

ETHICAL TALKS BY BURGESS AND THE LAY

FUTURE BROTHERHOOD OF MANKIND . . . By Marcel Prevost

THE beginning of the 20th century will, some time from now, go down on the records of history as an epoch when the most contradictory doctrines were battling against one another. Never has there been a time when the most different opinions have been defended or opposed more eloquently than just now, in politics, in religion and in social questions.

The science of war has been studied in all its branches and brought to a point when it seems almost impossible to go any further.

Never has the world seen as enormous organized armies as now, and at the same time the peace idea has gained territory and universal peace is no longer considered an utter impossibility. The nations still stand sharply against one another, each one prepared to fight to the last drop of blood in defense of its independence, and still there have been occasions when the whole human race has felt that, after all, we are all one great family.

The catastrophe in Martinique has shown us one of those unforeseen, sudden, spontaneous coalitions of all humanity, and this proof of solidarity among all nations is encouraging, not only to the few survivors on the island of fire, but there lies in this outburst of universal sympathy a great hope for the whole human race. It seems like a glimpse of light revealing to us all the prospects of a glorious future.

Is it not absolutely without precedent in history to see Englishmen, Germans, Russians, Italians, Americans and Turks all inspired by the same feeling of sympathy, a sympathy that is not limited to empty words of condolence, but that is mighty enough to make them give up what is dearer to all of us—money?

You may think that this is merely a form of international courtesy, but this is not so, for it is not only the Princes and Governments that have contributed, the help has come from private citizens, from cities, large and small, from newspapers and from innumerable other sources that tend to show how common

and deep the sympathy is in the hearts of the people of all nations. The hearts of almost every civilized individual throughout the whole world has been stirred as if this calamity had happened to a member of his own community, of his own family.

Especially characteristic were the editorials in the newspapers all over the world the day after the terrible disaster.

Nations of the north and south, east and west seemed suddenly to have had their eyes opened to the ties of brotherhood that unite us, only because a volcano on one point of the surface of this globe which belong to all of us, Turks, Germans, Latins, Slavs and Anglo-Saxons, had opened its mouth and belched forth streams of fire and boiling mud.

And this outburst of human solidarity is so much more remarkable because the national feeling has never been stronger in all countries of the world than just now, and this is shown not only in the readiness of every individual nation to sacrifice life and blood in defense of its own

territory, but also in attempts to acquire new territory.

The national nationalism that is natural and sound has been carried to the extreme and produced imperialism, and there are very few countries that have not been possessed by this virus.

England has lost a great deal of its moral prestige. In the United States we find everywhere people who talk of nothing but the "Americanization of the world," and any German newspaper that you may pick up will show you that the Germans are perfectly sure that Providence has given Germany the task of civilizing the earth.

We find ourselves surrounded by pan-Slavists, pan-Islamists and pan-Chinese, as you might well call the "Boxers."

All of them are filled with the importance of their particular mission, and like the old Romans they want to transform the whole world and reorganize it under their laws:

"Tu regere imperio populas, Romane, memento!"

But they all forget that the Romans stood as the only civilized nation of the world at that time, and that they completely and effectively civilized barbarians, and organized Gaul and Germany, very much as France is organizing Madagascar or Russia Siberia in modern times.

But the right to civilize evidently ceases when it comes to civilizing people that are civilized, and it calls for a sad, pitying smile when we hear a German claim that Alsace is more civilized now than it was before 1871.

The injustice of these pretenses has created an opposition of honest minds in all Europe and America, and has exasperated them against the advocates of brute force, the last arguments of all imperialistic civilizers.

Others have gone to the other extreme and have ridiculed and insulted the idea of the sound and rational nationalism, the love of our country. They have raised the cry, "Down with the nation, down with the country!" A cry that is just as absurd as if a colored man would shout: "Death

to all negroes," or an individual would cry out: "Death to myself!"

They have declared all forms of government immoral and inimical to all progress, and they have denounced all organized national armies.

