pride, or disparage others? They lie in regard to their age, brag in regard to their wealth, their power, the affection and admiration which others have for them. These lies are meant to increase other people's regard for them, to have themselves thought superior, more perfect than other women, and to persuade others that all

other women are inferior to them.

I have already explained that because of her intolerance, her self-confidence, woman really looks upon other women as inferior. The desire to be the first intensifies this feeling and leads her to add calumny to reality. Woman cannot bear to hear another woman praised-no matter how distant she may be in rank, profession or space-without immediately seeking in her mind some defect which will reëstablish the equilibrium, without insinuating something cutting about her. Every woman possesses a most refined science of exalting her own superiority in order to ruin the confidence, admiration or sympathy which other women inspire in the person talking to her. "So-and-so is intelligent. What a pity that she's in such poor health!"-"So-and-so is unhappy, but she's rich and got only what she deserved."-"So-and-so is well dressed, but she has a perfect maid, and she squanders a fortune."

The reciprocal aspersion with which women gratify each other in order to be the first, even when admiration and fondness really exist and even when women are ready to help each other, is not, from a purely selfish point of view, indefensible. Men, who are not intuitive, are easily led to believe in the

superiority of the woman who says she is superior, and who expresses her disdain or scorn of others. Slander, bragging, lying is much more frequent among women when they are in the company of men than when they are alone. Feminine conversation is not absolutely devoid of these faults, even when discussion falls on women not known personally to the talkers, as in the case of heroines of adventures or of lawsuits. Women do not even like to read about perfect heroines in books. They seem to think that such fictitious characters may deprive them of a little of their superiority in the eyes of others. Women are the greatest admirers of the worst types of women in books, and the most implacable enemies of a heroine in the public eye who has gained a slight though bitter celebrity.

Individually the mania to be the first prevents the forming of real friendships among women, and hinders the establishment of that current of expansion and confidence among young girls and older women which would be of so much use and comfort in life. Woman does not trust woman, because each one wants to be the first and knows that her best friend is ready to march over her in order to be the first, when her turn comes. If a woman is willing to bow to the superiority of her friends, she can have as many as she wants who will always be ready to help her, give her excellent advice and assist her most

faithfully, both morally and economically.

Individually the mania to be first often causes serious misunderstandings between man and woman. I said that man is easily impressed by a woman's bragging. But sometimes he does not believe her.

and then there is trouble. Not infrequently a woman complains of her husband. If you go to the bottom of these complaints you will almost always find that the trouble comes from a real or imaginary obstacle to woman's mania to be considered first; in some way she suspects that her husband does not look upon her as superior.

Socially the passion to be first, combined with bragging, lying and the scorn of others it entails, neutralizes the credit woman should receive for all the good that she does. It casts a slur on all womankind in general and on the woman you know in

particular.

This passion complicates beyond measure the woman question, prevents harmonious education of men, which could only spring from broad feminine solidarity, and which from mothers should extend to daughters-in-law, from sisters to sisters-in-law.

On this point it would be most necessary to curb woman's instinct, but how? I think the best method consists in teaching girls that their instinct is not infallible, and that they must not give way to it. The little girl should be taught from her earliest years to refrain from criticising and slandering others, and to take care not to fall into this error. Useful this method would be, no doubt, but I do not delude myself into believing it infallible. One thing is certain and that is that the highest instruction and coëducation are of little use, as is borne out by the fact that the younger generation are no better than their seniors. On the contrary, the ease of life, studies, and independence have made them more arrogant than before.

Pride

Bound up with the mania to be the first is pride or the enormous importance which woman ascribes to the opinions of others, a feeling which makes her capable of the greatest sacrifices or stupidities, of subjecting herself to the most atrocious suffering. or of committing real crimes in order to have the little circle of people who surround her say (or refrain from saying) this or that, in order to have their approbation, or to avoid their disapproval, to be admired or envied. How many marriages said to be inspired by love or caprice are really caused by pride! A girl does not want to stay too far behind the friends already married, or she is ashamed to break an engagement which others consider excellent, even if it is not, or she is carried away by pride at having finally made a man, supposedly adamant, fall in love with her. Because her passion for others makes her remain in a state of continual dependence on others, this is natural. She pays more attention to the opinions of others than to the things themselves, because to her the opinions of others mean more than reality. A marriage which other people consider worth while, even if it is in fact very bad, a woman looks upon as better for her than an advantageous marriage which others consider unfortunate.

Woman's pride is the source of much suffering for her, because if it is not accompanied by intelligence it gives rise to many misunderstandings, quarrels and scenes of vengeance quite disproportionate to their cause. But at the same time it is also the source

of many good qualities and is a most important moral support and guide. Woman, who is able to make infinite sacrifices in order to win the praise or to avoid the disapproval or sympathy of others, can be cured of almost any defect, even of the thirst to dominate, even of the mania to be the first, even of intolerance, if the cure can be effected by means of Through pride woman can be induced to live stoically through the most tragic conditions of life and without ever complaining. Many women are prevented from speaking badly of husbands and relatives—something which would cause tragic family break-ups-out of pride, because they do not want to appear unhappy. In the country many tragedies between mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law have been avoided because of patriarchal conditions which made a mother-in-law anxious not to appear tyrannical.

In short, pride is a sentiment which, if directed into proper channels, can be most useful to society. It should not be suppressed, but should be carefully

directed and fostered.

Envy, Jealousy, Desire for Vengeance

Along with pride and the mania for being the first, we must class envy as one of woman's defects springing from alterocentrism, envy being the feeling that makes us suffer because another person enjoys advantages we do not enjoy or does not suffer from the evils which we are burdened with. Jealousy, which makes us hate the person who loves the person we love, and thirst for vengeance, which makes us, consciously or unconsciously, want to hurt

the one who has hurt us, are also defects due to womans alterocentrism.

Envy, jealousy and thirst for vengeance are often mistaken for a sense of justice. They have only one thing in common with a sense of justice and that is the alterocentrist sentiment from which they spring, in the sense that we suffer or rejoice in other people's joys or sufferings without regard to our own.

In the case of justice, we suffer on account of the trials or hardships imposed on others, or the privations to which they are subjected, because we realize that such evils are harmful to society owing to the despair and confusion spread by injustice. In the case of justice, again, we fight for the good of others, for the good of the majority, even at the risk of harming ourselves and those we love, in order to bring about a triumph of equality or of advantages in the world. In the case of envy, jealousy and thirst for vengeance, on the other hand, we cannot bear the thought that others should have more advantages than we have or advantages that we should like to have, or that others should not suffer as much as we suffer, regardless of whether sufferings or advantages are deserved or not. We strive to make others suffer as much as we do or to prevent them from enjoying more advantages than we, even when the triumph of our aspiration would be contrary to the general weal, because we want to bring about an equality of suffering or privation.

The sense of justice presupposes a very high intelligence capable of distinguishing the true from the false, good from evil, general interest from individual interest. The sense of justice is inspired by a great generous alterocentrism which tends to make us lose sight of our own advantage in view of the common weal. Envy, jealousy, thirst for vengeance presuppose a very limited intelligence which prevents a person from distinguishing between reality and appearances. They spring from a misplaced, ferocious alterocentrism which does not consist in increasing the amount of good in the world, but in preventing others from getting more than we have.

Envy, jealousy, thirst for vengeance are by no means exclusively feminine passions, but in man they are limited to things that conflict with his egotism. Man envies the friend who has a better position than he, he is jealous of the one who stands a chance of pleasing the woman he loves, he seeks to

avenge himself for the wrong done to him.

But when the luckier man is not his rival and takes nothing away from him, the average man does not feel disturbed or wrought up. Being, furthermore, used to reasoning about things, to looking at various sides of a question, man is willing to admit (provided his passion does not come into play) that his competitor is as intelligent or even more intelligent than he, and that he deserves his good fortune or is worthy of the honors shown him. Woman never. She never admits that another woman is deserving of greater happiness, for any reason whatsoever, than that she herself enjoys. Woman is envious and jealous not only of rivals and competitors but of all women, and she is envious on behalf of husband, son, father, friend, quite as much as on her own behalf.

Madame Caillaux killed her husband's enemy although she herself had no quarrel with him. Every day one sees women trying to prevent friends of their daughters from marrying well, simply out of spite and envy.

Woman is envious and jealous of everyone and everything, of her friend's wealth and position—even if she would not change with her—jealous of all the women she knows and of many she does not. Sometimes mothers-in-law are jealous of wives not yet chosen by their sons!

Woman is jealous and envious of the heroines of books. The heroines most women like to read about are usually of the lowest type of women, that is to say, women who by contrast make their own virtue more apparent.

Envy, jealousy and thirst for vengeance are such despicable sentiments that an attempt should be made to eradicate them from woman's mentality. But how? By training girls to probe their hearts and to appreciate the advantages which they enjoy. Perhaps good examples would be even more efficacious.

II. SENTIMENTALITY

I have already explained that woman is led by passion and intuition, which have nothing to do with her reasoning power and which invalidate the logic of any argument. While reasoning power engenders doubt and is like a weight preventing free motion, it is at the same time a weight that holds one in place. Woman, who is not held in place by the weight of her reason, often slips into the greatest extremes in every way.

Woman's sentimentality is for the most part due to her excessivism. She goes to extremes in sympathy and sorrow, in sacrifice and enthusiasm, often for people or causes not worthy of her emotion or

unable to measure up to her expectations.

This sentimentality, which is such a vital part of woman's soul, has no connection with that false sentimentalism, child of vanity, hypocrisy, opportunism, which has justly cast so much discredit on the word. False sentimentalism springs from a more or less real sentimental longing associated with an intellectual aspiration to science or culture which one does not have. It prevails among people who have no real feelings about things, and who through a sort of half-culture have been able to get an inkling of great social, political, economic, hygienic and moral questions. Then, because of a sort of half-intelligence, they have seen the advantage they can gain by pretending to be carried away by a sentiment they do not feel. Sentimentalism of this sort is what assures the success of so-called "yellow" journals, with their sensational trials and secret intrigues. Nothing is easier than to stir up the applause of a large public by expostulating with feigned emotion on a commonplace subject of hygiene, justice, equality, or by turning a conversation which one does not care to face off the main issue, by playing up a secondary detail where sentiment enters into play.

False sentimentalism springs from the fact that, as it is considered right to have sympathy for others and to be easily roused to emotion, the scoundrel pretends to be moved in order to gain the confidence

of the people. False sentimentalism disappears in periods in which cruelty reigns, when sentiment is looked down on. It is an artificial quality or vice, and so amoral that there is no interest in dwelling on it.

Aside from this falsification there exists, however, a real sentimentalism of which woman is almost necessarily the victim; and this we may consider in three of its aspects.

First, what one might call ordinary sentimentalism, the most ingenuous and the most usual, which makes us suppose that all beings, animate or inanimate, are susceptible of feeling the same degree of joy or sorrow as that we feel; which makes us feel too much sympathy or compassion for sufferings which do not exist or which are at least usually not so great as we imagine, for dogs, caged birds, for the savage who goes barefooted, for the peasant who is in tatters, for the child that cries. We attribute our own feelings to these people. Sentimentalism of this sort is inoffensive and springs from an excess of passionality, a lack of logic, because woman has too much sentiment and consequently applies it everywhere, even where it is superfluous.

From this first form of sentimentalism one passes, by insensible degrees, to a second form of sentimentalism, purely feminine, too, but entailing more serious social consequences. It consists in believing people around us to be different from what they really are, by imagining that they attach more importance than they really do to matters of sentiment; in believing them endowed with feelings much finer

than that which they have; in imagining that they are moved by ideal motives to which they are as a rule insensible, or that they are insensible to prosaic interests to which they are, in reality, deeply attached. This is the sentimentalism of a woman who marries a drunkard in order to reform him, or who imagines that she can change her child's mentality by talk, or cure a sick person by making endless sacrifices. This sentimentalism springs from the fact that woman who can understand things only with her feelings instead of with her brain, imagines that other people are moved by the same process. As she is led to do a thing by the urging of her emotions and feelings, instead of by the urging of her brain, she imagines that others must be moved by the same motives. Not being guided by a definite criterion in directing her feelings, she is apt to be carried away by non-essentials.

Finally, there is a third form of sentimentalism, the highest and the least common, which is very similar to real sentiment and which has no social disadvantages although it causes much individual suffering. It is characterized by an excessive spirit of sacrifice; it leads woman to sacrifice herself for something that is not worth while; it makes her conscience torment her for the most harmless actions and leads her to excessive and useless remorse. Under the influence of this sentimentalism woman tends to imagine that her duties are much more important than they really are; she makes sacrifices much greater than are necessary; she believes that the sad, the suffering, the afflicted person is much sadder, much more afflicted and tormented than he

really is. She imagines that sons, husband, or brothers to whom she devotes herself need her help, her assistance, her work, much more than they really do; she is apt to sacrifice herself, immolate herself, even when there is no need of it, and she deludes herself into believing that duty and sacrifice are synonymous, which they are not, and that her own sacrifices and the advantage of the other person are one and the same thing, which they are not, either.

Every day we see women, young girls, voluntarily giving up their most legitimate, their most cherished and sane desires, cutting off their hair, refraining from speaking to strangers, from going out. We see them abandoning their fortunes, talents, position, future, because they imagine that this renunciation will be of help to the beloved one and will increase his affection. Every day we see women worrying from morning to night over how to increase the family patrimony, when this is not at all necessary. Every day we see women falling in love with men, or giving up everything for causes, that have no merit of any kind except that they oblige these women to make sacrifices.

This sentimentalism is rooted in the maternal instinct, according to which sacrifice and the well-being of others are one and the same thing, love and sacrifice merging into one. The new-born babe needs his mother night and day; the mother must give up everything for its sake. But while the child does not need its mother in this way for more than a few months, woman, whose whole character is stamped by her maternal function, is inclined to transport this viewpoint to her whole life.

Is sentimentalism a good or a bad thing for woman? Should it be cultivated as a virtue or eradicated like a defect? When sentimentalism does not turn into hypocritical affectation it is a feeling that springs from real sentiment and consequently, even if it makes the individual suffer, it is beneficial to society at large. If sentimentalism frequently leads woman astray she is, at least, the only sufferer.

Sentimentalism, moreover, is a quality that attracts man to woman. Man, who has very few sentiments or emotions, is attracted to the person who sees him nobler and greater than he is, who believes him to have a lot of fine feelings that he does not possess, and whose sentimental hunger can be satisfied with

such delusive food.

Sentimentalism is, furthermore, so deeply rooted in woman's nature that a woman absolutely deprived of it would not seem quite normal. Sentimentalism

is therefore a distinct quality of woman.

But it is nevertheless a quality that costs her very, very dear, that makes her suffer exceedingly, much above and beyond the advantages she can derive from it. It brings endless disillusions and inevitable bitterness, for there is always disparity between the imagined and the actual facts in any given case. Sentimentalism should be preserved, but not cultivated. A woman should be taught to understand that people and things are not necessarily as she imagines they ought to be, and she should train herself not to be disappointed by realities. She should also learn to be more judicious in her self-sacrifice, so as not to sacrifice herself in vain. The bitterness caused by the lack of compensation between suffering

felt or sacrifices made and gratitude received, frequently hardens woman's character, makes her much more quarrelsome, suspicious and irritable than if she had given less to the world and did not, in consequence, imagine that the world owed her so large a return.

In training woman to moderate her tendencies of excessivism and sentimentalism, the influence of another woman—a mother or woman teacher—is much less helpful than that of a man, who, by his example and his logic, can do a great deal. The influence of a father or brother, later of a husband or son, is most valuable, as it tends to moderate woman's instincts of excessivism and sentimentalism and to divert her spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion into useful channels where she can feel that she is of use and does not live in vain. Coëducation is also good, in this respect, as experience has proved that girls brought up with boys are much less sentimental than girls who have been brought up far from all masculine influences.

But if the association of men and women is to be of any value men and women must learn to understand each other's characters. Once they understand each other they can cooperate. There should be no antagonism between men and women. There should be no division of interests to prevent the harmonious fusion of the sexes.

III. EXPANSIVENESS AND SOCIABILITY

Another consequence of woman's passion and intuition is her expansiveness.

Woman is much more expansive than man. She

feels much more than he the need of exteriorizing her sentiments and affections, of confiding her emotions and ideas to another person. The baby girl learns to talk before the boy, not because she is more intelligent or precocious, but because she is by nature more expansive than the boy. In kindergartens and nurseries, before they have been differently trained by different educational methods, the little girls are much more expansive than the boys. As a rule the little girls make advances to the boys, run up to them, pet them, while the boys look on with surprise and indifference, astonished and annoved at the advances they see no reason for. At home, at school, with teachers and parents, with friends and brothers, girls are much more expansive than boys. Girls write to their relatives and friends even when they are far away. But writing is a torture to most boys; they never know what to write and never have anything to say because they do not feel the need of expressing or exteriorizing their emotions or affections.

In fields and factories if women cannot talk they sing; they unburden their feelings, so to speak, to

the air and the sun as they work.

Woman is sociable and expansive because she has the passion of the things around her, because she thirsts to love and to be loved, because she cannot enjoy anything unless there is someone to share her pleasure with her. She is also sociable because her intuition cannot find expression in solitude. Woman left to herself dies like a flower without water. Woman does not feel that she really lives if there is no one around her in whom she can confide and

to whom she can convey an expression of her emotions; for intuitions are vague sensations that must be expressed to another, must be controlled by another, must, in short, be tested by others before they can give woman that assurance which man gets

through logic and reasoning power.

Woman not only needs to express herself to others, but must express herself particularly to people in harmony with her. A woman isolated by hostile surroundings is even worse off than a woman left all to herself. In her solitude she can imagine that plants and animals harmonize with her moods, that they like and love her, but this she cannot do in a hostile environment.

As she has within her such an intense need of living creatures with whom she must be in contact in order to be happy, woman is always seeking others. Expansivity makes her sociable. Woman is the moving spirit of friendships; she cultivates friends, increases their number, takes pleasure in their society. If you look about in street-cars or railroads you find that women talk to anybody who gives them a chance to express their feelings.

Take schools, for instance. At recess the boys play while the girls sit around and talk. The girls like to play school or house, in other words, to repeat to others their impressions of home and school. Boys do not play school or house, but play ball or active games if they do not fight. Boys have companions with whom to play or study, girls have bosom friends and confidantes. When do men emerge from their isolation? When do they get together? When they have business to discuss, or

when they want to talk over their studies or other affairs. But they never meet just to exchange confidences, to find out what their friends are doing,

and to tell their friends what they are doing.

Man is not sociable or expansive because he does not need others in order to think. He becomes sociable when there is something to be done, or won. He does not seek others instinctively, and left to himself he grows more and more solitary. This is true of men who do not marry.

Woman, on the other hand, does not seek the company of others in order to gain something, but just in order to be with them. She needs others in whom to confide her intuitions, because her soul stag-

nates in solitude.

Advantages and Disadvantages

Woman's expansiveness is a source of continual misunderstanding between man and woman. As man is reflective, methodical, deductive, able to study, work and meditate without feeling any need of expressing his thoughts or emotions to others, he does not think of unburdening himself to woman. As he is not expansive man does not realize that woman is intensely so. He does not invite her confidences, and if she lays bare her heart to him he does not think of returning her confidence. As man is not a bit interested in understanding other people he is rather annoyed at woman's attempts to understand him, to find out what he is thinking about or interested in, and he usually shows his resentment at her intrusion into his life in a way that is as wounding as it is brusque.

Woman, who is ever ready to take an interest in others, feels deeply hurt when the man who is by her side takes no interest whatever in her thoughts and feelings. She who feels that she must perish if the person she cares for does not understand and sympathize with her, cannot understand that man's coldness and indifference are not deliberate, but are simply un-understanding and thoughtless. She can only explain his indifference to her thoughts and feelings by thinking that he must have ceased to love her, or has taken a dislike to her, or is in love with someone else-things which are false, nine times out of ten, but which make her whole life miserable. And, furthermore, woman, who is not reasoning or logical and who does not talk to herself mentally, does not understand man's laconicism and his indifference as to whether or not he has someone in whom to confide. She can only find one reason for his attitude: she imagines her place has been taken by someone else, and she frequently voices her resentment unnecessarily.

But if woman's expansiveness has disadvantages it also has certain advantages. It would be impossible to do away with it without breaking all human association and hindering progress. If woman were not expansive and did not require other human beings to confide in and care for, if, by her expansion, she did not attract man in spite of himself and force him to become more sociable, men would end by living each for himself like animals in the jungle, except for one single moment in their lives. All individual experiences would be lost to the community and with

them the possibility of civilized collaboration. Incidentally it may be noted that the only animal communities that have any strong vitality are feminine communities like the bees, the ants. In breeding animals it is easier, too, to keep a flock of females together than males. This is as true of sheep or pigs as of chickens or geese.

Woman's expansiveness is therefore extremely useful to society, and it is also useful to man and woman because it is one of the elements that bind

one sex to the other and cement their fusion.

In spite of social conventions which demand that man should ask for a girl's hand, it is really the girl who, by her expansiveness, conquers the man. It is the woman who, by her expansiveness, transforms the most haphazard marriages of reason into fervid love-matches.

Woman's need of expansion is the strongest link that unites man and woman. Woman, impelled by her need of meeting response in the people around her, is willing to accept almost any terms in order to establish stronger bonds between man and herself, and she quells her desire to dominate which would be an obstacle to a closer relationship between them. Man, on the other hand, is flattered by woman's need of expansion which leads her to seek him and to show so much pleasure in his conversation. Thereby is constituted one of the bonds that tie him most strongly to woman.

Woman's expansiveness is beneficial to her intellectual and moral progress, because even though man is but reluctantly drawn into her circle, his presence broadens her viewpoint. It is useless to deny that as a rule woman's sphere is narrower than man's. This is because woman is guided by her passion, because she feels intuitively instead of reflectively, and because emotion and intuition have a more limited

sphere of action than reason.

When a woman goes to an exhibition or a lecture, or reads a book, she finds the book, the lecture, the exhibition sublime, abominable or indifferent. will be lifted to the summits of enthusiasm or cast into the valley of disgust. She thinks the idea discussed resembles this or that, that it shows delicacy, courage or vice, that the author is happy or unhappy -things which may all be true, but which do not affect the book, the lecture, or the exhibition and which, when repeated to others, give no idea of the things described. The faculty of being moved and carried away by things tends to narrow woman's mental horizon, especially since she is naturally inclined to busy herself chiefly with people and things around her. When I hear that something is ugly or beautiful I do not know the thing itself. Because I know the people around me I do not know the world.

Quite unconsciously man, by his broader mental outlook, his more rational way of thinking, changes woman's viewpoint, enlarges it. By his reasoning power he obliges woman to be guided by something else than intuition in judging things, and thereby he

teaches her to be tolerant.

Woman's expansiveness is useful, but it must be kept within certain bounds. It should be diverted into appropriate channels. The Catholic religion has done this in the confession. The priest, as con-

fidant, is admitted to a knowledge not only of a woman's sins but of her thoughts and troubles. He is her counselor. Now that so many new religions have sprung up which do not admit confession, some new way should be found to take the place of the outlet provided for emotion by the confession. The vogue of fortune-tellers is built on woman's need of a confidant. In some way or other an outlet should be found for woman's expansiveness. Otherwise she is more or less apt to fall into the hands of charlatans and impostors.

Vivification of Inanimate Things

Woman's expansiveness often leads her to a most peculiar form of illusionism, the vivification of inanimate things, a most precious attribute in the ful-

fillment of her rôle as woman and mother.

When the child is born it is not the creature with likes and dislikes which it becomes a few months later. It is something that does not feel, nor perceive, nor suffer, nor enjoy, nor love, nor hate. In order to love this creature passionately, as the mother does, and to imagine that it loves her, woman has to believe the little creature has the soul it will only get later on. In other words, she "vivifies" it.

This tendency to "vivify" things, imagine they have feelings and sentiments which they have not, is an essentially feminine quality. Woman not only has it in regard to children; she extends it naturally and instinctively to everything around her. She invests things with her sentiments; she loves them and

imagines that they love her.

When a woman speaks of the furniture, the flow-

ers in her room as her "friends," and says she "could not live without them," she is not pronouncing empty

words but expressing a reality.

After a woman has lived in a house for a certain length of time or walked through the same garden or used the same instrument for a while, she really transforms house, trees, furniture and instruments into something living, so far as she is concerned. She loves them like human beings. Elizabeth Browning had a figure of Hector designed in a flower-bed in her garden and she loved it passionately, trembling lest the wind and the rain spoil the design, imagining that the spirit of her hero would visit the garden. George Sand, Juliette Lambert, Mme. Lauth-Thomson speak to the trees in the forest, and in letters and memoirs express the belief that the trees sympathize with them and understand them.

During the earthquake at Messina many little girls were seen wandering through the smouldering ruins looking for their dolls as they saw mothers look for their children. Lucie Felix Faure Guyau, at the age of ten, prays God to give her doll a soul, only for a moment, so that she can tell the dolly how much she loves her. To the little girl a doll is not a toy but a living creature, her baby. The little girl confides her troubles to her dolly and imagines that her dolly understands her, is happy when she is happy, sad

when she is sad.

Later on, when the girl grows into a woman and no longer plays with dolls or dares confide her troubles aloud to inanimate things, she continues to converse with them mentally. Animals, plants, furniture, all things around her become almost human. Every woman can remember the anguish she felt, at some time or other, in leaving behind an animal, a plant or a souvenir of some sort. Every woman peoples her house with memories, imprisoned in objects of no particular value but precious to her because they are "vivified."

Physicians know that one of the most frequent causes of feminine insanity is a woman's having to leave house and home. For that reason Lombroso proposed that the Code should provide that in case of separation the furniture should always belong to

the woman.

Sometimes this sentiment, verging on fanaticism, is said to represent woman's feelings of proprietorship in regard to everything with which she comes in contact. This is not so. The things woman grows attached to do not necessarily belong to her, but they must be associated with her life in some way. A woman grows fond of the school bench, of her room in boarding-school, of the furniture in her parents' home.

Woman loves her home, the flowers and plants of her garden, not because they are hers but because she has "vivified" them, has filled them with her thoughts, her joys, her worries, as the little girl

"vivifies" her doll.

This peculiarly feminine idealism is the cause of much misunderstanding between man and woman. Man, who feels nothing similar to this sentiment, disparages it and makes fun of it, often ridiculing it mercilessly, without realizing that he wounds woman in this way. But because it causes suffering there is no reason to want to suppress this sentiment.

For this absurd sentiment, this ingenuous love, comforts woman throughout her life, giving her, when she is alone, the feeling of being surrounded by sure and devoted confidants. Besides it is a great social bulwark, for it forms the basis of woman's eagerness to care for everything around her.

When you love something, even if it be only a chair, a table, a rag, a teakettle or a sewing-machine, you do everything you can to keep it in order, to keep it spick and span. The ingeniousness, patience and persistence with which women take care of the things they have around them spring from this almost maternal "vivification" which enables them to clothe inanimate objects with their own thoughts, to consider everything around them like living beings.

As a ray of sunlight is condensed in the coal which heats us on a winter's night, so this naïve love, thrown to the winds, is transformed and becomes a part of all the arts and work that woman attempts.

Gratitude and Presents

Another sentiment which may be linked to that of the "vivification" of inanimate things, is woman's gratitude and the deep pleasure which the gratitude of others stirs in her.

When a woman needs something, advice, material or moral assistance, she does not hesitate to ask for it, just as, if asked, she does not hesitate to grant a favor. Eternal gratitude is the generous requital which she considers must pay for the favors, even insignificant, that are rendered. And she expects to be paid for her services in gratitude as well.

The importance of a feeling of gratitude springs

from woman's maternal function. The child can only pay with gratitude, it can only ask favors. If woman were attuned to expect anything but grati-

tude she could not be a mother.

A man dislikes to render favors as much as he feels humiliated in receiving them. He does not like to make a sacrifice for another person or to show gratitude for any received. He does not like to admit his indebtedness to others. Especially does he dislike to crystallize his indebtedness into something tangible that will remain as a daily reminder. He does not like to give or receive presents. To simplify the exchange of favors which, after all, he, too, must meet with in his life, he has on the one hand organized cliques, societies, brotherhoods, where each favor given corresponds to one received, and has on the other hand organized the tipping system, whereby money pays for favors that cannot be rendered in kind. Tips are a brutal parody on woman's gifts inspired by gratitude, just as man's association in clubs and unions is different from woman's friendship, which is disinterested. Men pay in cash for a favor received, while the man who receives a tip can calculate whether the recompense was worth the trouble of doing the favor.

Woman views giving and receiving differently. She likes to express her gratitude and does not feel humiliated but flattered in thanking someone for favors received. And as she enjoys meeting with gratitude, she believes that man appreciates hers. That is why she often elaborates her thanks, her relief, dwells on it, and often tries to express it in a concrete object, that is to say, in a present.

To a woman a present is not just an object received without the expenditure on her part of money for its purchase, but it is something which—at least so she imagines—represents a person's feelings. Because she believes that a present stands for a sentiment, she enjoys receiving it. Woman can never really love a person who does not know how to give a gift, for to her such a person is one who does not appreciate sacrifices made for him, or who is not noble-minded enough to acknowledge them.

For this reason woman likes to receive presents, not money. She wants to be paid for her services or sacrifices not in cash but in feeling, and she wants, therefore, to receive something that will synthesize the love and gratitude of the person who bestows the gift. In all countries of the world women are won by presents. A girl treasures the gifts of her lover, not because his ring has any value intrinsically, but because she looks upon it as an expression of his love for her, and she concentrates into it her feeling for the giver. Money could not give her the same sensation.

Woman's fondness for presents is useful in the general scheme of things because it obliges man to think of woman in a more delicate way. It forces him to eradicate part of his natural egotism by obliging him to think of what will please the woman he loves. It is a means of making him understand that something exists in the world besides his own

business and interests.

The Passion for Adornment

Connected with the tendency to crystallize sentiment into an object is the enormous stress which women lay on everything pertaining to clothes and

the art of personal adornment.

The general idea is that woman is fond of adornment in order to make herself more beautiful than she really is. As a matter of fact, clothes are something vastly more important and complex. Clothes constitute a part of woman's personality as determined by tradition and sanctified by religion. Woman symbolizes every important event in her life, every important feast in her religion, by a special dress. The temptation of dress is the last step in the ceremony to which the novice has to submit before entering the cloister. The memory of the gown which she, too, might have worn, was the strongest temptation that assailed St. Catherine before she took her solemn vows-a gown embroidered with gold and stars like those her sisters had worn, which her grandchildren would have gazed at with eyes filled with wonder and admiration.

