Womanhood, From the Physician's Viewpoint.

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(Annual Oration)

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I have no apology to make for this subject, only my temerity in presenting it to you this evening. It is as old as Eden and as new as the dawn of the Twentieth Centuary. It has been the subject of prose, the theme of orators and the song of poets. It is too interesting to be hackneyed, too important to be neglected.

The tendency in literature to idealize woman is one which is, on the whole, praiseworthy in its spirit and beneficent in its results. It is praiseworthy in its spirit because it is an indication of the reverence in which woman is held by man. If the time should ever be abated and woman should appear to her companion less than she now appears to him, if she should ever exchange her supremac yof influence for an equality of power, he would lose in the transfer almost as much as she. It is beneficiient in its results because our life depends upon our ideals. Because woman is idealized by man, woman is inspired to her highest and noblest self, and man is inspired to be worthy the appreciation of one the value of whose

judgment he may sometimes possibly overrate.

Nevertheless, whoever reads the signs of the times aright will not fail to comprehend that the day of woman's activity,, power and glory is upon us. Through the fevered discussion of the "rights" of woman, which has been one of the striking phenomena of our day—surging upon the shores of our literature, our politics, and our social life, with much of false assertion and unreaonable demand — beating frantically sometimes against barriers of political economy and social morality, whose fall would unsettle the very foundations of society—it cannot be doubted that a great tide of achievement for woman has been gaining ground.

When we look back fifty years and note what women have achieved in educational, business, philanthropic and sociological lines, there is cause for congratulation, and American womanhood stands on a broad, high plateau, with eager faces turned hopefully to the future. But they are yet many leagues from the millennium; and, with it all, does she sufficiently realize the duty and responsibility devolving upon her in regard to the betterment of home and humanity? This new century is ushering her in as a decided factor in the world's progress and will doubtless bring her into greater activities and prominence than ever, but God instituted woman

many centuries ago, when He set certain limits to her physical development, and He has not yet shown any decided intention of changing her mental qualities into replicas of the biped He created a short time previous, and called man.

Let me say here and now that I have personally no objection to women voting, but I am opposed to any proposed reconstruction of woman which would turn all that admired half of the race into a second edition of man, and in my opinion this would be a very dreary world with only male and female men in it.

We gladly hail the good already done in the reform of barbarous laws and the opening of new opportunities of education and industry. But we need to watch against that tendency to Nihilism, which is the peril of all reforms. Some there are who would sweep away everything existing in order that their new theories might possess the ground alone. But Christian, American womanhood, as it exists today, at this height of human advance, is too fair and precious a treasure to be rashly flung into the crucible of any experiment, in the hope that some better thing may come out. Rude warfare may in a moment shatter a Parthenon which, to the end of the world, can never be built again. We would rather perfect the Temple of Womanhood after the pattern of Co-

logne Cathedral, where the walls piled by long vanished hands are left firm in place, the stained glass, centuries old, casts its soft light down the stately aisles, while new towers are reared heavenward by the wonderful machinery of today and storied windows of living artists answer those of ancient days; and all according to the plan of the primal architect.

Coming to the question of the intimate resemblances between the masculine and the feminine intelligence, no man would be venturesome enough to dispute these, but he may be pardoned if he thinks—one would hope in no spirit of exultation—also of the differences. It is an unquestionable truth, that men and women constitute different classes of human beings, but it is a distinction without disparagement.

Our modern knowledge of woman represents her as having characteristic differences from man from a biological and anthropolgical standpoint. Notwithstanding these differences, no one doubts her ability in any sphere of life. Women have proved their power to speak by speaking, to combine by combining, to organize by organizing. She has guided great movements of charity, established missions, edited journals, published works on history, economy and statistics, governed nations, led armies, filled the professor's chair, taught philosophy and mathematics to