But as a bright star among the storm clouds shines this great outburst of international charity and brotherly love after a frightful catastrophe.

The timid take courage, the wise have new hope, seeing that all these opposing forces can be brought together under the banner of love.

It is really possible that all these different nations can be made to feel that they have duties to fulfill, that they owe something to the world, and that they have never seen, and that she can never pay them back what they have given her.

Then it is really not necessary to acquire new territory, to get more trade, to make more money.

There are really times when they can forget everything but this, that we are all brethren, and this is a bright promise

for a future so glorious, so brilliant that we can hardly imagine it.

If I am not mistaken, it is Paul Janet who, in a preface to his "History of Philosophy," says that all schools of philosophy can be classified in two classes on every question, and as a century follows another, new champions of each of these two doctrines or classes are born who defend them in rejuvenated expressions and dialectics.

"But as the discussion is carried on, we perceive that the two solutions get closer and closer together and converge toward one invisible distant point, and there is reason to believe that this will happen to internationalism and imperialism.

Just as organized society has made laws to protect the recognized rights of the individual, we may also hope that the whole of Europe—yes, the whole world—will finally agree upon laws to protect the recognized rights of each individual nation, and so guarantee it the right to preserve its customs, its traditions and its boundary lines.

MARCEL PREVOST.

A LESSON TO THE NATION'S LAWMAKERS

By Rev. Dr. James B. Dunn

SOME days ago the newspapers contained the report of a banquet by the proprietor of the Dewey Hotel, Washington, in honor of the completion of his palatial new house. Among the guests on that occasion were several well-known United States Senators and members of the House of Representatives, whose names are given. That it was a convivial affair, at which champagne flowed freely, is apparent, as the report states that one elderly member of the Congressional contingent imbibed so freely that, leaving the dinner party early, he wandered over on Fourteenth street, and in some manner obtained entrance to the house of an Army officer, where nobody was at home save two pieces of the General and the butler. The Congressman became so disorderly that a policeman was sent for, and the intruder taken to the police station, where, doubtless, in some cell he would have had to spend the night but for the timely intervention of two other members of the Congressional contingent at the dinner, who happened along just as their co-member was being taken to the station house.

In what condition the other Congressman left the banquet the report does not state. This humiliating spectacle need

not surprise anyone when it is remembered that in the basement of the National Capitol two illicit saloons have been running in connection with the two restaurants that are kept for the convenience of our law-makers and their friends, and that these blind pigs are conducted under the authority of honorable committees of the Senate and the House.

Surely illicit liquor selling in the basement of our National Capitol, under the superintendence of Senators and Representatives, is quite as heinous an offense as illicit distilling by a moonshiner in Kentucky or a low grogshop that sells without a license in the slums of New York.

How are we to prevent such scenes as followed that banquet at Washington? Within the last few years there has been a notable advance in the attitude of business firms to the use of intoxicants on the part of employees. Never was there so strong a business instinct among large employers that sobriety is absolutely necessary and must be insisted upon.

The time is coming when the only opening for the ambitious man who drinks will be in politics. It is rapidly becoming so now. Private employers dare not trust their business to the man who drinks. Great corporations dare not. He is not wanted on the railroads. The

steamship lines have cast him out, and as for banks, they will not have him. Only the people, long suffering and generous, remain as his resource. For this reason municipal, State and Federal governments are his speciality, and while the patience of the people lasts public office will breed scandals as naturally as our swamps will breed malaria.

By railway managers intoxication is now considered the most serious offense, and in nearly every case is followed by dismissal from the service of any and all railroad companies in this country.

Why should not all employers of men remain of their entire sobriety? Why should not this demand be made of our Legislators? Why risk the influence of drink, when all men know that it renders those who take it unreliable and reckless and leads to untold mischief? Clear brain and sober judgment cannot exist with indulgence in intoxicating liquors. Why not exclude from public office, from the halls of legislation, State and Federal, all who are known to indulge in intoxicants? This may be considered a drastic measure, but it is no more drastic than the case demands, as witness the scenes at this Washington banquet, and scenes frequently witnessed at the final adjournment of some State Legislatures and sessions of Congress.

