

# WOMAN -- A DILEMMA

BY TOM BROWN

'Tis Well That This Is Not A Co-educational School, Or Otherwise—Well, Read It!

## The Cynic

She's just an essential in this life, as far as I'm concerned, like water and food and fire. She's nothing extraordinary, as the foolish are prone to believe—nothing mysterious and wonderful about her.

Woman is as shallow as a bath tub, as easy to see through as a window pane. And what can be seen? Just pettiness, vanity, and temperament. All the friction-causing qualities are her's. She is full of foolish foibles and quick to imagine herself abused, besides being intensely selfish with that which she wants and disgustingly generous with that for which she has no use. She has a place in this world and a job in this life. She was meant to be the mother of the race—the direct instrument with which posterity is created. That is enough of a job for anyone. And when "Woman's New Freedom" spurs her on to take up the fight (man's job) the foolish virgin realizes not that she is woman only in physical features—that philosophically she is mis-sexed. And as for setting the love of woman before you as the greatest thing in life—the object of life itself, **bunk!** That's merely a little diversion offered between rounds—a little spice thrown in to make it not too unbearable, and continue the race. The object of life is—work! Battle! Whether with brain-cell or brawn, whether you see the goal or not, plod on. And, hapless drone, when there are no problems to solve or elements to battle, pit your nervous muscles against each other, and fight. Struggle and strive on and on—for what you know not. Surely the frilly female does not belong here.

And yet some unthinking men raise her on a pedestal, enshrine her, case her in bejeweled glass. Nonsense. The altitude affects her head and makes her only the worse. If you had the cigarette habit and craved nicotine, would you take each cigarette, guard it with a mania, write poems to it, compose songs to it, and spend most of your life pampering it? No. You'd smoke it.

Well—

## The Poet

Woman—the sacred love of woman! That is the only answer to our agonized entreaties of the meaning of life. That alone can bring us the sweetness, the beauty of life for which we search so fervently, yet find so seldom. "Tis the answer to it all."

She is fair, gracious, tender, a physical embodiment of all ideal for which mere man can strive so hopelessly, yet be so wildly happy in that hopelessness. She, with one small caress, can charge a man with power enough to conquer the unconquerable, to control mighty Destiny with his finger-tips, to feel he is a god. She is to be revered, worshipped, exalted. That is love—that is the key beauty to all beauties in life. She keeps the sole passage to that land of complete Utopian happiness, and begs you enter. He who would not is the fool.

"But," say you, "is not this fantastic fairy-land of your an illusion, a dream composed of that material found inside a bubble?"

How can it be ought but real when you have created it? Bacon assumed he existed, because he thought. May not I assume sacred love for woman is real, because I feel it?

Why doubt and dabble with proof, like doddering old scientists, who do not believe until they see? One casts despairingly about for something in this life—he knows at first not what. Then at length he realizes it is an object, happiness, beauty. He stares about him at the items in this world's storehouse with fault-finding, searching eyes, and finds them ugly, commonplace, trivial. His eyes grow dim, his soul becomes stifled.

But if he is as wise as I, he soon discovers that all beauty he enjoys in this life will be not handed him on platters of gold. No, he must create his own lenses through which to look at all things, and thus see their beauty. And woman is the Goddess of this new world you enjoy so highly now.

Why? Because each quality that makes this new, wonderfully pleasant world out of the shell of the old one is entwined around her heartstrings in a mesh that will never be unraveled. Each quality—love, blind trust, faith, belief.

"Simple, sentimental tripe!" croaks our unhappy, truth-seeking mathematical friend. "The fellow's crazy!"

"Simple and sentimental, is it, my narrow-sighted old codger? But it serves, my friend, it serves. And is the fellow crazy?"