

ETHICAL TALKS BY ENERGY AND THE LAITY

WHY NOT HAVE A SIMPLE CORONATION?

BY MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN

OUR sympathies with the English people were deeply stirred when the coronation and its attendant ceremonies had to be postponed so suddenly on account of the critical condition of the King. Now we are correspondingly delighted that his improvement has been so rapid that the coronation has been announced to take place in August.

It would have been much better if, in the first place, the King had insisted upon a quiet ceremony. The fearful results of the Boer War were still hanging over the nation, albeit peace negotiations had been favorably acted upon.

The coronation, I suppose, must be the same as of old, notwithstanding that they seem absent in the face of the present advancement of civilization.

The importance of these ceremonies can be appreciated when it is remembered that they include the conferring upon the King of the various symbolic swords, viz., the sword of state, the sword of mercy, the sword of justice, the sword of spirituality and the sword of justice to the temporality, the staff of St. Edward and the scepter with the cross and the gilt spurs.

This staff carries with it special spiritual significance, symbolizing "The rod and staff shall guide me." "After his

way of life is the pathway of royalty," is the meaning attached to the gilt spurs, the scepter and the crown.

All of these emblems have been used at the coronations of all the sovereigns of England.

In every epoch the bearing of these symbols has furnished opportunities for conferring special marks of favor upon the most distinguished families of Great Britain. At the same time occasion is afforded them to appear in their gorgeous court costumes in participating in these ceremonies.

The sword of state, one of the four swords which are sacredly guarded in the Tower of London, is a very clumsy specimen of the goldsmith's art. The blade is 22 inches wide.

The ornamentation includes gilt filigree cross-guards and mountings, the lion, the unicorn and the Tudor rose. The embossing and etchings consist of the harp, the fleur-de-lis, the thistle, the orb, the royal arms, crown and many other designs.

The sword is covered with crimson velvet. The box in which it is laid is lined with red velvet. Taken all in all it is out of proportion, and marks no era in its artistic or historic conception.

"The curtain," or sword of mercy, is one of much antiquity. It is known as the sword of Edward the Confessor.

But it bears no marks that suggest that it is nearly 22 inches long and is cut square across the end, having no point, thereby typifying the quality of mercy. Why it should have a Turk's head at top and bottom one is unable to understand.

The chasting is very simple and represents nothing indicative of the holy sentiment it is supposed to typify.

The sword of spirituality and temporality are much like that of mercy, except that they have sharp points. They are kept with other articles and the regalia in the Tower.

They are an attraction to visitors, who, as a rule, carry away deeper impressions of the tragedies that have been enacted there than of the swords and crown jewels, spurious and otherwise, that are shown to them by the guards.

All of these symbols, as we understand them, are supposed to carry, to some extent, at least, divine as well as temporal power. There is reason, therefore, why they should be accepted with humility and with the keenest appreciation of the responsibility assumed.

To our minds the ceremony should be stripped of all pomp and circumstance. Those chosen for the coronation in June will doubtless perform the service in August. They were selected

after much deliberation and friction, for England is not without ambitious personages. Some of the oldest houses, however, are without meritorious representations.

The religious services will most likely be made much shorter than they were to have been in June, though they were much curtailed for that occasion.

The fasting and religious preparations for such a ceremony are a tax upon the physical strength of the most robust. Adding to this strain another in the way of hours of tedious ceremonies in conferring the many symbols would prove too much for King Edward VII. after the critical illness through which he has just passed.

We trust that the programme adopted may be more in conformity with the practical, sensible way of doing things in the present day.

Discard the senseless, tedious custom of ages that were given more form than to substance.

It is scarcely possible that so many years will intervene between Edward's coronation and that of his successor as have passed between Victoria's and that of her son. And it is unlikely that he will be able to leave so great a heritage to those who come after him.

But he can do much to immortalize himself as a wise solution of some of the pending questions which affect the future welfare of a wonderful people whose destiny he holds in his hand.

To the superstitious there was something ominous in the attack which prevented the gorgeous display planned for the coronation in June.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE—II

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

MARRIAGE, as it now exists, must seem to all intelligent and thinking people a mere human institution.

Look through the universe of matter and mind—all God's arrangements are perfect, harmonious and complete, there is no discord, friction or failure in his eternal plans. Immutability, perfection, beauty are stamped on all his laws.