The disgraceful scenes attending this Washington banquet show how vicious are the social drinking customs of today. Custom is the most absolute and powerful of monarchs. It is a tyranny everywhere, but nowhere is its tyranny more injurious than in connection with strong drink.

These customs are of all kinds and degrees, from corporation and college dinners, with their semi-pagan toasts and alcoholic hilarity, down to the plain "come boys, let's treat," in a low saloon. In the tent and White House they have been honored and cherished. They have identified themselves with our most common vocations, with all the duties, temptations and pleasures of life.

Why are the White House they have entwined themselves around the heart and led captive the understanding of the wise and the good. Every event of general interest is signalized with drinking—the acknowledgement of important services, the celebration of great events, all accompanied with, great dinners, where the wine cup plays the most important part, and it is in the observance of these customs that so frequently the appetite for liquor originates. They constitute the school for drunkenness. But for their existence intemperance would have no place among our social vices. A man may drink apart and alone, when he has be-

come intemperate, but few learn the art of drinking apart and alone.

"The true, there are those who may drink on such occasions with comparative safety to themselves. The story is told of an artist who had some trouble in discovering a head for a drunken tinker which he wished to introduce into a picture. At length he found a cobbler that he thought would suit when well primed with liquor, so he set him in his studio in the proper attitude, with a bottle of gin beside him and permission to drink whenever he pleased. The bottle of gin was soon emptied, but the cobbler continued as sober as a judge, another bottle was brought and emptied, with no better result. "He off!" cried the artist in a passion; "it will cost more to make you drunk than the picture will fetch." Now, while some at the Washington banquet may have been as drunk proof as this cobbler, there was one Congressman who could not indulge with like success. With him it was certain ruin, and doubtless, though his name is not given, he was of a warm, open, generous temperament, as such are most liable to become victims of social indulgence.

But, it is asked, how can one be hospitable? How can he receive, and still more, give hospitality, without partaking of intoxicants? Why, the mere fact that you find such a difficulty in giving and

taking hospitality without the use of liquors shows there is something "rotten in the social state."

This absurd idea of hospitality being, as chemists say, "soluble only in alcohol," is the strongest fiber in the strong root of National Intemperance—the drinking custom that has so frequently, by an irresistible law of nature, led to such a state of mind, or only a fiction of the bottle?

"You cannot show your kindness and friendship otherwise?" Is it either kind or friendly to put an enemy into your neighbor's mouth, to steal away his brains? To press upon him that which he does not need, and which, by an irresistible law of nature, will consequently, if taken, injure him?

In giving hospitality, there need be no practical difficulty. "Keep spirits" for the medicine chest alone, and have no alcohol in the table.

Why tempt your friends by placing intoxicating drink before them? You would not offer them digitalis or prussic acid, and why give them what is just as much a poison, and may be more destructive? Give your friend prussic acid and he will die at once—the suffering will be short, the tale soon told—but give him alcohol and you may cherish or call forth a taste which will torment him with indigestion, unnerve and paralyze his powers, excruciate him with gout, and bring him slowly to the grave; but not perhaps until he has sacrificed his property, his character, his friends, his soul.

Drinking practices would be comparatively free from harm were they confined to the patronage of the openly dissipated and wretched. Were the noted tippler to lay his filthy hand upon your shoulder and ask you to drink with him, you would shrink as from a reptile, but let the challenge come from the lips of beauty, or at the table of the respectable and influential, and, feeling flattered by the request, you comply without hesitation. But the temptation can be resisted. As an illustrious example we cite the case of the most distinguished officer of the American Army, Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles. When General Miles was sent abroad to represent our Government at Queen Victoria's Jubilee he attended more banquets in Europe than perhaps any other American since General Grant's time. Yet in every instance he declined the "social" glass, no matter at whose table he sat, for it was the table of an Emperor or at a luncheon given by the Duke of Connaught, King Edward's brother, the General's glass was untouched.—James B. Dunn, General Secretary National Temperance Society.

