

# Only a Man

"Put Yourself in His Place."

Mr. Winifred Black, or "Annie Black," as she was formerly known in the journalistic world, has been writing very readable articles for the Deseret Evening News. She has written columns of matter complimentary to the "new woman" so called. But she does not agree with everything that is said in behalf of that very thing. She has recognized for modern civilization and frequently champions the cause of man. That is what she has in mind in the following story for the Deseret Post:

There's a new book out. It is called "Only a Man." It is written by a woman about women. It is called "Only a Man." It is written by a woman about women. It is called "Only a Man." It is written by a woman about women.

I'm going to write a book. My book shall be called "Only a Man." Won't that be a nice, affecting title? My book is going to tell about men—for once. I'm going to try to get at a few facts which Mrs. Stetson and all the ladies who write such clever things about Only a Woman seem either to forget or to wilfully ignore.

Only a Man. I shan't make him a miracle like the gentleman in the play, who can knock down six giant musketeers, throttle a lion, seize the lady of his heart, leap with her out of a stenth story window and come down safe and sound to cry "Poiled again!" in the very teeth of the discomfited foe. I shan't make him a saint like the Knights of the Holy Grail, seeking the impossible through the mists of the ideal.

CECIL RHODES.



These dispatches say that the Boer commandant at Kimberley has been captured close in on the defenses of the diamond town with every available man for the purpose of making sure the capture of Cecil Rhodes, who is held upon by the Transvaal people as solely responsible for the war. A reward has been offered for Rhodes, dead or alive. Meanwhile the latest report says that the proscribed man is planting trees in the besieged city, giving "banquet" and keeping up the spirits of every one by his indomitable courage and tireless energy.

written by a Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Green, a lady who has always had much to say about women and what ought to happen to them for being good. I can't go near a woman's club in these without meeting some one who just read all about woman and her silly little way of mending socks or mending instead of buying new ones for herself and the woman who's read that book always wants to discuss it. It tells all about how women have been put upon and abused ever since prehistoric times. It relates the making sorrows, the agonizing humiliations and the awful subjugation of woman. It tells how she bears her burden in sorrow and tears them in silence. How she sits, a poor, hard creature of custom, within the lock and key of her husband's home, and yearns for justice and reform.

With the sisters would take the ad-vice or try to.

After just about six months of free, easy, quieting, economic independence, I think we should hear less and less of this Only a Woman business.

COLONEL BADEN ROWELL,



and make her happy. Put a family of little helpless children on your shoulders, and start out to make a living for them in this world you think so beautiful. Go downtown and work and fret, and worry, and plan and puzzle and fail and be defeated, and get up again, and fight the whole battle over day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, till there is no more time for you and yours.

Why, it's nothing but a fight—this earning a living business.

Do you think, my good woman, that your husband has no battles because he does not show you his scars?

Put yourself in his place for one day, for one little little day, and you'll find that it will take all your fortitude, all your courage and all your faith to keep you alive till the welcome nightfall comes.

Courage! Why it takes more courage to earn an honest living in this day of competition and desperate endeavor than it took the Knight of Old who admired so much to enter a dozen lists and fight a score of tournaments.

Talk about the Twelve Temptations! The man who earns a decent income must meet and conquer or be conquered by them every single twenty-four hours.

To steal, to lie, to cheat, to stab his best friend in the back, to take the meal from the mouths of the widow and the fatherless—your husband does none of these things?

Probably he does not, to his eternal credit be it spoken, but it is not for lack of opportunity and for very grievous temptation.

Above it?

Above the crime perhaps. Above the temptation to it?

No man is. No man can be, where his family is calling to him for this, for that and for the other thing which John Somebody's family has, and which John Somebody bought for them out of the price of human blood.

Men do not tell you these things?

They do not. You take up most of the time telling them about your tragic life with one poor, clumsy servant, whose fearful crime is inability to learn to make jelly jell.

