

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

Which Loves Best, a Man or a Woman.

BY HELEN OLDFIELD.

There be some subjects of never ending discussion, all the more so, it would seem, because they are such as can by no possibility be definitely decided one way or another. Among these unprofitable questions few are more thoroughly and constantly thrashed out than that: "Which loves best, a man or a woman?"

To this there would appear to be but one answer. Feelings cannot be measured excepting by results, and even this measure is but partial. "We live together years and years,

And leave unsounded still
Each other's springs of hopes and fears,
Each other's depth of will."

There are men and men, there are women and women, and, as Mulvaney says, "Love is like fighting; it takes people differently." Some men love more deeply than other men, more devotedly than some women, and vice versa. It seems the fashion of late to insist upon analyzing feelings and emotions, to strive to grasp the intangible, to discuss men and women as though they were of different species instead of one flesh, members, all, of the same family. Humanity is much the same, male and female. If:

"The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under the skin,"

So, also, the colonel and Patrick are brothers, and closely akin to their womankind. Love is, above all else, the "one touch of nature" which makes the whole world kin." Scout it, scorn it, deny it, as any man and some women may, nevertheless, it lies in wait for every one, and may, at any moment, arise to claim its own. Like the lightning it may fail to strike, but when it does there is no force upon earth equal to it, few which can resist its power. It is the passion which most entirely sways human nature, gives its colour to existence, dominates thought inspiring and controlling moods of mind. It aspects are so many and diverse, its changes so numerous, its influence so subtle and strong; so absolutely does it interpenetrate life, so vital is its effect upon humanity that preachers and teachers, poets and moralists have to this day failed to exhaust the subject. Its contradictions might well afford material for a volume of commonplace. At one time so wholly selfish that it thinks only of its own gratification, of its own trials, vexations, and suffering; at another it will welcome the greatest sacrifices with the spirit of a martyr, will yield everything and endure anything for the sake of the beloved. It is trustful, yet suspicious; timid, yet bold; humble, yet arrogant. One moment it is reproachful and complaining, at another it pours forth praises and tender protestations. Weeping one hour and smiling the next, no one knows what to expect of it nor what phase it may assume. All this applies as well to men as to women, and none can determine upon which side the balance sways lowest. One might fill a volume with apt quotations from noted authors in favour and disfavour of each. If Shakespeare wrote that "men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love," none the less he drew Romeo; if he pronounces woman "a very weath'ringcock," he also declares men to be "deceivers ever." Byron in one place calls the love of a woman "a fearful thing," and in another defines it as her whole existence, and so, praise and dispraise might be multiplied indefinitely.

Mrs. Browning and Miss Procter may well be classed as poet laureates of woman's love and constancy. While one wrote from the depths of a heart battered in the fulness of the one love of a lifetime, the other was jilted by her lover and is said to have died by slow degrees of a broken heart. In Washington Irving's exquisite sketch, "The Broken Heart," he says: "I believe in broken hearts and in the possibility of dying of disappointed love. I do not, however, consider it a

malady often fatal to my own sex, but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave."

The balance of proof of strong and irresistible affection, as evidenced by desperate deeds, such as murder and suicide, is largely upon the masculine side of the ledger. But against this fact may be charged another—namely: that a man may, if he be so disposed, shout his love from the housetops. People may consider him a fool and suspect him of lunacy, but since love is not infrequently accounted madness, he will have no such measure of scorn and contempt meted out to him as is the portion of the woman who openly parades an unrequited attachment. Tradition and custom are inflexible in demanding that she shall be silent in such case and hide her wound, however painful. It is as instinctive with a woman, as with a wounded deer, to creep to cover when hurt through the heart.

No one can dispute the fact that men often love devoutly and suffer cruelly from the inconstancy or heartlessness of women, but fate, here as in many other things, is on their side, and against the woman a man has many resources, chief among which is his business, for hard work is a sovereign antidote for mental troubles. He can get away from the familiar places which speak constantly of his sorrow, can make himself a new life, and create a new atmosphere; while the woman, poor soul, must usually "stay put," with no chance of escape from her ghosts nor ability to seek "fresh fields and pastures new."

Woman's faith and unfaith, man's unshaken truth, and man's contemptible treachery, these are to-day, as they have been from the beginning, the never failing theme of poet and romancer, the threads interwoven with all human history, the underlying currents of life and love. Some ships are wrecked and others arrive safely at their desired haven, and none can prophesy beforehand which shall be saved and which shall be lost.

For aught we know to the contrary, Adam and Eve may have disputed the one with the other which gave strongest proof of love, he by eating the apple, with her, that whatever came he might share her lot, or she by refusing to partake of the fruit alone. Yet to all eternity the love which is truest and best is the love which "believeth all things, hopeth all things"; the love which is mutual the two halves of which united make a perfect whole. Those who feel this have never any inclination to dissect it in order to weigh the one part against the other.

After all is said, the prayer for lovers should be that of Solomon: "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm, for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave."

Fair Without and Within.