savants, and piloted ships across the sea. There can be no true, complete national life unless womanhood has a vital share in its conflicts, its hopes, its ambitions and its triumphs. Miriam rendered Israel a great service and was a contributor to the commonwealth, when she which followed the overthrow of the hosts of Pharaoh in the Red Sea, Miriam's place was in the foreground. One of the greatest treasures the Hebrews brought out of Egypt was Miriam, their first prophetess, but limitation in her life came out in the episode, when she criticised and formulated objections to Mosses' second wife, and the part she took in the attempt at social rebellion, and to break down the authority of Moses, which was to imperil the nation. She and Aaron exhibited something of personal jealousy and fear of their own influence when they said, "Hath the Lord indeed spoken only by Moses; Hath He not spoken also by us?" Miriam belongs to the past, but she is a heroine of the Exodus, a living symbol of the time of preparation, a forerunner of the so-called coming woman. The song of Deborah was one of the oldest and noblest lyrics in the world. She could not only write Israel's Marsallaise, but she could lead the armies that her song inspired, and if she had not the visions and voices of Joan of Arc, she had her faith and courage in the unseen, when she and her peronsally appointed

general Barak gained a wonderful victory in the plains of Esdraelon, the "classic battle-ground of scripture," and the leader was a woman even in that early age. Victoria ruled England, and many an Englishman many times sang in adoration, "God Save the Queen." The wisdom of the reign of Elizabeth, "Good Queen Bess," gave England her prestige. Isabella I. of Spain, the patron saint of America, without whose generosity our country today might have been a wilderness, after Ferdinand's refusal, the disapproval of the wise men of her own kingdom, rose in her queenly majesty, and said, "I undertake it for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." Florence Nightingale brought order and efficiency into the hospitals of the Crimea; and Clara Bartin, with her clear head and generous heart, lifted up the starving women of Strasburg, and made it possible for them to be self-supporting. Examples of woman's ability and success in every line of endeavor might be multiplied.

But the question more serious in the public mind today is the changing attitude of our womanhood toward social and public questions. The South for many generations has been noted for the chivalry of its men and the modesty and virtue of its women, but it does not require the eye of a prophet to see that

there is a widespread decay of conservatism and modesty in our womanhood, which will not only prove disastrous to them but hurtful to the members of the other sex as well. In view of this every one who has a real fellow-feeling for woman, and who is concerned for her material welfare, as a father is concerned for his daughter's, will above everything else desire to nurture and encourage in man the sentiment of chivalry, and in woman that disposition of mind that makes chivalry possible. Our factories may yet go up in smoke, our railroads and telegraphs be made the sport of anarchy and war, our farms become desolate and tenantless as the fertile plains of Italy. With Socialism and Communism looming on the horizon, it is no time to scoff at tenderness, or trample upon love. The industrial and economic are but the outer garments of our civilization. Love is the substance, the indwelling spirit, the soul of all of their activity. The most enduring element of our national strength lies in the fact that our American life centers around the fireside. We are proud to boast of the bravery of our men, the beauty and purity of our women, and they have these qualities because the home is their school and the mother their teacher. The wise Creator, when He made woman, gave her the two highest offices in His gift—those of wife and mother. And it is a pathological fact

that women as a sex, must respect and revere the divine mission of their sex, which is motherhood. The moment they outrage or distort or deny the purpose for which they were created they become shirkers and drones. Misdirected government is a bad thing, so bad that the men of this country can be relied to correct it whenever necessary, but misdirected sex is a national tragedy, which, if it is not checked, will degenerate the race. Rather may the American woman be the mother of a great race.

The model held up to Christian women is not the Amazon, glorying in her martial deeds and prowess; it is not the Spartan woman who made perfection consist in the development of physical strength at the expense of feminine decorum and modesty; it is not the goddess of impure love, like Venus, whose votaries regard beauty of form and personal charms as the highest type of female excellence; nor is it the goddess of imperial will, like Juno. No; the model held up to woman from the dawn of Christianity is the peerless mother of our Redeemer, and the paintings of the Madonna hang upon the walls of many a library in the homes of our country.

We hear much of the "feminine unrest" now agitating the world. There may be—and certainly are—restless women. But so, one must believe, there always have been. Eve was restless,

Judith, Helen and Sappho, and those interesting women who lived in the French courts, the ones who helped the Pilgrim Fathers maintain themselves in their extremely narrow paths of righteousness, the ladies who gathered to sew things for the soldiers at the front in the time of the War between the States, and those others who have denounced their sisters for demanding the ballot. Restlessness is a trait of the species and has no sex, any more than love and jealousy and envy and a liking for power and fame have.