Tell me? And have you turn white and go sleepless and worry yourself old about him?

Not he.

That is not his fashion. He took you to love, cherish and protect you, and whatever may be his faults—and they are many—the average American man lives up to the promise he made on the day of his wedding. He loves, cherishes and protects the woman he married, and just now that woman seems to find her chief delight in reading and writing books which tell her what a selfish, cruel, low idealized monster the man who shields her from this world is.

She doesn't want to be shielded, she says.

She wants to be independent. Independent!

A man independent! Is your husband independent, my dear woman? He is a workingman, a head carpenter—he is a man of superior intelligence, and he knows his trade better than any other carpenter in town, perhaps.

Does that make him independent? He can't get one stroke of work unless he belongs to a union, which tells him exactly what he may earn, and how long he may work—and even then he is dependent upon the whim of a contractor who may give him work or may not.

Independent! Is your husband independent, my good madam?

A banker, a clever, astute, far-see-

ing man, esteemed and admired by the other members of his calling?

The modern woman does claim that very thing. Tell a man that women are better nurses than men, better teachers, better care-takers, in little things, and he will say, "Why, yes, of course they are."

Men do not attempt to claim for themselves an all-seeing, all doing, all knowing personality. They realize that there are limitations to a human being's possibilities.

Not so, the modern woman. She can do and think and be anything—she says. I hardly believe that if some rash mortal should arise and declare that men make better prize-fighters than women, some one of the new cult among women would arise and refute the charge with much indignation, and more than a little eloquence.

I have yet to hear of a body of men called together expressly for the purpose of proving to the world what "we men" can do, have done, and might, could, would or should do, if the eternal laws of the universe would only cease to act for a while, and give genius a chance to sprout.

Let's face facts, ladies—facts, facts, cold, cold facts.

Women have devoted their attention to music for centuries, painting and the art of decoration have been their special province for many generations. Dress and the arts of the toilet have been an absorbing thing to them for so these many years. Cooking has been their specialty for ages.

Where is the great woman composer? How many women artists can you name?

How does it happen that the greatest dressmakers of the world are men? And who will rise and tell us why when you want the best dinner in the world you have to get a man to cook it?

Not germane to the subject, all these things? It think they are—very much germane to it.

When women go quietly and sensibly about their things, really doing things, no one blames them much if we make a little ado about the wonders of our achievements. We must be feminine—but when we stop doing and go to talking let's talk sense, what he thinks about his being a hero and he'll smile in your face.

Tell the first woman you meet that she's a heroine and nine times out of ten she'll believe you and go through a world suffering from one who wears upon her brow the invisible crown of a noble martyrdom.

We women have our side of the story. I acknowledge, nay, I insist, upon declining that.

But our note is so constantly heard, so harped upon, so beat and hammered out, over and over and over at every little gathering of the women, who

to tell his wife how much more cultivated and learned the American woman is than the American man.

I'm going to have him smile politely at the assumption that the belonging to a Browning hand-book club or an Ibsen study class means real culture.

My hero shall sit calmly by and hear women whose one aim in life is to outshine their friends talk about high ideals and noble standards.

My hero is going to hear himself and his ways and his thoughts and his habits and his ideas criticized and victively attacked, in large and enthusiastic conventions to which the hero he supports in ease and luxury is a delegate.

He's going to look at the woman he loves and say, "Ah, well, she doesn't mean it, bless her heart," when she heard him and all his tribe and following up to scorn and obloquy because he forgot to mail a letter telling the ash man to come at 5 o'clock instead of at 4.

He's going to stop in the midst of a crowded, busy, hurrying, distracting day, a day spent in a hard fight for a few more dollars for her—to match a sample at a shop, so as to give her time to go to the club and discuss her shameful subject.