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THE SERVANT QUESTION Wanted: An Agreement

By Mrs. John A. Logan

QUESTIONS of National and international importance have been discussed and settled amicably and finally by commissions appointed by the ruling powers of monarchies and republics. Strikes and wars between capital and labor have from time to time been subject to adjustment until some new conditions require the adoption of new scales and new rules regulating prices and services.

But up to the present time there has arisen no domestic economist who has suggested anything practical or in any sense profitable in the settlement of the important question of domestic service.

There are no laws or rules by which domestic servants can be made to understand their obligation to fulfill their contracts or perform their duties satisfactorily or forfeit their wages.

Under the usages now existing, they, at their own sweet will, do exactly as they please, and are permitted to add any amount of impertinence to their indifferent service, and at the same time demand exorbitant wages; can come and

go at their pleasure and without in the least consulting your convenience or desires, and there have been instances when they have actually given the name of employers who were obliged to discharge them summarily for flagrant disregard of their duties as references. There are, of course, exceptions in all cases, and in all nationalities, but as a rule they have but one idea, and that is to get as much as they can and give as little service as possible.

We have tried the English—found them in the main the least objectionable; but, having been accustomed to innumerable servants in a single household, and each required to perform almost insignificant services, and expecting much time and exacting attention for their support and accommodation, people with moderate means cannot afford to have them.

The Irish, if you take them all in all, are the best, but too frequently perfectly unmanageable, and of all other servants the most impertinent after they have been in this country long enough to learn from their male friends the power of the

ballot to secure them most unreasonable concessions from their masters and mistresses, whom they consider no better than themselves in this "free country."

We have labored assiduously to teach the reliable German the arts of cuisine and household economy, to be rewarded with stolid ingratitude if some one, discovering our treasure, offered them sumptuously a few cents more on their wages. The Danes, the Swedes and the Norwegians are much the same in temperament and stolid indifference to anything but their own interest and pleasure. The French, with their artful manners and precandioses, may be considered experts in the art of deception, and probably the most unreliable of all classes.

We have been patriotic and have taken the unsophisticated native Americans, innocent of all ideas of domestic economy, and without clothes in which they could appear in any household; have furnished them with everything necessary to make them presentable, spent hours teaching and training to find that they had not the least appreciation of the trouble we have

taken, considered that they had amply rewarded us by condescending to be servants in our homes at the highest wages paid even to skilled labor. As soon as they had become accustomed to good food and good clothes they at once desired to extend their travels and rest from their labors of indifferently aiding us in the domestic duties indispensable in any home.

Then we have fallen back on the negro, the omnipresent dependent in America. We have taken them as children and carefully trained them for domestic service, clothed, fed, paid them good wages far in excess of their earnings, overlooked their pilfering and excuses with which they are always ready for neglect of duty, to find after months and years they, too, were parsimonious and ready to desert us the first opportunity, the proffer of any gilded toy being too much for their avaricious desires.

Scarcely a single representative of either nationality above mentioned have the first idea of moral responsibility. They make and break engagements with

absolute indifference as to the consequences. They may fail in all respects to discharge their obligations or fill their contract; if the employer remonstrates they drop the whole thing and demand full compensation provided for in the contract.

If refused, they proceed immediately to a shyster lawyer and bring suit. They know that rather than be annoyed, nine times out of ten, the employer will pay the claim. They float about until their money is gone and are probably found in some hospital or retreat sustained by charitable people, their employers among far.