This unjust assumption is part of the folly of beauty worship. To blindly connect perfection of heart with perfection of body is nothing but blind adoration and prejudice—yet there is surely something excusable about assuming that purity and loveliness go hand in hand, for they ought to do so. "The woman" whom God has given the priceless gift of loveliness should above all other women strive after perfection of soul. She wears on her face the fulfilment of an ideal. So fair without, she should be equally fair within. The low white brow, the sparkling eye, the pure white skin and soft red mouth should by Nature's right belong to the pure and upright and modest heart.

I often think that if two people mated who were both good as well as beautiful, and if they trained their children and their children's children to be virtuous beyond all other things on earth, they would produce a race of perfect physical beauty.

Note how a plain woman's face becomes irradiated when the nobler emotions pass over it, such as Love, self-sacrifice and good-temper. If a naturally plain face can thus be idealised,

what would not virtue do for a naturally beautiful one?

Let those among us then who are plain cultivate the beauty of mind that softens our unloveliness, and let the who are beautiful cultivate the nobleness of thought, lowliness of heart, and the uprightness of soul that will make beauty more perfect than mere physical loveliness alone can ever really make it.

The man who marries a plain woman often discovers in her many virtues he has never suspected—virtues that daily endear her to him more and more. The man, alas! who marries a beauty often finds that he has a spoilt, wilful nature to deal with.

This should be so. La Bruyere tells us that "a beautiful woman with the qualities of a noble man (which I take it means courage and truth, and judgment combined with pity and tenderness) is the most perfect thing in nature."

Bear this in mind, then, ye women who are beautiful! It is the beauty who ought to possess these secret hidden treasures, so that man in discovering them finds that he has allied himself to beauty and virtue as well, and is constrained by not only his eyes, but his heart, to worship in her an Ideal, a pure and spotless Eve, whom God has placed in his Garden of Eden.

Laying the Dust Storm.

Another American inventor has been devising an apparatus for enabling motorists to avoid covering themselves with dust.

The car in its forward movement, especially if it is moving rapidly, creates air currents beneath it which stir up the dust, and it also creates behind it a partial vacuum. The dust-laden air from beneath the car rushes up behind to fill this partial vacuum, and, as a result, deposits or almost throws the dust over the rear top edge into the car and upon the occupants.

To prevent this a shield has been extended out behind the car, but such shield is only a makeshift, and is more or less unsightly on a touring car of the tonneau type. The inventor, after studying the problem, discovered that by controlling the air currents thus formed they could be deflected in such a manner as to break up and interfere with the objectionable dust-laden currents.

To accomplish this he uses a shield, preferably a thin sheet of metal, painted to correspond with the tonneau finish, which extends from the side of the car well to the rear, terminating just at the edge of the rear door. The air currents which flow into the front ends of these conduits are deflected and discharged across the rear end of the car in a zone with the upper edge.

The inventor explains that as this air, taken from a considerable distance above the ground and thus free from dust, is discharged from the rear of these channels, or air conduits, it creates a partial vacuum behind the car, and this zone interferes with the usual sudden uprush of dust-laden air, which, thus checked, is prevented from flowing over the rear edge of the car.

Plain Women.

There are many types of feminine beauty, and even a type that is not attractive, and that repels while it attracts.

"There are," says a renowned writer, "beautiful flowers that are scentless, and beautiful women who are unlovable."

There are also beauties who are even less than skin deep—society ladies and "stage ladies, who are apt at slight notice to come to pieces. "Fine feathers make fine birds," and false hair and paint sometimes create a dazzling beauty that is quite undistinguishable from the real article—if seen in the right light. On the other hand, some women seem to take a kind of pleasure in lessening as much as possible the good looks with which nature has endowed them.

Athletic women sometimes make themselves unnecessarily unfeminine, and if I may coin a word, unbeautiful. You have only to look at a photograph of the champion golf team or the champion hockey team, to feel if you value your feminine supremacy that you will for ever eschew both games.

I think, quite apart from the necessary "useful clothes," that there is an unnecessary want of femininity sometimes about these man-despising, athletic girls. Please note that I say "sometimes," for I have known athletes to be exceedingly attractive.

It is the woman who affect to despise men who are the least lovely as a rule, although why because a woman has a grievance against men she should deprive herself of one of the rights after which she is striving, by making her appearance as unpleasing as possible, is more than I can understand.

I often think naturally plain women are notoriously generous about their more beautiful sisters. "It's awfully hard luck," said a plain girl to me the other day, "awfully hard luck that Mollie (Mollie is a pretty cousin) should get all the attention. Everybody is nice to her, and she gets her own way in everything. I wish she had my curly hair and my nose," she added, half viciously, and then laughed good-naturedly—plain girls are generally good-natured—and smiled cheerily, "not that I grudge it her, because she is such a darling, isn't she?"

As a matter of fact, Mollie the beautiful, with her tip-toed nose, her soft little dimpled face, is by nature far less of a "daring" than the curly-haired cousin, with whom to judge by accidental, deceptive outward appearances, it seems impossible to associate such a term. But such, alas! is the prejudice of human nature that is so deftly led astray by sight and sound.

Do Names Influence Character?

A name, especially a Christian name — or "given" name, as they call it in America—is bound to be more or less of an accident. One baby is very much like any other. It is quite impossible at the early age at which an infant is usually christened to predict with any likelihood of correctness what profession or calling that baby will eventually adopt. If it were, one might be

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