He's going to come home so tired that he can scarcely hold his head up, so tired that if it were not for the woman and her children, there at home, he would wish could he down somewhere, where he could hear the trees rustling and sleep away his life—and he's going to swallow a hasty dinner and force himself into a dress suit, to go to a stupid reception, just because "she" wants him to take her there.

He's going to—but I can't tell it all here—it will take a book to do it.

Look at the man you browbeat, my good idealistic, well-meaning woman—look at him with all his foibles and all his faults.

Think of him when he's cross because you want him to ask his way somewhere, and he'd rather die with his masculine conceit upon him than to acknowledge that he doesn't know everything—even the street he cannot find.

Remember him when he has a little cold, and gets so seared to death over the least pain that he wants to send for the doctor, and make his bed immediately. Call to mind his deadly devotion to his hat, his queer clinging to strange hours for eating, his way of wanting to know why you can't make a \$20 gown look as well as a \$100 one the woman across the way has.

Bring to your mind all his strange intolerance which makes him hate in a woman the very faults he induces. In her, think of him at his worst, his very worst—and then consider a little— isn't it wonderful—not that there are so many bad men, but that there are so many good ones?

Put yourself in his place—just a minute—just a little, generous, honest, fair-minded minute—could you bear the burden he carries one-half as well as he bears it?

Could you grind, grind, grind, at the money-making mill, sick or well, hopeful or discouraged, rain or shine, loved or unloved, as he does, and make as good a face of cheer and happiness over it?

Women have their wrongs and their sorrows. Only a woman who has felt the knife in her own heart knows how deep and how agonizing a woman's pain can be.

Men have their faults, grievous and hard for the women who love them to bear. No man lives who will even try to deny that.

Men do not claim the privileges of omniscience.

That is a distinctly feminine trait.

really seem to be the type of the present generation, that it will do us no harm to look upon the other side.

But there are two sides to the story; always remember that, ladies of the reforming aid; always and always remembering that. Let us look on that other side, for just so long as it takes to read these few poor words at any rate, life is so hard at best, so full of disappointment and sorrow and heart-tugging grief. We men and women ought to help each other up the hilly road to happiness. Not stand by the wayside casting stones at those who have already a grievous burden to bear.

Only a man. Let us write a new book, we women of America. Let's tear up these old ones, full of complaints and fault-finding and the small arguments of small souls, who weigh all life by the money there is in it. Let's write a book full of love and confidence and pride in this hero of ours, the plain, every-day man of North America.

moment lost his balance, and fell through the rigging toward the deck. The various ropes against which he came in contact broke his fall, and when near the deck he succeeded in grasping a rope. To this he hung for a couple of seconds, and then dropped lightly on the deck, landing safely on his feet.

Folding his arms triumphantly, as if it were all in the program, he glanced toward the rival ships and joyously exclaimed: "There, you frog-eating and pig-sticking foreigners, beat that if you can!"—Collier's Weekly.

BOER APPEAL AND ENGLISH REPLY

The leading newspapers are publishing the translation of a Boer war song sung in the Boer camps. It is as follows:

Leave us alone! Leave us alone! You shall not rob us of our own;

Proud of a sovereign right to own No liege, no lord, but law alone.

Why do we ask it? Let's live Pleased with the dole that despots give! To blush, the shame that freemen feel Saluting at a master's heel; And bitterest sting of all, to know Our own weak hands once dealt the blow!