It is said that a blame worthy domestic Chicago put all the wealth of domestic labor on the employers, especially upon the mistresses of elegant homes, declaring that servant girls were a much abused class and ought to have more recreation and privileges. She furnished money for a grand ball, supported the Servant Girls' Union, and did many other foolish things. The girls proceeded to formulate by-laws, dictated by prominent

labor union agitators, providing eight hours a day's labor, permission to go out two evenings and an afternoon each week, and every Sunday, and permission to entertain their friends in their employer's servants' sitting and dining-rooms, and positively refused to work for persons unable to furnish such rooms for their use, and many other impractical and absurd exactions. Matters came to such a pass that the misguided philanthropist was obliged to give up her beautiful home and occupy a flat because of the inability to procure servants to properly take care of her home. Other efforts have been made by organizing cooking schools for the training of domestics, to find in the end that the pupils trained gratuitously were impertinent and independent and extravagant in their demands for high wages, because of their training. No new laws are needed for the protection of servants, but improvement might be made in them guaranteeing protection to employers.

It seems there can be no satisfactory settlement of this all-important question

until the employers take a firm stand and co-operate all over the country in establishing a moral responsibility on the part of the employer and employee, and in fixing reasonable and just compensation for all classes of labor, based upon the efficiency of the laborer, and not upon the whims of the employer or the employer, or upon the wealth of the employer. The ability to pay exorbitantly for indifferent service should not enter into the question. The ability of the person entering into the agreement to perform the service satisfactorily, and that of the person engaging to pay the party to do certain and prescribed duties at a reasonable price, should furnish the basis upon which to fix inflexible rules; either side failing in their contracts should be subject to fixed penalties.

Until some such agreement is made and enforced, every household will be subject to continual disruption and discomfort, and the unworthy will continue to make it very hard for the worthy to do good, not evil, to all within their grasp.

MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.

High Mission of Women

By Carmen Sylva

Woman's Modesty Defended, by E. C. Stanton

THERE are more churches in this world than most of us ever think of. We are at best short-sighted and narrow-minded, and are in the habit of thinking that a church must always be built in a certain shape, and that prayers and hymns are of no value unless pronounced in the vast naves of those churches. And still we ought not to forget that the chamber where our cradle stood was our first church, where we, kneeling down at our mother's side, were taught to say our first prayers.

In such a moment a mother is a veritable priestess to her children, whose eyes hang on her lips while they repeat, with their young voices, the holy words.

To educate them, to elevate their minds and direct their thoughts to all that is noble and good is a sacred task, greater and more sacred than that of any priest.

Wherever a mother's influence reigns supreme there is a little part of heaven on earth; her vigilant love, sanctifying all that it touches, ennobles her smallest and most insignificant work so that even the flame over which she heats a cup of milk for her sick child becomes as holy as the sacred flame of the altar on which the most precious offerings are sacrificed. The flame carries toward the throne of grace her tears and sighs and devoted prayers for the recovery of the little being, that is dearer to her than her own life.

There is no picture in this world sweeter and more beautiful than that of an innocent child, asleep in its mother's arms, resting its head against her bosom. A mother's bosom is for the child the Holy of Holies, the sanctuary from which is banished all danger and all temptation, the port that is the safest shelter from all the storms of life.

There is another sanctuary, the sick-room in the hospital, whose priestess, the Sister of Mercy, walks with noiseless step from bed to bed, bringing to all the sufferers her divine message of peace and consolation. Her mission is, perhaps, the highest of all, for, having no child herself, she has made herself a mother for all the disinherited children of humanity.

Everywhere, where there are victims of sorrow and sickness, we always find her; mighty and humble, rich and poor; young and old, ugly or beautiful, all are members of her great adopted family, and her love and tender attentions are given in full measure to all of them. She is like an angel of charity walking in their midst, the gentle touch of her hand conveys a feverish forehead, arranging the pillow for the patient, that is restlessly tossing on his bed, or holding the cup to the parched lips of the poor sufferer.

Her gentle voice encourages the soul

who has lost all hope, and her presence brings a ray of light into the darkest cell, and into the hospital tent on the battlefield, all these places are temples of the most imposing and beautiful that human hands ever built.