For this feminine unrest, let me suggest as a palliative, or perhaps a cure, the renaissance of the home. Lectures on domestic science and home efficiency should be increased. Hand labor should be replaced by machinery, just as it has been in the factory, and domestic economy and domestic science schools should turn their attention to the practical side of work and emancipation from drudgery. The A. and M. College, located in this city, has accomplished a great deal in the extension and encouragement of agriculture and there ought to be at the University of North Carolina and in all of our female colleges, a course for women in Home Econmics and Domestic Science. While governments, both State and National, spend actual millions upon decreasing the toil and increasing the results of the man's work on the farm, for instance, nothing has been

done for the farm woman. Let our public men, teachers, politicians and legislators, who have the good of our country and race at heart, be alert for the modern and scientific and endeavor to originate, foster and give welcome place to these courses whenever and wherever they can, and let women learn that scientific or simplified housekeeping is not beneath the attention of the refined nor beyond the comprehension of the uncultured. It is the duty of the rich and the salvation of the poor.

Women should have the best and highest education they can obtain; and education involves care of the physical, culture of the intellectual, and direction of the moral and spiritual nature. I beleive it is the duty of every woman to make of her own body the strongest, best machine possible; and I believe that one of the greatest lessons to be taught the women of America today is care of themselves.

This century, though yet young, has already been not inappropriately termed the health age. The things that make life worth while, that really constitute happiness, may be founded on physical health, but do not consist in it solely. In our laudable zeal over hygiene, let us not forget to keep in touch with the higher things. In our emphasis on building muscle tissue and blood for resistance to disease, let us not forget the quality of the neuron through which

the spirit sends its message. In our passion for health and vigor, let us not forget "the passion for sweetness and light and for making them prevail."

I believe that parents should patronize, support and encourage those schools in which the Bible is daily taught—not an expurgated woman's Bible—but the Bible of our fathers and mothers; because it is one of the most effective instruments of intellectual culture and mental discipline, which presents the sublimest morals, and which is the true source of spiritual light. In such temples of science our daughters may become as stones polished after the similitude of a palace. A writer urges this most beautifully and impressively in these striking words: "Connect Jerusalem with Athens; intertwine the ivy of Parnassus around the cedar of Lebanon; weave into the wreath of flowerets plucked from the vale of Temps, the rose of Sharon, and remember at your festivals that, among the hills of Palestine ,there is a hill of tenderer interest and higher hope than either Ida or Olympia."

Educate them in the truest and broadest sense, and while they may have caught the spirit of the times and become expansionists by invading new territories, and may have been maquerading as the "eternal feminine' or the "new woman," these little excursions and diversions will only make her prize

the more her old dominion, and the complexities of her nature will find full play in the evolutions in the American home. For here is the key to the regeneration of the race, the rise or downfall of the nation. Here lies woman's divinest opportunity, her supremest obligation and her richest reward.

The former of our bodies and the Father of our spirits had human homes in mind when He fashioned the soul of woman. Kipling makes one of his characters say, "There are just two kinds of women in the world: Those who put strength into men and those who take it out of them." All that a man hath will be given for his life—but his life itself he holds at the call of something still dearer; and oftenenst, and best of all, that is love.

My plea is for the higher morality and the holier womanhood and to emphasize the preciousness of home, because the affections and emotions have greatest power within a narrow circle of intense personal attachment and interest. As their range is widened, their vividness is diminished. And while no one yet can tell what the distinctively womanly qualities of mind may do in the wide world, the ages have proved that these qualities are supremely adapted to the making of home.

In the home-life—in the relations of wife and mother, sister and daughter—the affectionate, emotional nature of

woman finds the field of its triumph and glory. There it wields against all the world's strifes and temptations, toils and cares, a great and holy power, such as all the systems of philosophy and philanthropy of all time could not equal. The kind of affection which woman gives and inspires has power to pervade man's whole heart and life, coming up in every change of occupation or pause of thought. Every true man can understand that it was no mere dramatic display of affection, but the simple prompting of his great heart, when President Garfield turned, at the close of his inaugural address, to kiss his wife and mother, who sat beside him. The thunder of cannon, the waving af banners, the applause of thousands, the assembly of great men, the Presidency itself, however otherwise valued, brought no pleasure so sweet as that of laying them all as trophies at the feet of the self-sacrificing mother, who had been the light of his boyhood's home, and the devoted wife who inspired and shared the cares and toils of his manhood.

