

WOMAN

An Address delivered by
Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.
In Mendelssohn Hall
December 17, 1909

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Given under the auspices of the National
League for the Civic Education
of Women.

SEP 22 1910
THE PUBLISHER
103589

Irving Press
119 and 121 East 31st Street

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In one of our oldest historic records, dating perhaps from Chaldea and subsequently incorporated in our Christian Scriptures occur the words:—*God created man in his own image; Male and Female created he them.*

"Male and female." Why? The question is a profound one and nips down into the heart of a matter that is being in these days all too volubly discussed. It is a matter in regard to which we cannot afford to be either jocose or flippant. Taken in its innermost meaning,—which is a meaning farther in than is sometimes brought to view in either printed or platform exploitations,—taken in its innermost meaning, it is a radical question, fundamental, lying at the base of most that relates to the individual, to the home, to the state and to the church. It is a field of enquiry, therefore, where passion has no proper place, where violence of word or of act is an offense and an indignity and where words that are spoken either hastily, triflingly or acrimoniously bespeak the utter incompetency, inadequacy and inappreciativeness of those from whom such contumely of speech or behavior proceeds.

The problem we confront is not the mere problem of the ballot. That is but a feature. That ballot business is only a single aspect of a vastly larger whole—and the outdistancing conspicuity into which that single aspect has been femininely foisted, suggests nothing so distinctly as it does the logical infirmity of mind which constitutes one of the weaknesses, and I might also say, one of the charms of the feminine constitution. Woman, of course, has a great deal than man has not, but her premises and her conclusions are apt to live so far apart as to fail of becoming more than imperfectly acquainted. Which is spoken with no flavor of disrespect. Neither sex has everything; otherwise there would have been no advantage in having two.

Which brings us back to our question—Why *are* there two? Why was it that "God created man male and female?" That is a point, that, so far as I am aware, has not even been touched by our social revolutionists, and yet of all points it is the one that lies nearest to the bottom of the whole man-and-woman problem. Are we to understand that it is simply a physiological contrivance for the production of population? Are those who stand at the front of this movement prepared to put upon the relation between the sexes a merely animal interpretation?

Perhaps they do not think that. It is to be hoped that they do not. But what do they think? Is it asking too much of these

dear sisters of ours, who are sometimes a good deal up in the air, to come down to the prosaic level of distinct and coherent thought and tell us in words that have in them neither rhapsody nor vituperation, and that the male mind can keep up with, just why there are two sexes?

Biologists tell us that the higher we go in the scale of animal life, the more the respective functions of the two sexes become differentiated, more and more widely separated from each other in their quality, aptitude and mission. From which we have to conclude that the finer the type of human civilization, the more widely apart man and woman will become, in all that relates to the ingredients of their personality and therefore to their interests and their respective spheres of service.

Now, why will not our lady-friends take the platform, omitting for the moment their banners and things, and talk to each other and to us in a simple and thorough way about these great underlying questions, compared with which going to the polls, getting in behind the rail, counting ballots, holding town-meetings, being president, being almost the whole thing in fact, is but secondary matter.

That is the first criticism to be passed on what is just now transpiring, that it is not being conducted on the basis of principles that have been thoroughly canvassed; that an attempt is being made to accomplish something without first discovering whether it fits logically into the framework of sociological principle and historic trend. The absence of all that seemed to me the distinctive feature of the recent mass meeting in Carnegie Hall which did not deal with fundamentals, but which was simply one grand, accumulated feminine sob for the ballot. So that one might venture to characterize it as being not so much a movement as an eruption, sustaining toward the quiet progress of event in general something the relation in which Vesuvius stands to the otherwise orderly processes by which the equipoise of the earth is maintained and its progress promoted.

That it is something more than an ill-considered revolutionary spasm is argued from the fact of the tremendous enthusiasm by which such a gathering as that at Carnegie Hall was animated. It was enthusiastic, tremendously so, and the hall was packed to the roof. But that is no trustworthy symptom of the prevalent condition of the feminine mind. I suppose that no mass-meetings have ever been held here, comparable in size or in exuberance with the Hearst meetings held in this city a month ago, notably the one in Madison Square Garden, with 12,000 people inside the Garden and 10,000 more outside that could not get in, but on election day Mr. Hearst ranked after both Mr. Gaynor and Mr. Bannard.