Clothes, jewels, personal appearance constitute a woman's coat of arms. They are the banner by which she shows the public, that does not know her, who and what she is. Her mode of dress proclaims her social position, her wealth, her culture, or the position she aspires to hold in society. Her clothes also show whether she is old-fashioned or modern in her ideas, whether she is timid and retiring by nature

or audacious and reckless.

A jewel, a beautiful gown mean to a woman what

an official decoration means to a man. They are the sign of her family's position and her standing in it. A woman puts on her best clothes to meet strangers. This is because her husband and her family know who she is and her clothes, in their case, need not serve as banner or coat of arms. But when she appears at a gathering where she is to be seen and judged by strangers, she puts on her best raiment.

Incidentally it may be remarked that the woman in moderate circumstances displays the greatest luxury in the street and the theatre, where the greatest number of strangers see her, while the woman of wealth and social position, who looks down on the great public, puts on her simplest clothes for the street and theatre and reserves her most beautiful gowns for private dinners, teas and receptions, where she comes in contact with the people she wants to impress.

Woman's clothes acquire stability when times are such that social conditions are fast and rigid, when it is not possible to pass abruptly from one class to another. When woman's position is stable her costume becomes almost invariable, as in religious or charitable orders, where her position is not affected by her appearance and where she can assert herself by other means than by her clothes and jewels.

But when society is more or less in upheaval (as was the case during the French Revolution) her clothes change perpetually, no matter how poor she may be or how trying are political conditions. When woman's position is unstable and there is a possibility for her to pass easily from one class to another, her

costumes vary incessantly, as she changes banner and coat of arms.

It may be remarked that the age at which woman dresses most ostentatiously or lavishly differs according to countries and periods, that is to say, according to a woman's chances of changing her social position.

During our mothers' time modish clothes were the appanage of the young matron. In South America to-day young girls go about in the finest clothes. In the United States women of all classes and ages dress lavishly and fashionably. In Europe, too, women are beginning to dress as in the United States, since they have begun to play a rôle outside the home and are able to shift banner and coat of arms.

Many girls who are extremely fond of dressing well before they marry lose all interest in their appearance once they are wedded and settled down. Why? Because husband and children give them other means of expressing their social position and

aspirations.

How many women, on the contrary, who never thought of their appearance, grow fond of clothes and jewels if the man they love takes an interest in

such things?

Is it good or bad for woman to take so much interest in her appearance? Is it right that she should try to express, by her mode of dressing, her rank, her intelligence, her good taste? I think so. Woman is sincerely fond of dressing well and of everything pertaining to clothes, and I think that this is to her advantage. The well-dressed woman attracts attention and admiration everywhere, and as woman is naturally sociable and inclined to attach

much importance to other people's approval or disapproval, it is essential for her to try to make the best appearance possible. Besides, man usually is very anxious to have his women folk dress well. He likes them to appear, by their clothes, to belong in a rank superior to that which is theirs in fact. Thus in many cases their dress becomes his own banner and coat of arms.

There is too much of a tendency to see a thing in its last expression only, to see only all the good or only all the evil that it causes. Usually a thing causes both.

If woman's clothes cost the family and society a little time, money and activity, they allow woman, independently of lies and calumnies, to triumph and come to the fore outside of man's world and competition. They allow woman to satisfy her desire to be the first in the most varied fields by giving her the illusion that she is first, and at the same time enabling her rival to have the same illusion. Clothes absorb some of woman's activity which might otherwise be diverted to more or less worthless ends; they give woman real satisfaction, a satisfaction complete in itself and independent of others, and I think that under present conditions at least, they constitute a safety valve which saves society from much greater and more dangerous evils than those which they cause.

IV. PERSONALITY AND CHARM

Another consequence of woman's special intuition and passion is her *personality*, that is to say, the different ways in which each woman looks at things, understands them, enjoys or dislikes them, and which, combined, form her personality. Although one often hears the contrary and in spite of the fact that there is more apparent monotony in women's lives than in men's, woman is much more individual than man.

The reason is that human beings are not modified so much by the things they do as by the impulses which make them do this or that, and these impulses are very different in men and in women. Women are inclined to be active, not, as in the case of men, in order to further their own interest, but because they are urged on to activity by their passionality and intuition.

In order to attain the real object of her life, the love of others, woman is obliged from birth to perfect her mental and physical personality, to acquire the charms and attributes which she considers essentials. When the ideals to be attained are different, perfection implies differentiation. This is why, in striving to satisfy her own ideal, each woman tries to develop her personality and thereby grows more and more different from the women around her.

Everybody talks about and laughs at the sacrifices which women make and the tortures they undergo to make themselves beautiful or fashionable according to the standards they have set themselves. But no one seems to realize the much more terrible sacrifices which women make in order to approach the ideal of charity, economy, activity, dignity, pride, kindness which they have set themselves. No, men have not the slightest idea of the treasures of time, intelligence and personal sacrifice which, to the point of

madness, women squander in order to attain a moral ideal.

As woman devotes so much more time and effort to acquire a personality, she is much more anxious than man to have this personality understood and appreciated, especially by those who constitute the center of her alterocentrism. And this desire grows more and more intense according to the degree of superiority she has reached, that is, according to the effort spent in attaining her ideal. The fact that her intentions are not understood, and that so little credit is given her for her efforts to live up to an ideal of generosity and loyalty, is a source of real suffering to woman. While man does not care, or may even be flattered to think that a woman has married him for his money, nothing hurts a woman so much as to think that a man has married her because of her social position, wealth or earning capacity, or because she is a good cook, dressmaker or writer. Woman wants to be loved, not for the advantages which she can bring and which any other woman could bring, but for the things that make her different from others. She wants to be loved for her qualities and her faults, for her way of looking at things, for her mode of dressing, acting, loving, for her own personality, in short, for her own individual charm.

In this longing there is a touch of that aspiration of all human beings, finite and perishable beings, to leave an impression of themselves in the infinite. As women are more or less condemned to do the same sort of work, their chance of immortality does not lie in their work, but in their personality and in their

children. Women strive perpetually to perfect their personality: their individuality is their life-work. It is natural that they should crave recognition for it.

Woman is not afraid of death, suffering or sacrifice, but she is afraid of dying without being understood by the man she loves, by the children for whom she has sacrificed herself. In Elizabeth Browning's "Bertha in the Lane," the orphan girl who, after having virtually given up her life for her sister, gives her what is dearest in the world—her fiancé—only longs for one thing before dying, and that is that the man she loves should know that she still loves him and that her sacrifice was inspired by love for him.

Mme. Kovalewski asked only one thing of Mme. Löffler, her confidante, and that was that she should write her biography after her death, but in such a

way that people would understand her.

For a woman to die without having been understood is the same as getting no recompense for all the suffering life has brought her; it is the equivalent of never having lived.

Advantages and Disadvantages

Woman's striving to perfect her personality and her desire to be understood are the cause of much misunderstanding between man and woman. As woman bends every effort to live up to the ideal she has set herself, she cannot understand or forgive man's indifference to her efforts; she cannot see how he can dismiss in the same breath the loyal and the hypocritical woman, the generous and the grasping, the virtuous and the vicious.

As man is always busy with his own affairs and does not think of perfecting himself or of making sacrifices beyond those demanded of him by customs or laws, he cannot understand the complexity of woman's personality unless she explains it to him. "Why in the world," he asks, "do women always go about craving to be understood without ever saying what's the matter with them?" Man is right in a sense, but the thing is not so easy as it would seem. It is as hard for a sensitive and finely strung woman to explain herself as it is for a man to speak a language he has never heard or studied. The higher and finer a woman is, the more used she is to sensing things by her intuition. She feels things keenly, but does not know exactly what she feels. And even if she were able to analyze her sentiments she would hesitate to express them, because she realizes that they are so different from man's that it is hopeless to try to make them comprehensible to him. Furthermore, the feminine instinct is to hide deep emotions, and as woman can divine other people's sentiments she cannot understand that man cannot divine hers but demands that she put her most sacred feelings into words. Moreover, when sentiments are brutally put into words it hurts her (as it hurts a man to hear people shout loudly, or nag), and she prefers to remain silent rather than to try to express herself. Besides, speaking of the things that hurt stirs up suffering, so for that reason also she is silent about her inmost feelings.

But if woman's personality, entailing as it does the inability to express her inmost feelings in words, creates suffering for woman, since man is unable to understand her, it constitutes, at the same time an attraction which is one of the most potent means of

winning man's interest and affection: charm.

Man does not understand why a woman does a given thing, or why she is reserved. He calls her capricious, but he is attracted by the mystery in her because it is a mystery, and by her personality pre-

cisely because he does not understand it.

Man, who is not intuitive or emotional, sees people and things as they are, photographically, uncolored by emotions and unchanged by personal interpretations, and he is inevitably affected by woman's "passionality" and by her interpretations of things. If I meet an agreeable or a disagreeable person, it is easier for me to convey my impression of him to people who have no special opinion of him than to people whose minds are already made up as to his personality. It is easy for me to make people believe that a man is in love, or has a broken heart, if they themselves have only thought about the color of his hair and his eyes, and have given no thought to his mentality.

This is why woman, although she is the one who, giving up her home when she marries, apparently gives up her family, really draws man into her own circle, transmitting to him her likes, dislikes, ambitions and mode of living. This is why woman, in spite of her apparently inferior position in society, always succeeds in imposing her will and her sym-

pathies on all civilized communities.

Everything good contains, however, the nucleus of something bad. The attraction which draws men

and women together, her charm, in other words, contains the germ of some of woman's greatest faults. What is worse, this brings about the domination of the worst sort of women, whose influence becomes preponderant as the best type of woman is pushed aside.

I said that man is attracted by woman because her

personality is different from his.

But as men have no or very little intuition, they like, morally as well as physically, personalities with many more contrasts and brilliancy than nature ever produces. Women of the lowest type take advantage of man's tendency to admire what is different by exaggerating artificially whatever characteristics they think most likely to attract men.

The more ordinary, dull and cold a woman is, the less original, the more she strives to appear different, the more she exaggerates the few emotions she has, her desires, her ambitions. Her one idea is to make the man she wishes to impress believe that she is

different from all others.

These exaggerations or affectations are repellent to a woman of delicacy and refinement, who knows the difference between artifice and reality. But they are pleasing to most men, who, having no intuition, do not realize that an emotion exists unless it is exaggerated and who prefer listening to opinions that are stupid and crude, provided they are different, to making an effort to penetrate characters and thoughts deeper and finer but not so obvious. As a rule man falls an easy and willing victim to the worst type of women, who take advantage of the

fascination they exert to make men commit the

greatest follies.

Man's blindness to woman's real merit is one of the things that prevent intelligent and good women from having as much influence on men as vulgar and coarse women. It is one of the reasons why the woman whose self-control is as great as her intelligence, the precious pearl whom God gives as reward to men who are worthy of her, remains practically undiscoverable, or rather unseen by men. This is because they do not exert the perverse power of fascination of the common woman who displays her charms to one and all, who paints her character as she paints her face. And this low type of woman brings all women into disrepute, more or less, for such a woman embodies the faults which men usually call feminine. The lower a woman is, the more domineering, intriguing, vain and lying her character is. It is a great pity that things are like this.

Women are better morally, less affected and more sincere, when they are alone with one another than when they are among men. This proves that man's poor taste is the cause of woman's artificial

degradation.

Another reason that hinders the best type of woman from exerting as much influence as she should on men is that superior women, whose moral standards are of the highest, demand a higher moral standard of men and unconsciously inspire respect and self-control which men do not aspire to and which women of a lower type do not demand of them. It is not by making them feel ashamed of

their vices, but by calling the vices virtues, that the "woman who sits on the doorstep" attracts men.

It often happens, therefore, that the best type of woman—who could be man's real companion and counselor because her intuition and passionality would balance his—does not attract man nor hold him. For women of this sort demand that men live up to certain standards which act as a brake on the instincts, and men prefer the other type of woman whose personality is artificial, who is less perfect herself but in turn does not demand perfection.

This is human, in a sense, and is an expression of the law of least resistance. By the brilliancy of their colors flowers attract the attention of insects, by their plumage and songs birds call their companions, instead of relying on an abstract perfection. It would no doubt be wrong to blame man for being moved by the same primeval instincts. But at the same time no thinking person can help regretting man's fondness for the least desirable type of woman. He should be shown that his preferences are not always well founded; he should be taught not to think that all women are like the women who dominate him and whom he despises; he should learn not to judge with the same feeling of scorn the women whom he looks down on while associating with them and the good women he does not know, who, as a rule, are morally superior to the average man.

Very often man's disparagement of woman is only a reaction from the charm which woman exerts and to which he does not want to succumb or else it is a revolt against the ideal which he feels he should

live up to but does not.

But if man is attracted by the least estimable sort of women it does not mean that no attempt should be made to react against his tendency. Men are not intuitive. If they are not taught things they do not know anything. But they learn with great ease, they are very easily impressed, especially by women. Therefore it is for us women to teach men to choose and appreciate the best among us, either by explaining to men our inward mechanism or by pointing it out, indirectly, through the books we write, inspire or approve.

We women cannot express ourselves clearly when we are deeply moved, when we suffer. We cannot explain ourselves to the man we love. But once the worst suffering has subsided we can explain ourselves

to people foreign to our sorrow.

We can impress the mentality of the young men around us, either by our approbation or our disapprobation of the women we come in contact with or of the heroines of the fiction of the day. We can stimulate and help to develop a literature presenting

woman as she really is.

The young man who does not know what life is begins to learn about it through books and conversation. If he sees good examples in his surroundings, he will seek and find them all his life. Young men particularly should be taught to appreciate women, if we want future generations to suffer less than we have suffered.

But in order to make other people understand us we must first understand ourselves; to make others know us we must first learn to know ourselves. It is hindering things and confusing the whole issue to say that we are the equals of man. If we suffer it is not because we are different from him, but because man does not realize in what way we are different.

PART II

ACTIVITY AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

Woman's alterocentrism is characterized by "pas-

sionality" and intuition, but also by activity.

What is activity? Activity is the instinct which leads us to transform our thoughts into actions, to crystallize them into concrete form. It is the desire to do things, to make, to create things, for the sake of doing, making or creating them, without any thought of profit or advantage, simply in order to be busy, occupied, active. It is, in short, a disinterested impulse, in opposition to the activity inspired by the thought of reward or payment. It is a craving that is satisfied by action, quite apart from any other consideration.

Activity is frequently supposed to be a sort of neutral attribute equally applicable to man and woman. This is not so. Because man's work is more apparent people think he is by nature active like woman. In reality, while his physical strength and his turn of mind give man a greater capacity for work than woman has, man is by nature indolent. He is not consumed, as woman is, by the desire to be busy for the sake of being busy, nor is he disinterested in his work, as she is. He works when he has a reason to work, stimulated by the thought of gain or fame.

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Man thinks more carefully than woman, and directs his work better than she does. When moved by conditions or a given object, man is often able to do in a few hours what woman takes a week to accomplish. He does not waste time as she does. He plans what he has to do and goes straight ahead.

But fundamentally man is not active. Activity is a decidedly feminine characteristic. As woman's whole nature is stamped by her alterocentrism, it is natural that she should be active. Altruism, the desire to do something for others, implies activity. Intuition, being a confused and subconscious feeling, cannot find expression except in action. Emotivity, "passionality," as I call it, also leads to action, since it urges us on without our stopping to consider pros and cons. Besides, woman's maternal function implies activity, since the mother must act for her helpless infant, unable to provide for itself.

Society would go to pieces, homes to rack and ruin, children to the dogs, if woman were not imbued with this devouring instinct to work for the sake of working, without thought of reward or payment. Children demand endless sacrifices, and give nothing in return. Keeping a home together, making both ends meet, mean incessant activity, and yield no reward. Women fulfill their rôle in the world as mothers and housekeepers because they measure their satisfaction, not by the compensation awarded for their toil, but by the degree in which they are able to satisfy their inmost craving for activity.

Woman is never at a loss to know what to do with her time. She is always busy and she must be busy, in some way, to be happy. Man, on the contrary, longs for peace. His inmost desire is to be in a state of repose. Just consider the drinks, stimulants, narcotics, poisons—tobacco, opium, hashish, morphine, ether, brandy—which man has invented or discovered to give him an illusion of that complete otium which only really great minds can attain without drugs.

Look at the innumerable games of chance or patience, cards, dice, roulette, which man has invented, not in childhood but in manhood, to pass the time in

idleness, so to speak.

Notice the way men go to the races, the theatres, wherever they can find diversion without doing anything. Look at the way they aspire to jobs where

there is nothing to do but sit around.

Woman does not normally smoke, drink or take poisons. During the last few hundred years she has learned to take a moderate interest in games of chance and to take part in public diversions. But women do not throng cafés or picture houses; they

do not long for jobs that are sinecures.

Think for a moment of the innumerable rewards and decorations that governments must use in order to stimulate men's ambition to work, of how much coercion, of the number of decrees that must be resorted to in order to get men to yield half of what women would contribute with joy if they were merely asked to do so.

Look at children who go to school. How many prizes, how many punishments must be meted out to induce boys to study whereas a word, an approving glance, the thought that it will give pleasure, or is best, make girls study their heads off, so to speak. In the holidays boys like to hang around, loaf and read books that require no mental effort. If the little girl does not help mother in the house or mind her small brothers and sisters, she makes clothes for her dolls, builds houses, works in a make-believe way while waiting for an opportunity to do real work. Sewing, knitting and crochet-needles are for a girl instruments of both work and play.

As a rule the girl works hard at school the whole year round, whereas the boy wastes time and tries to

make up for it all during the last week.

Consider how in all countries, even in those where the feminist movement seemed most advanced and insane in its fight for equality, woman quieted down during the war. She quieted down because she found a way of utilizing her altruistic activity. When woman finds an outlet for her activity she asks for nothing more. You frequently hear women complain of having too much to do, but you never hear them express relief at being obliged to share their burdens. To have a lot to do is woman's joy in life, it gives her an inner thrill, it convinces her of her own value, makes her feel that she is needed. Work is not a duty but a pleasure to her. When woman works she feels that she lives. She considers life worth while only when she thinks she is of use to someone. Activity is a craving within her, like hunger or thirst.

Man, on the contrary, is thoughtful, meditative. He finds an outlet for his instinct not by working, but by thinking. He tends to shirk effort in order to

leave his mind free.

Virtues and Defects

Woman's activity is perhaps one of humanity's greatest blessings. Perhaps in the hope of opening men's eyes—for they are inclined to be blind to homely virtues—the Bible lays particular stress on the blessings that accompany a good wife, a wife who is industrious, thrifty, honest. Men are warned against the lazy woman, who is usually vicious. "The good woman builds the house, the lazy woman tears it down." "A neglected child is its mother's shame."

But there is no virtue that has not its defect. Activity, like passionality and intuition, is the source of many of woman's faults and the source of innumerable misunderstandings between man and woman.

First of all, woman's sovereign activity has the disadvantage of leading to a sort of zealous precipitation which makes her start working before she really knows what she wants to do. She thereby creates confusion in her own mind and in her work.

If you give two children of the same age, of different sex, the same work to do, you will find that the boy hesitates a long time before beginning. First of all, he wants to be quite sure that he has to do the work, and, when convinced of its necessity, he tries to figure out the best way of doing it in the shortest time. The girl will never think of trying to shirk the task she is expected to perform, nor will she wonder how she can do it most quickly and with the least exertion. She just starts in working, rushes along the first path that opens up before her without stopping to find out whether it is the longest or not. The advantages and disadvantages of the two systems are self-evident. Because he is reluctant to waste his time the boy thinks carefully about what he is going to do and then he does it in the simplest and most effective way. His very indolence leads man to seek the best and most effecacious method, and usually he manages to obtain a result, say, of ten, by an effort of five.

Woman, on the contrary, acts impulsively without thinking about method. Frequently she has to make an effort of twenty in order to obtain a result of, say, ten.

Woman's activity sometimes has the result of wasting other people's time. The fact that it gives her pleasure to be busy leads her to expect others to find pleasure in the same thing. She asks other people to do things for her and demands that they exert in her behalf an activity that is rarely necessary and almost always inopportune. Man's tendency to shirk activity, on the other hand, makes him think twice before asking others to do things for him.

Sometimes, because of her instinct of activity, woman becomes overzealous. She wastes an enormous amount of energy to obtain things she does not want when she gets them, and she frequently bothers people and nags them to no purpose, to get things which are more to her disadvantage than advantage. Princess Dashkoff, who was one of the most remarkable women of Russia and who was largely responsible for the rise to power of Catherine the Great, confessed to Diderot that she thought she had frequently harmed her friends, while meaning

to help them, because of her too zealous interest in their affairs. Her applause, she thought, had often been too demonstrative and had ruined her friends' plans. In fact, in life, the art of not doing things is frequently as important, if not more so, than that of doing things. Mothers sometimes make bad educators because they are inclined to do too much for their children. A father, who is apt to let his son make experiences of his own, obtains better results than a mother, who tries to impose her views on her offspring.

In certain respects woman is like an electric bell that rings when you push it, but that sometimes keeps ringing after you have lifted your finger and want

it to be silent.

Querulousness is another fault that springs from woman's activity. It must be admitted that women are of a more combative temperament than men. They are always bickering, quarreling with husband, friends, servants, in fact pretty much with everybody, and if they are not fighting openly they are usually boiling with wrath inside. Men are more even-tempered, and families where the masculine element predominates are generally more peaceable than families where the feminine element is the stronger.

But why are men more peaceable? Simply because they are more indifferent to things. Because man's only desire is to be left in peace. He shuts one eye, or even both, to what goes on around him provided things do not get so bad that he has to take a hand himself, or get someone else to do so. Woman, on the contrary, who is blessed with a de-

sire to do things, cannot bear to see them badly done. She inevitably steps into correct what she thinks is wrong, to remonstrate if her orders are not carried out, and sooner or later she loses her temper.

Probably the worst faults engendered by activity are wastefulness and a spirit of intrigue. An active person can never become lazy, can never grow indolent and enjoy aimless meditation. If an active person is not doing useful work he will do something useless and destructive. If woman does not find an outlet for her activity in constructive work of some kind, she tears things down. If she cannot use her activity to further the interests of her husband or children she finds other outlets for it. She squanders time and money on clothes she does not need, throws money away when she should economize, in fact wastes time, money and energy in direct proportion to the amount of unoccupied activity in her. The insane, restless women we meet everywhere are examples of this. Rich, able to do what they wish with their time, having minds untrained to think or to enjoy intellectual things, they perpetually seek artificial outlets for their activity, since fashion and idiotic social conventions prevent them from working in their own homes and employing their activity normally.

However, the apparently frivolous, gossiping and impossible woman frequently becomes a model of domesticity, economy and generosity the moment she gets a real interest in life. At all periods of history mothers, daughters, sisters and wives who seemed imbued with no other ambition than a desire to waste time and money have changed their mode of living

entirely when circumstances have forced them to do so. They have sacrificed joyously gaieties and frivolities when father, husband or brother, losing health or position, has needed care and loving devotion.

The most light-hearted and carefree women in the world, perhaps, were the women of the French aristocracy before the French Revolution. But when these women were obliged to flee from home and live in misery in foreign lands they gave up their furbelows and frivolity without a sigh and turned into the most dignified and admirable citizens.

The fact that woman, in being busy, really enjoys herself explains many apparent enigmas in feminine psychology. It explains, for instance, why woman, who apparently attaches more importance to wealth and luxury than man, gives them up more readily than he, and sets to work with more eagerness if adverse circumstances oblige her to. It explains, too, why, as in the United States, girls from wealthy homes leave their own surroundings to become settlement-workers. They do not want to make money, but they do want to be of service. The craving to be doing something explains why girls of the noblest birth accept with joy the humblest tasks when they take the vows and enter convents. It also explains why older women whose field of activity narrows down become irritable and meddlesome, why mothers-in-law hate to give up their homes to the direction of a daughter-in-law. Woman's craving for something to do also explains many girls' so-called love of music. They say they like to play the piano, but what they like is the illusion of doing something.

When they bang the piano they imagine they are really working. Music in itself means nothing to them, as is proved by the fact that when they marry and get real duties they forget all about music.

In her method of study, too, woman displays her instinct of activity. Instead of doing individual research work inspired by sincere love of science, a woman prefers to prepare for examinations where she need only follow religiously a given program, but where she is kept busy every moment of the time.

The fact that woman likes to have something to do explains why so many women allow themselves to be directed by a man of enterprise and initiative. It also explains why a woman is more apt to fall in love with a man of determination and will-power. Even if such a man is apt to be selfish and despotic he directs woman's activity, makes her work for him in some way or other and gives her the illusion that she is of some use.

Woman's insatiable activity also gives the cue to her misery if married to an indifferent, easy-going husband. The man who leaves a woman free to do whatever she likes, who requires nothing of her and gives her no scope for her activity, makes her feel absolutely lost and desperate. In order to make up for the void that such a man creates around her, woman fills the house with plants and flowers, dogs and birds, with living creatures that require her care and give her an outlet for her activity. Woman's activity also explains why so many women have interminable embroideries lying around. Such handiwork keeps them busy in odd moments, it prevents

them from ever being idle, and at the same time spares them the annoyance of looking for something new to do all the time.

Nothing is more intolerable to a woman than to remain idle or to be unable to do anything for anybody. No matter how brilliant social gaieties may be, they never give woman the inner satisfaction that she feels when her normal activity is employed in the service of her family and humanity.

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Woman's craving to be always doing something explains many paradoxes in her life. Woman, who like all human beings imagines that others feel as she does, misunderstands man's predilection for silence and solitude. She thinks his idleness and laziness much greater vices than they really are. Women who kill their husbands are frequently spurred on to their mad act by failure to understand their husbands' indolence.

Man, on the other hand, who considers inaction and peace the greatest blessings in the world, is amazed and bewildered by woman's craving to employ her activity. He thinks he is kindest and most considerate to her when he lets her live in leisure without letting her share any of his troubles or worries. As a matter of fact she would be infinitely happier if she could share them. Leisure is distasteful to her because she does not know what to do with it.

But although woman enjoys working and is not happy unless she works in some way, she wants this work to be appreciated. She does not want money or any reward, but she wants those she comes in contact with to recognize her merit and praise her. It often happens, however, that while her father, husband or brother expresses loud admiration for the secretary or woman worker whom he employs in his business and whom he pays well, even though she probably does not work half so hard as his daughter, wife or sister at home, he obstinately refuses to admit that his own womenfolk do anything at all. Such men admire the work furnished by almost any woman outside of their own circle, and disparage the work of their own women. This is particularly galling to the women whose work is looked down upon.

The Bible may say that he who gets a good wife gets a treasure, but man rarely reads the Bible, or if he does he attaches little importance to this sentence. He seems to imagine that the home is kept up by itself. He overlooks entirely the share his wife has in keeping things going, and usually longs for an entirely different sort of treasure than that

promised in the Bible.

Curiously enough, lazy, indolent, cynical women who neglect home and children but wallow in sensuality, flattery and lies, win man's admiration and affection much more than sincere, active and industrious women. Furthermore, as man has such an inherent love and respect for leisure he unconsciously thinks laziness a sign of gentility in women, and if he has attained a certain social position he approves of the woman who is idle and disapproves of his wife, if she insists on busying herself with her

house and children. His lack of comprehension irritates an active and industrious woman intensely.

Unfortunately, I have no radical remedy to suggest for all these misunderstandings, but as a general thing I would say that boys should be taught to respect and admire woman's activity, and girls should be told that a man is not necessarily wicked because he likes peace and silence. Both sexes should be taught to be more tolerant of each other's faults, and more appreciative of each other's good qualities. I also think that society should explain to women that inactivity is better than misplaced activity. Women should be taught to direct their activity into suitable channels. Otherwise, instead of being an element of perfection it will become an element of individual and social regression.

BOOK III INTELLECT

Woman's real passion is life that throbs and beats, that suffers and enjoys. The art she excels in and loves is the one that increases the amount of joy in the world and diminishes suffering.



BOOK III INTELLECT

PART I

I. WOMAN'S INTELLECT

General Characteristics

Many are of the opinion that woman's mind is of the same nature as man's, and similar to his in its capacity for study and thought. If the feminine mind at times seems less developed this is said to be the result of education and atavism, since girls do not receive as thorough schooling as boys. Whatever differences there may be between masculine and feminine intelligence will disappear, it is claimed, when women receive the same educational advantages as men. It is pointed out that in high schools girl students are more indefatigable than boys.

My experience with women students in many parts of the world, however, and the observations I have made at universities and schools in both North and South America, together with sincere introspection and self-analysis, have made me reach the conclusion that woman's mind differs from man's, not so much in quantity as in quality and direction. These differences spring not from circumstances or tradition, but from the great mission woman has to

fulfill-maternity-which no society and no tradi-

tions can change.

Maternity gives to woman's mind an imprint of altruism that colors her whole life. It marks her mind as well as her heart with a distinctive stamp; it marks women who have children and those who have none, those who have studied for generations and those who are just beginning to study.

The differences between masculine and feminine mentality may be divided into two great groups: differences in direction, determined by woman's passionality; differences in quality, determined by her

intuition.

I explained in a preceding chapter that "passionality" is the "instinctive attraction or repulsion, often unreasonable, for a person or a thing; it is the impulse to love or hate unconsciously inspired in us; it is the impulse which, willy-nilly, at a given moment leads us to act in a certain way even if this be in absolute contradiction to our interests and our reason; it is the flame which makes us feel pleasure, joy, satisfaction in the midst of the greatest sacrifices; it is a force quite independent of all reasoning power which deprives reason of all authority; it is the feeling at the bottom of all joys and all sorrows, since there exists no greater joy than passion requited and no greater sorrow than passion unrequited."

Now the object of woman's "passionality" is always, or is believed to be, a being capable of joy and sorrow; it is always a living being; it is always something in which woman can be interested as she is interested in a child. Man, on the contrary, has a

much wider range of "passionality." He is interested in the things that fall under the domain of his senses—things that please his palate, ear, eye; he is interested in abstract subjects like philosophy, politics, science, business. Furthermore, man is interested also in people or things situated far from him in time and space, such as readers, posterity, clients, voters. He is not concerned with their joys or sorrows; their relation to him is what interests him.