Barrie's nice sketch of "Margaret Ogilivie" recites how his mother declared she would be proud to be the mother of Robert Louis Stevenson; as for himself, Barrie vows that all he is or has done he owes to his mother. What an exquisite story is that which Burdette tells of the invalid wife, to whom he read his merry conceits to while away

her pain, and who saw his power in her sick room, knew the world admired it as she did, and coaxed him on till, before her sweet spirit passed away, she had seen him on the high places of honor and success.

Dickens has drawn no more beautiful picture of love than that of Agnes Wickfield for her father, as he sinks more and more under the spell of intemperance, and at last comes forth rescued by her tireless devotion. The intense, fervid affection of which the womanly character is capable, reaches sometimes, in such cases, an excess, which, to thoughtless, or cold-natured person, seems absurd or insane, but, just then, to one capable of appreciating it, becomes sublime in its irrationality, seeming like a reflection of the infinite compassion of God.

Such love is stronger than death. The ocean wind brings across the deep the last whisper of the exile dying afar, whose pale lips murmur "Mother!" Under the forest tree where the surge of battle has swept by, the stricken soldier rests, the hand rigid in death holding the photograph of wife and little ones, just as it held it to catch the last glance of the fading eyes. Such devotion the most majestic woman that ever swayed a popular assembly never won. But such devotion any woman who is true, lovely and loving, may win in the humblest home. And of this the world has

greater need, for men can make orations, but they cannot make homes.

Language, which is but the crystalized thought of nations, tells the story. Home without a woman is unknown to human speech. The military officer has his "quarters," the sea captain his "cabin," the herdsman his "ranch," the student or clerk his "rooms," or perhaps, his "den," associated men have "clubs," "societies," "lodges." Woman only has "home"—and man associated with her. The mother can make a home for a grown-up son, a sister for a brother, a daughter for a widowed father. Mother and daughter, grandmother, daughter and granddaughter, perhaps, or a bevy of sisters, will have a "home." But father and son, or a group of brothers, never. Are not two weak points in our civilization now, the living of young men unwed in our cities, trying to amass money for princely housekeeping, when at last they marry? By the time they become worth much money, they cease to be worth anything themselves. Cupid should have less cupidity. We need a revival of falling in loce, and this twentieth century needs to exalt and consecrate domestic love, and then a renaissance of the home.

Francis E. Willard once said, "The mission of the ideal woman is to make the whole world homelike. But in my opinion the homelike world will be made only by making it a world of homes.

Home can never be generalized, because it is founded upon the love of one man for one woman. Make, for instance, your Masonic Hall never so beautiful, with its velvet carpets, its luxurous chairs, its mirrors and gems of art. Make a Sorosis hall to match, with the added grace that woman's taste will suggest. Let the manners of both societies be never so refined, and their thoughts never so exalted. Let them interchange courtesies, have mutual receptions, and all that, and you still have not touched home. But, when some young man's heart says,, with fervid truth, "She is all the world to me," and some woman's heart answers with a love that can keep through all the years the spirit of "John Anderson, my Jo," and they join their life's destiny in wedlock's deathless bond, there you have home, though there are none of the luxuries, and few of what the world calls the refinements of life.

There is no new woman. They are all identically the same as Eve and Sarah and Ruth. They have the same natures, the same love of family and home, the same desire to be of use to others that women have always had. There is nothing greater in life than this great principle of helpfulness and service and love for others. It may be the world of home, it may be the schoolroom, it may be the ranks of fashionable society, or it may be the small country

town, but her love and her service are needed, and home-making is the life-work for the majority of women.

When the great Creator bestowed upon woman that property which permits her to be the instrument for the propagation of the human species, there was placed in her care the highest physiological function of which a human being might be capable. The perpetuation of the race is a primary concern of the divinity of biology, and motherhood is her divine heritage. A mission so amazing, so divine, demands woman's soul, her life, her all. Walter Scott or Lew Wallace takes the dead ages and makes their weapons and battles, their ships and houses and temples, and their very horses, intensely interesting to us by weaving around all some vivid threads of personal human life and destiny. And here is a being who may hold such a life in her hand from its very inception, to mould as a potter the clay, for majesty or degradation. If there should come to her a fair living head, with a brain capable of looking across the ages and up to God, with frame of wondrous mechanism, from the blood-vessels that make alive its tiny bones to the delicate cells that pink the skin, all instinct with life and the future, and she able to make of it almost what she will, pity her for the loss of loftier destiny! Not all Rosa Bonheur's canvas horses, no rall Harriet Hosmer's cold marbles are equal to one

ruddy, smiling, cooing baby, with just the right antecedents behind him and just the right training before him.