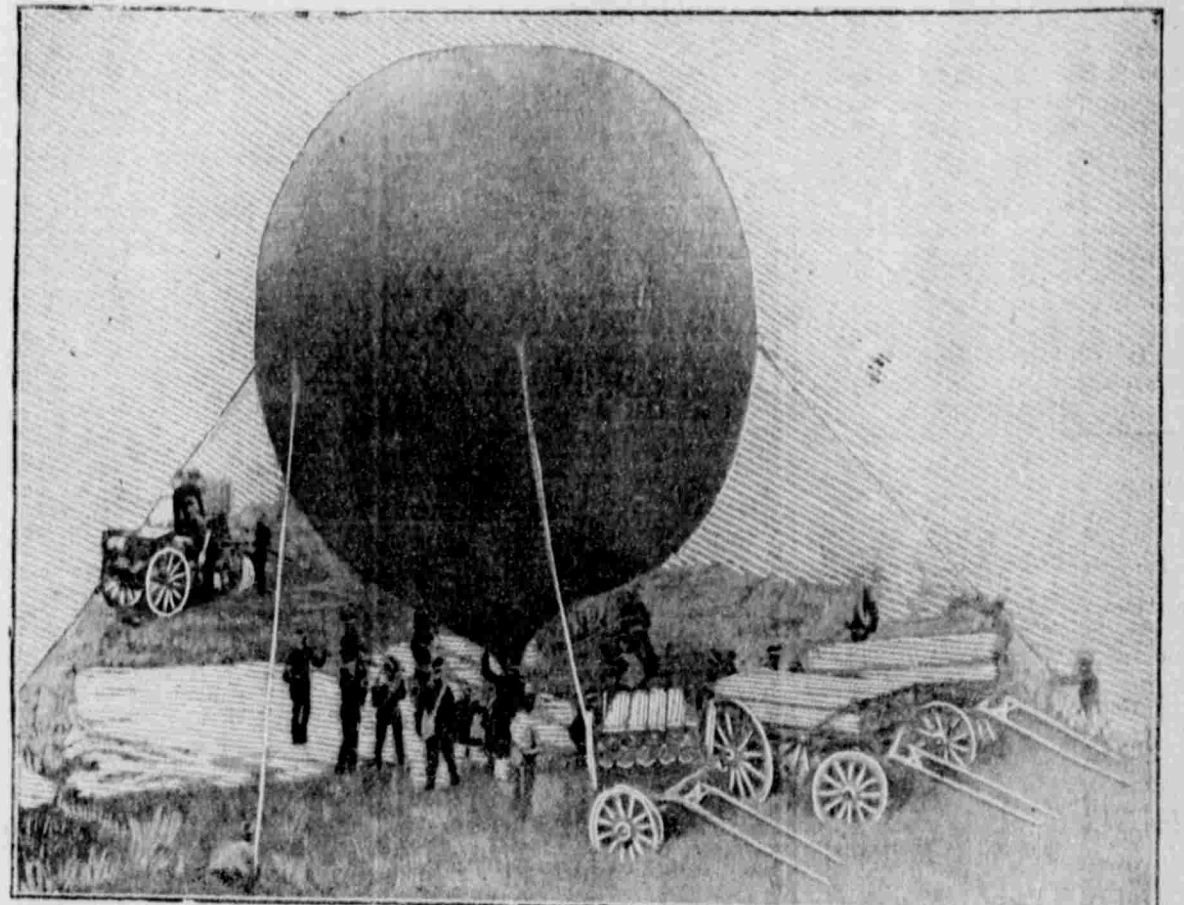
Our hands, once weak! Now one and all Are joining. Hark! An Empire's call. That says, "Not ours the blood or race To brook ignoble bidding place." A stain on us is stain on them, Besmirching England's diadem.

Australia, Canada, cold and heat, New Zealand's isles the voice repeat, That everywhere beneath the sun All Saxon hearts in this are one; Born of the tameless Northern sea They must be, like its waters, free.

One must be first, yet but in name; A common flag is common fame; Knit on to us, they make a part

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## INFLATING THE MILITARY BALLOON AT LADYSMITH TO LOCATE BOER GUNS.



Cable dispatches from the Cape state that General White is daily making ascensions in the big war balloon to reconnoitre the enemy's positions. The Boers, the dispatches say, are now using smokeless powder in their bombardment, and it is only by means of aerial observations that the British can tell where to drop their shells.