Love is the vital essence that pervades and permeates from center to circumference—the graduating circle of all thought and action. Love is the tallman of human weal and woe—the "open sesame" to every human soul.

Where two human beings are drawn together by the natural laws of likeness and affinity, union and happiness are the result.

Such marriage might be divine.

But how is it now?

You all know our marriage is in many cases a mere outward tie, impelled by custom, policy, interest, necessity; founded not even in friendship, say nothing of love; with every possible inequality of condition and development.

In these heterogeneous unions we find youth and old age, beauty and deformity, refinement and vulgarity, virtue and vice, the educated and the ignorant, angels of grace and goodness with devils of malice and malignity, and the sum of all this is human wretchedness and despair—cold fathers, and mothers and hapless children, who shiver at the heartstone, where the fires of love have all gone out.

The wide world and the stranger's unsympathizing gaze are not more to be dreaded for young hearts than homes like these.

Now, who shall say that it is right to tie two beings so unlike and anchor them right side by side—fast bound—to stay all time, until God in mercy shall summon one away?

Do wise Christians need any arguments to convince them that the sacredness of the family relation should be protected at all hazards?

The family—that great conservator of National virtue and strength—how can you hope to build it up in the midst of violence, debauchery and excess?

Can there be anything sacred at that family altar where the chief priest, who ministers, makes sacrifice of human beings—the weak and the innocent; where the incense offered up is not to a God of justice and mercy, but those heathen divinities, who may best represent the lost man in all his grossness and deformity.

Call that sacred, where woman—the mother of the race—of a Jesus of Nazareth—unconscious of the true dignity of her nature, of her high and holy destiny, consents to live in a forced marriage, held there by no tie but the iron chain of the law, and a false and most unnatural public sentiment?

Call that sacred where innocent children, trembling with fear, fly to the corners and dark places of the house, to hide from the wrath of drunken, brutal fathers, but forgetting their past sufferings,

rush out again at the mother's frantic screams, "Help, oh, help!"

Behold the agonies of these young hearts, as they see the only being on earth they love, dragged about the room by the hair of her head, kicked and pounded, and left half dead and bleeding on the floor.

Call that sacred where fathers, like these, have the power and legal right to hand their natures to other beings, to curse other generations with such moral deformity and death!

Look into our asylums for the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the idiot, the imbecile, the deformed, the insane, go out into the by-lanes and dens of our cities and contemplate the reeking mass of depravity, pause before the terrible revelations, made by statistics, of the rapid increase of all this moral and physical impotency, and learn how fearful a thing it is to violate the immutable laws of the beneficent ruler of the universe, and there behold the sorrowful retribution of your violence on woman. Learn how false and cruel are those institutions, which, with a coarse materialism, set aside the holy instincts of woman, to seek no union but one of love.

There can be no heaven without love, and nothing is sacred in the family and home, but just so far as it is built up and anchored in purity and peace.

Our newspapers teem with startling accounts of husbands and wives having shot or poisoned each other, or committed suicide, choosing death rather than the indissoluble tie, and still worse, the living death of faithless men and women, from the first families in the land, dragged from the privacy of home into public prints and courts with all the painful details of sad false lives.

How can any one believe that all these wretched matches were made in heaven, that all these sad, miserable people were tied together by God?

What do our present divorce laws amount to? Those who wish to evade them have only to go into another state to accomplish what they desire.

Why is it that all contracts, covenants, agreements and partnerships are left wholly to the discretion of the parties, except that, which, of all others, is considered most holy and important, both for the individual and the race?

But, it is said, what a condition we should now have in social life with no restrictive laws. I ask you, what have we now?

Separation and divorce cases in all our courts, men disposing of their wives in every possible way, by neglect, cruelty, tyranny, excess, poison and imprisonment in insane asylums.

We would give the parties greater latitude rather than drive them to extreme measures or crime.

If you would make laws for protection, give us the power to release from legal conjugal obligations all husbands who are unfit for that relation.

Woman loses infinitely more than she gains by the kind of protection you now impose, for much as we love and honor true and noble men, life and liberty are

dearer by far to us than even the legal slavery of an indolent slave.