The intellectual field where woman can find satisfaction and expand and develop naturally is limited by her "passionality" to the concrete world she lives in and to the people by whom she is surrounded.

Woman, who is so much interested in everything living around her, in everything that she can touch and feel, is not eager to seek the deep fundamental laws that rule the development and the transformations of the things around her. She does not want to penetrate the cold reason of things, but the things themselves; she is not anxious to count the pulsations of the suffering heart, but to find out why the heart is suffering and whose it is. She is not interested in the laws which govern the animate world. She cares little for a nomenclature of the various ills of the world. She wants to find out how to cure them.

Woman looks upon the universe with the eye and the heart of a mother. Plants, animals, human beings do not interest her in the abstract—for their shape, voice, beauty; she is not curious to see how they are built. They interest her as beings capable of feeling joy and sorrow, beings whom she can love and who can respond to her love. Why are we

shocked at seeing a woman who takes no care of her house, lets her children run about in filth and misery and her home go to rack and ruin? Because every true woman is moved by an impulse to take care of everything around her and not to let anything go to ruin. A woman cannot look at a lame dog, a broken piece of furniture or a fading flower without immediately wondering how she can set them right again. She unconsciously feels responsible for them. This instinct is what makes woman's intelligence so keen in regard to everything that touches on the real, living and concrete world, so languid and capricious in regard to everything theoretical or general. The real world is the object of her passion; the theoretical world does not interest her.

It has been said that this mental tendency of woman has been intensified by tradition and education, and by the fact that for centuries woman did not pursue any serious studies. But, at bottom, passion has nothing to do with culture and is not

influenced by tradition.

Boys instinctively seek diversion in abstract pastimes, such as cards, chess, dice—games of chance or mathematics—whereas girls are interested in playing house, and in their clothes. The boy is spurred on by an ideal of glory, fame, ambition, whereas the girl dreams about a prince charming, a millionaire in disguise or little baby arms.

The passion for things living and the lack of interest in abstract things, looked upon as useless, is found among women who have made their mark in science and letters, like Madame de Staël, Madame Rémusat, Sophie Kovalewski, George Sand, Juliette

Adam, Princess Dashkoff, quite as much as among the girl pupils of the humble country schoolhouse. We find it among the women of the United States who turn abstract notions into concrete sciences, as well as in Japan and China, where women are not allowed to study abstract subjects.

On the other hand, the passion for science, art and abstract theories flourishes among uneducated men, among laborers, peasants, factory workers, quite as much as among so-called men of culture. When, in the Middle Ages, people did not work all hours of the day, but had some time for thought and reflection, workers and peasants used to get together in the evening to discuss art and religion, and even to-day you will find in distant villages men who prefer to make less money and have more leisure in which to live and observe the world around them.

How many astronomers and meteorologists there are among humble peasants, how many farmers who can tell you names of the stars! In how many villages a little watchmaker has bought a telescope which is the glory of the surrounding country and the center of an admiring flock of boys, thrilled to take turns in studying the firmament!

Of course not all laborers, not all peasants are interested in science and philosophy, but it is not rare to find those who are, whereas it is unusual for a working woman or a peasant woman to show the same interest.

The fact is that for men, who by nature are not much interested in things that appeal to the emotions, the study of abstract laws, science, art or politics constitutes a passion as compelling and essential as the hunger for food or the thirst for drink, while with women this is not so.

The woman, who after having studied marries and gives up her career, does not build up a library as does a man, who has to give up his studies to go into business or to follow some anti-intellectual career, nor does she subscribe to scientific reviews or magazines. She does not keep up a correspondence with people still working in the scientific field she abandoned; she does not continue scientific experiments on her own account; she does not even start scientific collections. She simply slips into the usual woman's life, quite as if she had never studied.

The woman who travels does not take much interest in the works of art in the countries she passes through. She is not interested in discovering the secrets of their past or in understanding their general tendencies, their political laws. She is interested in the shops, in the prices of things, in the way the people cook their food, make love, marry, divorce, bring up their children. If a woman looks at monuments and museums she usually does it to satisfy her own pride, in order to say that she has seen them, not because she feels any intrinsic delight in seeing them. And what does a woman particularly notice in museums? The resemblance of this or that picture to this or that person of her acquaintance, the fact that this of that picture would look well in her own house. She remarks details which she can use in an embroidery or ornament which she is making, or in a dress she is planning for herself or her babies.

What I say about visiting cities or museums may

be applied to woman's perusal of books and newspapers. In a newspaper woman is particularly attracted by "human interest stories," by things that happened or could have happened to herself or her children, by accidents, strokes of luck, sickness, death, adventure, engagements, marriages; in all cases, events that refer to the world of emotions, never to abstract conceptions.

In South America, in the distant pampas, you find farmers who, ten, twenty years after leaving Europe still subscribe to scientific reviews and follow passionately the struggle between the different intellectual schools of Europe. And at the most lonely haciendas you now and then come across a wonderful work of art which the owner bought during a trip to the Old World and which is his greatest treasure.

Woman does not bring pictures back from Europe. She does not try to people the solitude with scientific or learned debates of an abstract character. If she is alone she is not even interested in fashion. Woman concentrates all her intelligence on creating livable conditions around her, on beautifying her surroundings. Woman's real passion is life that throbs and beats, that suffers and enjoys. The beauty she finds pleasure in is the beauty of the living creatures around her; the art she pursues is the art of beautifying the things around her, of dressing herself and her children well, of adorning her house. Man likes to people his room with historical pictures and famous landscapes. wants photographs of herself, her husband and her children.

Woman feels a more innate joy, a greater satisfaction when she is instrumental in saving the life of a human being than when she solves the loftiest and most arduous scientific problem. The highest realms of art, science, politics, are like ashes to her compared to the problems of the living beings around her.

Although there are innumerable women martyrs to faith, religion, love, abnegation, there is not one martyr to science or art. Woman, who is so intensely, so scrupulously honest when it comes to matters of sentiment, cannot understand Galileo's insistence on risking his life by repeating his conviction that "the earth moves." Mrs. Browning, in a curious fragment on science, writes that "science is utility." In reality science is quite the opposite of utility; it is an abstraction, sprung from man's need of studying abstract things, which led the keenest and most intelligent to study various phenomena in order to deduct therefrom general rules. As living and concrete creatures are the scope of woman's interest, she cannot conceive of anyone's studying abstract sciences without having the ultimate object of bettering the condition of living beings.

Mme. Kovalewski, who won fame and honor in abstract sciences, had at heart the same feeling as all women about science. "Work, scientific study," she writes in her *Memoirs*, "is useless, for it does not give happiness nor does it advance humanity. It is madness to pass one's youth in studying. It is particularly a misfortune for a woman to have abilities which throw her into a sphere of action where she can never find real happiness."

When I speak of living beings I mean even inanimate things which have been "vivified" by woman's thoughts about them; things which she has all but infused with soul, whereas living beings whom she has not "vivified" by her thoughts remain distant abstractions to her. Many studies which one would think repellent to her in certain phases have no effect on her because she does not realize any connection between them and reality, because the things that she has not animated with the idea of joy or suffering are not real and living to her.

I will try to explain what I mean by a personal

example.

In studying medicine I naturally had to take courses in anatomy. From childhood I had heard the subject spoken of and I was not impressed by it in any way. I had never thought of identifying the dead bodies with living beings: to me they were merely subjects of lessons, bundles of muscles and nerves and nothing else. The lessons of anatomy neither pleased nor displeased me. They left me absolutely indifferent. Then one day it happened that the laboratory assistant in preparing the lesson opened, while I was looking on, the rigid hand of one of the bodies. A little picture of a woman seized in the last spasm of agony dropped to the floor. I received a frightful shock and was unable to be present at the lesson. By the simple token of love the body had become living to me; it had a soul capable of feeling joy and sorrow; it was different from all the bodies I had seen so far. Only from that time on did anatomy fill me with the feeling of repugnance which people imagine it always inspires

not know.

in women. The same thing happened when I was doing hospital work. The silent patients, all in a row, whose symptoms of disease I had to note and study, did not seem living persons to me. The professor's lesson, which dealt with them like clinical cases, did not vivify them any more than did the record referring to acquired or hereditary diseases which hung at the foot of the bed. They were patients who did not seem living to me, that is, they did not captivate my interest until they began to tell me of their lives, their misery, their sorrows, their joys.

What happened to me in connection with the study of anatomy and with hospital work is true of many women in similar positions. Nurses, for instance, feel very differently about the patients in their own ward, whom they know, from the way they feel about those in the other wards, whom they do

The Influence of Love

The fact that woman is not by nature inclined to study art or abstract sciences does not imply that she cannot excel in these fields. Many women, exceptions to the general rule, have special aptitudes, and many others are obliged to go in for art and science in order to earn their livelihood. Aside from necessity, which in any case is a stimulus, many women are impelled to take an interest in these subjects through the fact that someone who means something to them is an artist or a scientist, and association with this person stimulates a passion for art or science in the heart of the woman.

Again I take the liberty of explaining what I mean

by a personal example.

I grew up in a home where medicine and natural sciences were the chief subjects of conversation, as my father was passionately fond of his work and talked of it freely to me. As I loved my father with all my heart and soul, and as I had been trained from infancy to help him in his work, I may say that I was passionately fond of medicine and criminal anthropology. I studied medicine eagerly. Every lesson was a revelation to me; the sick people I came in contact with stimulated my thought in regard to medical hypotheses, psychiatry and criminal anthropology. Homeopathy, which particularly interested my father, seemed to me to be the whole world. I may even say that these subjects seemed to me the only things worth studying. But when my father died and I no longer had anyone with whom I could discuss the ideas my studies stirred up in me, I lost all interest in medicine. The only thing that still interests me is criminal anthropology, but I realize perfectly that it is a reflex of my father's interest in it, and that to me it is a sort of indirect way of remaining in contact with him.

In the same way the wives and daughters of kings, ministers, deputies, take an interest in politics, and the girls who entered the Red Cross as nurses took

an interest in medicine.

If the women who study medicine, politics or abstract sciences would look into their hearts they would always find, as I did, what it really is that excites their interest in these subjects.

Woman has so much pleasure in participating in

the intellectual life of the people around her, she is so eager to help them, to stimulate them, that she frequently prefers to be the inspirer of their work rather than the creator of individual work. This fact seems incomprehensible to men, but it is true nevertheless. Many a woman endowed with great talent and intelligence would rather help a man she loves to become a great scientist, a great artist or a great politician than be a great scientist or artist herself. Many would rather launch men of genius -or men whom they believe to be men of geniusthan advertise themselves. On the whole, this tendency of woman is far more advantageous to science and art than if she desired to contribute actively. Why should everyone produce if no one is left to appreciate, launch and form a background?

Many social, political, scientific and literary revolutions have started in women's salons long before they were carried out in parliaments, public squares

or masculine forums.

Woman's tendency to link her studies to the stimulus of a living being, thanks to whom she has the strength to continue a work whose utility, at the bottom of her heart, she does not sense (since it does not concern the living and concrete beings around her), has created the legend according to which all intellectual work accomplished by woman is in reality the work of man. It is said that woman seeks man, not to preserve her own passion for the work she has begun, but to have him do the work in her stead. The tremendous importance which man lays on intellectual effort, the main object of his ex-

istence, and the little importance which woman attaches to it, because it is only an incidental element in her life, woman's hereditary habit of helping man instead of being helped by him, should suffice to show the falsity of this legend. No doubt can remain if one remembers that woman's intellectual attainments have little charm for man, and that this charm alone would not cause him to make in her favor a sacrifice he looks upon as tremendous, i. e., that of giving up part of the glory, the honor for which he longs. Finally, woman's scrupulousness and feeling of gratitude should be brought into consideration. They would never allow her to receive assistance of this kind without announcing it from the housetops. Her pride, which leads her to be proud of her ability to win affection, would also make her proclaim it. It would be something she would feel glorified rather than humiliated in acknowledging.

If woman's passion for science is, in most cases, inspired by outside influence, that does not mean that she has no individual ideas on the subject. Precisely because woman is intuitive and passionate, it is much easier for her to inspire man than for him to inspire her. It often happens that wives, mothers or daughters of kings, ministers and deputies, spurred on by the careers of the men about them, gradually become tremendously interested in politics and acquire opinions totally different from those held by the men. The women take up their convictions with such enthusiasm that they slowly win the men over to their point of view, and they reawaken in men the

passion for abstract things which was on the point

of dying out.

Sophie Kovalewski, who distinguished herself so brilliantly in mathematics, has shown us an example of that "inducted" passion of which woman can be the heroine and the victim, and which can lead woman to make the most original discoveries. This woman, who was the greatest mathematician of the last century, says frequently in her letters that mathematics in itself does not interest or satisfy her, and that she cannot work if the people around her are not interested in this science. She solved the most remarkable problems in Paris, Berlin and Christiania, where she was surrounded by people who studied and loved mathematics, but she could not work in Russia, where her environment reflected no interest in what she was doing.

"In Stockholm," she wrote to Madame Edgren Löffler, "where I am looked upon as the champion of feminine emancipation, I end by believing that mathematics is my duty, and I work ceaselessly. But here in Russia people look upon me only as the mother of Foufi, and that sort of thing has a deteriorating influence on my mathematical brain."

Madame Löffler, Kovalewski's confidante, writes: "Work in itself, the search for abstract scientific truth, did not interest or satisfy her. She had to be understood and encouraged for every new idea she conceived. The product of her brain was not to be transmitted to humanity in the abstract; she wanted to pass it on to someone who could discuss it with her. Although she was a mathematician, the abstract never existed so far as she was concerned.

She was far too passionate in her thoughts, dreams

and personality."

"Her ideal of work," Mme. Löffler continues, "was that of two minds in love with one another, and her dream was to meet her alter ego. The idea of work in common sprang from her need of intellectual intercourse and from the intense suffering she felt at being alone."

Kovalewski's ideal is that of every intelligent, intellectual woman. Madame de Staël, George Sand and Mrs. Browning also frequently express it.

The Influence of Activity and Pride

Woman's intelligence is rarely marked as clearly as I have described it in the preceding pages. There are all sorts of degrees and differences due to education, circumstances and especially to the counterinfluence of other instincts.

Three-fourths of the girls who study—and there are hundreds of thousands of them—really imagine that they are interested in medicine, art, philosophy

or music, or whatever they study.

Two reasons besides the one I mentioned above give them this illusion: woman's activity, which is frequently mistaken for passion, and her pride, which is capable of absorbing and imitating every other sentiment.

For women activity is not a virtue but a necessity, a passion. Woman can find full play for her faculties in action alone, while man finds it in repose. But woman's activity and man's indolence give rise to several illusions.

The persistency, diligence, patience with which a

girl studies is often mistaken for love of study. Often, on the contrary, it springs from her irrepressible activity, while a boy's stubborn refusal to study is often due to real craving for meditation. He may be so much interested in his studies that he wants to think about them in a way he is unable to at school where so much mechanical work is demanded. While woman is as a rule a diligent student and a conscientious teacher, spending hours preparing her lessons, she is often a mediocre research worker if she has to study alone. This is because in teaching and in learning lessons study becomes general activity, whereas in research work it becomes something abstract.

Woman prefers to study subjects that demand a great deal of activity, where things have to be learned by heart and repeated often. She is not so fond of studies that require intellectual agility or reflection. Women who go in for theoretical subjects usually produce works of erudition, and this gives the layman the idea that women are fond of studying. As a matter of fact nothing is more contrary to the love of study than erudition. This is found in most universities. The students spend years cataloguing and marking details without using twopence worth of brains, intuition or reflection, making a certain ability to copy dates and figures take the place of real attention and thought.

Woman, who has not so many natural outlets for her activity as man, sings, plays, paints, writes, very often only to pass the time. Three-fourths of the girls who play the piano care nothing for music, but like to be busy and to have something to do. The working woman who has other things to keep her busy never wastes time on music, and when the girl marries and gets real duties as a housewife, she gives up her piano, whereas the working man frequently shows an interest in music and takes piano lessons

even when working ten hours a day.

Many boys may have a fondness for music without wanting to take the time and trouble to study it, but no boy could be persuaded to study an art for which he has not the slightest inclination, as girls are made to study music. And the necessity of having something to do all the time influences even the most intelligent women. "I work," said Mme. Kovalewski to Mme. Löffler, "because I am devoured by the necessity of being kept busy, but work does not satisfy me."

"What is the use of thinking?" asks Mme. Félix Faure Guyau, "if thought is not transformed into action? I must act day by day, hour by hour, and

then perhaps I shall get order into my soul."

An influence as great as that of activity in spurring women on to study is that exerted by "imitation" and "fashion."

I have already explained what an enormous rôle fashion, æsthetic or ethical, plays in woman's life, and the rôle is not altered in intellectual matters.

Three-quarters of the girls who study do so not because they have to earn their living, but because it is the fashion to do so, because their friends, neighbors, sisters are studying. This is, at bottom, also the reason which makes many women take up other intellectual work. Many women who never would have thought of it begin to write as a matter of imitation. It may be remarked that although their vocation is often found in a purely casual way, many women triumph in the careers they adopt. Hundreds of women writers whom I have known amount to nothing, but Annie Vivanti, on the other hand, one of our greatest writers, says she made up her mind to write when one day she came across a girl friend of hers writing an article for the press.

But the sentiment which most frequently misleads women is pride. I have said that an unhappy marriage is often fairly good for a woman provided others look upon it as a good match, whereas a happy marriage that is not well thought of is bad for a woman. A sentiment that can influence an aspiration as real and vital as happiness can naturally influence woman in other directions and occasion many

sacrifices.

Mme. Kovalewski says that when she began to write she decided to try for the Bourdin Prize, which was to make her famous, out of sheer vanity. Three-fourths of the women who do not have to study in order to earn their living try to pass examinations and slave for years over arid, distasteful subjects in order to satisfy their pride. And as a rule women read and study out of pride, in order to be called wonderful and gifted, or in order to have at the tip of their tongues a few quotations which they can cite when the occasion arrives. In other words they study in order to be first.

II. Special Characteristics of Feminine Intellect

Intuition

But while passion draws a first radical demarcation between man's intellect and woman's by orienting them toward different objects, it also determines different qualities necessitated by their diverse orientation.

Life that lives, throbs and vibrates, that enjoys and suffers, the life which forms the object of woman's intellectual interest is very different from methodical science, the abstractions of art, the grasping personal interests which are the object of man's intellectual aspirations, aspirations which are attained by method, reserve and quiet determination.

Life that lives, however, changes rapidly. The goal changes constantly. That which gives an immense pleasure to-day will be useless to-morrow. The patient may die while doctors argue about the medicine; the child perishes if his needs are not guessed and satisfied in time. To help living life it is better to guess quickly than to carry out minute investigations. To solve the problems set by passion, woman must have a much greater potentiality of intuition and one much more varied than man requires in his work. This is a first qualitative difference between man's intellect and woman's.

Intuition is something like an ear for music, which unconsciously distinguishes and classifies various sounds, like an eye, which measures distances and dimensions, like touch, which appreciates weights or differences between different grains. It applies to all that part of human intelligence which is beyond the realm of reason and consciousness. It is "the compass which guides along the street of the unknown. It is the magnetic needle that moves from one point to the other without knowing why. It is the faculty which enables us to arrive at conclusions without knowing the steps taken to arrive at a conclusion."

Man has a certain amount of intuition, too. The scientist requires it for his experiments, the writer and the historian in order to describe the facts and events he deals with. But on the whole man's mentality is characterized by a faculty of deduction. Even when man is moved by intuition he continually tests it by reason. He does not believe in his intuitions until they have been backed up by logic and facts. Intuition is a guide which man consults now and then but which he could do without. Woman, on the other hand, is absolutely dependent on her intuition, not only practically but theoretically. What woman does not understand intuitively she will never understand.

If you read the autobiographies of women who achieved celebrity in their day you will inevitably find that the great works that made them famous were spontaneous, instinctive creations. "Je ne puis puiser ma morale que dans mon cœur et l'édifier que dans mes sentiments," said Clothilde de Vaux. Women poets describe their feelings, women artists paint their hearts. Intuition is the eye of the feminine brain. It manages to make the organ called heart decide not only matters of sentiment but the

most abstract problem with which one would think it had nothing in common.

I have seen houses built along remarkable architectural lines, I have read exquisite poems written as dictated by intuition, and the author did not know how she had written the poem, nor did the architect know how she had made the plans for the house.

Frequently woman solves, by the help of her intuition—a process which seems incomprehensible to men—problems of all kinds, philosophical, mathematical, problems of physics and chemistry, all without any special knowledge or special training in the subject. Spontaneity is such an ingrained characteristic of the feminine mind that a woman is almost ashamed of something that is not spontaneous. Whether it be true or not, important or not, a woman usually tells you that she has done this or that she does not know how.

Faculty of Observation

Intuition is a natural faculty received at birth, a gift of God, like reason and the power to meditate. But, like other mental faculties, it has certain attributes that help it along and augment its power, and among them is the faculty of observation and introspection. Although in a sense intuition is based on nothing definite, it is helped along by facts, sounds, expressions in others, as well as by our own reflexes, memory of which helps us to understand or rather guess the association of ideas, facts or emotions.

I suspect that another person suffers because I recognize in him almost imperceptible signs observed

in my own being when I suffered. I assume that at certain periods of history there were great cataclysms because I observe the effect of outward cataclysms on contemporary events at the present time. An artist feels intuitively what sort of architecture is suitable in a given spot by remembering the effect of monuments seen in similar sites.

Intuition is therefore often a sort of imitative solution or conclusion. Intuition is limited to the

fields where observations have been made. The historian displays intuition in regard to history, the business man in regard to his affairs. In order to use intuition in connection with all phases of life there must be an accumulated stock of observations on practically every subject. To this end an extremely acute sense of observation and introspection is required. This is what happens to woman. Man has five senses, woman has a hundred. She feels, sees, observes through all the pores of her body. She meets a person in passing and notes at a glance the details of that person's dress, manner and way of thinking. She can tell you without hesitation

what he is like.

A woman finds great delight in watching and observing others and she seizes every opportunity to observe things that live around her. Flowers, animals, birds are sources of infinite and interesting observations, and the fact that the bird has acquired new plumes, or that a bud has sprung into flower, gives her deep and real satisfaction, makes her feel as proud as a man feels when he wins a game of cards. It may be that woman's desire to be sur-

rounded by living things comes partly from the feeling of pleasure it gives her to observe them.

Undoubtedly to this faculty should be linked the pleasure which woman feels in change, in the striking contrast between her misoneism and the vivification of inanimate things which makes her feel such keen pleasure in the things that surround her. To change her city, change her mode of living, change her surroundings, is, to the person endowed with a spirit of observation, what it is to a man to change his books and studies. Certainly woman observes much more than man, and hence gets much greater

satisfaction than he out of changes.

Make the most humble woman tell you what she has observed, and you will come across an unexplored mine which you will have difficulty in finding the like of in a man who may have lived a much more eventful life. If a man has to write a letter, if he is asked to tell how he spent the day, he never knows what to say. Nothing happened, he did not see anything. The reason is that outside of his work man does not notice anything. Unconsciously both men and women take much more pains with their appearance when they are going to meet a woman, because they know instinctively that a man does not pay much attention to details, whereas a woman "takes them in" from head to foot. The woman caller frequently causes more apprehension than an inspector, because even if she is not officially inspecting anything, a woman sees everything, whereas a male inspector half the time sees nothing at all. A servant invariably becomes slack when working for a man alone, because a man never notices anything about the house, whereas a woman

notes the slightest negligence.

Man analyses his own or other people's characters now and then, for example, when writing poems or books. But woman always analyzes her own heart and that of others. Her spirit of observation is almost swamped by the floods of autoanalysis that accompany it. Even when she speaks of a book that she has read, a play that she has seen, a woman quite unconsciously reveals her own sentiments and analyzes them. She is invariably inclined to express the great impression the book or play made on herself or others, rather than to speak of the book itself, just as the nurse, in "Romeo and Juliet" tells how she ran and what she felt before coming down to facts.

How many women keep diaries or write letters in order to crystallize their emotions and feelings? If a man keeps a diary or writes a letter, he limits

it to a repetition of facts.

In conjunction with her faculty of observation and autoanalysis woman has a remarkable facility for recording the facts she has seen or felt. Her memory on this point is extraordinary, in opposition to her memory for dates, rules and abstract theories, which is usually very poor. A woman never forgets the impression things make on her, the joys or sufferings caused her. That is why she is so faithful in her gratitude to those who have helped her and so inexorable in her hatred of those who have harmed her. Memory is associated with interest in the sense that one remembers the things that are most vital to one's personality. Women remember

their emotions, whereas men scarcely ever remember theirs. Men easily forget the things they observe because their actions are not based on the result of their observations and their emotions, but on reason. To woman, on the other hand, the result of her observations and emotions is something vital: she knows, she feels that there she has a guide and a support. They are all she has to depend upon, and she clings to them desperately. Emotions are the degrees by which she painfully climbs along. If memory did not register them her whole being would fritter away.

Method

As woman is endowed with such a powerful faculty of observation and autoanalysis, and is armed with a memory so tenacious in regard to it, she is inclined, in her reflections, to pass from the concrete to the abstract, from practice to theory, instead of going, like man, from the abstract to the concrete, from theory to practice.

If a woman wants to write a book or a poem she does not study, in the abstract, to find plots or rules,

as a man would. She starts right in.

She sometimes starts in blindly, absurdly, according to the caprice of her instinct, but at any rate she starts in, just as she starts in when she wants to plant flowers in her garden or cut the material for a dress.

Unconsciously woman employs the same method of work when dealing with mental problems that she uses when tackling problems of daily life, just

as man solves daily problems by the same methods that he uses to solve theoretical problems.

It was not a coincidence that the founder of positivism was inspired by a woman. Woman is a realist and a positivist to the supreme degree.

Of course it often happens that woman, if she is asked for explanations of her mental processes, gives wrong ones. This is because her conclusions are not based on reason and it is hard for her to know, let alone explain, why she has done or said a certain thing. Men, who see brilliant conclusions, solve difficult abstract problems, through erroneous arguments, frequently say that if woman arrives at any result, it is simply a matter of luck. This is not so. She arrives at her conclusions not through reason, but by following a more or less mysterious voice, an unconscious concrete vision, which somehow puts before her mind the problem already solved.

Advantages

The fact that woman bases her conclusions on more or less instinctive observations makes it hard for her to make use of the material and intellectual instruments which are based on reason. She finds difficulty in embracing great syntheses, general theories, and has difficulty in mastering abstract rules, but at the same time she is saved from vain ideology, to which men so often succumb. Woman often displays a certain exaltation in her words or writings, but it never carries her away from reality. She may lose herself in dreams of a real life that is not possible, but she never wanders in the clouds.

Although woman is not able to perfect her intellectual methods as much as man, she is, on the other hand, able to understand things and to learn them without studying. Man learns what he is taught better than woman, but if he is not taught he

does not learn anything.

If both men and women are chosen from among the pupils of cooking schools, dressmaking or commercial institutes, it is found that men make better chefs, better tailors than women, and that they are more capable in directing big stores and factories. But a woman who knows nothing about the rule of proportions, and who has never had a sewing lesson in her life, is able to make a presentable dress, and a girl who has never been taught how to cook can turn out a fairly good dinner and keep a boarding house. A woman can run a small shop without having learned the slightest thing about the keeping of accounts or the managing of affairs. These are things which no man would be able to do.

If boys and girls have had mental training, boys know better how to go to the root of an argument than girls, and they express their thoughts better along given lines. But if boys do not go to school they know absolutely nothing, whereas girls instinctively acquire certain knowledge. This is undoubtedly one of the reasons why boys' schools always preceded girls' schools. Boys simply had to have schooling, whereas girls managed to pick up

enough intuitively to get along.

We have all seen how the most pampered women become doctors, nurses, painters, decorators, when circumstances oblige them to take a hand at things, while the most uneducated country girls marry men of high positions and hold their rank and dignity.

The ladies of the French aristocracy, brought up in the intrigues and frivolities of Louis XVI's court, were able to support both husbands and children when, as emigrants, driven into exile, they had to earn their own living. They instinctively knew how to sew and cook and they found employment, whereas the men were unable to adapt themselves to the new conditions.

During the war, in all countries, men watched with a certain amount of envy the women whom they had looked upon as professional coquettes and tangoists manage large business concerns, factories, hospitals, and carry on man's work in every way. Women did all of this intuitively, scarcely any of

them having had any previous training.

The war showed that woman can rapidly take the place of man in almost all his work. But it is very difficult for man to do woman's work. A widow, for instance, usually manages to find a way of supporting her children after her husband's death, whereas a widower is rarely able to bring up the

family if his wife dies.

Another advantage which woman finds in proceeding intuitively is that of being able to act rapidly, taking charge simultaneously of the most incongruous things, and being able to change decisions without too much difficulty. Reasoning demands time to debate the pros and cons in regard to the action one is contemplating. Man, who is logical and uses his reasoning power, takes time to make up his mind; when he thinks of the decision he is

about to make he does not like to be disturbed; once his mind is made up he does not like to change it; when he is doing one thing he does not like to do or be bothered with another. Woman, on the contrary, goes without difficulty from one study to another, one occupation to another; if a decision turns out to be impractical she arrives at another with the greatest ease. This peculiarly feminine turn of mind is, it should be noted, much more useful to woman, in the usual run of things than perfection and technique would be. The family is a little like the water of a river—the same, yet always changing. The children grow up, the family fortune increases or diminishes; the seasons change, as do the cost of things and the tastes of the members of the family. In one day a woman has to decide about a thousand different things, to act promptly in a thousand different fields. Her mental agility enables her to solve, much more easily than man could, problems that are always new and perpetually changing. In a house men servants are much less useful than women servants because man instinctively specializes, whereas woman is willing to help with everything.

Men would feel very unstable if they had to change work every day, every hour, as the housewife has to. Instinctively men specialize in trades and professions; one is a lawyer, the other a doctor, and the doctor specializes again for the eyes, the ears, the throat. Woman is everything in her household, acting not only as doctor but as specialist

if occasion arises.