Woman is the priestess of the hearth. Her home is her fortress, her unconquered kingdom. From sunrise till night she attends to her household duties, she is her husband's true helpmeet, she encourages him in his work and makes the hours that he spends with her so full of happiness that he forgets the burdens of business life. Thanks to her he is saved from all inconveniences and household troubles that might divert his thoughts from his ambitious goal.

Too much cannot be said in praise of those women who educate children, not their own, and who give their whole life and soul to the education of orphans entrusted to their care, teaching them everything that they have learned themselves, without thought of reward, and ever forgetting in their devotion that there are surely angels who watch their every act and inscribe their names in the eternal register of priestesses of the religion of love and charity.

There is no sphere so humble that woman's spirit does not sanctify it.

The young working girl, the poor seamstress, whose needle is busy till late at night to support her aged father or her sick mother, does not she accomplish the most pious task, sacrificing without complaint, her youth, her health and her strength?

The patient little creature, bent over her work—a mute, pathetic picture—is a true heroine in her resignation in her fate, deprived of all joy. No complaint escapes her lips, and still she must fight down all the desires of her heart, without the least hope of ever being able to have any part in the pleasures that life has reserved for its more fortunate children.

The little girl who drives the geese out into the field, watching them all day, is, as long as her thoughts are pure and her heart sincere, a link in the chain that ties all women together as so many sisters, for a service or a work honestly and faithfully done, is never lost, no matter how humble it may be.

That other women, whom we see, nursing one baby at her bosom and leading another child by the hand, while her anxious and thoughtful eyes scan the distant horizon, over the cruel dark waves, that perhaps even now have swallowed her husband's frail boat, is not she a symbol of a priestess of the sea and the tempest?

Let the winds howl and the sky darken,

what matter that? She watches, she strains her eyes, and her face turns pale as the hours pass without a sign appearing. What will become of her poor little ones if he who earns the daily bread does not return?

It is then that she must be at the same time both father and mother for her defenseless little children. Her heart is torn with sorrow and pain, but she does not lose courage, and she gathers all her strength for the desperate struggle.

Our old German ancestors appreciated how much they owed to their women, and honored them highly. They were sacred to them, they approached them with respect and fear, looking up to them as priestesses, who decided all questions of importance.

These raw, uncultured warriors understood that they could not show too much veneration for their wives, their mothers and the mothers of their children. They thought that these faithful guardians of family and hearth were endowed with prophetic gifts so that their eyes could penetrate the deepest mysteries of the future.

The hearth was to them a sanctuary, and its flame was never allowed to die, and the best and purest girls of the nation were selected to watch this holy fire.

The temples of humanity in which women are priestesses are many, and of many kinds, some are grand and magnificent, others apparently small and insignificant. The space they occupy is insignificant, all depends on the work that is done, on the good will and cheerfulness of those who do it.

Certain women have consecrated their lives to the education of the young, for the funds of knowledge and wisdom that have always been considered the most precious treasure in all countries and at all times, are only a loan given to us, and transmitted from generation to generation, and they must be put into the hands of the young who grow up around us.

It is a task of no little importance to open this treasure box to the young souls that impatiently await their inheritance of knowledge.

The village school may be the portal that gives access to the sanctuary of wisdom and the woman teacher may be a worthy priestess of this temple.

Her work is not always appreciated. The seed that she sows often falls in ungrateful soil, but very often it bears fruit, and this is her reward. She knows the value of the knowledge that she imparts, when she guides the inexperienced fingers in their first attempts to use the needle, and for more than one little girl this is the real beginning of life, the first lesson in the useful arts, that will later make her a happy woman and mother.

Every woman may become a priestess if

she guards the holy fire in her own bosom, keeps it pure and immaculate and does not let it be obscured by frivolity or extinguished by the cares of life.

We are all priestesses by the warmth of our tender hearts, by the benedictions that our lips have the power to pronounce, by the light that may shine from our vigilant eyes, by the work of our hands.