Thus far we have had the man-marriage and nothing more. From the beginning man has had the whole and sole regulation of the matter. He has spoken in Scripture and he has spoken in law. As an individual he has decided the time and cause for putting away a wife and as a judge and legislator he still holds the entire control.

In all history, sacred and profane, woman is regarded and spoken of simply as the toy of man.

She is taken or put away, given or received, bought or sold, just as the interests of the parties might decide. The right of woman to put away a husband, he ever so impure, is never hinted at in sacred history.

I place man above all governments, all institutions, ecclesiastical and civil, all constitutions and laws. It is a mistaken idea that the same law that oppresses the individual can promote the highest good of society. The best interests of a community never can require the sacrifice of one innocent being, one sacred right.

In the settlement, then, of any question, we must simply consider the highest good of the individual. It is the inalienable right of all to be happy. It is the highest duty of all to seek those conditions in life, those surroundings which may develop what is noblest and best, remembering that the lesson of these passing hours is a preparation for time alone, but for the ages of eternity.

They tell us that in that future home, the heavenly paradise, the human family shall be sifted out and the good and pure shall dwell together in peace.

If that be the heavenly order, is it not our duty to render earth as near like heaven as we may?

The object of law is to secure justice. But, inasmuch as a false man is the maker of laws, and adjudicator of law, we must look for many and gross blunders in the application of its general principles to individual cases.

The science of theology, of civil, political, moral and social life, all teach the common idea that man ever has been and ever must be sacrificed to the highest good of society—the one to the many—the poor to the rich—the weak to the powerful—and all to the institutions of his own creation.

Look what thunderbolts of power man has forged through the ages for his own destruction! And through those times of darkness, those generations of superstition, behold, all along, the relics of his power and skill, that stand like mile-stones, here and there, to show how far back man was great and glorious.

Who can stand in those vast cathedrals of the Old World, as the destined order recovers from arch to arch and not feel the grandeur of immortality?

Here is the incarnated thought of man, beneath whose stately dome the man himself now bows to fear and doubt—knows not himself—and knows not God, a mere slave to tyrants—and with holy water signs the cross, while he who died thereon declared man God.

DREAM AND REALITY

BY PROFESSOR CAMILLE MELINAUD

THERE is a very striking resemblance between dreams and waking perceptions. We see in dreams objects, persons and events identical with those of the waking state. The belief in their reality is as complete as in that of what we see when awake, the emotions are as deep and vivid, pleasures have a delicious savor and pains are just as intense as if real. In all cases the sensations seem as real as those of life, and are taken as seriously, and the existence of everything we see and feel is as evident as in life.

Still we oppose the dream to reality. The waking world is our true, our only world, the world of the dream seems to us purely interior and chimerical. The incoherence and absurdity of our dreams surprise and amuse us, and we are amazed to find that we have been able to believe, even while asleep, in such foolish things. In short, dreaming is synonymous to us with illusion and falsehood.

The clearest of the prevailing theories about dreams rest upon the postulate that waking perceptions are the true ones, and the visions of dreams are false. They have answers to the three questions we are used to ask concerning dreams—where do they come from? Why are they incoherent, and why do we, at the time, take them for reality? They explain dreams as former sensations reviving within us under different combinations, and are, therefore, simply confused reflexes of the reality. Dreams may, however, sometimes be produced by a pres-

ent impression suffered by one of our senses and awakened a certain time, the way we are lying and the condition of the organic functions being thus the causes or occasions of dreams. The incoherence of dreams seems no more mysterious in these theories and is explained as the result of two causes—the slumber of the "reflecting" faculties, judgment, reason, the will, the exercise of choice and control; and, secondly, the unrestricted reign of imagination and the association of ideas.

Our faith in the reality of things dreamed is accounted for by the mechanical play of the images, the law being set up that every image that is not opposed by stronger images appears to us a real object. The problem, therefore, resolves itself: The senses being asleep, the image that arises within us are not contradicted by normal contradictions, and that is why we take them for realities. Further, our reflective faculties being likewise dormant, cannot contradict the images in the absence of sensations, reasonings or recollections. Hence a credence, as absolute as unreasonable. We propose to show that there is something artificial and prejudicial in the classical theory of opposition between dreams and waking, which assigns illusion, confusion and incoherence to the former and solid and permanent reality to the latter, and that the difference between them is not so clear cut.