On the great occasion at Carnegie Hall just mentioned, there was voluminous applause, but I noticed this exceedingly sad feature of that occasion, that the things said that were most vociferously and rapturously applauded were the lunges that were made at the male sex. Now I want to speak in measured terms and not to say anything rash, but I was ashamed of those women. That was a mighty poor return to make for American gallantry, a gallantry for which English speaking people everywhere have been distinguished. There was not a woman in that big auditorium that was not the daughter of some man. They had fathers as well as mothers—all of them I suppose.

What may have individually transpired between ladies in that audience and members of the other sex, that rendered them so cheerfully responsive to reflections and innuendos inflicted upon members of that other sex, I do not know of course. I do know that there was one woman very conspicuously present on the platform who had herself changed husbands, so I suppose there must have been something in her case that might give point to her objurgations; yes, and there was another one there too, prominently connected with the movement—I mean the eruption—that also belonged to the migratory sisterhood. I do not mean at all that this agitation is in the interests of what might be called tandem polygamy, but our ladies of the delicacy with which they are supposed to be possessed, and with which as a rule they certainly are possessed, should be made thoughtful by facts of that kind and should be assured that the underlying spirit of any revolution is likely to be more or less accurately represented in the personal quality of the leaders of that revolution.

In all of this I am not antagonizing the proposed innovation, for as already said, that is but a small feature of a much more comprehensive matter; and if it shall appear, after the question has been seriously reasoned out, that the extension of the suffrage to the other sex will be not simply to the gratification of a more or less turbulent element of that sex, but that it is something that is in keeping with the fundamental quality of womanhood, and therefore for the advantage of the collective interests of mankind of which the male sex does form a part, then there is no one more than ourselves that would be an ardent advocate of the change suggested.

But the aspect of the case that has made it seem suited to serious discussion is the underlying current of thought upon which this scheme is being floated, the methods of the propaganda, the outrages of act in which violent advocates have indulged, the brainless silliness of wild denunciation which women prominent in the movement have allowed themselves, as when one said recently in a public gathering that Harvard University's failure

to receive a certain young lady into its law school proved that that University is a relic of the dark ages. What kind of legislation could we expect would emanate from a class of mind that had not been educated out of a condition either so rudimentary or so chaotic?

Perhaps we ought not to lay too much stress on such hysterical extravagances of speech, and ought rather to attribute them to the uncalculating enthusiasm of the instant. Even the masculine mind in its fevered moments allows itself sometimes to overstep the limits of strict accuracy, and still more should we expect that from a sex where emotionalism outranks the dialectic faculty as an impulse to speech and behavior—which is a euphemistic and periphrastic way of saying that the average woman is more easily able to feel intensely than she is to think correctly. Such an expression is not discourtesy on my part, nor ungallantry but the simple statement of a well-recognized psychological fact, and one of those facts which should be kept in our thought in all these questions that are now before the public mind.

But letting all of that pass, there are certain expressions that have proceeded from the lips or the pen of a female agitator, exceedingly prominent as such in this city and who I see is campaigning outside of the city, and who might perhaps be almost denominated the genius of the movement at present—certain expressions, uttered apparently in entire calmness of mind, that I would not have supposed could by any possibility have emanated from any woman except as she had turned Amazon and been willing to plunge the knife into the vitals of all the best and established institutions of the civilized and Christian world.

The expressions to which I refer occur in a reported interview and were published in a magazine. Reported interviews, I am sadly aware, are not always accurate, but the brief portion of it that I am going to quote is entirely coherent and consistent with the rest of it that I do not quote, and besides that, I have taken care to consult the Editor of that magazine, and have learned from him that the woman interviewed has found no fault with the printed exhibit of her views, and that I can safely assume the trustworthiness of such exhibit.

