

# The Woman and the Stick

By A BARBARIAN BACHELOR

It has been said that the war has set men free—in conversation, if not in action—in this country of the Dominant Female. The writer of what follows has been a soldier under several flags—a soldier of duty and of fortune. Obviously, he is suffering from war-shock. His shocked readers should hold this fact in mind.

SINCE my return here after five years' absence I have been astonished and shocked by the palpable decadence of New York women. The heart-breaking bickering between husband and wife, the swaggering boldness and hard faces of the women whom I meet, their restlessness, their softness when faced with realities of life, and their hardness when meeting life's tendernesses, such as sacrifice for husbands, are astounding.

For such a condition there must be a reason; for such a condition a cure. I am sure I see the cause, and, more positive still, the remedy.

The reason for the decadence of the woman here is the weakness of her mate. The man has failed to hold her in her place of the subordinate animal of the human pair. He has permitted her to think she is his physical equal, and that, therefore, obedience is unnecessary.

In all forms of human society there must be a ruler and a ruled. Without this there cannot be order; without order happiness dies. This is especially true of the intimate relationships of men and women. It is entirely natural that any man and any woman living together should disagree about many matters. If both are permitted to argue over decisions, life becomes a series of petty quarrels, ruinous to happiness. Woman has been controlled by man throughout the centuries. She has only overcome him when he has been overcome by the fascination of her body or personality. Such submission of man to feminine control has been notably disastrous in history. For examples, consider Cleopatra and An-

tony, Marie Antoinette and Louis, Delilah and Samson.

Woman feels in her natural sphere, and therefore satisfied and happy, when she is controlled absolutely by a man. Therefore, for the happiness of both it is necessary that the man be dominant.

Outside of all this bunkum about the soul, there is only one way that the superiority of man appeals to woman—and that is physically. To make a woman happy a man must keep fixed in her mind this physical superiority at all times. The failure of the New York man to do this is resulting in the decadence of the New York woman.

The way for him to recover his lost position is by the use of the stick.

By this I mean the actual physical beating of his wife.

So accustomed have we become to look on this sex matter through colored glasses that I would not be surprised if many persons, both male and female, will be somewhat shocked by this statement. To some the use of a stick as the means of controlling a finely bred, well-educated woman may seem unreasonable and overdone. I do not think so.

Consider peoples living in a form of life less artificial than our own—the Balkan peasant, for example. I have often been in the cottages of these peasants. Though their life is hard and disagreeable, a fight for existence, a battle with the soil for a livelihood, nevertheless the domestic life is almost invariably happy. And there the husband is the absolute ruler.

I have heard it said that a newly married peasant girl is bitterly disappointed if her husband fails to thrash her soundly within a month of the marriage day. While I have no doubt that this statement is exaggerated, nevertheless there is a great deal of truth underlying it.

A natural woman, unspoiled by the softening influences of a false code, is not unhappy if she is beaten by the man with whom she lives. Though her body cry out with pain,

in her heart she realizes that if she has done something which her husband believes is wrong, this is the natural form of punishment. She often takes it for a sign of her husband's consideration. She realizes that he still takes a real interest in her.

These statements are not one whit exaggerated. They are written about women who live happily, the natural peasant women of a half dozen countries.

Consider the life of the New York woman of today.

She wanders through life, her face

growing harder, her body sadder, and her restless discontent unbecomingly evident. She marries. She is accustomed to pleasure, she seeks pleasure again. She wants to be "free," "independent," "to lead her own life."

After the first burst of passion is over, she is ready to argue with her husband over the slightest matter. Whether she gets her own way or not, she becomes bitter, a "woman with a serpent's tongue." She breaks asunder the life of the pair. Too often she is never the partner of the man, scarcely ever his helpmate.

She forgets that woman in her natural state is the subordinate animal, the female animal whose first duty is to obey its mate. Yet her natural desire is to be this very thing. When men, through a mistaken sense of chivalry, attempt to control their wives by means of reasonable argument—and what woman ever understood reason about her personal affairs, no matter how clever she might be about abstract matters or the business of other people—she loses her sense of obedience, becomes uncontrolled and uncontrollable, a source of bitter unhappiness both to her husband and herself.

Now the cure I suggest to bring matters back to their normal happy state is the judicious use of the stick.

A man should beat his wife.

Of course I do not advocate whipping without cause. A man must be most careful to see that he beats his woman only when she has done wrong by rebelling against his orders.

Who can deny that much married unhappiness is due to petty quarreling between man and wife? And who can deny that if every time a woman argued unreasonably or commenced to nag, the man, instead of replying, would simply hit her a sharp back-handed blow across the mouth, that then such quarreling and nagging would quickly stop?

So an end would be made to the senseless breaking of what should be the most delightful of human institutions—marriage.

Now I'm trotting around here, early to see a girl who looks as if she could slap me silly with one hand tied behind her. Would you advise me to propose marriage? Written advice appreciated.



"A newly married peasant girl is bitterly disappointed if her husband fails to thrash her soundly."