Most persons in talking of this subject say they are sure of the reality of things when awake, because their different

senses concur in attesting it. They see a tree and satisfy themselves it is a tree by going up and touching it. They smell a rose, and go find the rose and handle it; while in dreams, we are not able to apply these different tests.

The distinction is imaginary, for our senses likewise seem to support one another in dreams. We dream not only that we see an object, but also that we feel and hear it. When I dream of meeting a friend, I believe that I see him and shake hands with him and hear him speak. There is, therefore, a complete identity of the two conditions as to this point, and the thing that appears to me in a dream is a "bundle of sensations," visual, tactile, auditive, muscular and often olfactory, just as it appears to me when awake.

We are told of another difference. When awake we find others agreeing with us in recognizing the reality of things. I see a tree, and so do those with me. I show it to them, and they look at it; I feel it, and they touch it; I hear the rustling of the leaves, and so do they. Our perceptions in practical life are thus tested by comparison with those of others, whereas in our dreams we have our solitary and fanciful visions all within ourselves, with none to participate in our perceptions of them.

The supposed contrast is no more real than the former one. What is true is that we, once awake, change our point of view and our vision of the night then seems to have been wholly interior, solitary and subjective. But, notwithstanding

the common illusion, while we are dreaming affairs pass to us exactly as when we are awake. It is true that in our waking state we find ourselves mingling with other men who perceive the same objects that we do. But do we not sometimes dream that we are one of an audience looking at a play, that we are talking with a friend and exchanging views with him, and that we understand one another perfectly?

There is, therefore, in this aspect, not a difference, but an identity between the dream and the waking. The dreaming man believes, sees and feels himself in intercourse with his fellow-men, just as the man awake believes, sees and feels it. When we wake we discover our mistake, but what of that? It does not prevent us from believing it completely while asleep. And this is the point, for, after all, am I sure that I shall not awake some day from what I now call my waking life? And who knows whether I shall not them judge that I have been dreaming a solitary dream? It may be added that the agreement of witnesses is not a decisive sign by which to distinguish reality from the dream. There are collective hallucinations.

We come now to a more important difference, which includes the principle and has a characteristic apparently essentially distinguishing the dream—its looseness, disorder, inconstancy and incoherence.

In the dream visions succeed one another without connection, no law determines their order, an unrestricted fancy reigns among them and the normal is broken up in them at every point, so that we are transported instantaneously from one country to another. We pass without transition from childhood to age, and causes have the strangest effect.

HOW TO CURE A BROKEN HEART

BY HELEN OLDFIELD

MODERN science has proved conclusively that a broken heart is a physical impossibility. The human heart, being neither more nor less than a muscle, runs no risk of fracture under any circumstances. True, there are such things as aneurisms, and death sometimes results from a ruptured blood vessel, which rupture may be the consequence of a sudden and severe mental shock, but even then the victim, upon dissection, will invariably be found heartwhole.

The brain, not the heart, is the center of feeling. All the time-worn expressions so dear to romance, and sanctified by Holy Writ, of loving with the heart, believing with the heart, and trusting with the heart, are purely hyperbolic figures of speech, without foundation in anatomical fact.

Nevertheless, they stand for sensations which are intensely real to those who experience them. Men and women have died and worms have eaten them for love. Now and again the story is told of murder or suicide directly traceable to disappointed love, or perhaps to the wounded vanity which is an excellent counterfeiter thereof. Also, even more frequently, men and women, physically or mentally weak, throw themselves into a premature grave because the course of their true love refuses to run smooth.

But these are exceptional cases. Broken hearts are as a rule, far easier to mend than broken china. The true

philosopher falls in and out of love with comparative ease, finding a pleasurable excitement in the process, and feeling a gentle pity for the misguided object who does not appreciate his affection and his virtues.

Marriage is more or less of a lottery, and when the person whom you wish to marry does not desire to marry you, you may reasonably find consolation in the reflection that the chances are against you being suited one to the other, and that it is by no means certain that a union between you would result in your mutual happiness.

If she be not fair to me, what care I how fair she be? and the less poetical but plucky proverb "There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," are sound doctrine wherewith the rejected suitor may well and wisely comfort himself for his disappointment.

Next to the philosophy which refuses to worry over what what cannot be helped and declines resolutely to kick against the pricks, the surest cure for a broken heart is homeopathic in principle.