Disadvantages

Woman has a remarkable faculty of learning quickly, but she cannot and does not like to learn in any other way. It is said that girls are more precocious than boys but that their mental development ceases at eighteen, because in the higher grades they are not so far ahead of the boys as in the lower grades. Girls succeed better in the lower classes because there the work is more practical, more varied and better adapted to the feminine mind. It proceeds by observation rather than by method. Woman has no aptitude for complicated technical details. She is not able to stick to one subject and be at the mercy of abstract arguments and techni-

calities for a great length of time.

There are few women composers, for instance, even though woman is musically gifted and is the author of most of the popular songs that have passed down from generation to generation. In certain countries she is to this day the improviser of funeral music. The reason why there are fewer women composers than writers or painters, even though the love of music is more general among women than the love of literature or art, is that painting and sculpture, like writing, are technically much more simple than music. If music could be registered as simply as poems or paintings there would be many more women composers. If the sounds of a melody could remain fixed in the air in the same way that words remain fixed on paper, woman would be a composer, but as it is the technicalities of composition stifle her inspiration.

I do not wish to imply that woman cannot master technical difficulties. She can if she wishes to, but as a rule they do not interest her and their solution does not interest or satisfy her as they satisfy a man.

Read the letters and memoirs of Sophie Kovalewski, who displayed the highest mathematical ability and ranked as the greatest mathematician of the nineteenth century. She repeatedly says that nothing bores her so much as mathematics. The year she was working for the Bourdin prize she was possessed by a mania for embroidery, and her friends, the Löfflers, had to be after her continually to make her work on her mathematics.

The same is true of many women who are first in Latin or mathematics at school but who give them up completely as soon as they graduate. Mme. Kovalewski would certainly never have revealed her mathematical genius had her husband's failure not forced her to earn her living. Woman's reluctance to acquire technique and theory is shown by her great admiration or absolute disparagement of both; for, in opposition to the general belief, disparagement is a form of admiration, in the sense that we try to minimize something that we admire but consider unattainable.

Woman's intuitive mind not only narrows her mental horizon but limits the degree of perfection which she can attain in any given subject. To attain perfection one must be guided by certain standards, certain rules; there must be a means of comparison and something to show in which direction one should go. This process is painful to woman. She is much more easily inspired than man, but she cannot, or rather she does not wish to find pleasure in doing anything unless inspired. "Why do I succeed so easily?" laments Mme. Lauth Thomson in her beautiful Cahiers d'Yvonne. "I am carried away and

then I become suddenly weary.

"Without effort I get the effect I try for, I do not know how, nor do I know how to correct my work without destroying what I have already done. Whatever I do seems to come of its own accord, and then suddenly I stop, I look about, and, my exaltation having left me, feel dissatisfied with my work. I see all my mistakes; I want to correct them; it is frightful. I have no technique, and I hate my talents."

Most women usually do not admit the difficulty which Mme. Thomson states so frankly. They hide their inability to combine the two by deprecating everything that is not inspired and by declaring that it annoys them to perfect their work. Madame Cottin, who brought about a return of romanticism in the eighteenth century, writes in the preface of her book, Claire d'Alba, which she completed in two weeks, that "the public would be quite right in complaining about the book if it bores them. But I confess I should have been even more bored if I had been obliged to correct it, so I prefer to publish it as it stands."

How is it that women who are so patient when it comes to embroidery and endless insignificant details have so little patience when it comes to correcting and perfecting intellectual achievements? The reason is that whereas it goes against woman's in-

most nature to reason and concentrate, it is natural for her to be active and to keep herself occupied.

While woman's intuitive mind limits the possibility of perfecting her work it does not necessarily limit all perfectioning. Frequently the person with intuition feels strongly what is right or wrong, and knows when a work is well or badly done. I, for instance, think that something I write is well written when it seems brief, that is, when I can sum it up in a few words. When I prepared my examinations—and I have passed hundreds—I always felt sure of my copy when it was brief.

My father, who had more intuition than most men, judged things in somewhat the same way. He considered a book well written when it contained everything he wanted to know about a subject, when the general idea was developed in all its details and when each detail led up to the main idea. Woman's intuitive mind is apt to lead to other defects, such as lack of cohesion and lack of clarity. Most books written by women and most of their speeches are

characterized by these defects.

Intuition is not like logic, where one idea naturally leads to another. It is, on the contrary, an uneven force that sometimes leads to one idea and sometimes to another, and frequently there is no cohesion or relation between them. The lack of cohesion in turn frequently leads to confusion.

Furthermore, ideas are not presented logically. Being intuitive, they are all given equal importance, instead of being graded so as to form an argument that leads from a given basis to a given conclusion, passing through intermediary stages all clearly de-

fined. Finally, women writers lack clarity because, accustomed to understand things intuitively, they expect their readers to do the same and they feel no need of expressing ideas in logical sequence. Man explains himself clearly because he does not understand others unless they explain themselves clearly. Incidentally, women often understand what seems confused to men whereas they cannot understand man's so-called clear technicalities. The statutes of a legal association, laws and judgments rendered, all of which are supposed to be essentially clear, frequently seem obscure to women.

In other words, woman's mind, because it is in the main moved intuitively, works rapidly, unconsciously and in many directions, and it always remains in contact with reality. There is something spontaneous, impulsive, different, healthy, something unexpected and new about woman's mind. It is not guided by rules and theories, as is man's mind, which works on

a basis of logic and deduction.

Woman's intuition in regard to things that live around her, her greater faculty of observation and her ability to analyze herself and others, make her particularly good wherever improvisation or quick action is necessary. She learns without bothering about rules. She knows things by instinct. She uses mentally the same processes that she employs in practical life, where she is certainly far superior to man, but she is paralyzed by books and abstractions and by the cold logic of reason.

Deduction and reason enable man to study a subject thoroughly and enable him to reach a higher degree of perfection than woman in art, literature and science. However, his mediocre faculty of observation frequently leads him to forget reality, to fall into abstractions and to disregard even the most flamboyant reality. His need of time for reflection before making a decision makes him unable to act quickly, and he cannot change from one trade or profession to another or find new solutions if the old ones are not satisfactory, as can woman with the greatest ease.

III. WOMAN'S ACTIVITY IS BEST EMPLOYED WHEN SHE CAN USE HER INVENTIVE GENIUS

The characteristic differences between man's and woman's mentality form a basis for determining which forms of activity are best suited to men and

which best adapted to women.

All arts, trades or professions requiring activity, ingeniousness, intuition, enthusiasm, agility and an ability to make rapid decisions in regard to many different things, are suited to women. Such pursuits give more pleasure to woman than to man. All the contemplative arts, all occupations requiring unilateral reflection, meditation, intense work and energy expended with one sole object in view, are best suited to men.

Woman's repugnance to abstractions ought to keep her away from studies and arts that have no connection with practical life or its emotions, as for example, politics, which bears no relation to the little world in which she lives. The pleasure of giving pleasure which naturally leads woman to undertake work requiring ingenuity and tact, like charity, or propaganda, should lead her to seek the arts or professions where an understanding of life is invaluable, such as medicine, agriculture, teaching and literature. Medicine, because in it woman comes in touch with suffering and can alleviate it; agriculture, because in it she can unfold that care for living things, that intuition and activity which are so similar to what she requires in bringing up children. Teaching is a field suited to woman because it not only enables her to use her particularly feminine mental attributes, but allows her to command, to unfold the feminine desire to be the first, the leader. Literature, because it is the only abstract art that can be made concrete, the only one in which a woman can indulge in autopsychology, in which she can create life, immortal life, and live with the creatures of her books as if they were living people. Even when woman is not writing stories she is dreaming them, living them.

But, above all, woman's spirit of observation, her emotivity and enthusiasm make her absolutely sovereign in the field which she seems to look upon with the greatest disdain but which is really hers—that

of mother and director of the household.

Woman's passion for things living or "vivified" by her thoughts, and the keen pleasure she has in taking care of them, combined with her activity and faculty of observation, find fullest outlet intellectually in her ingenuity and her inventive genius. In this respect she is undoubtedly far superior to man.

As a rule this fact is not appreciated. This is because few women have attached their names to patents or inventions. But this does not prove that

their discoveries or inventions are less numerous or less important. It merely proves that woman does not realize the importance of her own work, and she has such a limited field of action that it is hard for her to make her inventions known. For an ordinary woman, burdened with household worries, to get an invention patented and advertised is well-nigh impossible. Besides, woman has so little ambition for herself in the abstract that she is more interested in doing something that will please the members of her family than in trying to become famous.

In the packages sent to the front, in hospitals and in organizations run by women during the war, there were enough innovations to enrich a score of American inventors. There were new forms of gloves, sweaters, shirts, adapted for a certain individual under certain circumstances; there were playthings made out of all sorts of damaged materials, coverlets made of paper, straw, flowers. You found inventions of this kind in the packages that came from the humble peasant homes as well as from the smart city houses owned by the greatest ladies in the land.

But none of these inventions were patented. Each one was invented to help a husband, brother or son. They served their purpose; that was enough.

In her house, at home, woman is continually inventing things. Every change she makes, whether in furnishing, decorating, cooking, moving, gives rise to inventions and observations.

Domestic economy constitutes a series of inventions which strive to arrive at a definite object—that of providing for the family—with elements that are continually varying. Food, the weather, raw

materials, money, taste, everything changes. How many inventions women had to make during the war in order to live within the family budget without allowing the food to become less nourishing or appetizing! And how much ingeniousness has been shown in these days of high prices in repairing broken furniture and mending old clothes without calling in experts for assistance. How many substitutes for coal and wood—such as paper balls and coal dust—were invented by women during the war, and how many ingenious devices were found to replace soap and soda when they were not to be had!

Otis Mason has demonstrated that woman has invented practically all the arts that are most precious to us. In the primitive world woman constituted the industrial element. She was butcher, cook, furrier, seamstress; she made clothes, tents, shoes. Woman, he says, was the one who found what herbs were edible and cultivated them near the home; it was she who brought up the young of the animals killed by her husband, who taught the dog to become the guardian of the home, and domesticated the cat to catch mice. Woman discovered that cows and goats could give her children a milk almost as nourishing as her own. It was she who first thought of winding reeds to make a cradle, she who wove for the first time stuffs of linen, jute, wool, to protect her family from the inclemencies of the weather. Woman was the first to find a way of making baskets to collect the precious harvest, who first thought of firing clay in the heat of the sun in order to make bricks. Woman, long before specialists, found which flours and which way of cook-

ing them were best for babies. Woman invented cataplasms, ointments, discovered medicinal herbs, which later became the basis of medicine. Woman was the one who discovered the way of domesticating the silkworm and collecting the precious thread it spins; and it was woman who found which were the plants that could be woven into cloth. It was she who first thought of spinning the wool from the cotton plant and the wool from the sheep. Woman found what plants, animals and methods could be utilized in making dyes and colors. Woman invented the different ways of conserving meat and food, of salting and smoking meats, of preserving and pickling fruits and vegetables. Woman, in fact, is responsible for all the household inventions. These have passed on from generation to generation throughout the centuries.

Men cannot possibly compete with women in the number or importance of these inventions. During industrial periods woman has always had an important place. If at the present time she seems to have been pushed into the background it is because inventions have passed from the limits of the household into that vast theoretical field where woman no longer receives the same stimulus she formerly received in the household when transforming concrete material in order to please and help those around

her.

I do not mean that men are useless in practical life, or that women cannot achieve anything that deals with abstractions, Life and its requirements frequently bring men into direct contact with practical things, and women with theory, and both sexes get

on well. But at the same time the invention of practical things, the possibility of bettering conditions for a creature capable of feeling joy or pain, gives much more satisfaction to a woman than to a man. Man does not find much pleasure in inventing practical things, and would not invent them if he were not spurred on by the thought of wealth or fame; but he finds great pleasure in abstraction, in argument. Woman, on the contrary, is really delighted to invent something practical, something not associated with the effort expended or with the fame that may be in store for her. She is delighted because the invention satisfies an inner need.

This is, on the whole, providential. Woman is born to be a mother. Logic, abstract ideas, deductive arguments would not help her to bring up her children. Woman aspires to love and to be loved and admired by the small circle around her, and most assuredly neither synthesis, logic nor critical faculties would help her to love or to make herself

loved.

Man asks woman only to smooth out his path, to brighten his life, to administer his patrimony, to bring up his children and to give him the least possible trouble. Feminine intelligence corresponds admirably to all these requirements. Intuition, activity, faculty of observation, ingeniousness, inventiveness help her admirably, whereas if she were endowed with man's intelligence this rôle would be impossible for her and the greatest individual and social disturbances would be caused.

IV. CULTURE

I have already said that woman is intuitive, that man is deductive, that man must study in order to know anything, and that woman can learn things without studying. A man who has never studied or been taught anything knows nothing, or rather knows ever so much less than a man who has studied many books, attended schools or university courses with more or less success. When man studies conscientiously he acquires a number of facts, he learns to think and he gains a facility of orientation which he did not have before. His brain is really cultivated.

This fact accounts for the justified credit which culture has among men. It really makes a difference between one man and another, between one class and another, between one nation and another.

But it is not the same with woman. Her inborn spirit of observation, her emotivity, her enthusiasm, her intuition enable her without books to broaden her mind and to acquire real culture, provided she is surrounded by a varied world in which she is interested. If there are around her living beings whom she can care for and influence, she develops her intelligence and her knowledge of facts, her own ideas and her way of thinking. The repugnance which she has to prolonged study, the difficulty she encounters in concentrating her mind on any one thing, make her unsuited to learn theoretically or methodically or to accept the experience of others as defined in rules. Her dislike of abstract things makes it almost impossible for her to profit by other

people's studies or to make other discoveries her own. She cannot sharpen and develop her brain by

the same methods as man.

To learn theoretically, to absorb knowledge from books and to deduct one's own conclusions, one must have a certain power of concentration, a faculty very weak in most women. There, above all, a liking for synthesis and theories is required, something that woman lacks practically altogether, if her surroundings do not provide it. This is why women endowed with a real feminine intellect (in opposition to women who have a masculine intellect, of whom there are many, and vice versa) obtain very different results from those obtained by men in studying

the same subjects.

It cannot be said that these differences depend on heredity or on education. If girls throughout the centuries have not been brought up in the same way as boys, the reason is simply that the ancients—who were far more logical and clear-minded than we are—never hesitated to admit that woman was different from man and had to be brought up and educated in a different way. Women in olden days were not ashamed to admit that they liked embroidery, that they enjoyed cooking more than history or politics or Latin or Greek, to admit that they had a different mission in the world from men's and consequently had to have a different program of action. Women in olden days were not ashamed to confess that, in order to think, they needed to have something living impress not their minds, but their hearts.

Other theories rule the day now, but woman has not changed. Aside from a useless array of names

and quotations, of words which impress the ignorant but no one else, there is not much difference between the intellectual baggage of a woman of the people and that of the woman at the top of the social ladder, between the timid pupil in the convent and the student at the university, provided they all live under similar conditions at home and mingle among the same people. There will always be great differences among women frequenting different intellectual worlds and among those meeting different sorts of people, for their observations and experiences will differ.

The peasant woman, whom a caprice of fate raises to the most exalted position, the courtesan, the actress, the singer, all of whom frequently come from the masses, shine intellectually quite as brilliantly as women who have studied under the most illustrious professors of the day.

St. Catherine, for instance, who did not know how to read or write, was quite the equal of the greatest

politicians of her time.

At twenty the dressmaker, the salesgirl and the modiste who know their work well, who have met many people, and who have had occasion to feel, suffer, and look about, have many more ideas, experiences, observations, much more intuition and a much more developed intelligence than girls who have studied Latin and Greek superficially at home, and under careful guidance, shielded from every emotion and worry.

The mother of a large family, who has had no time to study, having been occupied with her children and her household, has more life, more breadth of ideas than the old maid of the same age who has done nothing else than to potter about

at universities and libraries.

The one who knows something well is the person who knows most, whether the subject be dressmaking, embroidery or housekeeping. Now, one cannot learn anything really well unless one likes the subject. Theoretical study does not appeal to woman, whereas she is really fond of cooking and housekeeping. If you talk to embroiderers, dressmakers, housekeepers, and ask them about their work you inevitably find that they have a real passion for it; they are always trying to perfect themselves, to try something new. You never find a corresponding sentiment among girl students or professors. Most of the girls who have taken a degree stop studying the minute they leave college, and in college they only study what is in the program. If they teach, they never learn anything outside the assigned curriculum.

Whatever woman learns in schools or from books is theory to her, and it passes through her mind like a vague memory. In reading or studying woman does not exert any mental faculty except memory, that is to say, a natural faculty; nothing living in her responds. When she suffers, when her heart is in rapture, when she has to guide little children, when she has to act, when she does something that interests her, then she sharpens her brain, learns, observes, feels, develops all the faculties of her feminine mentality. Woman's brain is marvellously adapted to her mission in life, marvellously suited to unravel the complicated

threads of daily existence, whereas masculine schooling, instead of helping her, rather hinders or befuddles her faculties.

As I myself have frequented masculine schools and universities for a long time, I can really bear testimony to the fact that while abstract sciences, philosophy, mathematics and political economy clarify man's intelligence they, curiously enough, really seem to dull the minds of women. The brain of a girl who studies these subjects is much more confused and muddled than the brain of a girl who has not studied them. The reason is that study takes away woman's faith in her own powers of observation, which are so admirable, and makes her trust deduction and science, in which she is very weak. Besides, these abstract sciences turn her away from the practical and intuitive orientation her mind should have, and finally, as she lacks critical judgment, woman believes implicitly all that she hears and loses all ability to draw her own conclusions.

The woman who has studied begins to grow intelligent again when she manages to forget her science or when she has been forced to make practical use of it. When she is obliged to combine practical life with the theories she has learned, her ingeniousness, her intuition, come to the fore, she becomes a woman again and an intelligent one. The reverse is true of boys. Many of the most intelligent boys at school turn out to be absolutely helpless in real life. The women who have made their mark in the world—George Sand, George Eliot, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mathilde Serao, Ada Negri—are

all women who never studied. They wrote their books and novels spontaneously, naturally. In spite of the fact that innumerable women have been studying at universities for many years, there are

few celebrities among them.

Woman needs other methods than man to cultivate her mind. She has to be put in a position where she can observe people and things, she must have the opportunity of being moved emotionally, she must be able to study the things that interest and captivate her, and she must be trained to render more acute her direct observations, which could be really precious personal contributions to science in general.

However, I am not opposed to the idea of sending girls to boys' schools. The programs of the boys' schools are not suited particularly to the feminine intellect, but on the other hand the programs of the girls' schools are not much better. Besides, mixed schools have many practical mutual advantages that cannot be duplicated in any other school. The girl who goes to a mixed school loses much of the sentimentality which is apt to be ever a source of trouble in her life. She finds out that the masculine ideas which her sister in the girls' school dreams about do not exist in real life. The boy, on the other hand, is obliged to sense the girl's delicacy. He laughs at this at first, but gradually he learns to reckon with it, and finally he demands that others reckon with it. In short, he becomes less brutal.

The intimacy that springs up on the school bench gives both girls and boys an opportunity to know each other under normal conditions, when not drawn together by a feeling of love. Mutual studies oblige the girl to listen to the boy's arid scientific vocabulary, which grows more and more different from the normal one as his studies progress. In this way she becomes trained to be a better intellectual companion for the man she chooses.

Furthermore, taking the same examinations as boys places a girl in a better position to tackle any of the careers she is most fitted for, teaching, medicine, agriculture. Besides, it gives woman a prestige in the eves of men. Men who are very logical in the abstract are not at all logical in real life. They do not feel esteem for the things they love, nor for the things which are useful and agreeable, but they admire the things that impress them, even if they hate them. For this reason men have more respect for the parrot woman who has been to college and who can talk to them from the height of her quotations than for the real, humble woman, whom they look down upon from the height of their useless science. They do not realize or appreciate the help and comfort they get from the humble woman and her judicious observations and remarks.

If study does not sharpen woman's intelligence, it nevertheless enlarges the field of her observations, it enables her better to profit by the lessons of experience, it trains her to express her ideas more clearly. It is like the study of a foreign language, which while not giving a person any more ideas, increases his possibilities of being in touch with the outside world. Besides, if study does not do her any good it does not as a rule harm her much, nor tire nor bore her too much.

Memory and intuition suffice to enable a woman to follow the same college courses as a man, to arrive at the same degree of outside culture, that is, to pass an examination, and even to pass it brilliantly, and to put into her head all the science and experience that men have to learn through logic, deduction, reflection and concentration.

If a girl is only moderately intelligent, that is, only moderately intuitive, she has to learn practically everything by heart. This may be difficult, but at the same time she usually manages to succeed, helped on as she is by her spirit of activity and her pride.

To arrive at the same degree of knowledge as man by totally different means, that is, by intuition, is the strangest phenomenon, and is certainly less tedious than his method. Science, just like history and dates, comes into your head of its own accord, without your knowing at all how it got there. You hate your lessons, you do your exercises, you work hard and do not understand a word. And then all of a sudden you have something like a revelation, a large wave of facts enters your mind by intuition. You suddenly understand a lot of rules and facts which you did not understand when they were explained, nor will you understand them when they are explained later. Then comes another period of incomprehension, then another revelation, and so on. As a rule the lessons which interest boys the least, such as practical exercises, are the ones which give girls these revelations, as one might call them. mechanism is about the same as that used in learning language by ear. Mrs. Browning, who learned Greek by listening to lessons given to her brothers, confessed that she had no idea how it happened, but that she was able to translate Greek at sight. This way of learning things has many advantages. Above all, it entails no fatigue. However, science acquired in this way is not stable, and never gives a woman the same assurance that a man gets from his slow and laborious methods of acquiring knowledge.

With a certain degree of intuition and a normal memory a girl can attend a boys' college and study the same things as the boys with much less effort. Science in this case is a diversion which does not bore her, a sort of romance whose different solutions are being sought with greater or less interest. But

it is not a means of climbing higher.

In no case does study sharpen woman's intelligence, in no case does it make woman love science, as it sometimes makes a man care for it. In no case does it teach a girl to think, reflect, deduce, abstract, associate ideas, connect them. Study cannot change woman's mentality, which works on the inspiration of her emotions.

Because woman can understand only by means of the concrete, universities for her sex were founded by her in other centuries before she became possessed by the strange idea of wanting to be a man. Quite different from men's universities, their social importance was not lessened by the fact that no entrance examinations were required to enter them and no diplomas were awarded to those who had frequented them. In the salons of former days, in her own home, or in homes similar to her own, in the midst of people whom she knew personally, people with whom she could discuss history, philosophy,

politics, without citing names, dates, figures, woman acquired knowledge in these subjects without realizing it. She absorbed from the studios all the concrete knowledge she could glean and she helped those about her by her keen intuition and rapid comprehension. The salons exerted a greater influence on cultural progress than many academies founded with that object in view. In the salons each person knew personally the people he met and he took an interest in them. Woman could judge the intelligence of the speaker by her own intuition instead of by hearsay and criticism. Each person could help the others morally and materially, and be helped for no other reason than a desire to help or to be helped. Woman's mentality came into contact with masculine intelligence, the two fermented and completed each other. In the salons, because woman instinctively recognized them before they were understood by the great public, men of genius found that backing and approbation which spurred them on. In woman's generosity they found that assistance which they required long before they were crowned with glory or power-frequently while they were scorned and banned. This is something that would not happen in a masculine gathering. At no period of history were men and women so highly cultured as in the seventeenth century, at the time when the salons flourished. At that time, women received only a rudimentary education and men had but limited opportunities of studying at schools and universities.

PART II

Moral Feeling

I. FUNCTION OF REASON

I HAVE already remarked that the characteristic attributes of woman's intuition and passionality are spontaneity and impulsiveness. We women find it extremely difficult to understand that in life a given premise leads inexorably to a given conclusion. Almost all of us feel an instinctive repugnance to be guided by preëstablished notions or rules of conduct. The idea seems wrong to us. We feel as if we were not ourselves, but were merely copying someone else or following in other people's footsteps. We are repelled at the idea of deliberately doing a given thing because it would be to our advantage, or deliberately refraining from doing it because it would harm us. Furthermore, an action that we know is inspired by a hope of recompense, or a gift given with the idea of gaining an advantage, loses all value in our eyes. We appreciate only things that come spontaneously.

Spontaneity, which at bottom is an impulse to act outside the domain of logic and reason, seems to us a panacea for all the evil we may unwittingly do. In the same way we are quite willing to forgive the evil done us if we feel it was the result of an impulse, whereas we protest against it in every fibre of our being if we know it was the result of slow, deliberate planning, inspired by cold, calculating interest.

Is woman's disdain for logic something to be ad-

mired or looked down upon? Or is it one of those mysterious disequilibriums which would lead to even

greater disequilibrium if corrected?

Theoretically, logic and reason should be the pillars upon which to build our actions, the pillars upon which to found our moral feeling. From this point of view woman's lack of logic is to be regretted and woman ought to try to modify her attitude.

II. DANGERS

But conscience, the hidden voice that speaks so authoritatively to both man and woman and automatically guides them in their actions, is developed in a radically different way in one and in the other. In man conscience and moral feeling are undoubtedly formed, little by little, by means of logic and reasoning power, which curb his dominating egotistic instincts. From boyhood man gets used to dominating the actions suggested by his egotistic impulse, since reason tells him that they are harmful to society. The influence of reason gradually develops into a sort of second instinct, a second conscience which speaks automatically, independently of reason. For when an individual is neither intuitive nor emotive, when he is not moved by spontaneous impulses, when-as is man-he is interested above all in his own affairs and in advancing them, then logic and reason, which serve to guide him, form a sort of mental brake and are most useful. They tell him what to do and what not to do. Besides, man's defects are such that the most elementary logic tells him they are wrong. There is no possibility for him to argue that his faults are good qualities.

Man's most common defects, coarseness, roughness, lack of generosity, indifference to the suffering of others, inconstancy, sensuality, drunkenness, are so obvious as to be apparent to everybody, including man himself. It frequently happens that hardened criminals admit the wickedness of their ways, as do many men who are not criminal. It is because so many men admit their faults that sentimental women often fall in love with them, hoping to reform them.

Furthermore, man's defects are so openly in conflict with reason that they cannot possibly be increased by reflection. Reason cannot increase man's sensuality and brutality. It may not always act as a sufficiently strong damper, but it can at least never act as a stimulant.

With woman things are very different. Conscience, moral feeling, do not spring in woman from a series of arguments that have gradually become almost automatic. They are constituted by a series of emotions and sentiments, such as remorse, pity, love, pleasure and suffering, which synthesized form an ideal automatically guiding woman. A conscience based on feeling is formed in a normal woman, not a conscience based on reason. And as in the formation of this conscience, this moral feeling, reason plays such a small part, reason is unable to affect its commands.

Woman's defects as well as her good qualities spring from her alterocentrism, which sets an imprint on her whole life, physical and mental, sometimes deforming and distorting it. Intolerance, envy, jealousy, thirst for vengeance, sentimentality, pride and obstinacy do not spring from egotism but

from misguided alterocentrism, from excessive pas-

sionality and self-confidence.

Consequently, while reason points out to a man his faults, it does not point out woman's defects to her. On the contrary, by arguing about them, any woman is able to convince herself that her thirst for vengeance is thirst for justice, that her intolerance, curiosity and meddlesomeness constitute a real interest in other people's welfare, and that jealousy is love. In fact, as a general thing, if she reasons about them long enough, a woman can easily convince herself that all her faults are virtues.

I have never heard a woman, not even the most hardened criminal, admit, as so many men do, that she has done wrong. No woman ever believes that her faults are faults, and reason, instead of helping her to see her faults, frequently adds to her blindness. Nothing is easier for a woman than to sharpen her thirst for vengeance by reasoning about it, or to become more envious and intolerant by arguing. It is because woman's reasoning power so often leads her to do cruel, mean things that the general impression is that it is well to beware of a strongminded woman. Look around and see whether cold, calculating women have not been more cruel and unkind to you than impulsive, spontaneous, passionate women, who often appear the most vindictive.

"Those who are so much affected when you admit your mistakes," writes Marie Leneru in her Memoirs, "do not understand that you really were never in the wrong, since at bottom there was always a reason which impelled you to do this or that."

When a woman makes use of her reasoning power

to settle a matter of conscience, she uses it not to refrain from doing a given thing, but in order to have a reason for doing it, which, instead of making things better, makes them worse.

III. How to Replace Reason

But if a woman cannot be guided by her reasoning power, by what can she be guided? I think by the same things that both men and women have instinctively set up as guides, namely, examples, traditions, ideals and authoritative commands.

I am convinced that, aside from a small minority—a minority so small as to be practically negligible—most women and perhaps most men, too, prefer to obey, to do what others tell them to do, rather than to make their own experiences and determine their own course of action. A certain responsibility is always attached to making a decision. It is an effort which both men and women tend to avoid, and they complain when obliged to make it. Especially is this true of woman, who, as I have said, finds it very hard to make up her mind. At the same time her repulsion to reasoning leads her to adopt, without too much hesitancy, any solution offered.

When on the point of making an important decision, when not guided by their instinct, nor obeying an order, women—and perhaps men to a certain extent, unconsciously seek guidance in similar decisions which they have made, read or heard about. They instinctively compare their case with the example in question and determine whether their intended action will be approved or disapproved by the people to whom they look up.

As woman aspires passionately to love and be loved and as, practically from childhood, she aims to please others, the force of example weighs more heavily on her than on man. Without coercion, without reason, simply because she wants to be liked and loved, woman tries to model herself according to the ideal pattern of which others approve. She tries to repress the instincts called vices and develop the instincts called virtues.

No matter how a girl lives, no matter how great her reasoning power, she unconsciously reflects that ideal of womanhood in which the people she likes believe. She tries to base her actions much more on this ideal than on any abstract arguments as to what is right or wrong.

Examples, criticisms are her natural guides. She tries to modify her instincts in accordance with the preferred ideal. She creates an ideal of womanhood which corresponds to the likes and dislikes of the

people around her.