The excellences of the great men of all times have usually been foreshadowed, if not exemplified, in the characters of their mothers. Jochebed was the guardian of her infant boy from the edict of Pharaoh, and the boy became the guardian of Jethro's flocks, and then the shepherd, guide, and law-giver of the nation in its great exodus and wilderness march. Elizabeth was the chosen one to whom was given the honor of motherhood to him who was "more than a propeht"—the harbinger of the gospel itself. The genius and intellectual sweep of Gothe were foretoken in the many-sided brilliancy of Frau Rath. Hannah's faith found its largest fulfillment, not in the birth and infancy of her first-born son, but in the purity and strength of the prophet judge and his illustrious career as the restorer of the nation. A woman's gentle voice in the nursery changed the civilization of England. Was there any greater work that Osburga, the queen of Ethelwolf, could have been doing than reading Saxon poems to her sons, and awakening the mind of one who became Alfred the Great! Susanna Wesley found time from the domestic duties and trials of a large household to devote to the secular and moral education of her boys and girls. "Beautiful, amiable, thoughtful,

devout, and intelligent, says her biographer, "both linguist and lover, she was no more interested in the parsing of Greek and Latin than in the prattle of her children." Never has the world since the days of Abraham and Sarah, and Mary and Joseph had such a home as that home which gave to the world two illustrious men, a poet and a bishop. The influence of such a mother and such personalities does not cease. We cannot compute what the world owes to this woman who lived and wrought, prayed and toiled so faithfully in that obscure village of Epworth, in the humble parsonage of the eighteenth century. The mother of Charlemange, a Luther, a Cromwell, a Washington, was doing the greatest work there was to do in the world in her time. Every mother does not have such renowned sons, but the mothers of the unremembered heroes have a right in history's triumphal procession. They, too, were doing the greatest thing life had for them to do.

Every portraiture of true mother-love and home takes hold on the heart of the nations — Raphael's Madonnas and Longfellow's "Children's Hour," Robert Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," and it was the inspiration of a wanderer in a strange land, who felt the loneliness and pain which only those without a home can know, embalmed in deathless song and truest sentiment that ever dwelt in human heart or rose on mortal

lips—"Home, Sweet Home!" he cried, and immortality echoed the refrain. I know that Appollo swept such harmony from the lyre that the listening gods were charmed, and the world acclaimed him great diety of song. I know that Orpheus, with magic strain, led rocks and trees and beasts to follow him, and so enthralled the underworld that angels gazed thereon with envy. I know that Timotheus, with wondrous melody, subdued the riotous Alexander, awoke at will within his haughty soul emotions high as heaven, and instincts low as hell, and with a skillful change of chord displaced upon the monarch's lips a sigh of pity with a curse of fate. I know that David threw from his entrancing harp a concord that dispelled the gloom about the brow of Saul, and flooded Israel's palaces with the laughter of music and the joy of song. I know that Eleanor's troubadours at Antioch bewitched the Syrian air with the ballads of the South, and lightened the horrors of the second crusade. I know that the compositions of Palestrina, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven and the rest have vastly elevated man with sympthonies sublime. But I know that all of these combined by a master greater than those who as yet have lived into one gorgeous rhapsody can equal not the touching cadence and the simple majesty of "Home, Sweet Home." It contains a sentiment that appeals to men regardless of environ-

ment and destiny. It leads them to forget the barriers of tradition, race and birth, and with this song upon their lips all men are brothers in the universal fraternity of God. It is fraternity's battle hymn, and it will be the permanent password when all earth's children have become a common brotherhood. When the Rockies shall lift no more their crags unconquered to the storm; when the Alps shall break their silence, and the Andes dissolve in melody; when the universe shall resound with notes that trumpet earth to judgment—this song fraternity's truest expression, will burst from the translated living and the awakened dead as the most fitting tribute of morality to God.

The home, the training school for our country and for Heaven, and making homes a mission so amazing, so divine, demands woman's soul, her life, her all, for the mothers of the present are the true rulers of the future. In America, and especially in our Southland, every girl is a princess, every woman a queen. And God forbid that political equality, suffragism or "any other creature" shall ever disinherit the princess or dethrone the queen! Long live the Queen!