Like cures like. If you fall in love with one charming woman who will none of you, make haste to fall in love as speedily as possible with another who will have the good taste to return your affection.

Christian Science is admirably adapted as a remedy for broken hearts.

If you can succeed in persuading the

victim of unrequited love that her heart-ache has no existence outside of her imagination; if you can induce the disappointed lover to acknowledge that his passion is merely a fancy of the moment, your work is done and the cure is complete. The trouble being purely mental, ceases to exist the moment the mind of the sufferer denies its substance and reality, and the episode is as though it had never been.

In such rare cases as those in which the anguish of what the world in all ages has elected to recognize as that of a broken heart is persistent and obstinate, when the sufferer has nothing to do with the matter, and the pain is too keen to be dismissed as fiction, the most efficacious, indeed the only remedy is that which led Adam from Eden, the resource of work.

"Get leave to work in this world; 'tis the best you get at all."

If you have no need to work for yourself, work for others, which is still better. Throw yourself, body and brain, into that work, and do your task with no less vigor than if your own life were at stake, leaving yourself with no leisure for vain regrets now for the more dangerous luxury of self-pity. Keep your thoughts away from yourself and your troubles, and practice self-forgetfulness to the utmost of your powers. Labor until your toll brings physical and mental exhaustion to a degree which shall prevent your lying awake in the night watches to torture yourself with visions of apprehensions have been.

So doing your duty, travel as you will, you will find that although happiness has passed you by, blessedness may still be yours.

THE SALVATION ARMY FARM COLONY

BY PAUL STEINBRECHER

FARM colonies have been established by individuals, charitable and religious societies, even by municipal and national governments, as a form of social institution to work for the betterment of mankind—to relieve the congestion of population in great cities, to aid the needy and worthy poor, to reform the criminal, to ameliorate conditions of human wretchedness, and to diminish the breaking up of families. In America farm colonies are comparatively of recent origin. The largest farm colony in this country today is that at Amity, Colo., founded there April 15, 1898, by the Salvation Army. This colony has passed the experimental stage, and has demonstrated that even with a small amount of capital under judicious control such a project, well managed, will prove a success. Past experience in other colonies have been of benefit to this one. The work of the Society of Beneficence began in Holland in 1818, and that of the penal colony, Merxplas, in Belgium; the success of the Wilhelmshorst colony in Germany, dependent largely for its support upon the National government; of La Chamelle, a colony founded by the City of Paris; and of the New Zealand colonies, admirably described by Henry Deane Lloyd in his "Newest England," have aroused the interest of sociologists, philanthropists, and thinking men of the world over.

The Salvation Army colony at Amity is nonsectarian and has been planned along the broadest lines. The independence of the individual, respect for his manhood, and the welfare of him and his family have been the highest considerations of the Salvation Army in establish-

ing in Ohio, California, and Colorado their farm colonies. Character and fitness are the only qualifications required of a man to become a colonist. The purpose, to secure men, preferably of large families, who, having come from the country to the city, are unsuccessful, and who wish to go "back to the land." These, the individual heads of families, are each placed on a 20-acre farm, which is improved with a neat, substantially built cottage, and each is also furnished with a team of horses, a cow, several pigs, 24 chickens, and with farming implements. Thus, a new start in life is given them; they are fully equipped farmers. Forty families are today on the colony in Colorado, working their farms in the fertile valley of the Arkansas River, just across the Kansas state line, breathing the purest, most exhilarating and they are filled with enthusiasm and spirit for work. Results show the rewards of their efforts. Crops of sugar beets, cantaloupe, beans, corn, cabbage, hay, alfalfa, and other fodder crops have been successfully raised and have supplied numerous mining camps.