This is what explains the enormous moral importance of a woman's surroundings. Her environment, the books she reads, the plays she sees, the stories she hears, the acts she witnesses, and especially the judgment of those she likes on these books, plays, stories, actions, constitute the criterion according to which she lives her life. I certainly believe that the Ibsenian literature is largely responsible for the disorganization of the modern home because of the prominence it gave to the woman whose first thought was to develop her own personality and to increase her own happiness instead of devoting her-

self completely to her family duties. It is true that examples, traditions, the opinions of others can never be anything but indirect methods of action and therefore can never have the direct force that reason has. But at the same time woman's mentality inclines her to follow these things. It would be harder to bring man up by this method, since the examples one might cite would probably not apply to his individual case. In his work man encounters so many different situations that it would be difficult to trace a given rule of conduct suitable for all. Woman, on the other hand, throughout the centuries, has lived in practically the same surroundings, with the same duties and the same responsibilities. It is easy to set up examples for her to follow. Woman's work and her mission are one and the same thing.

The problems and difficulties with which woman meets are always the same, her torments and anxieties do not change, and the field in which she must develop her intelligence is always limited by her mission in life. All her difficulties and torments may be condensed into problems arising from the fact that she loves without being loved in return, or is loved without loving, or is neither in love nor loved. She is always filled with an ideal of love that she can never reach, she tries to find a companion with whom she can get along, and she endeavors to keep her own family together and to make both ends meet.

The anguish and tragedy of all women's lives lie in the suppression of an unsatisfied love, in the moral and material worries of caring for and educating babies and children, and in the delusions and vicissi-

tudes connected therewith.

Woman's life, which is shut in by her mission, is a sort of trade or profession sui generis. The only other occupation that can be compared to it is agriculture, which is also dedicated to the care of young, growing things. To live a woman's life perfectly is an extremely difficult task, and it is immensely difficult to try to improve on it. It is a very easy task to live it in a mediocre manner. A woman even less intelligent than the average, if she has been well brought up and taught the art of keeping house, fulfills her mission as wife and mother just as well as an intellectual woman, provided that her environment, tradition and example, which give her the key to almost all the situations that arise, are not hostile. Many women who could live in peace create unhappiness for themselves and for others by trying to be different from others, by trying to invent things where nothing new can be invented and where it would be better to follow along prescribed lines. Intellectual women are often unable to live peacefully at home because they are less inclined to bend to tradition. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why many men have such terror of intellectual women.

Granted that woman's problems are limited by her mission and that her difficulties remain practically the same through the ages, it is evident that it would be better for her to take as models the lives of women who preceded her and to whom she looks up, and to abide by the laws which society has approved and made into traditions, than to waste her

energy in vain efforts to find a new way out of the old difficulties.

Therefore, instead of obliging woman to be guided by reason, which is against her instinct and which may lead her along wrong paths if she is not well balanced, society should help to establish ideals of womanhood which could serve as guides and models, and should set up rules of conduct to suit all phases of life. This would also teach women just how much they can count on others. Ideals and models would be a much stronger force for good and would serve as much more potent moral brakes than theories or logic. If woman builds a wrong ideal for herself, logic will only help to make her a hypocrite, whereas if she is inspired by the right ideal her actions will always be in conformity with it. In the midst of the greatest temptations she will remain faithful to the ideal she has chosen, feeling an instinctive repugnance to evil which no amount of logic or reason could inspire in her.

Incidentally, the fear of other people's criticism may help a person with evil instincts to follow the accepted right path. No amount of logic could have this result.

In practical life it is better for woman to trust to her instinct, her intuition, to follow her high ideals and examples, than to try to acquire reasoning power which in many cases would only lead her astray.

However, tradition and example do not always suffice. She frequently needs counsel, advice, backing, which in certain cases she can find only by reasoning about herself and her circumstances.

I have said before that egotism is an excellent guide and that the unfortunate individuals who lack egotism are like leaves in the wind blown about by the wishes of other people. Because woman's egotistic instinct is generally so weak, she needs someone or something to direct and sustain her. In infancy and in girlhood she usually has parents to guide and advise her. But later on, as she grows up, the influence of her parents weakens, both because they grow older and because they are less able to guide her. Then, too, since she is separated from them by a generation, she feels that they do not always understand her and she is not always inclined to listen to their advice. It is hard for parents to understand the aspirations and desires of their children. A companion of the same age, therefore, becomes necessary. A girl confides more easily in a sister or a friend than in her mother. This is why a girl growing into womanhood and an adolescent boy understand each other so well. Such a companion is the person best suited to guide her throughout life. Feminism should go slowly in asking for the things which will make marriage more difficult, for outside of marriage woman will never find what is so essential to her.

When a woman has the inestimable fortune of finding a man who directs her and guides her, who finds the mean between her excessive altruism and the realities of life, who shelters and protects her by enveloping her with his own egotism, woman has need of no one else. But it often happens that the person who ought to protect and guide her, fails. In this case, if a woman has altruistic instincts, she

finds herself alone, without support, absolutely miserable, for nothing is so painful to a woman as to feel that she is alone and obliged to choose her own course of action. If a woman is placed in this position, two ways are open to her. Either she must blindly follow examples and traditions or else she must try to reason things out. In most cases the first solution is the better. But if the woman who finds herself alone is a woman of the highest type, if she is endowed with the rare ability of being able to reason things out in her own mind, if she can calculate minute by minute the variations of life as it really is, if her soul and instinct are high enough to suggest the solution which she will afterwards have her reasoning power pass judgment on, then it is not only to her advantage but her duty to reason things out. It is useful for her to do so because the more intelligent she is, the more difficult it is for her to remain within the bounds of tradition. If she did not reason things out, her instinct, whose goad grows sharper in proportion to her superiority, would lead her, with the force of passionality increased a hundredfold, to seek a human being outside the bounds of tradition to guide her, and this would be contrary to her conscience as well as to her instinct, since all women of the highest type want to limit to themselves the evils from which they suffer. It is a duty for woman of the highest type to reason things out because such women, whose minds are strong and who are obliged by circumstances to use their reasoning power, should do their share to renew or strengthen traditions, for traditions can be modified and renewed only by those who suffer and who know how to reason above and beyond their own suffering. Besides, an intelligent woman owes it to herself and to others to use her reasoning power because there is no limit to the harm her alterocentrist instinct can do if it is allowed to find untrammeled expression. The finest things in life can be spoiled by alterocentrism that is not guided by reason! There is no simple solution that the alterocentrist instinct cannot complicate. For while egotism seeks to find solutions that satisfy one person only, alterocentrism tries to find solutions that will please many and in various ways. Consequently it forms labyrinths from which it is very difficult to find an outlet.

In other words, the average woman should be guided by traditions and accepted standards and examples, without trying to blaze new trails. But the woman whose mind and heart are more developed than the average, who is able to analyze her own suffering and use her reasoning power, should help to establish examples and precedents for other women to follow. To do this causes untold suffering and great anxiety to anyone who, like woman, feels the misery of others. But the suffering a woman of this type undergoes is compensated by the incalculable amount of good that she can do by a word of advice or by establishing traditions and examples

for others.

PART III

Society does not expect us women to shine, but it expects us to make everything around us shine.

THE HIGHEST TYPE OF WOMAN

THEORETICALLY the public expects so-called superior men and women to be more than usually gifted mentally and emotionally; it expects them to be supermen and superwomen from the standpoint of intelligence as well as of heart. Because of the average man's tendency to look up to an ideal, Lombroso's theory of genius and insanity awakened such protest and gave rise to such a violent reaction.

But in reality the public demands something vastly different of its great men, whether they be soldiers, men of science, saints or inventors. It does not ask whether they are generous, noble-minded, tender, kind, good to their families and to the people around them, but only how great their deeds were and what influence they had in the world. Wallisnieri, Spalanzani, are less famous than Stephenson or Auer, though the inventions of the latter required much less intelligence. Benvenuto Cellini's irregular life does not affect the esteem and admiration in which he is held. Ancient history, epic poetry, fables, traditions continually hold up for our admiration heroes and great men of absolutely no moral worth and of very little intellectual worth except in the small field

of their own profession. If you look at the inscriptions on the ancient Roman columbaria or at the tombstones in our modern cemeteries, wherever the respect and piety of the living have given expression to their feeling for the dead, you will find a man's intelligence and professional ability lauded more than his general intelligence, his generosity or his devotion to his family. This is natural, for a man's general intelligence and his family life mean much less to society than the work that he has accomplished with his hands or the invention that is the product of his brain. Man's function as husband, son, father, does not count, from a social standpoint, when compared with his work as engineer, artisan, inventor. With woman things are different. A man may be considered superior when he is partially superior, that is to say, when he is a great man in his profession even if inferior in other respects. But a woman never.

If you read ancient history, old traditions, if you examine the Bible and sacred and profane poems describing the women who have appealed most to popular imagination and who have been most admired by their contemporaries and by posterity, you will find that women are praised for the feelings they stirred, the actions they inspired, the joys they gave, the suffering they alleviated. They have been admired for their æsthetic and moral attributes, for their altruism, for their virtue.

It should not be said that this is because there were no intellectual women. The woman who first found out the silkworm's secret, who first baked bread, who elaborated the exquisite specimens of

needlework that have come down to us through the ages, the women who inspired kings and ministers were as great as the poets and the kings whom fame has crowned with glory. Woman's mind is not glorified for the simple reason that her intelligence is not valued in the same way as man's, because something else besides intelligence is demanded of her.

This fact is often called a crying injustice and it is the cause of bitter protests. It is not, however, the result of injustice. It is an expression of social instinct that is as tenacious and as necessary as the individual's egotistic instinct. Society pays for whatever is useful to it by unstinted praise and admiration. Society celebrates the soldier's courage, the inventor's ingeniousness, the philosopher's logic, the painter's sense of beauty, the scientist's patience, because even if these qualities are only relative, they are necessary to bring about progress in art and science. They shed glory on the nation. Society is not interested in knowing whether the soldier, the inventor and the artist are generous, just, kind to their families, or whether they are good husbands or sons, whether they are broad-minded or intellectual. General intelligence and family virtues seem in individual cases less important to society than the work these men do in their special fields.

Before admiring a woman, however, society wants to know all about her. It wants to know what her influence has been, what sort of things she has inspired; it wants to probe her personal affairs, her private life; it wants to appraise her æsthetic and moral qualities. It demands that its heroine be beautiful and good first of all, because this is what society unconsciously expects of a woman. I do not know whether society is right or wrong, but in any case a woman who is a good daughter, wife, mother, or a wise inspirer of men, does not merely live her own personal life, but she fulfills a social rôle, whose importance to the community is as great as that of the physician, the teacher, the artisan or the soldier. Although not consciously realizing it, the public feels the conflict between woman's intelligence and her heart and instinctively approves that part of woman's personality which is most useful to it. From time immemorial the intellectual, mannish woman has been the object of laughter, while the mother, the humble, devoted consoler in suffering, the enthusiastic inspirer of men, has always been worshipped. This can be accounted for by the fact that woman is created to be something for others rather than to be a personality of her own. She is created to be primarily a daughter, mother or wife, and the light and shadow which she casts on the people around her are more important than the size of her own light.

It is of no use for women to protest or to try to imagine that they can change things. Things are as they are. When God created woman out of Adam's rib to give him a companion she became, except as mother, man's complement, nothing else. Just so is man, in regard to woman's maternal function and the transmission of life, a complement to woman, nothing else. If life, materially, cannot be created without woman, mental, scientific and artistic life can. In regard to science and culture, we are sub-

sidiary creatures.

Therefore the highest type of women should not be sought in fields of culture, art or science. The highest type of woman is to be found among the sublime and unknown women who by their own efforts have created the moral traditions that still govern us, the women who by their sufferings and sacrifices have won the prestige and respect by which we to-day still profit, the women who have managed to direct men and to inspire them to do generous deeds, the women who have offered their all to advance an ideal, and who have buoyed up the falling, have soothed the suffering, and have smoothed the path for those who were fighting for the ideal.

Really "superior" women were the châtelaines of the Middle Ages. It was they who established the rules of masculine chivalry which gave so much dignity to the world. They, the princesses of our small states, encouraged arts and letters, and they were the women who at the price of their suffering brought about the triumph of that romantic ideal which is looked down on to-day but which placed woman in

such high esteem.

Really "superior" women were those who put their stamp on the arts, sciences, politics of their time. They were the gentle muses of philosophers and poets. Such women have been animatrices and inspirers of all times and of all things. The women who flowered the world with joy and who tried to dry up the fountains of sorrow have wafted their suave perfume down to us through the centuries, and even to-day it victoriously struggles with the materialism and matter-of-factness of the age.

None of these women achieved any masterpieces.

but they inspired them and made them possible. The nobility and elevation of their minds led them not to describe their own sufferings but to see the suffering to which most people remained blind. They tried to find a way of conciliating human beings, of making human life less anguishing; they tried to find remedies for the physical and social troubles of the world. No, they produced no masterpieces, these women, but they gave the best of themselves in an effort to awaken an appreciation of works misunderstood or ignored, and to make truth radiate in the midst of reality. The absence of truth and the disregard for reality, characteristic of our day, form one of the reasons for all the afflictions of the world to-day. No, those women created no masterpieces, but the strength of their intellect helped them to discern between necessary inequalities which must be borne and odious injustices which must be done away with. Their hearts and their intelligence helped to clear up the confusion of their times and to bring about the triumph of truth and beauty. They set up standards of womanhood which combine the unvarying mission of motherhood with the ever varying mission of inspirer and educator.

However, at the present time, carried away by the habit of judging men by their works and not by their merits, writers and other people have come to measure women by these same standards. They praise the women who write books or who make scientific discoveries; they praise, in other words, the women commonly called "intellectual" and ignore

those who silently fulfill the really important social

mission of being true women.

Modern writers and others have become used to regarding as superior those women who, thwarted in their own field, have tried to find an alternative by taking up a masculine career, or who, unable to employ their feminine superabundance of emotion, have sought an outlet in masculine professions. Because masculine careers and professions are most admired to-day, women have begun to rush into them, without regard to their own inclinations. They strive in every way to copy masculine methods of thinking and working, making the masculine standard the intellectual standard of both sexes.

The results have been disastrous. No masculine standards can be suitable to women for the simple reason that man is created to fulfill an entirely different function in the world. In trying to imitate man, woman is denaturing herself and has retro-

graded considerably.

Woman has never fallen so low as when she began to try to imitate man. The legend of woman's inferiority came into being precisely at the time that she began to consider herself superior. At the present time the highest types of women are smothered by the clamor of those whose love is crushed by ambition; by those whose passion for fame exceeds the wish to help others; by those who, in short, have acquired a masculine outlook on things and have lost the feminine viewpoint.

The erroneous idea of judging men and women by the same standards is responsible for the legend that there are few "great" women, and that these few should have been born men. If men and women are judged by masculine standards, this may be true. Since we are women we are inevitably inferior to men, just as we should be inferior to horses if we were expected to live up to a standard set for horses.

The same thing would apply to men if we were to set up the ideal of feminine perfection as the standard whereby great men should be measured; if we were to call great only the men who excelled in woman's field, that is, men who meant something as parents and children, as inspirers and consolers. We should arrive at exactly the same conclusion that men arrive at now. We should find the number of "great" men vastly inferior to the number of "great" women, and the men worthy of being called "great" endowed with so many feminine qualities that they should have been born women.

It is true that there is no Dante, no Shakespeare, no Newton among women, but it is also true that it is not woman's business to write poems or to determine the laws that rule the universe. The truth of the matter is that woman, even if she be Kovalewski or Madame de Stäel, can devote to her work only the time that is left after she has fulfilled her feminine obligations. Woman can give her work only the energy that is left after she has provided for her home and family, for nothing can make her neglect her function of mother, for which she was created and to which her instinct responds. It must not be forgotten that woman's instinct leads her to help others rather than to pursue her own interests. Besides, a man must wish to gain fame as a writer or an artist before he can write or paint a masterpiece.

Woman does not have this ambition. Her first ambition always is to love and to be loved. The desire for fame comes second.

Read the personal letters, the memoirs and notes left by Mme. Rémusat, Mme. de Stäel, Mme. Récamier, George Sand, Juliette Lambert, or the daughter of Hokusai, all of whom were admirably gifted as writers or artists. Read the letters and biographies of Mme. Kovalewski, Gaetana Agnesi, who were great mathematicians, or of Clothilde de Vaux, or of Mrs. Browning, who had great philosophical gifts, and see how small a part literature, mathematics, art, philosophy, played in their lives and how large a part their feelings played. See how much more they cared for the love of people around them than for fame and glory resulting from their work. In every case you find that these women cultivated art, literature, mathematics, because they were forced to do something, or else because they wanted to please someone whom they loved.

The reason why the feminine ideal is less sought than the masculine one, at present, is no doubt that the feminine ideal is vague and thankless. To write books, to paint pictures or to chisel statues is something definite. One can measure what is accomplished. But to shape traditions, increase another's prestige, what is that? How can one measure it? What is the reward? None. The greatest women, judged by feminine standards, are not known to the public. They have no statues in the public squares, whereas "great" men, in reality no greater in their fields than these women in theirs, are known by name

to one and all. Everyone can tell you what this or that great man has done, whereas everything accomplished by an equally great woman, in her own field, is vague, anonymous. Woman's greatness is felt, it is not seen nor is it tangible. If women cease fulfilling their mission disorder and troubles arise, but no one connects the two phenomena. It is hard to say in what their influence consists. Like rays of heat that pass unseen through walls and doors, while the great radiating hearth remains beyond the vision of the average man, their absence is noticed almost more than their presence. When they cease, everything is cold and dismal, but while they were there no one thought about them. The real woman's superiority hardly ever brings renown and therefore there is scarcely ever any opportunity of comparing it to man's achievements. Woman's superiority consists not in her works, but in her life. Women do not excel in one point, nor in one subject, but everything about them is harmonious and lofty. They are rarely appreciated by their contemporaries and frequently not by the people around them . Yet their action, like a discreet perfume that comes no one knows whence, envelops all with whom they come in contact. Their ambition is to win the love of those around them, and their influence lies in the feeling they awaken in others, the keen desire for the best which they unconsciously stimulate. Their names remain unknown, unrecorded in the history of the world, remembered only by those with whom they have come in contact. To show men the truth, to show them what lies below outward appearances, to make the highest ideals triumph, constitute their

natural mission. They do not acquire celebrity or monuments. They simply seek to live according to their best instinct, which corresponds to one side of the only problem that interests women, the problem of joy and suffering.

The radical difference between what constitutes a great man and what constitutes a great woman, each sex being judged by its own standards, presupposes different moral and intellectual attributes.

A woman of the highest type has not much need of purely cerebral qualities or of special aptitudes for a given art or science, such as a great man must have. Her greatness springs from a combination of great heart and mind. She must be moved by altruism and yet be endowed with reasoning power, so as to know how to direct her altruistic instinct. She must have imagination, delicacy; she must be able to judge the present and have a clear vision of the future, so as to be able to guide others firmly and surely. She must be guided by a strong intuition and a profound spirit of observation and introspection which will enable her to understand without effort the great problems that are stirring around her, and she must be able to suggest solutions to them. She must be finely strung so as to perceive the slightest suffering around her. She must possess so deep a knowledge of the human heart that she will be able to see below the surface and recognize the truth in spite of appearances. In short, her superiority consists in a sort of general and harmonious development of heart and mind which enables her to temper morality with beauty, justice with kindness, abstraction with reality, and to harmonize the chaotic progress that springs from man's abstract genius with the various differences and tendencies inherent in every country.

The qualities of ideal womanhood are not acquired without great sacrifices. The intuition, the sensitiveness which are to alleviate suffering, the experience, the equilibrium which will lead the way toward harmony can be obtained only at the cost of

great personal suffering.

Man profits by the experience of those who have gone before him. In his inventions he is guided by previous inventions. The theories of his predecessors are the foundations upon which he can work to build up or destroy. Woman, on the contrary, can excel only by her knowledge of the moving, shifting world, and this experience can be gained only

through suffering.

Woman does not learn to distinguish the true from the false, reality from appearances, by learning by heart what others have invented or discovered. Books cannot teach her to make the truth triumph. Not by reading does she learn to appreciate different merits, to distinguish between injustices which must be swept away and inborn inequalities which must always remain. Not in her books does she find the word that consoles, the action that fires, the balm that soothes. Only her experience of life can help her, and that again can be acquired only through the mortal anguish of disillusionment and the bitter cup of woe.

The emotions that shatter, the joys that intoxicate, are the volumes that teach her how to pick her way, that give her general ideas and lead her on to face and solve the great problems of the century. Suf-

fering and meditation on her own and others' sufferings are the teachings which, step by step, lead

her to the top.

Suffering is woman's school. Woman does not think nor does she meditate except when she suffers or sees other people suffer, or when she loves or wants to be loved. The highest type of woman cannot see life as it is, nor can she love without

suffering.

When I say that the highest type of woman is steeled and tempered by suffering I do not mean that only unhappy women are really great, nor that great women are necessarily unhappy. The women who nobly inspired warriors, writers and poets; the women who were able to assist and guide philosophers and statesmen; the women who founded new traditions or upheld old ones; the women who knew how to find expression for the truth as they saw it, were many of them favored by fate. Frequently such women made their way in the world more easily than other women, because the tact and discernment with which they were endowed often brought about what one might call lucky coincidences. But their advantages were always offset by their clear-sightedness, their sensitiveness and their intuition.

Only the person who is stamped by those qualities knows the infinite suffering they inevitably bring, what a weight in life they constitute, what an obstacle to happiness, if they are accompanied by the passionality which makes one want to cause the truth they reveal to triumph, simply because one believes it to

be the truth.

To the highest type of woman, the world is trans-

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parent. All the secret motives that impel others to act, all the hidden passions that a coarse varnish hides from the eyes of the multitude, all the injustices, more or less deliberate, that are committed for the sake of oppression and untruth, are evident to her. She sees clearly how little virtue, praised in all discourses, is really valued, how highly regarded, on the other hand, are other people's vices from which one can profit; she sees how often knavery is called genius, and meanness called superiority; how often timidity, worthy of the person whose altruism prevents him from harming others seeking important posts, is called cowardice; she sees how many corrupt persons claim officially to be fighting corruption. She knows very well that he who pretends to scorn fame, love, is frequently the most vain and the most sensual; that the person who says he seeks nothing but forgetfulness and peace is really always searching for stimulants, fatigue or emotions; that the man who seems the most unselfish is really often the most selfish and the most indifferent to others; that the philanthropist is often merely a common notoriety-seeker; that real merit is crushed by the very people who pretend to uphold it, and that the people who pretend to want to place real merit where it belongs are frequently merely envious, jealous enemies of all that is good and beautiful. She knows that often the man who says he loves her loves only the pleasure she can give him. And it is because she sees things as they are that the highest type of woman knows how to distinguish real genius from spurious genius, fundamentally good ideas from those which merely appear good, and how to soothe

the one who suffers, hew new paths, harmonize things that seem most opposed to one another.

But the contrast between what she sees and what others see, the contrast between reality and appearance, the regret, the timidity which these contrasts engender, the tortures with which she pays for the joys she gives, constitute a terrible ransom for the

gift she has received.

The highest type of woman sees life as it is, but most of the people around her do not. They base their actions on appearance, and appearance, not truth, rules the world. Society respects us not for the sacrifices we make, but for those we brag about having made; for the good we pretend to do but not for the good we really do. Not the person who really makes sacrifices is called a benefactor and a superior person, but the one who makes other people make sacrifices.

How should we then regulate our lives? To make only apparent sacrifices? Only appear to do good? Act as if the world were as others think it, instead of as it really is? If the highest type of woman did not have a heart as big as her intuition is strong, she could do this easily. Many men of genius have become famous because their intuition led them to do the things they knew would be admired, while their heart was not big enough to make them see beyond their own selfish interests. How much simpler and how much more advantageous this would be! If we allow ourselves to be led by appearances life is easy and smooth. There are fixed rules to go by; everyone will be grateful to you for the sacrifices you make; your activity, your altruism will be repaid

at usurer's rates. But how can a woman endowed not only with a profound intuition but with intense passionality base her actions on appearances when she sees how things really are? How can she give flattering but false advice when she knows that other advice, painful to hear, would really be useful and appropriate? How can she give men what they ostensibly demand when she knows that they ar-

dently long for the opposite?

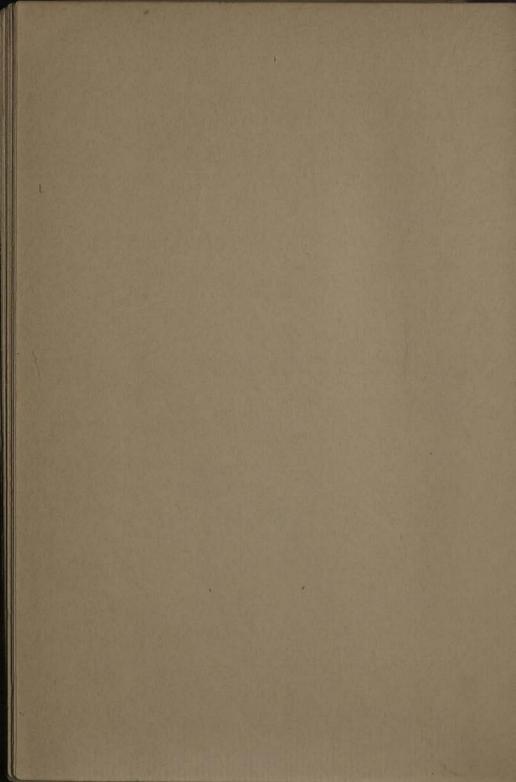
A woman of the highest type, who is emotional and intuitive, cannot act as though she believed things are as they seem without suffering atrociously. Her conscience revolts as though she had committed a crime, and she inevitably ends by doing what she thinks is right and deciding to do good, to give really useful advice, to establish sound and adequate rules of conduct. But how difficult it is to act in accordance with reality! You find yourself in a situation without fixed rules to guide you, without even being able to verify the result obtained. The very people for whom you work, to whom you give excellent advice, sometimes very badly received, those for the sake of whom you give up your most vital interests, refuse to give you credit, the minute they get what they wish, for having thought or wished to obtain for them what they desired. All, men and women, lie so easily, even when they have given their word, even when they have put their desires into writing! How can you expect people to remember a favor received, a word of counsel accepted, when the memory of having received favors and accepted counsel is unpleasant, and when the wish has been satisfied? Is not this

especially true if it is imagined that having accepted such counsel or favor means that people lower them-

selves in the eyes of others?

If you want to act in accordance with what you think right, you are therefore absolutely at the mercy of your conscience and of your finer feelings, which should warn you vaguely of the real good and evil consequences of your actions. No one else can guide you. You can rely only on your own emotions and your own instinct, continually buffeted by doubt, remorse and diffidence.

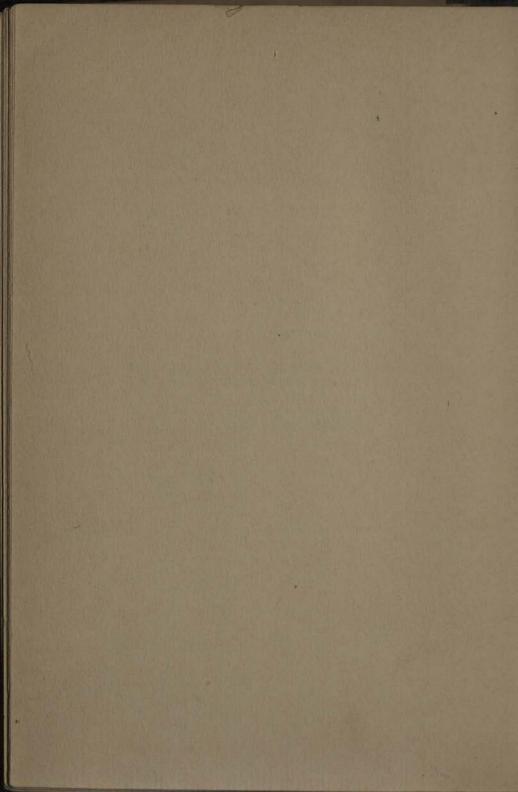
These doubts, this remorse cause perpetual mental torment, and the woman of the highest type meets them continually all along the road. They make her think, reflect, meditate; they force her to arrive at conclusions, oblige her to generalize, to broaden her mind, to sharpen her critical faculties, and to develop her intelligence and her faculty of observation. They oblige her to act, to revolt and to bring her superiority into evidence. The woman who has never suffered is not an intuitive woman, nor a passionate one. The woman who has not felt the divine emotion when she has found a way of conciliating appearances with reality, who has not felt the awful doubt as to the choice of roads opening before her, who has not been torn by the things she witnesses every day and even takes part in, who has not seen the evil around her and felt a desire to uproot it, is not a woman of the highest type. She is not capable of solving the problems of joy and sorrow, nor of judging movements and tendencies of her day. She is not a woman who can console the suffering. She is not capable of building up new traditions. She is not a really "superior" woman.



BOOK IV.

LOVE

"Love" does not mean the same thing to woman as to man. Woman imagines herself loved according to her own criterion, whereas man loves her according to another and quite different standard.



LOVE

I. WHAT IS LOVE?

WE use the word "love" to express a number of different sentiments, quite unlike as regards their character and origin, but which we confuse simply because the same word is used to designate them.

In its first acceptation, the word "love" signifies the egotistic sentiment which urges us unconsciously toward an object that can satisfy our needs and which we cannot do without: the love of a starving man for bread, of a child for its nurse, of the sick man for his attendant—a very reasonable and utili-

tarian love, a selfish love.

We give the same name to the contrary sentiment, to that which makes us cherish, whether consciously or not, the object or person that needs us, that we can devote ourselves to; or again, it may be the person who has been devoted to us, who is fond of us. It is an unreasonable sentiment made up of devotion and altruism, mingled sometimes with pride in our own fancied superiority, of feeling that another is dependent on us. It is perhaps the instinct of eternity which impels us toward the objects or persons that perpetuate our memory in space and time: the mother's love for her child, the artist's for his work, the nurse's love for her patient, the master's for his disciple, that of the captain for his soldiers, and, again, the son's love for his old

mother, the disciple's for his master-an essentially altruistic love.

We also term "love" the unreasoned attraction that we feel for an appearance which pleases us, which satisfies one of our senses, that attraction for

sublime, elevating.

Again, "love" for us is also the reasonable attraction for the soul in harmony with ours, for the being who completes us or to whom we attribute what is wanting in us, who can understand us and loves to be understood by us; the dreamer or of the to be, endowed with a great intelligence or a great heart: for the hero, the martyr, the great man.

"Love" is equally the blind and brutal attraction which makes us spasmodically covet at a certain moment some given object without any specified reason: the attraction of the morphinomaniac for morphia, of the magpie for glittering objects, of the drunkard for wine, and sometimes that of human beings for one another; a sentiment which has nothing to do with reason, and that should be more justly

translated by the name of passion.