"She believes," says the interviewer, "that the time will come when women should and will withdraw from every sort of activity in which they are now associated with men, form themselves into a solid phalanx, bound together with the steel cable of a common purpose, and say to the men of America—(and now this the interviewer puts in quotation marks) 'Until you give us the ballot we will not marry you; we will not work in your places

of business; we will have nothing to do with you socially, industrially—any way.'" And here the interviewer interpolates a single remark of his own, to the effect that although such language would seem to imply a very highly wrought condition of feeling on her part, she on the contrary, spoke with utmost coolness and composure, thereby indicating that some kind of civil war between the sexes was a situation whose possibility she was contemplating with calculating equanimity.

But she is not through yet. And here again the interviewer puts her words in quotation marks. "Woman's nature enables her to get along better without man than man can get along without woman. She could stand the strain long enough to bring him to her just terms. She suffers now only because she does not know her power. Let her use the means within her reach. Let her withdraw from the church, the world's greatest civilizing influence. The church cannot stand without her.

"Abandoned by its greatest protector it will be dead until she comes back to breathe into it new life. Then let her walk out of the hospitals. Man is of no use in attending the sick. About all he can do is to carry a stretcher." I wish Mr. Kennedy were here and all those other great hospital geniuses without whose affections, wisdom and money there would not have been many stretchers to carry nor much ministrations for female nurses to render.

Then she goes on—"Men could not stand the strain: if women, having withdrawn from the churches, the hospitals, and every other activity in which they are now jointly engaged with men, should quietly step back and fold their arms, the battle would be over in a very short time. And personally I feel that this is the way in which suffrage will sometime be brought about."

Then writes the interviewer, "does she expect women to win the battle by bloodshed? No, not exactly, she doesn't expect it, she fears it. Not in the present generation, not in the next; perhaps not at all. It will depend on whether every other means shall fail." In other words, if going out of the hospitals and the church, and the home will not accomplish it, it is then to be war to the knife. And she is one of the most conspicuous banner-carriers in the present agitation. It requires the exercise of a good deal of self-control to pass upon all of that no other criticism than this, that any member of her sex who marches under such a banner made a pitiful mistake in being born a woman.

Now I have no suspicion that that spirit lies consciously in the minds of any considerable number of women, but just that animus, that animus of feminine antagonism to the male sex is

latent in the movement. Men are being called stupid and cruel and arrogant and tyrannical. If a messenger from Mars, unacquainted with terrestrial conditions, were to visit this earth, and to read Pearson's Magazine of October, or were to be in attendance at Carnegie Hall demonstrations, he would conclude that, viewed from woman's standpoint, man's particular function is to keep out of woman's way and not to make a nuisance of himself.

I wish that the women who are tumultuously in evidence in this agitation would stop and do a little more thinking, before they do any more talking, and try to get at the real sentiment which men, ninety-nine hundredths of them in a civilized country like our own cherish toward what we prefer to call our feminine companions. I have belonged to the male sex for more than half a century and I know what masculine gallantry means; and I know that such flings as are slung at us from out certain feminine catapults, hurt, they bruise. We do not like to think of them as women; and they are not men exactly, and "freaks" is a word we would not quite like to employ. They are very few in number, but they are always heard from; and you know that one of those little creatures that pipes from the swamp, makes more noise than a hundred nightingales.

Men are manly as a rule, and just as manly as women as a rule are womanly. We have no desire to exclude them from their rights. The sentiment that we cherish toward the sex is a finer one and more replete with high-toned recognition than these voluble prophetesses of vituperation are even competent to suspect. And we have the right to be indignant at any female—I distinguish between female and woman—we have the right, I say, to regard with sad indignation any female who will consent to stand before a throng of womanly women and sow in their honest and eager hearts the seeds of sex antagonism. It is ungenerous, it bruises, it is ignoble.