The colonists are also progressive in improving themselves both intellectually and materially. Already they have established two schoolhouses, with some 120 pupils; a farmers' institute, a debating society, a weekly newspaper, and they also have a stone quarry, a beet-sugar dump, hay-pressing machines, a dairy, a lumber yard, and a coal yard, general stores, a hotel, a new stone railroad depot, erected partly by the colonists and the Santa Fe Railway, on which the colony is situated; a postoffice

which transacted a business of over \$5000 during the last year, and a large orphanage—Cherry Tree home—erected at a cost of \$30,000, and which is built entirely by the colonists themselves—a splendid monument to their thrift, skill, workman-ship, and industry. Looking over this little community toward the south, the visitor is impressed with the realism of it all—a thriving farming community, men working in the fields, others driving huge, heavily laden, wagons drawn by double teams of horses, are making their way to the beet-sugar dump at the railroad; groups of women and young girls are clustered around the exterior of the postoffice awaiting the afternoon mail, and further in the background looms up the red-roofed Cherry Tree home, with its large verandas and acres of happy little orphans, gathered from many cities in the Union, scampering and shouting and playing games in the yard below. To see these bright-eyed, red-checked, happy yet unfortunate children playing about, some riding bronchos and others recreating themselves in the freedom of their childhood, is indeed a sight to make one enthusiastic over the great good work that is here being accomplished. Not only are men and women and families being made independent landowners, but the wee unfortunate orphans of the slums, removed from their bad environment in the cities, educated and made strong men and women, themselves become happy and prosperous farmers.

The farm colony of the Salvation Army is a plain business proposition. Through the colony a great work is being accomplished, and only those who are willing to work are aided. To buy the land, some

2500 acres, to make improvements and to equip the colonists, the Salvation Army created a bond issue of \$150,000, which sum is secured by the land and improvements on the colony, and is further guaranteed by the army. To pay for the land and to equip a farm for a single family cost \$500 to \$750, on which sum the colonist is required to pay merely interest at 5 per cent, or from \$25 to \$37.50 per annum. And of the 40 families on the colony, during the last year, all except one had paid their interest; while many had reduced the principal from 10 to 50 per cent, and some were entirely free from debt. As a form of perpetual philanthropy the farm colony is unique, for as soon as one colonist has repaid his principal, \$500 to \$750, on which sum the colonist is required to pay merely interest at 5 per cent, during the last four years the colonists at Amity have repaid \$17,000, and besides have received \$9000 credit on improved land. Thus it is seen that financially the colony is making progress and that the colonists are not only making a living and improving their farms but are making money, are prospering.

Directly in charge of the colony in the position of manager is Colonel Thomas Holland, an excellent type of an energetic, practical, versatile, sympathetic. He is a man of good executive ability and is extremely popular, so much so that he has made friends of all the colonists and also of the cowboys and settlers for many miles around.

A representative party of well-known men from New York, Boston, Washington, Cleveland, Chicago and other cities were invited to Amity on a tour of inspection the other day. They were shown these gentlemen concerning the object of their investigation will be of great interest and will no doubt find expression in the press. Albert Shaw is preparing an article on farm colonies for the Review of Reviews. Popular interest in this subject is increasing, largely because the Salvation Army colony at Amity has proved in such a large measure a success.

LIBRARY CENSORSHIP ON GOOD AND BAD BOOKS

BY OPIE READ

A WESTERN public library has pronounced upon what shall not be read.

Treasure-house of Intellectuality, it places the ban upon certain books. In Russia the magazines coming from foreign countries are examined and certain stories and essays are "blacked out" with an ink roller. In Evanston, the black roller, not of despotic imperialism, but of intellectual prudery, is brought down upon entire books.

The list of "blacked out" books is long. The "blacking out" is done in the interest of modesty. To save one-half of humanity from the other half is the object. The committee on books regards the reading public as having been divided against itself, and therefore in danger of falling.

The French Revolutionists, speaking of a document adopted by the great convention, said that it would not walk. The library says that certain books must walk.

Among these are "Sir Richard Calmady," by Lucas Malet; "A Fool of Cal-

ture," by Julian Hawthorne; "A Lady of Quality," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett; "Jude, the Obscure," by Thomas Hardy; "The Secret Agent," by Gertrude Atherton; "The Aristocrat," by Edgerly Castle; "Orloff and His Wife," by Maxim Gorky; "Mr. Dale," by Marion Harland; and, of course, the Decameron, by Boccaccio. The great Italian is always the piece de resistance of immorality. So often has he been told to walk that he is regarded as the tramp of degenerate literature. But in many an intellectual shade he haunts for a cup of water and entertains the giver. That he should not be permitted to loiter in the library is no doubt true. But why exclude him and give place to many another who, with pretended morality, slyly emphasizes the obscene?