"Love" denotes also that ardent, unreasoned attraction which is exercised upon us by some object. simply because we have transformed it into an aim for our actions: the alpinist's love for difficult summits, for the edelweiss growing on a dangerous peak. the love of the knights of old for inaccessible châtelaines. This I shall call the love of conquest.

Lastly, "love" is the habitual and reasonable affection which binds us to every object that belongs to us, from the simple fact that it is ours, that it represents the value of our efforts, that it increases our prestige, our strength, our riches; that it is, or has been, the object of our devotion. This is the love for our home, our belongings, for all that is ours, for the members of our family, whether natural or adoptive, the love of the nurse for her nurseling, of brothers and sisters for the younger ones.

All these sentiments, and others besides, that have only one point in common, the attraction for another being or another object, are included in all that draws the man to the woman, and which is called by the name of "love"; but these feelings vary in degree according as they affect the man or the woman.

For man, love is an essentially selfish, sensual and passionate attraction, to which is added the pleasure of conquest and the pride of ownership. For him, love is too often the invincible and irrational attraction for an object which at the moment responds to his taste; for a being whose outward form, movements, grace, voice, gestures, he appreciates; for an aim which pleases him, which excites and rouses him to effort; for an object which increases his prestige and his power and which may prove of use to him.

The sentiments of admiration and esteem, by which we feel drawn to the person whom we believe worthy of our devotion, the altruism by which we are attracted to the one who needs us, have a very small part in man's conception. A man is capable of the greatest sacrifices for the woman he loves,

but only when these sacrifices satisfy his ardor as a conqueror, or his ambition by enhancing his prestige. For the woman he loves, he will strive for political honors, he will go forth to the discovery of a new world, or rush to the assault in white gloves, just as in olden times he used to set out for the Holy Land, or fight in the lists; because he loves to risk his life in these enterprises, and it pleases him to exhibit his prowess in order to win his mistress. But when the woman asks him to sacrifice for her sake, not his life, but the least of these honors, which he claims to have won only for her, then the situation is

changed.

A man is ready to commit suicide, or to kill another (which he does all too readily), not to save his beloved, to render her happy, to exalt her, but out of rage for having failed to win her, or to avenge a slight to his honor, because he believes something belonging to him has been stolen, and he does not wish anyone but himself to enjoy his property. Esteem, admiration, the ambition to be of use to the woman he loves scarcely enter into his conception of love: the moral and intellectual greatness of the woman, her heroism, may excite the man's admiration, but they rarely enkindle his love. Men will admire, even as a woman would, the young girl who throws herself into the water to save her little brother; they will give great praise to one who has sacrificed everything to devote herself to her sick father; they will take an interest in the great literary problems raised by a woman; they will admire, if it be the case, her artistic talent; but none of them will feel his heart beat for one of these heroines; not one

will feel himself urged to commit any folly for her, as he would do for some marvelous beauty who has been described to him, or for a simple film actress.

No man ever longed to risk his life for Mme. de Staël, George Sand or Sophie Kovalewski because of what they said or wrote.

The fact that esteem, admiration, devotion, gratitude, these steadfast, lasting and reasonable sentiments, have so little weight in the conception which man forms of love, and that, on the contrary, æsthetic, passionate, unreasonable sentiments have so great a weight, constitutes a substantial difference between man's love and that of woman.

It is because it is founded essentially on unstable elements that masculine love is transient, even when it is sincere and violent.

It is because it is founded essentially on pleasure that this love is kindled so powerfully in his youth when his nature is more eager for pleasure, and becomes so much weaker in mature age when this thirst is appeased.

It is because they are founded essentially on a momentary exaltation that his vows of love have so little value, because no one is responsible for sentiments that are not based on reason. The fact that, in his love, the element of altruism and devotion has so small a place, while the æsthetic and sensorial element and that of possession have so large a place, explains why a man likes a woman all the more because she is beautiful, elegant, brilliant and gay, when she better satisfies his æsthetic sense, when she represents an enviable possession; it explains why

the man tires so easily of the woman he has loved when she grows old, falls ill or becomes poor, when she needs him, and threatens to become a burden instead of a pleasure, an object of pity rather than of envy. It is just because the æsthetic element so preponderates that his love is so easily weakened or increased with every change in the beloved one, in any difference in her face, her figure or her complexion; again, it is for this reason that a man may experience simultaneously many kinds of love, because his æsthetic sense may be attracted by physical perfections equally charming, even if different. It is because his love is so closely united to the pleasure of conquest that a man loves the woman he has not more than the one he has, the fiancée more than the wife, the woman who serves as an aim for a difficult conquest rather than the one he already possesses. But if love, for a man, is simply an æsthetic and selfish exaltation, a simple incident in his life, it is quite otherwise for a woman.

The woman's conception is based on different elements, or rather it is in a very different proportion that the same elements are combined in what she calls "love." Devotion, altruism, esteem, admiration, the love of possession prevail in her, all of which are based on reason; while the asthetic, passionate and unreasoning elements which predominate in the man are in her very much effaced.

That is why man, so reasonable in every-day life, does not understand that reason may have anything to do with love, while woman, who reasons so little in daily life, does not understand love apart from reason.

For her, love is the attraction she feels for someone whom she esteems above herself, with whom and for whom she may exercise her activity and her altruism. For her, love gives the opportunity to care for and minister to him who has chosen her. Consequently, her ardor will be in close relation to the esteem and admiration that she has for the man she loves, for this esteem will render the choice of which she has been the object all the more flattering.

A woman cannot love a person whom she does not esteem. If, by chance, she becomes enamoured of a despicable man, it is because she does not believe him to be such and that she believes him to be calumniated or the victim of men, of law, or of a bad education. At most, she thinks he is an unfortunate one whom it is her mission to raise. When she is convinced that he is contemptible, she ceases to love him.

The sentiment of esteem prevails to such a degree in the conception a woman has of love, that she is easily enamoured of any noted man, of heroes, celebrities, those of superior rank or office, nobles,

ambassadors, etc.

It is just the contrary with men. How many men love, even to the length of committing suicide or murder, the woman whom they despise and consider unworthy! And it is because in woman love is so closely allied to admiration and esteem that she loves tenaciously, because esteem and admiration are sentiments supported by reason and consequently are eternal, or at least are more constant than the sensual, æsthetic sentiments of man, who is a prey to the caprice of his senses.

And we must not let ourselves be deceived in this matter by the songs about woman's inconstancy.

Woman is inconstant when she copies man, when she pretends to love, or when she imagines she loves, when she takes for love her own amour-propre, her

spite, her point of honor, her interest.

It is because it is only a point of honor that Carmen's love is inconstant, but Michaëla's love is not so, nor is that of the daughter of Rigoletto, who dies for her beloved, while he is gaily humming, thinking of another, a song on the inconstancy of woman.

The fact that in woman love is so intimately allied to esteem and admiration explains why the highest aspiration of feminine love is for the moral and intellectual sympathy to which man is almost indifferent. It is for her soul, her good qualities, her defects even that a woman wishes to be loved, because love is not, for her, a simple æsthetic pleasure, but the means of completing her personality, of realizing the aim of her life; thus, it is singularly difficult for her to understand that there is such a difference between the idea she has of love and the idea a man has of it. Above all is it difficult for her to resign herself to his idea.

I have said that esteem plays a great part in the woman's love. The sense of possession plays a like part, but it is not a possession by which she hopes to profit, by which she desires to increase her power or enhance her prestige. Rather is it a possession which will be entrusted to her, which will absorb her soul and mind, which will be the object of her constant care.

This is why her love is, in large part, a feeling of devotion in which sacrifice plays so great a rôle. It is because of this that she attaches herself stubbornly, whatever may be her first sentiments, to the being who has most need of her, for whom she has sacrificed or may be able to sacrifice herself. Thus, the nurse has for her nurseling, who does not belong to her, the same tenderness as for her own child; she weeps when she leaves this baby who for a year has been the object of her care, more than she wept on leaving her own new-born child; and through all her life she will keep a passionate affection for this child, so far from her in distance and social rank, for the simple reason that she had given it her time and trouble.

It is because for a woman love is but one with devotion and sacrifice that she loves the sick, the wretched, the disgraced, the victim of ill fortune, rather than the happy being who has no need of her. In the same way, she loves the son who is ill or infirm, to whom she must devote herself day and night, more than she does the strong and robust boy who gives her the greatest joys of vanity and con-

tented pride.

It is because for a woman love consists in protecting the object she loves, in devoting herself to it, body and soul, that its substitute may be so easily found in rendering assistance to the unfortunate, or in the care given to persons in her family. She finds in these activities ways of satisfying that need she has of devoting herself to someone or something which she calls love. It is for this reason that the woman unhappy in love so easily finds a place as a

Sister of Charity or a nurse, while in a like case a man commits suicide or consoles himself by a mad

pursuit of fortune.

It is because a woman's love so much resembles maternal love that maternity may, for a woman, take the place of all other love. In China, the young girl who has lost her fiancé receives, as homage from his family, a new-born child, whom she may bring up as his and on whom she may concentrate all her affection. Everywhere, the young girl who has little brothers and sisters to care for or sick parents to nurse does not seek elsewhere an object for her love.

It is because for a woman love is devotion that this feeling is so early born in her heart, that it is so easily bestowed on all the objects near her, and that it remains a living force in mature age, when the thirst for pleasure is extinct. It is because to love, for the woman, is to devote herself to the beloved object and to protect it that love sharpens so keenly her intelligence, her moral sense, and that all which touches the beloved has so lively an interest for her. This is why love absorbs the woman at all hours of the day, at every minute of the hour and every day of her life, and this is why in her all other feelings and ambitions are excluded.

It is because it is not thus with man, because he seeks his own happiness, that love absorbs only some instants of the day, some years of his life. Even the man most in love forgets her whom he loves during three-quarters of the day.

It is because devotion and sacrifice hold so important a place in her heart that the woman has even more need of loving than of being loved, that she

believes that one may establish a kind of balance so that the love of the loved one must increase in the proportion in which she renders him service, helps him in trouble, and sacrifices herself for him. In fact, so firmly is she convinced of this that she carries this sentiment to the verge of absurdity by making useless sacrifices, such as abstaining from all pleasure, believing that in so doing she is showing her love.

II. THE CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES OF THESE DIFFERENCES

These differences in the conception of love are not derived, as woman is too prone to believe, from a special badness in man or an especial holiness in woman. They proceed from the fact that man's intelligence, that his soul, is different from that of woman; from the fact that his social mission is different, and, above all, that for man the rôles of brother, father, husband, which of necessity demand love, are distinctly apart from his daily profession and activity, while in the case of woman the duties of mother, daughter, sister and wife are blended with her profession, her office and her mission.

Woman may forget the whole world for the one she loves, she can devote her whole being to him, because her mission in the world is to love. And love does not interfere with her occupations, but, on the contrary vivifies them and renders them easier

and happier.

For man, love is an eminently selfish sentiment. He seeks in it pleasure, help and consolation, because he must reserve the little altruism that nature has granted him for the eternal mission which she has confided to him. If he were so absorbed by love as woman is, his outward life, with its very wide intellectual and social interests, would suffer.

But there is still another reason which causes the elements in the feminine conception of love to differ

from those of man: this is maternity.

Maternity, for which woman is made, leaves so profound an impress upon her that she ends by confusing maternal love and all the sacrifices it means with all other kinds of love, so that she comes at length to consider the mutual love of mother and

child as the prototype of all love.

Compare man's love with maternal love, and you will see the explanation of all the differences that exist between the feminine conception and the masculine notion of love. Think of the child's claims, and you will understand the confusion woman makes between love and devotion, between love and sacrifice. For the child, love consists in the absolute devotion of others to his person. He wishes to have his mother solely for himself, that she may minister to and think of him alone. The child is jealous of everything and everybody. He wishes to be the unique center of his mother's love and for a time he makes his mother the one center of his life, giving to her the admiration and gratitude one may have for a nurse, for a beloved one, for a master. We can understand this, for if the child did not have all his mother's care for a time, he could not live. If love were not for the mother synonymous with suffering, if it did not become more intense in her

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to the degree in which her sacrifices for the child increased, she could not bring him up, or at least she would find no joy in so doing. The woman has the illusion that the man ought to love her as the child does, that he must wish her to be entirely for himself, just as her child wants her, that he is willing to pay her in the same love coin as the child.

* * *

But if in nature the woman's part is maternity, the selection of species belongs to the man. Hence the necessity that in him the sensual, æsthetic and selfish element predominate, and this, although causing so much moral injustice, yet is justified from a philosophical point of view by his selected mission. In woman, on the contrary, reason and the devotion necessary for her maternal task are the dominant factors.

Not only do these different conceptions of love spring from an instinct necessary for the conservation of the species, but they exert vital functions. The feminine conception, in which love cannot be separated from esteem and admiration, has been and still is one of the most powerful attractions that woman exercises over man. The man, eager as he is for the esteem and admiration of others, is extremely grateful for and flattered by the unlimited admiration which the woman he loves has for him; his heart, exasperated by the hostile indifference of men, finds great comfort in this sincere and disinterested admiration. Thus, one of the most common artifices that the coquette uses in order to fascinate a man is to pretend to admire him greatly. In this

she does but imitate, or, more exactly, feign, those sentiments which are natural and instinctive in the

really enamoured woman.

The feminine conception, according to which love is indissolubly united to esteem, on the other hand, is one of the most efficacious of influences in the rearing of woman. While boys are absorbed by detective stories or histories of brigands, which satisfy their instincts of conquest, you see little girls enjoying all the series of Bonnes Jeannines or petites filles modèles, which represent a model ideal of woman, and they impose on themselves the hardest physical and mental sacrifices in order to copy these models, to attain to this perfection that they believe to be the best means of creating love.

The conception which in the woman's case makes the moral and intellectual attraction higher than that of the senses—or at least does not separate them from one another—is the woman's most solid rampart against the coquetry which would give her such easy victories over the man. Her eternal illusion, that the man's conception is like her own, would disgust her and deter her from using the easy and shameful weapons within her reach in order to con-

quer his soul and intelligence.

This conception is one of the most precious means to moral and intellectual perfection in men. It is because in woman love, admiration and esteem are mingled that man is often incited by her to undertake the great moral and intellectual works which he leaves to us. He knows, in fact, that it is not by directly rendering her services that he can gain the woman he loves, but by rendering these services in-

directly, by going to war, by accomplishing noble deeds, composing books, making pictures and statues, by proving himself generous, compassionate, by doing good to humanity. It is an instinct in man to desire that the woman he loves be the witness of the finest and most brilliant acts of his life, of those which he knows will foment her love. It is an instinct in man to curb and repress before women his language, his manners, his tastes, his bad actions. It was in this way that the men of the Middle Ages improved, because of the importance that women attached to their being worthy of esteem.

The feminine conception of love, according to which it cannot be separated from esteem and admiration, is best seen in the formation of a united family group. Esteem and admiration are, in fact, lasting sentiments which render permanent and constant the affection of which they are the base. They are those which stimulate submission and concord. It is the counterpoise of the brutal and materialistic conception of man, which encourages inconstancy, caprice, the want of mutual support, that occurs when the woman adopts the masculine conception of love.

The same thing must be said of the woman's conception of love, considered as forgetfulness of self, devotion, exaltation of the object loved; a precious illusion for the family and for humanity, which renders easy and pleasant the sacrifices she is obliged to make every day, which strengthens her fidelity and her morality, because her love, instead of weakening, burns more brightly as the passing years increase the sum of sacrifices made or to be made.

This feminine conception of love as devotion, esteem, admiration, is the corner-stone of the family, for it is this which renders affection firm and lasting, a thing it could not be if the woman's ideal corresponded with that of the man.

But if woman's altruistic conception of love is useful to society, man's selfish and sensual conception is not useless. The fact that love of conquest and pleasure of possession dominate in his love, at least presents the advantage of reducing his jealousy to

a minimum.

Man is usually thought to be ferociously jealous. Undoubtedly jealousy can lead him to commit ferocious deeds, but it is inspired in him by other sentiments than love. His wife, his sister, are possessions which society has tacitly entrusted to his care. The dishonor of their misdeeds reflects on him more than on them. It is because their misbehavior makes him appear so ridiculous that he loses self-control, not because his love is wounded. The responsibility which he realizes vaguely, even if it has not been imposed on him officially, leads him to expect from his wife and his sister manners and attitudes totally different from those which he likes in other women. But his jealousy ceases the moment his dignity is out of danger. If a woman flaunts her beauty and awakens in others the desires she awakens in him, if she continues to be liked and admired by others, if she devotes her time and her heart and intelligence to other beings or things apart from him, if she continues to give herself up to father, mother, brothers, he is not in the least affected, he feels no jealousy, as

woman would feel under the same circumstances. It is looked upon as rather unnatural for a man to want to take a woman away from her family, or to be jealous of his children, as woman often is. A man jealous of a woman's love for her father would make a fool of himself, whereas it is natural for a woman to be jealous of her husband's love for his mother. As a rule man is so little jealous of his wife's love for her relatives that most of the time he becomes very much devoted to them, more than to his own family. Man's relative lack of jealousy is of considerable advantage to family life. This is easily seen by observing the families where the opposite occurs.

Woman's idea of love, which makes this feeling bound up with esteem and admiration, is the principal cause of woman's jealousy. It applies not only to all objects which attract physically but even to all those which win the esteem and admiration of the man she loves, and this jealousy weighs on her whole life like a nightmare. Man's jealousy, as I have said, is limited to that which is related to woman's honor. Woman is jealous of everything and everyone; she is jealous of all the things which awaken the loved one's esteem and admiration; she is jealous of every sentiment, every occupation that comes between her and the man she loves; she is jealous of the outside world, and suffers when she realizes that it means more to the man than to her; she is pained by everything that can be useful to the man she loves if it has nothing to do with her.

And as maternal love and conjugal love blend, so to speak, her jealousy embraces both. She is jealous

of her son, as she is of her husband and of all objects that attract her husband's admiration. She is jealous, in advance, of the woman who is to have a place in her son's heart, as she is of the woman who has stolen a place in her husband's heart. This universality of feminine jealousy, which strives to raise a barrier between man and the outside world, frequently makes woman's love more annoying than her indifference.

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The distinction which man establishes between love, esteem and admiration, is not without advantages. Undoubtedly woman would be better and happier if man's love contained a more generous portion of esteem. But at the same time it must be admitted that man's differentiation between these sentiments has made it easier to establish the institution most vital to women, marriage, by making it the reward of virtue. Man does not have to respect or esteem a woman in order to love her, and although he hesitates at binding himself to the woman he loves if he does not respect her, he does not hesitate to marry the woman he respects even if he does not love her. This tendency, furthermore, is enhanced by the small rôle that love plays in his life.

Man's conception of love gives strength to the traditions which lead woman to act so as to deserve respect. Even if she cannot oblige man to love her, by living up to the moral precepts she can at least hope to establish a family and in that way to find

someone to love.

Tragedies

If both man's and woman's conceptions of love are useful, this does not exclude their having painful repercussions and consequences for both, but

especially for women.

The word "love" does not mean the same to man as to woman. This is fatal, useful, necessary. But according to the inescapable law which makes us think that others are as we are, woman does not believe in this difference. She feels convinced that man's conception of love must be the same as hers, for to her this is the only reasonable conception.

Woman expects to be loved according to a given criterion and standard, but man judges her according to another and quite different standard, which she does not know, and which she would repudiate if she knew it. It is inevitable that this should create misunderstandings between her and him, misunderstandings which cause her untold suffering. Undoubtedly a thousand reasons, perfectly valid, make man's love something light, mobile, capricious, but all these reasons make it no less painful for womanin whom love is stable and tenacious-to find herself abandoned or even less loved at the very moment when she begins to love most deeply. Yes, for a thousand reasons man, who is endowed with a particularly keen æsthetic sense, feels his love sparkle, die out, awaken, according to woman's outward But woman, who has a soul, and who, when she feels that she is loved, believes she is loved completely, body and soul, cannot help feeling surprise, indignation and deep sorrow when she realizes that all the fire which apparently devours man was not inspired by her, by her soul, by her intelligence, but by her hair, her eyebrows, her arms, by all the inert parts of her body which she scorns—when she sees that man's love grows, diminishes, disappears according to the changing color in her cheeks, the shade of her hair, and the altering outline of the oval of her face, all of which are things for which she is not at all responsible, for which she deserves neither praise nor blame.

Woman, who is logical and reasonable in love, cannot help suffering at man's lack of logic which makes his love frequently stand in inverse ratio to

merit.

Woman, who thinks all day of how to please the man she loves, who is ready to make any sacrifice whatsoever to help him to increase his joy or diminish his sorrow, cannot help suffering when she sees that the man she loves can simultaneously love her to the point of madness and yet remain perfectly indifferent to her pleasures, sorrows, health; when she sees that devotion, which should be reciprocal, is understood by man to mean that he alone should be loved, helped, cared for, without being obliged to do anything in return. Woman, whose timid and delicate soul seeks to be understood, in whom maternity ever sharpens the faculty to understand others and the need to be understood by them, is sharply wounded at seeing that man is not at all interested in her moral and intellectual life, and does not try to understand her or long to be understood by her.

The small part played in man's love by moral and

intellectual understanding, the moral and intellectual abandonment in which man leaves woman, is the

principal cause of her unhappiness.

Intellectual and moral abandonment is much more depressing for a woman and much harder to bear than despotism, violence or brutality, about which public opinion protests so vociferously. The latter are visible evils, brutal but usually passing, and the reaction of public opinion toward them frequently serves, in a measure, as consolation. But abandonment is a subtle, invisible evil. It causes no reaction on the part of the public, but it poisons every hour of the day and every day of a woman's life, creating a poignant, hopeless void, an emptiness without illusion, while the discouragement resulting from it grows greater for every year that passes and becomes more unbearable than any violent pain. The more refined and intelligent a woman is, the more ill-placed and the keener becomes her suffering. In fact, her suffering increases with her capacity for thinking and feeling in accordance with the ideas which intuition suggests to her and in proportion as the doubts and scruples of her sensitive conscience grow within her-because conscience and intuition are associated with a dignified modesty which demands that a woman show the greatest reserve toward strangers, while the most elementary prudence tells her to be circumspect in regard to confidences when she is among the members of her family.

The mental and moral abandonment in which man leaves woman is the principal cause of feminism, of woman's painful effort to become masculine, to change her own soul, by assuming the vices, the vanities, the ambitions of man, and man's selfishness, in the vain hope of finding the same joys therein as man finds. A vain illusion, I say, for if some women, endowed by nature with virile inclinations and ambitions, find satisfaction therein, this is not the case with most women, because nature has made them different from men.

The mental and moral abandonment in which man leaves woman is the principal cause of her intellectual abasement every now and then. Woman's intelligence grows inevitably dull, colorless and languid when it cannot help to win the esteem and admiration of the people for whom she cares most, or of those who surround her, or when she is unable to share with them the sparks of her intuition and to collaborate in their work. On the other hand, woman's intelligence develops, quite apart from schools and masculine examination courses, in those countries and times in which woman's life is associated with man's just as it declines, in spite of all official encouragement, in those times or countries in which woman's life is separated from man's.

Undoubtedly the distinction which man makes between love and esteem is the cause of woman's moral decadence. Since love is the chief object of her life, she would indeed have to be endowed with a very powerful moral instinct, or rigid education imposed upon her like a second nature, or a mind broad enough to make her understand the perils which a contrary course would hold for her, to make her remain sincere, upright, unselfish, modest, reserved, and to cultivate her mind and her heart. For

woman, if she be at all intelligent, soon discovers' that man, to whose love she constantly aspires, admires and appreciates these qualties very little, while on the other hand he is easily charmed by beauty, even if artificial, by caprices, bluff, servile adulation and impudence—and frequently the latter have more influence on him than virtue.

III. How to Conciliate the Two Conceptions

The fact that woman is loved according to a criterion different from her own, different from that by which she wishes to be loved, is a terrible tragedy in her life. And therefore, from the beginning of the world, attempts have been made to conciliate the two conceptions both in the interest of the individual and in that of society, or rather on behalf of general and feminine interest, since for the most part woman is the one who is most sacrificed in love.

If man's love is fleeting and multiform and woman's permanent and exclusive, if woman's love is based on reason and man's on passion, no law can reduce them both to a single conception; but at the same time it is possible to limit the tragedies caused by these differences, by satisfying in a certain measure the desires of one or of the other. Since for woman three-quarters of her love are constituted by devotion, admiration, the need of protecting others and of being protected, and granted that it is even more essential for woman to love than to be loved, our forefathers in ancient days tried to assure to women a minimum of protection, esteem and ad-

miration from men by giving each woman in the family or community one being—brother, sister, child or patient—to whom she could devote herself. The ancients tried to prevent the moral and material abandonment in which man tends to leave woman, by binding him to her by marriage. In return they requested a higher morality of woman. This solution did not do away with all conflicts; it did not pretend to be a panacea that could cure all ills; it did not deny the difference between the two conceptions; but at least it did limit the number of tragedies due to them and lessened the disadvantages.

But modern times, stamped by changes, impatient of all sacrifices, propose another solution which pretends to arrive at absolute perfection and begins by denying the existence of the two conceptions. It even denies that men and women are different, and it tries to do away with all conflicts by calling men and women equal and saying that they have the same rights and duties. This movement tends to set up as a standard the thing which spite and indignation sometimes suggested to the least worthy women, i.e., to practice in regard to men the law of retaliation, of eye for eye, tooth for tooth.

"If man is unfaithful, let woman be unfaithful! Man thinks only of himself: let woman think of herself! He finds enjoyment in social functions, in perfecting his profession, in the honors which he wins in it: let woman bank on the same numbers! He would rather be loved than love: let woman do the same! He does not try to understand woman: let her stop trying to understand him! He wants love without marriage: let woman go in the same

tracks! He does not appreciate moral and mental perfection, but only æsthetic perfection: let woman laugh at moral perfection and concentrate her efforts on seeking æsthetic perfection—she will be happier

and better loved, and at infinitely less cost."

But do the modernists really believe that to make all the world alike is the best way for doing away with conflicts and for creating happiness? Do they really think that by chloroforming woman's soul they will find the universal panacea which will give them all a maximum of joy? Childish illusion! Happiness is not a shoe that fits any foot and that can be manufactured according to one pattern. Happiness is something personal, independent, capricious, and sometimes too much is harmful whereas a little is beneficial; sometimes its ingredients are of the most contradictory nature, and frequently duties, suffering and anxiety play a large part in it.

Although it is much more agreeable to be loved, this does not satisfy the instinct which demands that one love, and no amount of reasoning and no other advantages will be able to do away with this instinct. Happiness consists solely in the satisfaction of one's instinct, and the altruistic instinct suffers as keenly when it is compressed as the egotistic instinct. Even if it were to woman's material interest to obtain equality in love her happiness would not be increased. Woman might like to have man different from what he is, yet she loves him as he is. Would she love

him as much if he were like herself?

Modern women do not constitute all women. There are many others in whom the old instincts have remained alive. The pleasures of outside life which are promised them, freedom, independence, absence of all worry, will not in their eyes make up for renouncing the hardships of maternity and the higher morality which obliges them to share with others the treasures of tenderness and devotion enclosed within their hearts.

"But," say the modernists, "we do not want women to sacrifice any interest. We want freedom for all. Let each woman do as she wishes. Let the coquette be a coquette and the one who likes selfabnegation show selfabnegation." Such a solution would be ideal, and in harmony with the wish of all. But it makes the mistake of assuming that the world is an abstract entity, peopled by isolated men and women whose actions would not conflict, a world peopled by men and women unaffected by the humiliations to which they would be subjected by others, a world where neither love nor jealousy would exist, where a woman would look on with serenity while the coquette went off with the man she loved, where the coquette would be indifferent to her rival's success, where virtue would not demand more sacrifices than vice, where it would be no harder to curb passions than to satisfy them. But things are not like this. Virtue implies the limitation of desires and interests; it constitutes an arduous sacrifice even for the virtuous person. Such a person is virtuous in the interest of all, but if his sacrifice is isolated, if a general standard of virtue is not insisted upon, the object is not attained.

The man who gives up his own property in a society where the person who has property is the only

one looked up to makes an absurd, harmful sacrifice

without helping anyone.

The day when love would be free for all women, when it would be considered legitimate to seek it in any way, when woman would rival men in the insane course of pleasure, the virtuous woman would lose all prestige and consequently all compensation for her sacrifices; she would lose all possibility of being paid back and even, perhaps, the possibility of sharing her altruism. In a society where love was free, man would not want to share with any woman the responsibilities of bringing up a child. He would not even want to marry the woman who remained maternal. How could he distinguish the good from the evil ones, when, by the magic of coquetry, the worst would always be the ones to try to win him, compromise him, drive him away from the dutiful women who would ignore such artifices?

This is, furthermore, what happened in decadent Rome when the government had to seek recourse to special laws obliging men to marry and when many committed suicide rather than bind themselves even temporarily. There was no lack, at that time, of really motherly women, of maternal women who would have longed to live for their family and children, but the noisy glare of the others prevented them from being seen and prevented their contemporaries from believing in their existence. With the triumph of the freedom to love anyone in any way, what would happen would be that in exchange for the little surplus of happiness won by a small number of virilized women, all maternal women would see

their most noble aspirations lost, to the great detri-

ment of society.

Is it permissible to sacrifice most women worthy of esteem, as well as the future of society in order to better the situation of a few women whose virility, furthermore, is their best defence? Undoubtedly the old traditions hamper them. There must always be someone sacrificed, no matter what the laws and institutions may be, but the difference between good laws and bad is that the good stimulate people to grow better, they set up as models the most worthy and estimable people, whose example, if generally followed, would be beneficial to society, because they protect society against the individual, and the weak against the strong. Here, on the contrary, society would suddenly be transformed into a collection of people thinking only of satisfying their own desires, to the detriment of the highest type of women who cannot be transformed into men by decree and who cannot be made to enjoy, because of a decree, the selfish advantages held out to them.

Consequently, I do not hesitate to advocate the

traditional solution of marriage.

The limits which tradition in the first place set on love were not arbitrary limits, set up solely to test woman's virtue, but they were the necessary limits to keep society united and to prevent the tragedies of one person from overlapping on another and individual tragedies from degenerating into grave general tragedies. It was the minimum of virtue required by womankind to defend itself.