Woman's beauty, strength and power consists not in similarity to man, but in her unlikeness to him, and for her sake and for what she may be able to accomplish in the world by means of it we want that unlikeness preserved, and to the extent that she resigns that unlikeness she forfeits her splendid prerogatives. A woman who believes in her own sex and cherishes the distinctive features of it and tries all the time to become more and more feminine, realizing that femininity is a feature not of the body only, but of the mind, intellect, heart, everything, is unspeakably fine, and the sentiment that we men entertain toward such a creature, the last thing that God made, and the best, is a sentiment that these platform-promenaders do not know anything about. And while we have no desire to keep her in a glass case we want

her to be woman; that is all we want, and we do not want that in any of the departments of life or fields of service she should rub against men in that coarseness of familiar contact that shall minimize the difference between them and us or that shall tend to make us forget the difference. And now with that as the governing impulse in our hearts, to be chided and held up to ridicule as a sex that has so small or so envious a regard for woman that we are anxious to shut her out from her proper privileges and hold her in servitude, is a presentation of the case that hurts us way down to the bottom of our manly hearts. And a man with those sentiments—and those are the sentiments that men have—cannot sit where I sat the other night, and hear what I heard, without its beginning to grow very warm around him. If woman is going to go everywhere that man goes, and do everything the man does, and talk and feel, and in all respects conduct herself as man does, distinguishable from men only by the difference of her clothes, her significance is vanished irrecoverably.

It is in that that lies the real genius of holy marriage. Such marriage is the union of a man that is nothing but man, with a woman that is nothing but woman, woman all the way up to the strong sweet overtowering feminineness of her last womanly thought.

And the more unlike man woman is, so much the more she means to him, and the more he wants her, if he is a clean man, and the more he will love her, because he not only looks at her but looks up to her, and realizes that there is a certain fineness in her world that is not in his own. She says in that Magazine interview, "we will not marry you unless you give us the ballot." Not many men who were in pursuit of a helpmate would under those circumstances be inclined to propose. Honest marriage—marriage that is above the marriage of two brutes—does not flourish in that kind of atmosphere; it would be too much like courting a simoom and making love to a tornado.

No: we men have put woman on a high pedestal; not so far above us that we cannot reach her, but so far above us that we cannot reach her without reaching up. And she will have to be infinitely careful or she will knock herself off of that pedestal, and when she gets down to that point where the only recognizable difference between her and man lies in the unlikeness of her garments and in some anatomical discrepancies, her supreme prerogative will all have been sacrificed, her distinctive influence as woman will all of it have gone.

Woman will get all she wants if she is woman in her way of getting it: but if she is man in her way of getting it she will not get more than half of what she wants. So far as she resorts

to purely masculine implements in her attainment of a feminine victory she will count only as man. One woman will count only as one man, whereas by endowment of nature and of God she ought to count as one and a fraction, perhaps two. Votes do not settle anything. The settling is all done before the balloting begins. Votes simply register what has been settled previously. And if women will remain women, and very much so, and will recognize that as such they stand on higher ground than man and will *stick* to that higher ground, they will do the settling, whereas, if they come down to man's lower level they will have to take their chances and will mean no more in the shaping of events than they would have done had they been born members of the other sex.

We have this evening taken the present situation rather seriously. There is a great deal involved, more than is realized by some who think carelessly. There is an element in society of those who are alert, who imagine that change is necessarily progress, and who without any intention of being superficial have never studiously inventoried the containings of their own womanhood and who have not expended conscientious time and effort in discovering what it is exactly that that womanhood prescribes and ordains. Those who from the possession of that delicate quality of feminineness which makes publicity distasteful, have nevertheless pressing upon them at this moment the obligation to enter into and to bring to more public attention than they have yet done, the fundamental principles which are what is to guide us, and to determine all these great social problems. The final and safe answer to all these urgent questions will not be rendered by show of hands, nor by enthusiasm nor by flags and brass bands, but by the law of God as it is published in his word and as it is inscribed in the human constitution, male and female.

As you have certainly been able to discover, my contention has not been *against* suffrage. My preference is for a positive rather than for a negative program. Contending *against* what one may believe to be untrue does not pay nearly as well as contending *for* what one believes to be true. The suffrage question is rather an aspect of the present situation than the substance of it. It is a symptom only of underlying conditions. My own interest and efforts are not then destructive but constructive rather, and grounded on a very positive foundation, this namely: the essential distinction between the sexes.