A frank recital of vice is thrown out of the library; the vulgar recounting of a moral crime is termed a wholesome lesson. The fact is that no library should contain a coarse book. Neither should it hold a puristic book that tells of an overwrought virtue which did not exist.

In the colleges young women are

studying anatomy. They assist at the dissection of men and women alike. But it appears aside from their text-books a truth should not be recognized as a truth. It is declared that young ladies should not read some of the world's greatest books. Perhaps not, but suppose every man had written for young ladies, would there have been any great books? The fact that knowledge is power does not mean that ignorance is virtue. The feminine mind, if it hopes to keep pace with the masculine mind, must learn to choose. To estimate is a quality of the reasoning faculties.

As a rule most books are excluded from libraries because they are not moral. A true censor would estimate literary worth. He would throw out a moral lie as quickly as an immoral lie. All falsehood is immoral, whether it be told of a saint or a highwayman.

It is difficult for one generation to estimate correctly for the generation which is to follow. A great book this year may, but be forgotten next year after next. A novel written with great care by a man of education and profound thought may receive the most prominent place in

TAXPAYING WOMEN AND THE BALLOT

BY CAROLINE F. CORBIN

IT CAN scarcely be denied that school suffrage has proved a failure. In the 23 state in which it has been adopted scarcely 2 per cent of the women entitled to vote have availed themselves of the privilege under ordinary circumstances.

The few instances in which a large vote has been polled under pressure, only to fall back to the usual ratio when the pressure was removed, merely going to prove that women on the whole are thoroughly indifferent to the privilege offered them.

It has become necessary, therefore, for the suffragist to seek up some new way and it seems that the tax-paying ballot is to be the next demand. The old slogan of the Revolution, "taxation without representation is tyranny," is brought out of its dusty retirement and made to do duty under circumstances totally different from those under which it originated.

The colonies were separated from the mother country by 2000 miles, traversed by very slow means of communication, and might reasonably claim that the British Parliament could have little true understanding of their needs. They were taxed inordinately, at a rate above that of other British subjects, and their trade and commerce were hampered by restrictions which seem almost incredible.

In this state of things their entire communities were cut off from any representation in Parliament. That it was an anomaly, and not as individuals, that the colonists made their plea, is evident from the fact that when they had won

their independence, the government which they formed very generally levied a poll tax on every male citizen, while the privilege of voting was restricted by property qualifications.

It was several decades before the rising spirit of democracy abolished these restrictions as constituting a privileged class, a remnant of aristocracy, but for the last 50 years or more there has been, therefore, no connection between property-holding and voting in this country. No man votes because he is a property-holder. Carnegie, Rockefeller and Morgan have no more voting capacity than the humblest day laborer.

What is proposed by the woman suffragist, therefore, is to restore a property-holding qualification, thus creating a privileged class among women, such as does not today exist among men—a proposition which, when thoroughly understood, is not likely to be popular with American voters.

If a legally constituted privileged class is to be formed, why should it not rather be of professional women, wage-earners, women who from the standpoint of pure democracy are far more useful to the community than the mere unproductive property-holder.

Or, if a privileged class of women is to be established by law, why should it not be composed of women who have made happy homes and borne and reared families? Surely such women are as useful to the community and as deserving of special recognition as those whose claim con-

sists of the mere unproductive holdings of real estate, stocks and bonds.

The profession of maternity also seems in special need of encouragement. Since the statement has recently been made in medical journals, on the authority of census reports, that nowhere else in the world, not even in France, where the lowering of the birth rate is causing the government serious apprehensions, are women so averse to bearing children as the native-born women of America, which condition of things is rapidly turning the country over to the control of the ignorant and anarchistic masses which Europe is pouring in upon our shores.

It is the question of child bearing and rearing which forms the crux of the whole suffrage problem. A man may be a father and not impair, but rather improve his civic capacity. Maternity, on the contrary, involves conditions and duties, quite apart from civic life, and which militate against it.

These duties are not less, but rather more, important than those of man, and at least equally worthy of honor, since the first postulate of a strong and noble state, a strong and noble citizen, and these depend upon a noble, devoted and self-sacrificing motherhood more than upon any other one cause.

It is for the protection and development of the highest condition of motherhood, that Nature, as interpreted by the latest developments of science, unites with civilization in maintaining that division of labor which gives to man the control of industrial and political affairs, and to woman the support and shelter of the home.