To refrain from loving the man one would like to love but whom one must not love, to refrain from

telling him of one's love, or of showing it, may cause tragedies, but if the freedom to love were generalized, tragedies would be inordinately increased, and especially the best women would be the sufferers, since they would never want to sacrifice others to their own passions. It must not be forgotten, in establishing rules in love, that even within the limits of the greatest liberty love can be born and can cease one-sidedly.

The moral superiority which society demanded of woman, the renouncement, the duties imposed on her, were the necessary minimum to guarantee the virtuous woman a minimum of special rights to which she aspired and which were often the source of deep

inner satisfaction.

To the maternal woman love is synonymous with devotion and sacrifice. If she accepts this conception, or if it is imposed on her as a duty, no duty will be more agreeable, especially as she will receive in return an ample and desirable reward-the respect and prestige which naturally are given to the person who is recognized as collaborating disinterestedly toward the common weal. If, on the contrary, this conception is not imposed on her, if she is led to model her love on man's, to measure the sacrifices she is disposed to make by those of man, if she is persuaded to give only in order to receive, the best type of woman will still sacrifice herself, instinctively, as the sitting hen deprived of her eggs will persist in sitting. But ridicule will be leveled against such a woman because she continues to want to sacrifice herself when so many avenues of pleasure are open to her. And if she succeeds in repressing to the very bottom of her heart the altruism with which nature has endowed her and adopts the vices of men, she will not find the joy which men find therein, but to her dismay will win only undeserved mockery from a public that will laugh at her inability to go along

the new path.

Yes, her altruism will make her suffer intensely, will bring terrible illusions, but at the same time their consequences will be less painful, less disastrous than the consequences of apathy. Woman's need to love is the knot in the tragedy of her life, but beyond this tragedy nothing in her life has any interest or existence for her. Men are ungrateful, her children will be ungrateful, the world is ungrateful, because these others do not feel this need and do not understand it. But the sacrifices made in the illusion of love are not painful, or at least are less painful than the inaction which would be imposed on us in freeing us from love.

Doesn't the hen persist in laying eggs, in sitting, in sacrificing her liberty of scratching about and pecking, in order to remain close to her nest? Does she not persist in it even when in order to free her from this immense burden, her eggs are taken away from her, her nest is destroyed, and she herself is annoyed in every way? Does this not prove that she finds more real satisfaction in sacrificing herself for the future brood than in enjoying the selfish satisfactions she has to give up to attain this object? By taking away from the ideal of love all that is sacred and painful for woman, you deprive her of the ability to proclaim loudly in the face of the world that love is the highest object in life.

In our day a girl blushes at the idea of love. She dare not admit even to herself, that she wants to find a husband and build a home, that she is ready to sacrifice to this highest love the selfish pleasures she now enjoys. Why? Because sacrifice has been taken away from love and love has been reduced to a merely material desire for enjoyment.

It is to woman's interest to leave oppressing egotism to man's love. As Mazzini said, "As long as we love, we believe that we are of use. As long

as we love, something attaches us to life."

But if I would leave intact the feminine traditions of former days, I believe, on the contrary, that masculine traditions must be changed, true to my principle that it is only by modifying man's habits that woman's condition can be bettered.

Man cannot be forced to love when he no longer loves, nor to attach more importance to this sentiment than he does, for the simple reason that he is built that way and because outside preoccupations, political or professional, absorb his intelligence, his heart, his activity, much more than they absorb woman's. But man can be obliged to contract habits which will at least give woman the illusion of being loved, even when she is not. Man can be trained to appreciate moral and intellectual qualities in woman, to help her, to direct her morally and materially, even if he does not love her. And at bottom that is particularly what woman wants.

There is much clamor to-day for laws that will limit man's demands and authority. Oceans of ink have been spilled to describe in dark colors the terrible consequences of masculine despotism and exploitation, to ridicule the traditions which make the husband, the father, the brother responsible for, and frequently the cruel judges of, the virtue of wife, daughter and sister. No single custom should be able to reduce a whole generation to tears, and this particular custom is least worthy of all to be the cause of tears.

Society requires woman to be moral, to refrain from using the artifices of coquetry which she has at her command and which would bring general confusion into the social complex. And who can supervise the fulfillment of this necessary law except the husband, father or brother? The ridicule that is cast upon him as a result of woman's misconduct expresses society's scorn for him because he did not know how to fulfill the mandate incumbent on him. But if this ridicule can harm the least commendable sort of women, it is most helpful to the women worthy of respect, who thus, because of society's opinion, rise in men's esteem. The authority which society gives man over woman creates, furthermore, when he does not abuse it, closer bonds between men and women.

Authority and dependence on the whole bind individuals strongly to one another. The necessity for one to supervise, *i.e.*, to guard, and for the other to feel himself supervised, *i.e.*, to be guarded, gives birth to a feeling which, even among strangers, is very close to sincere affection. In this way the bonds grow stronger between brothers and sisters, between chiefs and subordinates, between those set to guard and instruct one another. The captain loves the soldiers placed under his command and is loved by them, as a teacher loves his pupils and is loved by them. Woman needs to take an interest in others, and she likes others to take an interest in her. Despotism, authority, is a means of interesting oneself in one's subordinates and obliging them to take an interest in their chief. A woman sometimes suffers from her husband's tyranny, but she suffers still more from the indifference which would be the inevitable consequence of her independence.

When she marries a really masculine man, selfish, hard to please, full of initiative, one who demands sacrifices of her but who demands them consciously, who takes an interest in her even so as to take advantage of her devotion, woman is happier than when she marries an effeminate, weak and vacillating man who wants nothing, directs nothing, is indifferent

to all and everything.

Nothing is more agreeable to a woman who loves -precisely because to woman love is synonymous with sacrifice, with devotion-than to feel that her sentiments are being directed into fit channels, to see her efforts well guided, to feel that her obedience and her sacrifices bring her the esteem of the man she cares for.

Nothing gives more pleasure to woman than to feel that she is of use. Man's demands, which she protests against, are among the greatest of the attractions which he exerts on the normal woman. You will often hear engaged girls tell, with mingled indignation and pride, of the demands made by their fiancés. They pretend to complain about them, but at heart they are proud of them. Into the attraction which a more or less despotic man has for a woman, there enters not only altruism but an unconscious sentiment of defense. Woman, who is weak and timid, wants to feel protected, and she imagines that the domineering man will use his authority and his force to defend her.

Under the present system which considers reciprocal independence the roof of love, one gets to the point where the members of the family do not care what the others do or think and where woman feels abandoned and ends by becoming corrupted. Tired of the reciprocal indifference, she is led to seek outside the family someone who will give her the illusion of utilizing her better, that is, of directing

her and ordering her about.

What we need, therefore, for the best interest of woman and of society are not laws to exonerate man from all authority in the family, from all worry about those who depend on a word from his lips even if they are not dependent on him, but laws, traditions, customs governing this dependence and this authority. In short, what we must have are laws and traditions which shall regulate the collaboration possible between man and woman, which shall lead the one to understand the other, and both to understand themselves and realize their reciprocal differences.

Much of the harshness in man's conduct, much of the bitterness in woman's heart, arises from the fact that neither one nor the other realizes the influences which impel his or her own actions, and still less the other's. Man will cause less bitterness if he realizes that the distinction which he makes between love and respect, and the connection which woman establishes

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between these two sentiments, hurt woman; and if he will therefore modify his manner, in order to compensate by reason what is lacking in his heart.

Education and reason have a strong hold on man, stronger, perhaps, than on woman. It is particularly by improving man and changing him that a real betterment in woman's condition can be effected.

Let man, husband or father, get accustomed to sharing his work with woman, taking an interest in her troubles, directing her activities, appeasing her torments, and three-fourths of the woman problem will be solved. There is no masculine work in which, materially and intellectually, woman cannot take part. There exists no agonizing uncertainty which, by a word, man cannot clear up for woman. Let man make woman his associate in his work, let him direct her life, and she will imagine herself loved no matter how great the sacrifices demanded of her.

This education of man should be done by woman, but this is possible only if woman receives suitable moral instruction. If an educator is to exert an influence over his disciple he must, first of all, be su-

perior to him and be recognized as such.

To educate man morally woman must be morally superior to him and he must recognize this superiority, and this can be done only if superiority is collective.

Only the woman who is virtuous, who has learned to repress that instinctive jealousy which makes her the born enemy of all other women, can teach man to appreciate woman's good qualities. It often happens, however, that the woman who should point out to man woman's good qualities, in reality only suc-

ceeds in becoming an admirable teacher of all woman's faults.

There is, however, an end to the power of education. It is bounded by certain limits, which cannot be exceeded. Education can direct instincts but cannot suppress them. The conception which man makes of love is as it is, and necessarily tragedies must arise. Absolute and complete forgiveness on woman's side can alone solve these tragedies and avoid their consequences. Woman must not forget that generous and absolute pardon, granted at the right moment. can frequently save both her family and herself. The two conceptions of love, so different and in a certain way so advantageous to woman, can be reconciled only if woman is disposed to forgive. Woman must not forget that her indignation will, in the last resort, fall back on herself and on her children, for whom life will be sadder, emptier and more bitter after an irreparable rupture.

"But," it may be said, "you shut up love within the narrow, antiquated bonds of matrimony. And the woman who does not marry—must she give up that which seems to be the most sincere and domi-

nating feeling in a woman's soul?"

Most assuredly. But how many people in the world, men or women, are able to satisfy completely

one of their interests or hopes?

The fact that honors, fame, posts, which men aspire to with all their hearts constitute frequently the only object of their lives, does not justify them in taking these things by force or in suppressing those who enjoy what they want.

The right to love is on a par with the right to steal, to lie, to take in any way whatsoever anything one desires, a right which no society can authorize but which bolshevism granted logically with the right to satisfy all appetites. For if, in the case of love, conquests do not seem to cause bloodshed, the confusion and anguish caused thereby are not the less complicated and terrible.

The limits of traditional marriage are, at bottom, the widest bonds within which woman can express her love with relative security for herself and society. They are the only bonds that can give most men and women an appreciable peace of mind, the only ones that preserve women against frightful individual and

social tragedies.

The woman who does not marry or who does not find in marriage the full satisfaction she feels entitled to will never be happy, but if absolute freedom to love reigned all women would be unhappy.

Furthermore, it should be remembered that if all women are unable to find satisfaction within traditional institutions they can find relative satisfaction in other ways. Love is made up of a quantity of elements that can be satisfied regardless of marriage and man's love. The pleasure of being indispensable to someone, of giving oneself up to something, are cases in point. In China, as I have said, it is customary when a young girl has lost her fiancé and wishes to remain faithful to him, to give her a newborn child of the family to bring up as her own—on which to concentrate all the powerful affection she has within her.

For women whose thirst for love remains unsatisfied, Christianity founded innumerable religious orders which by a thousand slender bonds responded to the altruistic elements of woman's soul. Modern times have not found anything nor sought anything of the same kind, and that is perhaps one of the reasons for the difficult position in which the virtuous woman is placed to-day. It would not be hard, after the magnificent examples shown during the war, to constitute lay orders which would exploit these forces and cultivate them.

Woman's position is tragic, and the conception she has of love is one of the principal causes. It is tragic precisely because it cannot be modified, any more than man's, without creating greater and more

general tragedies.

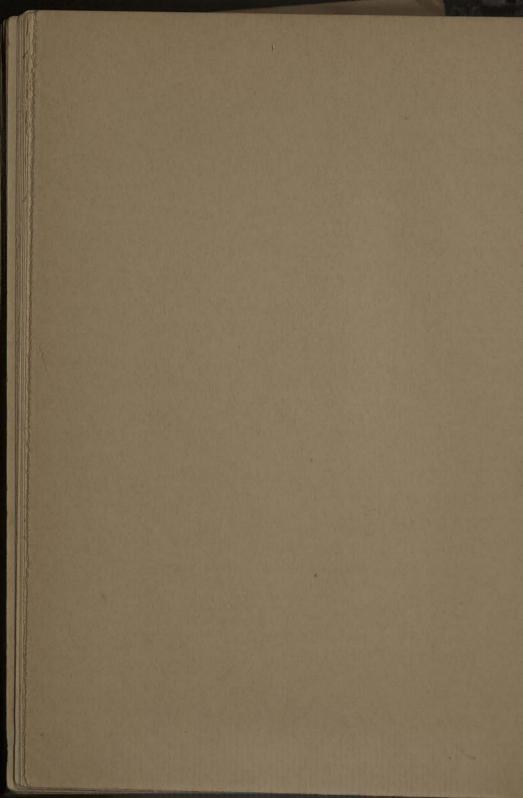
At bottom, furthermore, when man and woman love each other loyally, each sex in its own way, man with his selfishness and woman unselfishly, when both realize the limitations they must set on their demands, they can progress in perfect harmony, if along different paths, and each can find in their union a maximum of advantages, which is the social goal of love. Only by truth loyally accepted can lasting harmony be reached.

The conclusion I arrive at is not new. It is even old-fashioned, it may be said, but the problem is a very old one and I consider our presumption singularly naïve if we try to solve it without taking into account the efforts and experience of the innumerable

generations that have preceded us.

BOOK V. JUSTICE

Justice is not the triumph of equality, liberty and absolute reciprocity, but the triumph of equality before the standard agreed on, the freedom to attain a certain goal and relative reciprocity.



BOOK V JUSTICE

PART I*

I. WHAT IS JUSTICE?

What is the sentiment of justice, the insatiable thirst which devours us from birth to death, which fills us with anxiety when we are unable to satisfy it, which plunges us into such sombre despair when we imagine it flouted, even in regard to things over which we have no power, even in regard to people with whom we are neither associated nor to whom we are related, even in books or in the nightmare of dreams?

To my mind justice is the sentiment which seeks to have truth triumph over falsehood, reality over appearances; it is the sentiment which demands the triumph of equality before a criterion agreed on in advance, as well as a certain reciprocity. It is the

*The first part of this book is only indirectly connected with the woman question. It goes farther, back to the very source of feminism, socialism, nationalism and Pan-Germanism; to the confusion existing between justice and equality, justice and reciprocity. It seemed necessary, however, to elucidate these questions in order to place the woman questions where it belongs.

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instinct which causes us to revolt when we see intentions or facts denatured to mean what they do not mean, when we see withheld a remuneration due and promised. This is true in cases where we ourselves are the sufferers as well as where only others are affected. Justice is the sentiment which makes us feel it a crime not to live up to a promise or to an accepted criterion, and which makes us feel resentment for those who do not live up to them. It is the sentiment which makes the most cruel sacrifices seem light if they give us the illusion of collaborating with what we think is loyal.

The sentiment of justice is vital to society because reality is always hidden under appearances, truth under falsehood, while accepted standards and criterions are deformed and justice crushed if no one fights for their triumph. The sentiment of justice is vital to society because the latter would disin-

tegrate if justice were defeated.

But if it is vital to society, this sentiment—which with so much strength and emotion links us to ancestors and contemporaries whom we do not know, and to descendants we can never know—this sentiment, which makes us suffer their torments and radiate their joys, which leads us to fight in order that they may obtain the just compensations withheld from them, is by no means general. Not everyone has within him that instinct which gives purpose and meaning to life—this series of sensations in which suffering dominates and which has no raison d'être if it is not attached to something harmonious and eternal to which our suffering can be consecrated in the hope that it will be transformed into happiness

for others. Not everyone has the instinct of eternity, of faith, of morality, which gives us the illusion that our life has not been spent in vain and that we have transmitted, still burning, to our descendants the torch entrusted to us.

This instinct, so strong in some and almost as spasmodic as that of hunger and love, is absolutely lacking in others. It is lacking because these people have not the elements from which this instinct springs: the sure intuition which knows how to bring into full light the reality hidden under appearances; the broad intelligence which enables one to measure the immense damage that would result from the triumph of injustice; the power of introspection which enables us to distinguish at the bottom of our hearts the nature of the impulses which break out on the surface, and finally the power of reflection which enables us to control the facts presented by intuition and reason.

The sentiment of justice is lacking in many because they lack the instinct of human solidarity by which we feel that we are only the humble links in the chain of life whose solidity is dependent on us; the instinct of eternity by which we feel attached to the past world and to the future through the whole to which we belong; because they lack the intense passion which, by stirring us with other people's suffering, urges us to try to diminish it in the world; because they lack the good faith which enables us loyally to interpret the facts and intentions of which we are the spectators and victims.

Not all have these qualities; not all know how to perceive the injustices of which others are victims;

not all are stimulated by a desire to fight injustice; not all have the good faith required to set a limit to selfish revendications, but all are liable to suffer from injustices done them as well as from evils which have nothing to do with injustice. As, however, the sufferings caused by injustice are the only ones it is considered permissible to talk about, and as the cries, even if selfish, caused by injustice always call forth paladins ready to descend into the arena to fight for our cause, many, when they suffer, no matter for what reason, attribute their suffering to injustice. They give the name of justice to the sentiment which makes them suffer or rejoice in the suffering or joy, of others, and they give the name "thirst for justice" to every reason that leads them to react one against the other. It is not rare to find that those most ardent to place their actions under the banner of justice are the very ones guilty of injustice. Do they in this way hope to avoid suspicion, or do they unconsciously confuse the dark impulses which lead them to act with the most lofty sentiment of justice? As men frozen before truth are all aflame for falsehood, the impostors easily succeed in making people believe that those causes which are useful to them are just, and those which are disadvantageous unjust, and they create thereby the confusion from which we suffer.

II. JUSTICE AND INEQUALITY

Innumerable are the ills from which humanity suffers and which are mistaken for injustice, but greatest of them all is inequality.

If a few people are endowed with a real sentiment

of justice which makes them suffer at the triumph of indignity over merit, of falsehood over truth, of appearance over reality, many more are endowed with another sentiment, envy, which makes them suffer all the more intensely if another person is happier than they, or does not have so many troubles as they have, even if the other person's greater happiness is deserved and is useful to the common weal. The natural result of envy is to make us suffer from every inequality which puts us at a disadvantage. We therefore consider these inequalities unjust.

Inequality before an established standard or criterion is unjust, but in itself and by itself inequality is not injustice. On it are based not only social life,

but animal and plant life.

The shapeless cell, apparently animal and vegetable alike, is born from chaos. Gradually it becomes infinitely differentiated, and with it the entities it uses or eliminates. In this way we have in nature plants that absorb the nitrogen and the carbon of the air and emit oxygen, and animals that absorb the oxygen of the air and exhale carbonic acid. We have plants with chlorophyl capable of concentrating the nitrates of the soil, and animals feeding on this carbon. We have vegetables capable of concentrating in their roots the nitrogen of the soil, and there are grains which absorb it and leave the soil free of it. We have plants, like the potato, that absorb the rainwater in their fleshy leaves, others in their fruits. We have fishes that live in the pure water of the glaciers, and others that live in stagnant pools of rain-water. We have winged birds with piercing eyes that seek their food on the high tree tops, and blind rodents with clumsy paws living on what they can

find in their subterranean wanderings.

Animals and plants are constituted differently because the dissimilarity of beings destined to live together is the essential condition of their survival, because adaptation is possible only by means of a continuous differentiation, because a certain relative happiness is possible only where needs, tastes, abilities and habits are different.

We notice this differentiation even where the transformations are more recent. We see that birds living in thick underbrush lose their feathers, while amphibious creatures seeking food and shelter in the

water acquire water-proof, oily skins.

In the animal world different needs, functions, desires account for inequality of shape. The difference in shape springs from the necessity in which nature finds herself of differentiating needs, tastes, desires.

It is the same with human beings. Women are obliged to reckon with this fact in their households and to take advantage of it as nature does. One of our children is oversensitive, this one has no feelings; another is very clever, while still another is unable to tie a knot; one is gay, the other sad. We take advantage of their tastes and tendencies, as well as of the tendencies of the other members of the family, in order to obtain a maximum of harmony and efficiency in our home. We utilize this one's intelligence, another's cleverness, the strength of a third. We learn that one child must be punished severely, another reprimanded with scarcely a look.

This is how things are, and how they should be

in the great human family. Men are born in unequal circumstances. There is inequality in their social position, their temperament, their intelligence. The conditions under which they will live are bound to be unequal, and consequently the degree of happi-

ness which they will enjoy.

Each one of us, from the most miserable pariall to the richest and most powerful of kings, is born in a state of relative superiority or inferiority in regard to other individuals who form the social complex. We are superior or inferior in all respects, physical, moral, intellectual, social. One person is born healthy, another sickly, one handsome and another ugly, one timid and another audacious, one intelligent and another stupid, one clever and another dull. One has the good fortune to have a sagacious and affectionate mother, another has a selfish and nagging one. One baby has sufficient milk, another lacks this precious food. One gets a worthy and sublime wife, another a terrible Xanthippa. One is born in a cold country, another in a warm climate; one in the city, another in the country; one in the midst of rich, fertile lands, another among barren rocks and crags; one belongs to a privileged caste, another to a scorned race or nation. Each of these inequalities, all equally necessary to the general scheme of things, carries with it physical, moral, social and individual inequalities which will weigh on each person during his lifetime. None make completely for individual happiness or unhappiness, as is usually believed. Each one can, in turn, be the cause of inferiority or superiority according to the vicissitudes of life, and all are equally useful to general harmony.

A Negro is in a state of physical and social inferiority as regards white men if he wants to live in Europe according to European civilization, but he may live in a state of superiority if he lives in primeval forests in Central Africa. The Italian is in a state of inferiority if obliged to set up a business or manage a factory; he is in a state of superiority in regard to music. Under normal conditions the sick person is inferior to the healthy person. This was so true that during the war many men mutilated themselves in order to escape the draft. The eldest son is in a state of superiority if, as in certain countries, he is to inherit the family fortune, but he will be in a state of inferiority if the responsibility for the family falls too soon on his shoulders.

In society the state of relative superiority or inferiority is generally compensated by the fact that every function, every honor, every prestige, every social superiority carries with it corresponding disadvantages or duties which act as ransom, so to

speak.

In former days the aristocracy dictated the laws, and was obeyed and served as not even kings are served to-day, but it paid for this privilege by enormous individual and social sacrifices. If one were to make up statistics as to the number of kings and nobles who have died a violent death, it would be seen that the proportion is large: the tallest poppies are always the first to be knocked off by the sword.

The prestige of the aristocracy was maintained not only by the impost of blood, but by a rigorous discipline to which the nobles were subjected from infancy. Half of them were obliged to enter holy

orders, to give up family life and love. The other half had to give up all dreams of glory, power or riches which did not come from military service or from the government. Art, literature, philosophy, music, painting, business, were permissible only as individual hobbies, never as careers or as a means of winning prestige. This is true of kings to-day. Those arts, as well as commerce and industry, were reserved for the middle classes, to whom other careers, such as acting, were forbidden. These were reserved for the lower classes.

This equilibrium of duties and privileges—even as it exists in nature—is doubly necessary to human society because it is the basis of social order and

individual happiness.

The contrasted feelings of annoyance and pleasure, of pride and humiliation, attached to duties or privileges can be interchanged almost at will, a fact which moderates the advantages of the privileges and the disadvantages of the duties, by establishing a certain hedonistic equality in the midst of inequality.

The most prized privileges can become heavy burdens if they are not desired, for happiness springs not from the possession of an object, but from the

ability to reach the ideal we long for.

Riches give no happiness to the man seeking fame. Political honors give no happiness to him who longs for art, nor does art satisfy the woman who longs for maternity any more than maternity satisfies the woman who longs for rest.

Happiness consists in the satisfying of our aspirations, and our aspirations, except in unusual cases, depend on our orientation. By growing accustomed from childhood to appreciate his own advantages everyone will be happy, even if he does not possess

so many advantages as another.

Such inequalities are not injustices. The thing that is unjust and criminal is to work to confuse one with the other, to hide the duties incumbent on the possessor of a privilege or to conceal the disadvantages attached to every advantage. The fact of thinking and obliging people to think about one and the other is the only way of keeping intact the bond which binds privileges and duties, that is to say, to confine inequality within certain just limits. On the other hand, it is the only remedy for the strange malady called envy, so common and so harmful to humanity, which makes us suffer at another person's pleasure and rejoice in his suffering, even if it is undeserved. But, alas! how rare are those who buckle down to this task, and rarer still those who allow themselves to be convinced!

Men and women admit that animals are unequal, that they have different tastes and needs, and that this is providential in view of the need of general harmony. Men and women admit that children must be treated according to their temperaments and employed in different ways according to their minds and their strength. But from the beginning of time men and women have considered it unjust not to have special privileges which they think very important and which they imagine will give them happiness. They do not realize that they enjoy privileges which, in turn, others envy them.

In this way the poor man who longs for riches says that the rich man profits unjustly; the boy who does not like factory work says it is wrong for his friend to go to school; the girl who does not find a husband says it is not fair that her younger sister should get married; the person who is sick says it is unjust not to get something to make up for his suffering; the incompetent person who cannot hold a job says it is unjust for another, even if he is capable, to hold his. And the girl who cannot find a husband, the incompetent person out of work, the boy who does not like to work in the factory, while thinking it quite proper that they themselves should hold on to whatever privileges they may have, think it quite legitimate to envy those possessed by others. there is no lack of those who glorify their resistance, who paint in fine colors the sentiments which move them as if they were impelled by a noble and high ideal, as if they were inspired by a sense of justice. In reality they are moved by base envy alone, without giving a thought to their own privileges.

Inequalities are not synonymous with injustices, but—and this is what causes the confusion—they can be based on injustice. It is not unjust for one boy to go to school and for another to work in a factory, but it is unjust that a worker's excellence is not rewarded by honors as is a scholar's. It is not unjust for one to have money, position and honors which another does not have, but it is unjust that fortunes, position and honors should go to undeserving people. These rewards are often conferred on them without motive or, what is worse, not for the reasons given officially, but from hidden, unavowable motives. It is not unjust for a secretary to receive less pay than the manager of the establishment, but it is unjust to

appoint as manager someone who knows less than the secretary, and it is wrong to expect the latter to have as much intelligence and ability as a manager. It is, above all, unjust not to have equality when there

is an accepted standard.

It is not unjust for one to be rich and for another to be poor, for one to make more and another less, but it is unjust that wealth should create inequality before accepted standards, that wealth should gain advantages which bear no relation to it and that by money one should get honors, position, degrees which are supposed to be awarded to the most intelligent and most meritorious. It is unjust that wealth should be obtained not by intelligence and activity, but by hidden methods, which elude the accepted standards and oppose them.

We should protest not against inequality in general, but against unjust inequalities, or rather against all guilty strokes of cleverness, against all abuse of power, against violence, against corruption, if by these one wins privileges to which one is not entitled.

The French Revolution had a beneficial influence because it demanded the abolition of numerous inequalities which were unjust, the abolition of privileges which no longer had any raison d'être, privileges to which no corresponding charges were attached. It was unjust that the bourgeoisie, as rich and cultivated as the aristocracy, should not be allowed to take part in politics and in the government of the country from which it had been excluded when it was neither rich nor cultivated. It was unjust for the nobility and the clergy, who were as corrupt as the other classes, to have privileges in regard to

common penal law, for they had been placed beyond its jurisdiction at a time when they had an undoubted moral superiority. But at the same time the French Revolution caused throughout the world much destruction which is still noticeable because its interpreters protest not against unjust inequalities, but against all inequalities—and this was wrong. What took place then, and is taking place now in Soviet Russia, where an attempt is being made to bring the system of equality down to its last consequences, shows in the most luminous way what happens.

But how shall we distinguish unjust inequalities from those which are just, seeing that both make us suffer? How shall we tell whether our resentment is stirred by envy or by a sense of justice? This is not so difficult as would seem at first sight, if one remembers that justice is the triumph of truth over falsehood, reality over appearances, merit over demerit, that it is equality before an accepted standard and criterion.

The evils caused by injustice are always revocable in their entirety because reality can always triumph, the proclaimed standard can be followed, and following it brings about order and general well-being. The evils caused by injustice can be done away with by general rules, or by rules which can be generalized, entailing no or at least very few exceptions.

Inequality, on the other hand, can never be done away with; it can only be displaced, and the displacement always occasions disorder and general uneasiness. It demands numerous exceptions.

Do away with social inequality, as the Bolshevists

in Russia set princes to sell newspapers, send valets to ride about in fur coats with horse and pair, take money out of the banks to give it to the people, make ministers and generals street-sweepers, and what good do you do? You make the rich poor and the poor rich; you create inequality backwards, so to speak, but you create inequality; you stop commerce and industry, as in Russia; you increase general unrest and necessarily create very numerous exceptions. In order to do away with injustice, simply demand that accepted standards be lived up to, that ministers, generals, professors, administrators be chosen according to the accepted standard and not according to hidden, unavowable standards, and immediately you get excellent government, excellent schools, flourishing trades and industries, an increase of general well-being, without making any exceptions. General well-being, the necessity of exceedingly few exceptions—this is, at bottom, the touch-stone by which one distinguishes between injustice and inequality, and recognizes justice among all the needs with which it is confused.

III. JUSTICE AND LIBERTY

But inequality is not the only ideal that men confuse with injustice. None the less frequent is the confusion made between justice and the limitation of their own liberty. Everyone is born with desires which are partly the voice of real needs, partly demands of reason and partly the expression of obscure instincts of which one is barely conscious. The liberty to satisfy these desires is one of the greatest joys to which living beings aspire; but it is not always

possible to satisfy them, because our other needs, our other instincts, or the needs and instincts of others, or even external circumstances, hinder us.

We see all females, human, animal or vegetable, renounce seeking the satisfaction of their own requirements as to sustenance, rest or even life, in order to fulfill the obscure instincts of the species, in order to give birth to little ones and to bring them up. Outside this general limitation which finds a certain compensation within itself, plants, animals and men must constantly limit the satisfaction of their desires because these conflict with the desires of others, and especially with the superior demands, as embodied in traditions or laws, of the society to which they belong. This is, in fact, providential, because although we always want to widen the boundaries of liberty we can enjoy it only when it is limited, and then only if this liberty, the echo of a vital instinct, corresponds to a real and keen desire. The liberty to run and shout is certainly one which children most enjoy, and it is the expression of a dominant need of their organism. And yet the child left to himself neither runs nor shouts. When he plays tag or pussin-the-corner his greatest joy is to run. He waits eagerly for his turn, but he has more fun while waiting during a period of time that seems eternal to him, than he does while running about and shouting indefinitely. Therefore he does not enjoy running about and shouting so much as he enjoys running within certain limits.