Every woman who thinks more of others than of herself is a priestess in the true sense of the word.

All women are priestesses who help the sorrowful and afflicted or who bring a soul back to God.

And, therefore, if we women must suffer much during our earthly pilgrimage, we should grow to ourselves and more fit for our task through our sufferings.

The woman artist is a true priestess, whether she be an author or a painter, a singer or a musician, because her art awakens high and noble thoughts, and inspires to heroic deeds. Hers is a glorious mission when she is aware of her power and has energy to develop it.

Hamlet gives way to despair, and the whole world seems dark to him from the moment when his mother has lost her halo of true and pure womanhood. He even doubts himself, when he sees his ideal of perfection blacken and tarnish.

There is no higher priestess than a mother, and there is no disillusion, more bitter to a mortal being than to see the statue fall from its pedestal and break to pieces, and no more cruel torture than to see the veil drawn aside from our ideal, revealing a nature of falsehood, emptiness and insincerity.

Our fate is never hard, and if we sometimes lose courage it is because we have not understood the grandeur of woman's task, and if we look squarely at the question how can we dare to complain of our burden, that only proves our high vocation. Have we not every reason to feel proud that God has elected us to fulfill his mission in this world?

And This Man Votes, Too.

Boston Record.

An Italian came into the federal building the other day and asked one of the watchmen: "Where is the man who hires the help?" The watchman explained that it depended on the kind of employment sought and began to talk about the service, when the Italian said: "I mean the men who take the letters out of the boxes."

"O, well, then you will have to take their first examination and answer questions about—"

"Do you mean that the men who take the letters out of the box have to read and write?" interrupted the Italian. When informed that they did, he looked surprised and went away disappointed.

AS WOMEN by their wisdom and virtue have honored and glorified every century, by their purity of life and religious devotion have been the chief pillars of the church in all ages. They have now the right in the 20th century to protest against such masculine criticism and dictation as arrest them on every side.

As women is now assuming an equal place with man in all the institutions of learning, the trades and professions, as authors, artists, inventors and scientists, as pastors of churches who officiate in all the sacred offices, at weddings, funerals and baptisms, she now has a right to equal honor and respect in every relation of life.

In view of all this, it is the duty of the mothers of this republic to protest against the following opinions of bishops as an impertinence:

What right have they to dictate to woman as to what she should wear?

At a recent Episcopal convention in New Jersey, Bishop Scarborough in his annual address condemned the growing practice of women appearing in public without hats. This was noticed frequently at seashore resorts and in some churches. He said, "He urged the use of the veil by women at confirmations."

On what principle should women wear veils at confirmations and hats in churches when men do not?

Bishop Burgess, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Long Island, is still more radical in regard to women's attire and position in the church.

"That women must no longer appear in the surpled choirs of the Episcopal diocese of Long Island," is said to have been the sum and substance of an ecclesiastical notice sent within a week to the clergyman attached to the Cathedral of the Incarnation.

Bishop Burgess is also reported to have said in a discussion regarding his notice: "I do not want to hamper the rectors of the missions in their work, but the women must not appear in the surpled choirs. Women should not wear cassocks and surplices, which have belonged to men from the earliest time in the church. I feel that woman should be modest at all times. I do not think it proper for her to don such raiment. The whole thing is new. The growth of women choristers in this country within the last 15 years has been great, and was first introduced by Dr. Rainsford in St. George's Church, Manhattan. I think it an abomination and will stop it all I can."

That Dr. Rainsford himself is quite willing to bear the brunt of whatever churchly criticism his innovation of women choristers may provoke, is evident

from the manner in which he spoke of the bishop's alleged action.

"Yes, I know all about it," he said, speaking in his usual swift, energetic fashion. "But the whole matter is beneath notice, completely beneath notice. Because one man says a foolish thing, should I discuss it? Certainly not."