Born in a New England Christian home, where the father was one of God's priests, and my mother one of God's priestesses, myself for five years a teacher of pupils of both sexes, thirty-five years a minister—through all that time a careful and intensely interested observant of the qualities of personality that

I had to deal with; I am not altogether a novice upon the question of sex-distinction.

Whether the extension of the privilege of suffrage to women be best or not best, the question at any rate touches life on many of its serious sides, and that makes the question itself serious, and therefore demands for its treatment a state of mind that is studious and composed, exempt from all taint of the feverish, the jocose or the hysterical. Flowers do not come to their fairest and healthiest bloom in a whirlwind, neither do opinions.

Going for example into our schools and inflaming young girlhood with a passionate interest in this question, or in any other question of moment, is clear indication of a certain interior turbulence which is exclusive of steady or even sane thinking. If suffrage comes, the character of women, the relation of the sexes and the condition of the public, social, industrial and political, is bound to be affected by it, either favorably or adversely.

Whichever of the two ways the experiment might issue, the issue is bound to be of large proportions; and the fitness of any person, man or woman, for the exercise of any new and important function is to be measured by the quiet thoughtfulness with which the person approaches the exercise of that function. The statement just made leaves quite untouched the matter of suffrage in itself considered, but it does perhaps have some bearing on the question as to whether those who are most voluminously and eruptively advocating it are just the ones best qualified for exercising it.

But to return to our main contention; the manliness of man and the womanliness of woman. Even those who put the main emphasis upon physiological differences will nevertheless probably allow that there is, as a rule, a flavor pertaining to feminine personality that differentiates it from the personality of the male. It is expressed by saying that a masculine woman is as much a reproach to her sex as an effeminate man is to his. A masterful lady is almost a contradiction in terms.

Jeanne d'Arc, represented as clad in armor, may be true to history but is false to the girl. She was at one time the controlling personage of France, but the poor maid confessed reiterately and piteously that in that character she dishonored her sex, and longed to be out of it all and to be back in little Domremy, in her humble home by the side of her mother. Jeanne was thoroughly feminine, and though compelled by force of circumstances to enter into what she felt to be the masculine domain, she realized that she was unsexing herself and deplored the outrage that she was thus committing.

Masterfulness is not a quality that we could call femininely decorative. Very few women would consider it so, and no men. The Amazons are interesting to read about, but are less fascinating to meet. A man on the contrary is more or less wooden unless he is masterful. It is by virtue of that that he becomes the head of the household. The household can have but one head and the man is that one; always has been and always will be. His masculineness appoints him to that position; history guarantees that appointment and Scripture puts upon it the divine sanction. Man is the axis of the home, and woman is the atmosphere. I rather like that way of putting it. It may not be universally accepted, but I do know that it is a mighty nice kind of home to be born and to grow up in.

Now it is my home life and all my studious observance of personality these forty years that occasion my interest in the present agitated state of the female mind in the parts here about. When I say "in the parts hereabout," I am thinking of a letter recently addressed to a friend of mine by Mr. Bok of the "Ladies Home Journal" which has a female constituency covering the entire country.

A copy of that letter I have in my study, and an extract from it is as follows: "We are," he writes, "in an exceptional position to know the temper of American women as a whole, and I give you my word for it that this whole matter has not risen in any way to the dignity of a question. It is simply an agitation and we must always make that distinction. I think you have perhaps looked at this matter from the New York standpoint, where there is so much being said, but you must think also of the hundred of small cities throughout the country where we know positively that the discussion has not penetrated and where women have no patience with it whatever."

I express no opinion as to the accuracy of Mr. Bok's judgment. I state it for what it is worth; I only know that he has exceptional opportunity for reaching an opinion touching matters of interest to your sex; and I know that when it rains in New York, it is easy to suppose that it is wet weather all over the country and easy to imagine that seismic disturbance hereabout signifies earthquake all the way from Fifth Avenue to the Pacific. Perhaps it does. I don't know. I only thought that you might be interested in learning the opinion of one who certainly has very exceptional opportunity for forming an opinion.