## KRUGER'S SHARPSHOOTER METHOD OF EXPRESSION.

"Kruger sprinkles shrewd illustrations through his discourse as can only a person gifted with natural expression," writes Allen Sangre in *Almslee's* for December. "Speaking about England's desire to own the Rand mines, he said:

"I'll tell you, the gold fields are like

We will be free! We will be free! Our birthright shall our standard be.

Our fathers' sweat, our fathers' blood Have soaked the ground on which they stood.

Our mothers' tears, our mothers' toil Have hallowed this our African soil. This is our land! This is our land! Reclaimed by our fathers' hand; Reclaimed once, we claim it now As made a garden by our plough.

We ask what has to us been left? We will no longer be bereft! For fatherland and freedom dear, We die, or live and vanquish here!

To the above the London Spectator replies:

We do not want your Fatherland, Your stony vault, your golden Rand; We have an Empire stretching far Beyond the evening, morning star; And all within it, like the sea, Majestic, equal, living, free.

Once ye were noble, men who died Sooner than crouch to tyrant's pride; For desert tale, for Marken sand, Content to quit your Fatherland; Ye shook the Spaniard's world-wide throne One strip of earth to call your own.

Why are you altered? Can it be That freemen voice another free? Ye gag our voices, hold us down Beneath your fortress' savage frown. Was it for this we freedom gave, Ourselves to dig our freedom's grave?

Talk not of raid! It was disowned. In blood and prison the wrong atoned. Say not, ye seek apart to dwell! Ye love our inlets far too well. By all ye promised, all ye swore, Give us our right! We ask no more.

What do we ask? To use the tongue That Hampden spoke, and Milton sung; To shape the statute, share the power That clips our freedom every hour.

Of freedom's universal heart; Heart whose vast framework, broad and high, Is all thy temple, Liberty.

## BEST TREATMENT FOR SOILS.

The productiveness of the soil depends largely upon how it is cultivated and also of course to a considerable degree upon heat and moisture it receives. Uncultivated land, according to J. H. Bone of the Oklahoma Experiment station, contains two per cent less moisture than cultivated soil when both are kept free from weeds.

In most soils of the central west the question of moisture is of more importance than direct plant food. Increasing the supply of decaying vegetable matter is desirable, as this aids in the retention of soil moisture. The frequency of cultivation will depend largely upon the season. Enough should be given to keep the weeds down and the soil in good condition.

In the Oklahoma experiments land plowed in March contains more moisture than that plowed about the middle of April. Shallow plowing will not maintain as much moisture in the soil as deep plowing, while subsoiled land contains more moisture than unsubsoiled. Stubble should be plowed as soon after harvest as convenient and harrowed occasionally until the field is sown to wheat. Rolling does not seem to conserve moisture or increase the yield. Bottom lands do not dry out as completely as uplands. Uplands during 1898 contained and average of 18 1/2 per cent of moisture. Ordinary crops do well when the soil contains 12 to 20 per cent of moisture. Corn begins to suffer when the moisture gets as low as 10 per cent.—Orange Judd Farmer.

## TELEPHONE IN STOCKHOLM.

Stockholm has more telephones than any other European city. It is stated that the central station has about 100,000 calls a day, or about one for every three persons in the city.

## THE BLACKS WHOM BOTH BOER AND BRITON DREAD.



Photograph of two contending warriors of the Basuto tribe, the restless race that is feared, will break loose in South Africa and start a war in which the whole negro population will take sides. If this happens, the white man's war at present being fought out will seem by comparison a mere skirmish.

## AN INIMITABLE FEAT.

The sailors of three men-o-war—American, French and British—while in the same harbor, were competing with each other for the best display of seamanship. A Yankee went to the top of the mainmast and stood there with an arm extended. A Frenchman then went aloft and extended both arms.

An Irishman on board the British ship thought if he could stand there with a leg and an arm extended he would be declared the most daring sailor. Nimbly he mounted to the highest point and attempted to do so, but at the last