In St. George's Church, as is well known, not only do the women choristers wear cottas, but they march as well in the processional. Many persons who do not at all object to the presence of women and girls in vested choirs have, as Bishop Burgess, to quote him, still further a distinct objection to their participation in the processional.

"I do not object to the women singing in church," Bishop Burgess says, "but I do object to their marching around in cassocks and surplices. If they wish to sing, they should be put on the floor on the level with the congregation or up in a gallery, where they would not be as conspicuous as now."

Other representative clergymen of Manhattan have various views regarding the presence of women in vested choirs of the Episcopal Church.

Dr. Houghton, of the Church of the Transfiguration, also agreed with Bishop Burgess.

"We have a vested choir in the Church of the Transfiguration," he said, "but it has never been our custom to permit women to be part of it. Bishop Burgess is quite right as to the churchly impropriety of women wearing any of the ecclesiastical vestments. It is according to the custom and tradition of the Anglican Church. And it is absolutely necessary, as it might be under certain conditions, to have women's voices in a vested choir, on no account should they be permitted to take part in the processional. They should be as inconspicuous as possible."

As to the fact that women themselves are the most violent opponents of women choristers, the opinion of one woman in the matter becomes of interest and moment.

"Women singers detract from the churchly dignity and purity of the vested choir," she said. "Not that women are to blame for it, but it is inevitable that when a woman becomes part of a choir she invariably attracts attention from the service to herself. One thinks at once, not of the hymn, but of the singer of the hymn. There is something in the very quality of the woman's voice which suggests and conveys human experience, with all that experience means to men and women. A woman, try as she will, cannot but impart a good deal of her personality into her voice, and you feel that, not the spiritual, unassailable quality of

church music, when she sings. With men and boys it is different. They do not distract our thoughts from what the music is meant to convey.

"And then women will always pose a bit when they are in a choir. They always do it, if you notice a good deal of it, and as if the congregation were personally interested in them, and their appearance. Men and boys do not care at all, and as for their appearance, they all look alike."

As to the opinion of the one woman protester, she evidently occupies the same position in the church as the anti-suffragist. Her views are as much a matter of words strong enough to express my surprise at the anomalous position of either.

Are not the sentiments of modesty and morality naturally as strong in woman as in man, and a sufficient guide in her career?

In a recent number of a New York paper appear the opinions of five clergymen opposed to the ideas of these bishops. All five are of the Episcopal Church, and Dr. Hainsford, who 15 years ago led the way in giving the church a new idea of its duty in regard to the emancipation of women.

Now the time has come for woman herself to demand of the church what she is demanding of the state.

What is the origin of all such ideas? It is that marriage is considered a defilement by the church, and in order to be permitted to clean the floor of the Holy of Holies in some cathedral, she must be single. Or to play on the organ in some churches, she must be single.

Woman, according to the Bible, by eating the forbidden fruit, precipitated the fall of the race, hence was cursed of God in her maternity, and all the race born in sin and iniquity, is the origin of the doctrine of infant damnation, considered one of the Holy of Holies in some cathedrals, which hundreds of intelligent, highly educated men have just discussed for days in a great ecclesiastical convocation in New York City.

The degradation and defilement of woman is so clearly taught in the Bible and sacred literature that the priests in some sects are forbidden all relations with her, while in others she is defiled by marriage, but, singularly enough, they are not.

There is a class of gentlemen leaders in the church and in the state, in sacred and in profane literature, in history and in fiction, in art and in polite society, who evidently have a contempt for woman, who are always doling as to her sphere of action, her manners, dress and home duties, her morals and mental capacity, who evidently neither respect nor appreciate the sex.

These gentlemen could never have known the tender care of a mother, the devoted love of a wife, the warm affection of a sister, nor the sweet reverence of a daughter, or they must have had some feeling of gratitude, kind regard and high appreciation of womanhood.

But perchance, like Micreva, they all sprang from the brains of their fathers, fully armed and equipped for the battle of life.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.