We do not enjoy illimitable liberty, but limited liberty and the freedom to choose the limits within which we want to live. The child does not like to go to school, and when he goes he is always thinking of the holidays to come. The words "a schoolboy on a holiday" express a maximum of pleasure. But if the same schoolboy does not go to school and is condemned to perpetual vacation times, he is bored. Even his vacation with the liberty of doing what he pleases has to be limited in order to be enjoyed. A feeling of pleasure is had only when liberty is limited to a time corresponding to the use we want to make

of it. A surplus would be tedious.

For certain imaginative children and for some men it is a keen pleasure to choose the limits of their actions, to choose the games to play and to vary them, but as a rule it is not so. Men and children, if placed before an illimitable possibility of enjoyment, are frequently bored if no one among them knows how to choose a game or to lead the others. If, for centuries, men in different countries have bent docilely to the most different customs and have fought to maintain these limitations fixed and immovable, it is because not only the limitation of liberty but the rigidity of these limits corresponds to a human need—that of following the line of least resistance.

There have always been limitations. But some are fixed and immovable—those which refer to growing life, to the necessities of material life, to ownership. In regard to them no discussion is possible. Those which correspond to speculative and intellectual life are variable, and it is in regard to these that a confusion occurs between justice and liberty. These limitations which spring from the establishment of a given orientation, with the predominance

of a given criterion, must change according to the orientation and the criterion from which they spring, and must cease with them.

The limitations of scientific thought, almost unknown among the Greeks and the Romans, grew precise and inflexible under the influence of Christianity, which considered the moral criterion superior to all others, regarded conversion as the supreme ideal, and religious doubt as the worst evil. They fell with the orientation which had given birth to them.

The limitations of instruction, which was the privilege of the higher castes, fell with the shattering of the predominance of the aristocracy from which they had sprung.

The limitations of work, formerly the privilege of the corporations, disappeared with the fall of the corporations and the whole system to which they belonged.

The limitation of alcohol and of the exploitation of women and children which is demanded to-day, is born of the industrialism which engendered these evils.

Owing to the fact that many limitations cause suffering and at a given moment may become unjust, and also because it is just to fight for the abolition of some of them, many people, too many, have deduced the corollary that all limitations are unjust, and have concluded that the world should and must strive to abolish all limitations. This is not possible.

Hypnotized by the fact that the holiday is the most agreeable day of the week they want to multiply holidays, hoping in this way to multiply pleas-

ure indefinitely. Carried away by finding that running is the best part of the game, they demand the right to run all the time. Every time a limitation hurts them, pains them, annoys them, they cry out that this limitation is unjust, they undertake a crusade to exonerate themselves, and in order to give foundation to their selfish clamors they say that their desire is a general desire, a right of which they

are the champions.

There is no class to-day, no profession, no group, that does not brandish some right. There are the citizens who have the right to study, the schoolboys who have the right not to study, the writers who have the right to publish the worst possible trash—there is an infernal round of people to whom justice means allowing them to do whatever they please simply because they feel like it, and who become the missionaries of this revendication, creating thereby confusion and general unrest.

I am not saying that among all the rights advocated there are not some that are justified, but there

are only a few.

To determine which of these rights are justified and which are purely imaginary, is a rather difficult task, but one which is simplified by referring to the definition of justice. Justice is the triumph of truth over falsehood, of reality over appearances, of merit over demerit, of equality before the accepted standards and criteria. Rights are justified when they are in harmony with these revendications, and they are all the more just according to the degree in which they can be generalized without entailing exceptions. In opposition, in fact, to the modernists who see in

life only exceptions, the merit of rules and laws may be estimated in proportion to the number of exceptions which they demand. The fewer exceptions, the better a law.

Finally, it must not be forgotten that for man the freedom to choose, in a much greater degree than before, the rules according to which he wants to live, is a great conquest. He will lose the advantage of doing this the day he is allowed to live in absolute freedom without any hampering laws.

What liberty will be left for us the day all limitations are suppressed and each one is allowed to do what he pleases, even if it interferes with and op-

poses his neighbor's liberty?

The freedom to steal does away with law and the right to keep the fruit of one's work; the freedom to love does away with the right to continue to love the one who awakens love in another; the liberty to kill does away with the right to live.

Limitations both weigh us down and support us; they are like the law of gravitation, which binds us

to earth and yet lets us walk.

IV. JUSTICE AND RECIPROCITY

Inequality and the limitation of their own liberty are not the only terms which men and women confuse with injustice. The confusion which they make between justice and reciprocity, between injustice and suffering, is general and persistent, and especially as women mistake one for the other.

If justice means the triumph of truth over falsehood, of things as they are over what they seem, it also implies a certain degree of reciprocity. The

desire for reciprocity, that is, that there be a certain relation between the good we do and the praise we receive, between the sacrifices we make and the benefits we get, is often as intense as hunger and thirst, as our sense of justice. We want those who harm us to meet with punishment, those who help us to be helped. The instinct of reciprocity is in a certain measure identified with a feeling of gratitude, and it may degenerate into thirst for vengeance.

Absolute reciprocity does not exist in nature. Maternity, the first and greatest necessity of the species, rests on the absence of reciprocity in the offspring, which gives back nothing to the one who

gave it life.

Absolute reciprocity cannot exist because only with difficulty can the advantage received be proportioned to the sacrifice made, and consequently the reward

given has to be disproportionate.

Absolute reciprocity cannot exist because if it did each one of us would be in absolute dependence on the one who rendered him a service, even if unasked, and such slavery would end by making life

impossible.

Since absolute reciprocity is not possible and since, on the other hand, a certain reciprocity is necessary to maintain the world in a certain equilibrium, society has tried to limit the problem arbitrarily by settling, according to definite standards, the rewards due some for their sacrifices, and the punishment to be meted out to others for their evil deeds. The limits, which are called laws or duties, constitute a reciprocity which is always relative.

As a general rule the male is not revolted by this

fixity or this relativity. Man, who sacrifices himself when he sees a good reason for it, and who does not give up his own advantage without doing it knowingly and when he is convinced that the object is worthy of the sacrifice, easily understands the necessity of having a fixed and arbitrary criterion, even if only moderately just, to limit the actions of each and every one of us. As in the social complex we all need one another, he understands that there must be more or less arbitrary laws that force him not to do to others as he would not want them to do to him, and that protect him against the harmful actions of others. He is convinced that laws are conventions responding to a social necessity, established in order to render life possible in society. Sentiment and passion have nothing to do with his conception of reciprocity. Therefore he does not demand, before obeying laws, that their limits be absolute. He demands only that they be general and that they be respected. He wants to know the limits as an honest debtor wants to know the amount of his debts in order to pay them, being quite willing to pay if it is not too difficult a task, but not stirred up to passion in regard to the payment. As for doing unto others as he would want them to do unto him, it is something so foreign to his instinct that, if he does it, he realizes that it is generosity spent absolutely in vain, and he does not think for a moment of demanding reciprocity, that is, of wanting others to do as he did to them.

Woman, on the contrary, besides being alterocentrist and altruistic, and having the instinct of spontaneously doing to others as she would want them to do to her, and of making for them, even if they do not demand it, the sacrifices which she considers necessary, has a very keen sentiment of reciprocity. Being convinced from the bottom of her heart of the necessity of this reciprocity, she cannot recognize the limits established officially; she does not think it just that one reciprocity and not another should be established. The fact that the limited and relative criterion of reciprocity is useful to society, and that the adoption of an individual criterion would give rise to terrible confusion, does not count with her. Neither social interest nor reason has any place in her calculations.

Man admits that if everyone could arbitrarily act according to his own conception of justice, contradictory conceptions would clash among themselves, and the world would end in an even more terrifying agony than if all sense of justice were abolished and the struggle between instincts could take place freely. Man admits that the individual who arbitrarily wants to be better and more just than the traditions in the midst of which he lives, not only will suffer atrociously but will create more evils than he can cure, because he prevents a natural equilibrium from being

formed.

But woman admits neither one thing nor the other. Reciprocity is not to her a convention which limits selfishness, which has little hold on her; it is not a conception which must guarantee social life, but a sentiment which should guarantee her the gratitude of others for all the good she has done them, or which she thinks she must do for them spontaneously.

This gives rise to the strange dualism between man and woman in the interpretation of laws and

justice and in the respect for law.

Man, egocentrist, egotistic, to whom laws are the daughters of interest, feels no repugnance to studying them, obeying them even when they are not perfect; he readily admits that there are laws based purely on interest, quite apart from ethics, and that interest can modify these laws. Man considers it quite legitimate to break the law if it conflicts with a great personal interest, and he looks very indulgently upon the man who transgresses the law for this reason.

Woman, for whom laws are the daughters of sentiment, does not understand how it is possible to make laws based only on reason or interest. She always demands that the law, in every individual case, should be an expression of absolute justice, and she abhors the idea that the laws can be evaded in order to further some interest, but she admits without difficulty that they can be violated through

passion.

Clytemnestra, who would have forgiven Agamemnon for having killed his daughter in a moment of anger, drunkenness, hatred or revenge, could not forgive him for having sacrificed her, out of interest, on the altar of victory. Orestes, on the other hand, forgave his father for having killed his sister on the altar of victory, but could not forgive his mother for having killed his father out of hatred and vengeance. The tragedy of Agamemnon sums up the entire difference between man's and woman's conception of

justice, and the confusion springing from this different conception.

But the confusion to which the idea of justice gives rise does not stop there. There is still another which is also particularly feminine, and that is the one

which bears relation to joy and suffering.

Injustice frequently causes suffering, but not all suffering springs from injustice. Woman, however, does not make this distinction; in the feminine code everything that can cause suffering to others, and which can be avoided, is unjust; everything that can give happiness without harming anyone is just, and consequently legal. To woman all actions that caused unhappiness and need not have done so, even if they were authorized or imposed by law, are a source of regret and remorse, while she feels no regret or remorse for actions which, even though in violation of the law, give or can give happiness. makes no distinction between a mean action and a violation of the law. On the contrary, she thinks it worse to do something mean, since this does not entail any risk of punishment.

Not only do the codified laws mean nothing to woman, but she enjoys and even takes pride in violating them whenever it is a question of giving pleasure or avoiding suffering for others. Woman has no scruples about avoiding fiscal laws which correspond to no feeling within her, while she has many more scruples than a man would have when it comes to cheating a poor devil whose sorrow she can sense in advance; cheating, which one would think the crime least repugnant to the feminine temperament,

is really one of those which she commits least frequently.

Numerous, therefore, are the sentiments which men and women confuse with that of justice, and different the actions which they confuse with in-

justice.

But can we put out of our hearts and can we fight these sentiments which do not correspond to a real sense of justice? Can we do away with this insatiable thirst for equitable compensation which torments our life? Can we eradicate the senseless

dream of equality and absolute liberty?

No, because if man were deprived of the dream of equality he would put up no limits to other people's selfish desires, and abuse of power would triumph in the world. No, because while the longing which urges woman to demand compensation proportionate to sacrifices made and sufferings undergone may be unreasonable, at the same time it forms the basis of that relative justice which gives society a certain equilibrium.

No, because the aspiration for a mathematical justice helps to get another kind less burdensome and less unjust than it would be if this aspiration

did not exist.

No, because the anxiety which makes us consider all suffering unjust spurs us on, with added strength,

to make justice triumph.

No, because if the sentiments which are confused with justice are foreign to it and are not useful to society, they are useful to the individual, because they are rooted in human selfishness, which makes us derend ourselves passionately against humanity, and makes us the defenders of the present against eternity. We absolutely need it in order to live.

But if those sentiments can never be absolutely satisfied, nor torn out of our hearts, and if it is better that they cannot, we must seek some other means of satisfying them, and nature sets us the

example.

In nature there is no equality, no reciprocity, no liberty, but for every inferiority there is a superiority; for every limitation, a concession; for every disadvantage, a compensation. There exists a whole marvelous theory of compensations which beautifies and renovates our whole life. It is the source of great satisfaction; it sustains our hope till death, and

gives us ineffable joys.

If life is an uninterrupted chain of apparent injustices, a certain equilibrium is obtained from the fact that if everyone receives as his share certain inferiorities, he receives, on the other hand, certain privileges. If few people receive from those to whom they have devoted care and affection, from those for whom they have sacrificed themselves, compensation commensurate with all the pains taken, all receive affection and admiration. They receive compensation from people to whom they have given nothing, and for things which have no importance, and for which they did not suffer.

The mother will not be rewarded by the children for whom she sacrificed her life, but she will find compensation in the admiration of strangers who

witnessed her sacrifices.

In the same way, man will rarely receive from

society the reward due him for services rendered, but he will receive, on the other hand, affection, admiration and spontaneous rewards for things he did not do and to which he attached no importance.

Fame, glory, admiration and prestige showered on the man who stands up bravely under undeserved troubles, form the means whereby nature establishes a certain equilibrium, but love, more than anything

else, fulfills this purpose.

Love, the intangible attraction, the movable impulse which makes us find joy and sorrow in the joys or sorrows of another being—love, which keeps that being alive within us, as the years pass, even after death—love, the most capricious of passions and the least just, is the principal instrument of nature to give those who are badly treated by fate a certain compensation.

Love is capricious, but for that reason and because it obeys no rule and is not obliged to fulfill any obligation, it is suited to reëstablish equilibrium in the world, to give consolation to those who suffer and to those who have not received what was due

them.

How can the child, a dominator without weapons, reign except through love? The only rewards he can give are caresses and smiles. Is there an equivalence between his smile and the sacrifice that was made to make it flower on his lips? No, yet no one complains of him, no mother asks anything else for the sacrifices she has imposed on herself, until later, when he no longer smiles and has forgotten the use of the small coin of love with which he paid. Love, the mysterious breath of life, capable of

transforming into joy the most arduous sacrifices, into pleasure the most terrible suffering, into rendering radiant the most humble and burdensome life, love is the coin that compensates those who receive neither wealth, honor, nor power, and it is more potent than riches, honors or sceptres.

Let man therefore limit himself to trying to find a way to make justice reign. Love, unobserved, light as a caress, will penetrate into the folds of the souls which inequality, coercion, lack of reciprocity caused to bleed, and will heal at once the most atrocious

wounds.

But if one attempts to prevent all wounds, at any cost, much more terrible sores will be caused and these even love will be unable to heal.

PART II

JUSTICE AND THE WOMAN QUESTION

From the confusion between justice and equality, between justice and liberty, between justice and reciprocity, has come the confusion which reigns in regard to the woman question. With facile lyricism a class of women—the woman's rights women—have stirred up general indignation by contrasting woman's position with man's; they have shown the difference between the efforts which women have to make and the advantages they receive, and they have demanded reparation for the so-called injustices supposed to be responsible for woman's suffering.

The work of the feminists has not been useless. It has drawn men's attention to many unjust prejudices and unjust worries which, without reason, were heaped on half the human race. But the foundation of the woman's rights campaign is not just, and its conclusions are unjust and perilous.

Where does injustice lie in the woman question? Injustice consists in truth flouted, in promises and agreements broken or ignored, in merit unrewarded, in abilities not given outlet. But in the case of woman, where is the truth that has been misunderstood, reality that has been spurned, merit that has not been properly rewarded?

It is unjust not to allow the man who has proved himself an excellent carpenter to make furniture; it is unjust to make the person who displays undoubted mathematical ability till the soil; it is unjust to make the man who knows how to cultivate the soil study stenography, or be employed as a teacher of philosophy. It would be unjust for women, who have shown such ability as home-makers and housekeepers, to be obliged to drive automobiles, to observe the stars or to talk in the public forum, just as it would be unjust to oblige men, who have distinguished themselves as philosophers, engineers or mathematicians, to keep house or bring up new-born babies. These are tasks for which man is not fitted.

It is not unjust that woman, who has aptitudes different from man's, should occupy a position in society unlike his; the contrary would be unjust. The fact that men and women are materially, morally, intellectually different is a reality, and it is just to recognize this, as it is just to admit that to different aptitudes must correspond different rights and duties.

Injustice begins when woman does not receive for the work she accomplishes, which work includes housekeeping and the bringing up of children, that glory, esteem and public admiration which are so

readily rewarded for masculine work.

Injustice begins when society fails to reward and decorate the women who have fulfilled perfectly the functions of mother, wife and daughter and when that same society rewards men who have best fulfilled their masculine careers.

Injustice begins when woman is judged by other than accepted standards and when her moral and intellectual merit is judged exclusively according to her aesthetic worth.

But the feminists, who say that woman's position is false, not only ask compensation for these injustices. They want woman to be considered man's equal, to have the same rights, the same duties, the same education. Their arguments are open to criticism because, in a well-organized society, even if woman were similar to man, it would still be necessary to recognize differences in attributes and division of labor in order that men and women might be able to fulfill their different functions. But men and women are different physically, intellectually and morally. Not only are they different in height, in structure of the bones and in the muscular system, but they are different in the quality and the quantity of air and food that they absorb. They are subject to different sicknesses, and their desires are different, as are also their intellectual and moral tendencies.

"But," it will be said, "heredity has made woman what she is. For centuries she has been shut up within her four walls, and she has grown used to her mission, to this moral code which has been estab-

lished for her."

Alas! heredity has its limitations, which the ignorant ignore with the greatest facility. In spite of many years of domestication the bull remains wild, while the cow is peaceful; the rooster is combative, while the hen is docile. Female lions and tigers are always chosen for taming; the males are used for fighting and for purposes of defense. Why should not similar tendencies exist in the most perfect race, the human race? If there were no differences they would have to be created, for this diversity corresponds to a general necessity.

We see nature, in all its evolutions, always trying to differentiate the male from the female, to awaken in the female the qualities which make her most apt to fulfill her function of continuing the species, and to guarantee between father and mother differences which will facilitate differentiation.

Animals and plants, which were first female, then hermaphrodite, then monoic, gradually evolved toward the differentiation of sex, for progress, evolution and life are possible only through this differentiation. It should be noted that where this differentiation has not already been attained, as in certain monoic plants, nature obtains it by proterandry, proterogyny or heterostyly—means by which she tries to conquer monoicism or at least replace it by dioecism, where the latter does not already exist.

If therefore nature at its very beginning, even in plants, takes so much pains to separate the sexes and to make them different; if she has made this difference more marked as one passes from the lower plants and animals to the higher, and then to savage and civilized races, one must at least look twice before starting out along the opposite road in an effort to revert to a single type from which nature has evolved with so much pain and care.

We have seen that the female excels in practical tasks, which men frequently find distasteful; that she succeeds, where man fails, in the application of intuition and ingeniousness; that she is incomparable in the bringing up of new-born babies, a thing man is incapable of doing. She excels in keeping house and in holding the family together, and man is unable to do either of these things. We have seen that for her

it is a pleasure to give herself up for another, whereas it is a heavy burden for a man; that with her pity for those who suffer is an instinct, while man is indifferent to suffering. It is a pleasure to a woman to

receive favors, while it humiliates a man.

If woman is not similar to man and if the instincts of the one do not correspond to the instincts of the other; if what is a punishment for the one is a reward to the other; if what is a sacrifice for the one gives pleasure to the other; if what pleases one does not please the other, why should woman demand an equality of rights and duties harmful to herself and to others? Why should woman disdain love, which in reality is her supreme aspiration, and the deference and protection of man, which gives her so much pleasure?

Among the duties and rights different from those of man there may be injustices, but it is because they are as they are, and not because they are not similar

to man's.

Let woman ask for the things which will be useful to her, which will give her the greatest advantages, but without regard to whether they are or are not advantages possessed by man. There should not be indignation because the workers who arrive at the eleventh hour receive the same pay as those who commenced work in the morning, so long as one and all receive the salary agreed upon.

What should we, what ought we to ask, then?
To ask for the same rights as man, for the simple reason that he has them, is useless and often harmful to woman although it is very easy. It is only neces-

sary to see whether man enjoys a certain right in order to know what one must demand, and then to compare that which is received with that which was requested.

But if we change the basis of the question, and ask for things beneficial to woman, the problem becomes much more complicated, because opinions

can vary indefinitely.

As a general thing it seems to me that claims can be reduced to two kinds, either to a diminution of sacrifices, or else to adequate compensation for these sacrifices by privileges which would give us in some form or other the pleasures we renounce. I will take up this problem later, but at present I do not hesitate to say that I favor the second solution, following, as I have said, the course mapped out by nature. In nature there is neither equality, liberty nor reciprocity, but for every inferiority there is a superiority, and for every disadvantage there is a compensation. We see that animals like oysters, whose movements are hampered, get heavy shells, and that the claws of birds like ostriches, which lose the power to fly, get heavy; that the eyesight of animals which live in the air grows keener, and the tactile sense of those living underground grows more delicate.

In human beings also this same tendency manifests itself. Every race, every class, every caste, has certain characteristics in which it is inferior, and each has privileges which are the compensation for this inferiority. The black race, which resists the heat and the poisonous insects that flourish in the tropics, is vulnerable to cold and exertion. Country people,

so unaffected by changes of atmosphere and by toil, are susceptible to infections to which city people are almost immune. The same is true of moral and intellectual advantages. The sons of persecuted races and classes acquire tenacity, ingeniousness, courage and cleverness which the sons of privileged races and castes do not have, and those favored with these traits frequently tip the scales in their favor. So it is in the moral and intellectual world. I know full well that if this solution is in harmony with nature it is very difficult to apply it deliberately to the woman problem.

Equality is not always just, but at the same time it is something absolute that one can realize completely, at least theoretically, and that is one of the

reasons which have made it so popular.

Reciprocity, and liberty, too, are also things which are well defined and which, theoretically at least, can be considered absolute. But it is impossible to realize even theoretically the absolute proportions of compensations, or to measure in a rigorously mathematical way the pleasure and utility which a privilege will give, if destined to replace a loss or a joy which should compensate a sacrifice. This is impossible because people's viewpoints vary and the compensation and sacrifice have different values according to individuals.

Honor, reputation, prestige, money, esteem, admiration, which are the usual human compensations, have different values according to one's standpoint in the same way as have troubles, privations, physical suffering and all the sacrifices that we impose upon

ourselves.

The sacrifice of one's life is tremendous if we consider it from the individual's point of view. It is less from the point of view of society, or when judged by a standard of honor or by an ideal, and it is only by proclaiming this ideal that one can get men to sacrifice their lives.

A word of praise is for some a tremendous reward and for others a matter of absolute indifference. Some are indifferent to money, for which others care so much. Some people commit suicide for reasons which seem perfectly futile—for having been scolded, for having failed to pass an examination—while others remain indifferent to things which would seem mortal blows to us. Age, intelligence, moral feeling, social position, sex and passions change infinitely the value of compensations by changing the

pleasure which a given fact can stir in us.

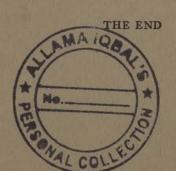
This is the reason why no one is happy here below, and why everyone thinks he is the victim of fate's injustice. Each one of us attaches a tremendous importance to his own sacrifices, a value which others do not attach to them, because each one attaches a disproportionate value to the compensations which he offers, and which others find inferior to what they had expected. Each one would like to be compensated in the particular way he prefers, and counts as nothing other compensations offered by life. Each one attaches a maximum importance to the inferiorities from which he suffers and a minimum importance to the privileges which he enjoys. Whoever longs for the joys of ambition favors only slightly the compensations of good health or family life which nature has given him; and the man who

is sickly cares little for the other privileges which may be his. The wife of the architect Solness, who longed only for maternity, felt singularly desolate while contemplating the empty cradle even though she was showered with homage and honor.

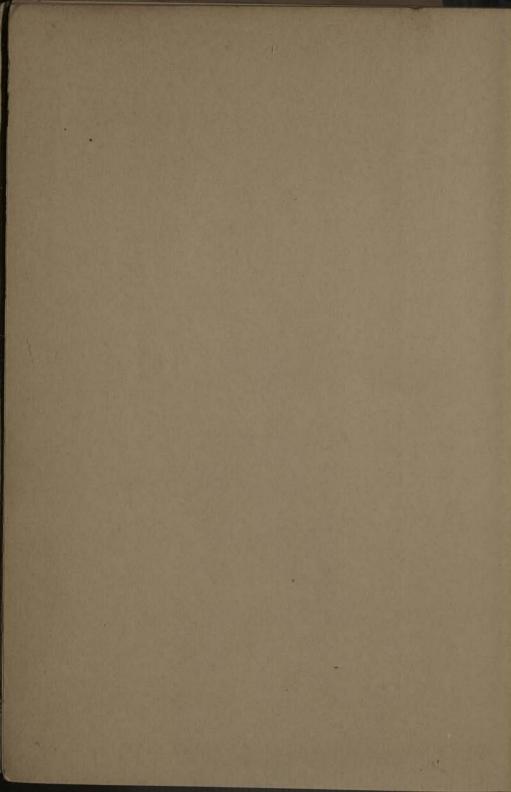
The variableness of points of view on which compensations should be based complicates all social questions exceedingly, and especially those in regard to women, for they show clearly that whatever the compensations, no matter how adequate they may seem to some, they will seem negligible to others.

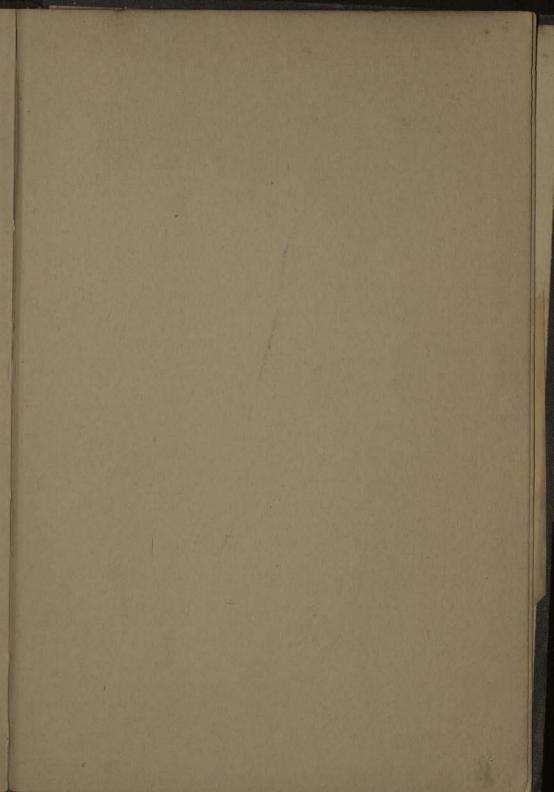
Woman is by nature placed in a tragic position, for the mysterious and solemn mission imposed on her demands enormous sacrifices. The compensations which nature and society offer are fatally inadequate, either for one or for the other, because different people value differently the sacrifices which nature demands of them and the compensations with which they should be repaid.

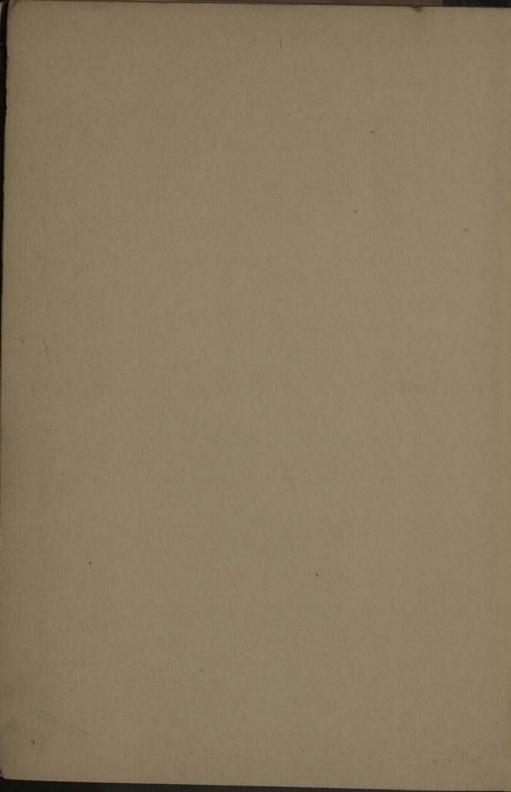
The discussion of compensations is reserved for another volume, but woman should not forget that nature has given her the greatest of all privileges, that of creating life, and of perpetuating herself through the species, and that the liberties granted males are, at bottom, only compensations to lead them to associate themselves, in second rank, with the great mission entrusted to woman.

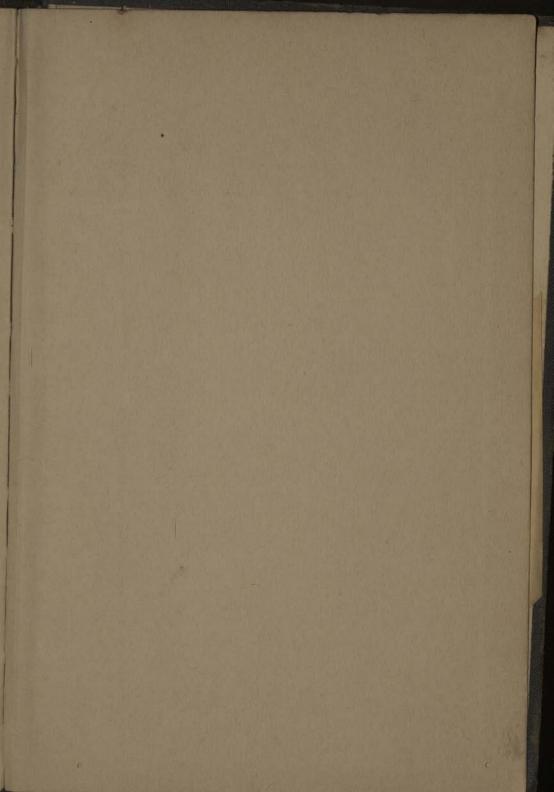










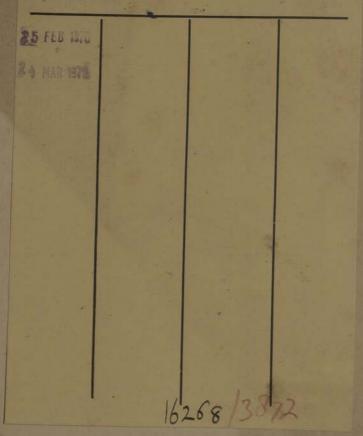


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