But to come back a moment; I was saying that due to the emphasis that I have learned by my studies and contacts to lay upon the masculineness of man and the feminineness of woman, the restless quivering condition of mind that distinguishes just now an element of your sex has gotten on my nerve. I am not

bitter. It is not a thing to be bitter about. A man or woman who cannot talk about so serious a question as the respective function of the sexes without falling into bad language and becoming sanguinary and frescoing himself or herself with war-paint, is not in a frame of mind or in a temper of spirit to speak in a manner worthy of the speaker or of the theme. I expect that we almost all of us want what is best for society at large. If we do, we shall get it, whatever it is that we get.

But, as said, it is not the voting business that is on my nerve, but it is this, that whereas the biological law, as already intimated, requires that the farther the process of evolution is carried the more distinct from one another in quality, and therefore in function, the two sexes naturally become, it would appear that there is (a good deal in evidence) a certain ingredient of your sex that would reverse that law, and that would close up the gap between the two sexes except so far as that is physiologically forbidden.

There is more and more going on in the world—in which women are the actors—of such a character, and done in such a way, that if they were to wear man's apparel no suspicion would be excited that they were not themselves men. Which would seem to mean that for the most practical purposes they might just as well have been men; which so far forth is a distinct repeal of the biological law just mentioned, and I would also add a distinct affront put upon the native and obvious characteristics of woman.

The distinctive genius of woman is lodged not in her logical nor in her executive faculties, but in her sensibilities. Of course we are not so ignorant of history and of biography as not to know that there are exceptions to that, and very marked exceptions. For instance we have not forgotten Queen Elizabeth, who, however, in her general composition was far more masculine than feminine. We remember too that it is reported of Mary Somerville that she was the only person, male or female, that perfectly comprehended the *Mécanique Céleste* of La Place. But even so, the exceptions are insufficiently numerous to invalidate the assertion, that woman's genius is lodged in her sensibilities and therefore in her faculty for appealing to personality, for the world is governed by heart and not by intellect, and woman has the heart; that is she has, if she is finely feminine, just as it is the caloric thread, not the luminous thread, of the sunbeam that makes the trees grow. So that whatever work woman does that does not involve the exercise of sensibilities is to that extent a waste of woman.

And this of course grazes close upon the whole great and serious question of woman in industries. It has been stated—I do

not know with how much of accuracy—that there are in this country six million women who are dependent for livelihood upon their own exertions. A very considerable proportion of these have entered the field of physical industries—are obliged to do so.

We cannot therefore lament that the doors of such industries are opened to them, but we do lament with inexpressibly bitter regret that they have to enter these doors, for by doing work that costs only muscle, with perhaps a minimum of intelligence, and no expenditure of sensibility—work that has no heart in it and that makes no appeal to personality—she leaves totally unused the very choicest thing that is in her, the very jewel of her crown; and the expense of all that to the world is incalculable. In becoming the atmosphere of the home, in giving school instruction, in ministering to the sick, in comforting the distressed, in the service of the fine arts—wherever warm pressure can be brought to bear upon personality, wherever there is opportunity for the play of the emotions and the affections, there is something that is distinctively hers to do, and she can do it with queenly effect.

But my friends, I have run on to a length that I did not anticipate. You see how far removed my prime interest is from this "Votes for women" question. That question is simply one crumb of a big loaf of problem which the superficially minded ones of your sex have hardly commenced yet to masticate, saying nothing about the more difficult task of digesting it.

If I have spoken to you frankly to-night, I have at any rate spoken honestly. I have no hobby. Truth is a great thing, and when I get hold of what seems to me a little piece of it, I love to give it, knowing that however much of it I give I have just as much left. In the presence of these great questions we may differ but we cannot afford to quarrel. We all want what is best. There is only one truth, however various may be its aspects. Man here in America believes in woman and perhaps sometimes believes in her more thoroughly and intelligently than she believes in herself. As civilization goes on, woman will fill a larger and larger sphere, but it will be *her* sphere, not man's sphere. And if the current of civilization is not diverted from its natural channel its progress will issue in the increased differentiation of the sexes, but at the same time binding the two more closely in relations of mutual dependence and mutual support.